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THE BEQUEST OF
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I. D'Israeli

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE,

AND

THE LITERARY CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED.

BY

I. C. D'ISRAELI, ESQ. D.C.L. F.S.A.

WITH

CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

BY

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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PREFACE.

THIS miscellany was first formed, many years ago, when two of my friends were occupied in those anecdotical labours, which have proved so entertaining to themselves, and their readers.* I conceived that a collection of a different complexion, though much less amusing, might prove somewhat more instructive; and that literary history afforded an almost unexplored source of interesting facts. The work itself has been well enough received by the public to justify its design.

Every class of readers requires a book adapted to itself and that book which interests, and perhaps brings much new information to a multitude of readers, is not to be contemned, even by the learned. More might be alleged in favour of works like the present than can be urged against them. They are of a class which was well known to the ancients. The Greeks were not without them; the Romans loved them under the title of *Varia Eruditio;* and the Orientalists, more than either, were passionately fond of these agreeable collections. The fanciful titles, with which they decorated their variegated miscellanies, sufficiently express their delight.

The design of this work is to stimulate the literary curiosity of those, who, with a taste for its tranquil pursuits, are impeded in their acquirements. The characters, the events, and the singularities of modern literature, are not always familiar even to those who excel in classical studies. But a more numerous part of mankind, by their occupations, or their indolence, both unfavourable causes to literary improvement, require to obtain the materials for thinking, by the easiest and readiest means. This work has proved useful: it has been reprinted abroad, and it has been translated; and the honour which many writers at home have conferred on it, by referring to it, has exhilarated the zealous labour which seven editions have necessarily exacted.

* The late William Seward, Esq., and James Pettit Andrews, Esq.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

LIBRARIES.

The passion for forming vast collections of books has necessarily existed in all periods of human curiosity; but long it required royal munificence to found a national library. It is only since the art of multiplying the productions of the mind has been discovered, that men of letters have been enabled to rival this imperial and patriotic honour. The taste for books, so rare before the fifteenth century, has gradually become general only within these four hundred years; in that small space of time the public mind of Europe has been created.

Of Libraries, the following anecdotes seem most interesting, as they mark either the affection, or the veneration, which civilized men have ever felt for these perennial repositories of their minds. The first national library founded in Egypt seemed to have been placed under the protection of the divinities, for their statues magnificently adorned this temple, dedicated at once to religion and to literature. It was still farther embellished by a well known inscription, for ever grateful to the votary of literature; on the front was engraven, 'The nourishment of the soul;' or, according to Diodorus, 'The medicine of the mind.'

The Egyptian Ptolemies founded the vast library of Alexandria, which was afterwards the emulative labour of rival monarchs; the founder infused a soul into the vast body he was creating, by his choice of the librarian Demetrius Phalereus, whose skilful industry amassed from all nations their choicest productions. Without such a librarian, a national library would be little more than a literary chaos. His well exercised memory and critical judgment are its best catalogue. One of the Ptolemies refused supplying the famished Athenians with wheat, until they presented him with the original manuscripts of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and in returning copies of these originals, he allowed them to retain the fifteen talents which he had pledged with them as a princely security.

Even when tyrants, or usurpers, possessed sense as well as courage, they have proved the most ardent patrons of literature; they know it is their interest to turn aside the public mind from political speculations, and to afford their subjects the inexhaustible occupations of curiosity, and the consoling pleasures of the imagination. Thus Pisistratus is said to have been among the earliest of the Greeks, who projected an immense collection of the works of the learned, and is believed to have been the collector of the scattered works, which passed under the name of Homer.

The Romans, after six centuries of gradual dominion, must have possessed the vast and diversified collections of the writings of the nations they conquered; among the most valued spoils of their victories, we know that manuscripts were considered as more precious than vases of gold. Paulus Emilius, after the defeat of Perseus, king of Macedon, brought to Rome a great number which he had amassed in Greece, and which he now distributed among his sons, or presented to the Roman people. Sylla followed his example. After the siege of Athens, he discovered an entire library in the temple of Apollo, which having carried to Rome he appears to have been the founder of the first Roman public library. After the taking of Carthage, the Roman senate rewarded the family of Regulus with the books found in the city. A library was a national gift, and the most honourable they could bestow. From the intercourse of the Romans with the Greeks, the passion for forming libraries rapidly increased, and individuals began to pride themselves on their private collections.

Of many illustrious Romans, their magnificent taste in their libraries has been recorded. Asinius Pollio, Crassus Cæsar, and Cicero, have, among others, been celebrated for their literary splendour. Lucullus, whose incredible opulence exhausted itself on more than imperial luxuries, more honourably distinguished himself by his vast collections of books, and the happy use he made of them by the liberal access he allowed the learned. 'It was a library,' says Plutarch, 'whose walks, galleries, and cabinets, were open to all visiters; and the ingenious Greeks, when at leisure, resorted to this abode of the Muses to hold literary conversations, in which Lucullus himself loved to join.' This library, enlarged by others, Julius Cæsar once proposed to open for the public, having chosen the erudite Varro for its librarian; but the daggers of Brutus and his party prevented the meditated projects of Cæsar. In this museum, Cicero frequently pursued his studies, during the time his friend Faustus had the charge of it, which he describes to Atticus in his 4th Book, Epist. 9. Amidst his public occupations and his private studies, either of them sufficient to have immortalized one man, we are astonished at the minute attention Cicero paid to the formation of his libraries, and his cabinets of antiquities.

The emperors were ambitious at length to give their names to the libraries they founded; they did not consider the purple as their chief ornament. Augustus was himself an author, and in one of those sumptuous buildings called Thermes, ornamented with porticoes, galleries, and statues, with shady walks, and refreshing baths, testified his love of literature by adding a magnificent library, one of these libraries he fondly called by the name of his sister Octavia; and the other, the temple of Apollo, became the haunt of the poets, as Horace, Juvenal, and Persius have commemorated. The successors of Augustus imitated his example, and even Tiberius had an imperial library chiefly consisting of works concerning the empire and the acts of its sovereigns. These Trajan augmented by the Ulpian library, so denominated from the family name of this prince.

In a word we have accounts of the rich ornaments the ancients bestowed on their libraries; of their floors paved with marble, their walls covered with glass and ivory, and their shelves and desks of ebony and cedar.

The first *public library* in Italy, says Tiraboschi, was founded by a person of no considerable fortune: his credit, his frugality, and fortitude, were indeed equal to a treasury. This extraordinary man was Nicholas Niccoli, the son of a merchant, and in his youth himself a merchant; but after the death of his father he relinquished the beaten roads of gain, and devoted his soul to study, and his fortune to assist students. At his death he left his library to the public, but his debts being greater than his effects, the princely generosity of Cosmo de Medici realized the intention of its former possessor, and afterwards enriched it, by the addition of an apartment, in which he placed the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, and Indian mss. The intrepid resolution of Nicholas V, laid the foundations of the Vatican; the affection of Cardinal Bessarion for his country, first gave Venice the rudiments of a public library; and to Sir T. Bodley we owe the invaluable one of Oxford. Sir Robert Cotton, Sir H. Sloane, Dr Birch, Mr Crachcrode, and others of this race of lovers of books, have all contributed to form these literary treasures, which our nation owe to the enthusiasm of individuals, who have found such pleasure in consecrating their fortunes and their days to this great public object; or, which in the result produces the same public good, the collections of such men have been frequently purchased on their deaths, by government, and thus have entered whole and entire into the great national collections.

Literature, like virtue, is its own reward, and the enthusiasm some experience in the permanent enjoyments of

a vast library, have far outweighed the neglect or the calumny of the world, which some of its votaries have received. From the time that Cicero poured forth his feelings in his oration for the poet Archias, innumerable are the testimonies of men of letters of the pleasurable delirium of their researches; that delicious beverage which they have swallowed, so thirstily, from the magical cup of literature. Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, Chancellor and high treasurer of England so early as 1341, perhaps raised the first private library in our country. He purchased thirty or forty volumes of the abbot of St. Albans for fifty pounds weight of silver. He was so enamoured of his large collection, that he expressly composed a treatise on his love of books, under the title of 'Philobiblion,' an honourable tribute paid to literature, in an age not literary.

To pass much of our time amid such vast resources, that man must indeed be not more animated than a leaden Mercury, who does not aspire to make some small addition to his library, were it only by a critical catalogue! He must be as indolent as that animal called the sloth, who perishes on the tree he climbs, after he has eaten all its leaves.

Henry Rantzau, a Danish gentleman, the founder of the great library at Copenhagen, whose days were dissolved in the pleasures of reading, discovers his taste and ardour in the following elegant effusion:

Salvete aureoli mei libelli,
Meæ deliciæ, mei lepores.
Quam vos sæpe oculis juvat videre,
Et tritos manibus tenere nostris!
Tot vos eximii, tot eruditi,
Prisci lumina sæculi et recentis,
Confecere viri, suasque vobis
Ausi credere lucubrationes:
Et aperare decus perenne scriptis;
Neque hæc irrita spes fefellit illos.

IMITATED.

Golden volumes! richest treasures.
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beam'd through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achiev'd,
Dear volumes!—you have not deceived!

This passion for the acquisition and enjoyment of *books*, has been the occasion of their lovers embellishing their outsides with costly ornaments; a rage which ostentation may have abused; but when these volumes belong to the real man of letters, the most fanciful bindings are often the emblems of his taste and feelings. The great Thuanus was eager to purchase the finest copies for his library, and his volumes are still eagerly purchased, bearing his autograph on the last page. A celebrated amateur was Grolier, whose library was opulent in these luxuries; the Muses themselves could not more ingeniously have ornamented their favourite works. I have seen several in the libraries of our own curious collectors. He embellished their outside with taste and ingenuity. They are gilded and stamped with peculiar neatness, the compartments on the binding are drawn, and painted, with different inventions of subjects, analogous to the works themselves; and they are farther adorned by that amiable inscription, *Jo Grolierii et amicorum*! purporting that these literary treasures were collected for himself and for his friends!

The family of the Fuggers had long felt an hereditary passion for the accumulation of literary treasures; and their portraits, with others in their picture gallery, form a curious quarto volume of 107 portraits, excessively rare even in Germany, entitled 'Fuggerorum Pinacotheca.' Wolfius, who daily haunted their celebrated library, pours out his gratitude in some Greek verses, and describes this Bibliotheque as a literary heaven, furnished with as many books as there were stars in the firmament; or as a literary garden, in which he passed entire days in gathering fruit and flowers, delighting and instructing himself by perpetual occupation.

In 1364 the royal library of France did not exceed twenty volumes. Shortly after Charles V increased it to nine hundred, which by the fate of war, as much at least as that of money, the Duke of Bedford afterwards purchased and transported to London, where libraries were smaller than on the continent, about 1440. It is a circumstance worthy observation, that the French sovereign, Charles V, surnamed the Wise, ordered that thirty portable lights, with a silver lamp suspended from the centre, should be illuminated at night, that students might not find their pursuits interrupted at any hour. Many among us, at this moment, whose professional avocations admit not of morning studies, find that the resources of a public library are not accessible to them from the omission of the regulation of the zealous Charles V of France. An alarming objection to night-studies in public libraries is the danger of fire, and in our own British Museum not a light is permitted to be carried about on any pretence whatever. The history of the 'Bibliotheque du Roi' is a curious incident in literature: and the progress of the human mind and public opinion might be traced by its gradual accessions, noting the changeable qualities of its literary stores chiefly from theology, law and medicine, to philosophy, and elegant literature. In 1789 Neckar reckoned the literary treasures to amount to 225,000 printed books, 70,000 manuscripts, and 15,000 collections of prints. By a curious little volume published by M. Le Prince in 1782, it appears that it was first under Louis XIV that the productions of the art of engraving were collected and arranged; the great minister Colbert purchased the extensive collections of the Abbé de Marolles, who may be ranked among the fathers of our print-collectors. Two hundred and sixty-four ample portfolios laid the foundations, and the catalogues of his collections, printed by Marolles himself, are rare, curious, and high-priced. Our own national print-gallery is yet an infant establishment.

Mr Hallam has observed, that in 1440, England had made comparatively but little progress in learning—and Germany was probably still less advanced. However there was in Germany a celebrated collector of books in the person of Trithemius, the celebrated abbot of Spanheim, who died in 1516; he had amassed about two thousand manuscripts, a literary treasure which excited such general attention, that princes and eminent men of that day travelled to visit Trithemius and his library. About this time six or eight hundred volumes formed a royal collection, and their high value in price could only be furnished by a prince. This was indeed a great advancement in libraries, when at the beginning of the fourteenth century the library of Louis IX contained only four classical authors, and that of Oxford, in 1300, consisted of 'a few tracts kept in chest.'

The pleasures of study are classed by Burton among those exercises or recreations of the mind which pass within doors. Looking about this 'world of books' he exclaims, 'I could even live and die with such meditations, and take more delight and true content of mind in them, than in all thy wealth and sport! there is a sweetness, which, as Circe's cup, bewitcheth a student, he cannot leave off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days and nights, spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study. The last day is *prioris discipulus*.' 'Heinsius was mewed up in the library of Leyden all the year long, and that which to my thinking should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. I no sooner, saith he, come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit, and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness.' Such is the incense of a votary who scatters it on the altar less for the ceremony than from the devotion.

There is, however, an intemperance in study, incompatible often with our social or more active duties. The illustrious Grotius exposed himself to the reproaches of some of his contemporaries for having too warmly pursued his studies, to the detriment of his public station. It was the boast of Cicero, that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the republic, and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others gave to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures. Looking on his voluminous labours, we are surprised at this observation: how honourable is it to him, that his various philosophical works bear the titles of the different villas he possessed; which shows that they were composed in their respective retirements. Cicero must have been an early riser; and practised that magic art of employing his time, as to have multiplied his days.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

The preceding article is honourable to literature, yet impartial truth must show that even a passion for collecting books is not always a passion for literature.

The 'Bibliomania,' or the collecting an enormous heap of books without intelligent curiosity, has, since libraries have existed, infected weak minds, who imagine that they themselves acquire knowledge when they keep it on their shelves. Their motley libraries have been called the *mad houses of the human mind;* and again, the *tomb of books*, when the possessor will not communicate them, and coffins them up in the cases of his library—and as it was facetiously observed, these collections are not without a *Lock on the human Understanding*.*

The Bibliomania has never raged more violently than in the present day. It is fortunate that literature is in no ways injured by the follies of collectors, since though they preserve the worthless, they necessarily defend the good.

Some collectors place all their fame on the *view* of a splendid library, where volumes arrayed in all the pomp of lettering, silk linings, triple gold bands and tinted leather, are locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar hands of the *mere reader*, dazzling our eyes like eastern beauties peering through their jealousies!

Bruyere has touched on this mania with humour: 'Of such a collector,' says he, 'as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to faint on the staircase, from a strong smell of Morocco leather: in vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, &c., naming them one after another, as if he were showing a gallery of pictures! a gallery by the by which he seldom traverses when *alone*, for he rarely reads, but me he offers to conduct through it! I thank him for his politeness, and, as little as himself, care to visit the tan-house, which he calls his library.'

Lucian has composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast library. Like him, who in the present day, after turning over the pages of an old book, chiefly admires the *date*. Lucian compares him to a pilot, who was never taught the science of navigation; to a rider who cannot keep his seat on a spirited horse; to a man who not having the use of his feet, wishes to conceal the defect by wearing embroidered shoes; but, alas! he cannot stand in them! He ludicrously compares him to Thersites wearing the armour of Achilles, tottering at every step; leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, and his hunch-back raising the cuirass above his shoulders. Why do you buy so many books? he says:—you have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments! Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms, and the nibbling triumphs of the rats!

Such collectors will contemptuously smile at the collection of the amiable Melancthon. He possessed in his library only four authors, Plato, Pliny, Plutarch, and Ptolemy the geographer.

Ancillon was a great collector of curious books, and dexterously defended himself when accused of the *Bibliomania*. He gave a good reason for buying the most elegant editions; which he did not consider merely as a literary luxury. He said the less the eyes are fatigued in reading a work, the more liberty the mind feels to judge of it: and as we perceive more clearly the excellencies and defects of a printed book than when in MS; so we see them more plainly in good paper and clear type than when the impression and paper are both bad. He always purchased *first editions*, and never waited for second ones; though it is the opinion of some that a first edition is generally the least valuable, and only to be considered as an imperfect essay, which the author proposes to finish after he has tried the sentiments of the literary world. Bayle approves of Ancillon's plan. Those who wait calmly for a book, says he, till it is reprinted, show plainly that they are resigned to their ignorance, and prefer the saving of a pistole to the acquisition of useful knowledge. With one of these persons, who waited for a second edition, which never appeared, a literary man argued, that it was much better to have two editions of a book than to deprive himself of the advantage which the reading of the first might procure him; and it was a bad economy to prefer a few crowns to that advantage. It has frequently happened, besides, that in second editions, the author omits, as well as adds, or makes alterations from prudential reasons; the displeasing truths which he *corrects*, as he might call them, are so many losses incurred by Truth itself. There is an advantage in comparing the first with subsequent editions; for among other things, we feel great satisfaction in tracing the variations of a work, when a man of genius has revised it. There are also other secrets, well known to the intelligent curious, who are versed in affairs relating to books. Many first editions are not to be purchased for the treble value of later ones. Let no lover of books be too hastily censured for his passion, which, if he indulges with judgment, is useful. The collector we have noticed frequently said, as is related of Virgil, 'I collect gold from Ennius's dung.' I find, added he, in some neglected authors, particular things, not elsewhere to be found. He read them, indeed, not with equal attention, but many, '*Sicut canis ad Nilum bibens et fugiens*,' like a dog at the Nile, drinking and running.

Fortunate are those who only consider a book for the utility and pleasure they may derive from its possession. Those students, who, though they know much, still thirst to know more, may require this vast sea of books; yet in that sea they may suffer many shipwrecks. Great collections of books are subject to certain accidents besides the damp, the worms, and the rats; one not less common is that of the borrowers, not to say a word of the purloiners.

* An allusion and pun which occasioned the French translator of the present work an unlucky blunder: puzzled no doubt by my facetiousness, he translates 'mettant comme on l'a tres-judicieusement fait observer, l'entendement humain sous la Clef.' The book, and the author alluded to, quite escaped him.

LITERARY JOURNALS.

When writers were not numerous, and readers rare, the unsuccessful author fell insensibly into oblivion; he dissolved away in his own weakness; if he committed the private folly of printing what no one would purchase, he was not arraigned at the public tribunal—and the awful terrors of his day of judgment consisted only in the retributions of his publisher's final accounts. At length, a taste for literature spread through the body of the people, vanity induced the inexperienced and the ignorant to aspire to literary honours. To oppose these forcible entries into the haunts of the Muses, periodical criticism brandished its formidable weapon; and the fall of many, taught some of our greatest geniuses to rise. Multifarious writings produced multifarious strictures, and public criticism reached to such perfection, that taste was generally diffused, enlightening those whose occupations had otherwise never permitted them to judge of literary compositions.

The invention of Reviews, in the form which they have at length gradually assumed, could not have existed but in the most polished ages of literature; for without a constant supply of authors, and a refined spirit of criticism, they could not excite a perpetual interest among the lovers of literature. These publications are the chronicles of taste and science, and present the existing state of the public mind, while they form a ready resource for those idle hours, which men of letters do not choose to pass idly.

Their multiplicity has undoubtedly produced much evil; puerile critics, and venal drudges, manufacture reviews: hence that shameful discordance of opinion, which is the scorn and scandal of criticism. Passions hostile to the peaceful truths of literature have likewise made tremendous inroads in the republic, and every literary virtue has been lost! In 'Calamities of Authors,' I have given the history of a literary conspiracy, conducted by a solitary critic Gilbert Stuart, against the historian Henry.

These works may disgust by vapid panegyric, or gross invective; weary by uniform dulness, or tantalize by superficial knowledge. Sometimes merely written to catch the public attention, a malignity is indulged against authors, to season the caustic leaves. A reviewer has admired those works in private, which he has condemned in his official capacity. But good sense, good temper, and good taste, will ever form an estimable journalist, who will inspire confidence, and give stability to his decisions.

To the lovers of literature these volumes when they have outlived their year, are not unimportant. They constitute a great portion of literary history, and are indeed the annals of the republic.

To our own reviews, we must add the old foreign journals, which are perhaps even more valuable to the man of letters. Of these the variety is considerable; and many

of their writers are now known. They delight our curiosity by opening new views, and light up in observing minds many projects of works, wanted in our own literature. Gibbon feasted on them; and while he turned them over with constant pleasure, derived accurate notions of works, which no student can himself have verified: of many works a notion is sufficient, but this notion is necessary.

The origin of so many literary journals was the happy project of Denis de Sallo, a counsellor in the parliament of Paris. In 1665 appeared his *Journal des Sçavans*. He published his essay in the name of the Sieur de Hedouville, his footman! Was this a mere stroke of humour, or designed to insinuate that the freedom of his criticism could only be allowed to his footman? The work, however, met with so favourable a reception, that Sallo had the satisfaction of seeing it, the following year, imitated throughout Europe, and his journal, at the same time, translated into various languages. But as most authors lay themselves open to an acute critic, the animadversions of Sallo were given with such asperity of criticism, and such malignity of wit, that this new journal excited loud murmurs, and the most heart-moving complaints. The learned had their plagiarisms detected, and the wit had his claims disputed. Sarasin called the gazettes of this new Aristarchus, Hebdomadary Flams! *Billevezees hebdomadaries!* and Menage, having published a law-book, which Sallo had treated with severe raillery, he entered into a long argument to prove, according to Justinian, that a lawyer is not allowed to defame another lawyer, &c. *Senatori maledicere non licet, remaledicere jus fasque est.* Others loudly declaimed against this new species of imperial tyranny, and this attempt to regulate the public opinion by that of an individual. Sallo, after having published only his third volume, felt the irritated wasps of literature thronging so thick about him, that he very gladly abdicated the throne of criticism. The journal is said to have suffered a short interruption by a remonstrance from the nuncio of the pope, for the energy with which Sallo had defended the liberties of the Gallican church.

Intimidated by the fate of Sallo, his successor, Abbé Gallois, flourished in a milder reign. He contented himself with giving the titles of books, accompanied with extracts; and he was more useful than interesting. The public, who had been so much amused by the raillery and severity of the founder of this dynasty of new critics, now murmured at the want of that salt and acidity by which they had relished the fugitive collation. They were not satisfied in having the most beautiful, or the most curious parts of a new work brought together; they wished for the unreasonable entertainment of railing and railery. At length another objection was conjured up against the review; mathematicians complained they were neglected to make room for experiments in natural philosophy; the historian sickened over the works of natural history; the antiquaries would have nothing but discoveries of MSS, or fragments of antiquity. Medical works were called for by one party and reprobated by another. In a word, each reader wished only to have accounts of books which were interesting to his profession or his taste. But a review is a work presented to the public at large, and written for more than one country. In spite of all these difficulties, this work was carried to a vast extent. An *index* to the *Journal des Sçavans* has been arranged on a critical plan, occupying ten volumes in quarto, which may be considered as a most useful instrument to obtain the science and literature of the entire century.

The next celebrated reviewer is Bayle, who undertook, in 1684, his *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*. He possessed the art, acquired by habit, of reading a book by his fingers, as it has been happily expressed; and of comprising, in concise extracts, a just notion of a book, without the addition of irrelevant matter. He had for his day sufficient playfulness to wreathe the rod of criticism with roses; and, for the first time, the ladies and all the *beau monde* took an interest in the labours of the critic. Yet even Bayle, who declared himself a reporter and not a judge, Bayle the discreet sceptic, could not long satisfy his readers. His panegyric was thought somewhat prodigal; his fluency of style somewhat too familiar; and others affected not to relish his gayety. In his latter volumes, to still the clamour, he assumed the cold sobriety of an historian: and has bequeathed no mean legacy to the literary world, in thirty-six small volumes of criticism, closed in 1687. These were continued by Bernard, with inferior skill: and by Basnage more successfully in his *Histoire des Ouvrages des Sçavans*.

The contemporary and the antagonist of Bayle was Le Clerc. His firm industry has produced three *Bibliotheques — Universelle et Historique — Choisie* — and *Ancienne et Moderne*, forming in all 82 volumes, which, complete, bear a very high price. Inferior to Bayle in the more pleasing talents, he is perhaps superior in erudition, and shows great skill in analysis: but his hand drops no flowers! Apostolo Zeno's *Giornale de' Litterati d'Italia*, from 1710 to 1733, is valuable. Gibbon resorted to Le Clerc's volumes at his leisure, 'as an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction.'

Beausobre and L'Enfant, two learned Protestants, wrote a *Bibliotheque Germanique*, from 1720 to 1740, in 50 vols.; our own literature is interested by the *Bibliotheque Britannique;* written by some literary Frenchmen, noticed by La Croze in his 'Voyage Litteraire,' who designates the writers in this most tantalizing manner: 'Les auteurs sont gens de merite et que entendent tous parfaitement l'Anglois; Messrs S. B. le M. D. et le savant Mr D.' Posterity has been partially let into the secret; De Missy was one of the contributors, and Warburton communicated his project of an edition of Gelleius Paterculus. This useful account of only English books begins in 1733, and closes at 1747, Hague, 23 vols.; to this we must add the *Journal Britannique*, in 18 volumes, by Dr Maty, a foreign physician residing in London; this journal exhibits a view of the state of English literature from 1750 to 1755. Gibbon bestows a high character on the journalist, who sometimes 'aspires to the character of a poet and a philosopher; one of the last disciples of the school of Fontenelle.'

Maty's son produced here a review known to the curious; his style and decisions often discover haste and heat, with some striking observations: alluding to his father, Maty, in his motto, applies Virgil's description of the young Ascanius, 'Sequitur *patrem* non passibus æquis.' He says he only holds a *monthly conversation* with the public; but criticism demands more maturity of reflection and more terseness of style. In his obstinate resolution of carrying on this review without an associate, he has shown its folly and its danger; for a fatal illness produced a cessation, at once, of his periodical labours and his life.

Other reviews, are the *Memoires de Trevoux*, written by the Jesuits. Their caustic censure and vivacity of style made them redoubtable in their day; they did not even spare their brothers. The *Journal Litteraire*, printed at the Hague, and chiefly composed by Prosper Marchand, Sallengre, Van Effen, who were then young writers. This list may be augmented by other journals, which sometimes merit preservation in the history of modern literature.

Our early English journals notice only a few publications, with but little acumen. Of these, the 'Memoirs of Literature,' and the 'Present State of the Republic of Letters,' are the best. The Monthly Review, the venerable mother of our journals, commenced in 1749.

It is impossible to form a literary journal in a manner such as might be wished; it must be the work of many of different tempers and talents. An individual, however versatile and extensive his genius, would soon be exhausted Such a regular labour occasioned Bayle a dangerous illness, and Maty fell a victim to his review. A prospect always extending as we proceed, the frequent novelty of the matter, the pride of considering one's self as the arbiter of literature, animate a journalist at the commencement of his career; but the literary Hercules becomes fatigued; and to supply his craving pages he gives copious extracts, till the journal becomes tedious, or fails in variety. Abbé Gallois was frequently diverted from continuing his journal, and Fontenelle remarks, that this occupation was too restrictive for a mind so extensive as his; the Abbé could not resist the charms of revelling in a new work, and gratifying any sudden curiosity which seized him; which interrupted perpetually that regularity the public expects from a journalist.

To describe the character of a perfect journalist, would be only an ideal portrait! There are however some acquirements which are indispensable. He must be tolerably acquainted with the subjects he treats on; no *common* acquirement! He must possess the *literary history of his own times!* a science which Fontenelle observes, is almost distinct from any other. It is the result of an active curiosity, which leads us to take a lively interest in the tastes

and pursuits of the age, while it saves the journalist from some ridiculous blunders. We often see the mind of a reviewer half a century remote from the work reviewed. A fine feeling, of the various manners of writers, with a style, adapted to fix the attention of the indolent, and to win the untractable; but candour is the brightest gem of criticism! He ought not to throw every thing into the crucible, nor should he suffer the whole to pass as if he trembled to touch it. Lampoons, and satires, in time will lose their effect, as well as panegyrics. He must learn to resist the seductions of his own pen; the pretensions of composing a treatise on the *subject*, rather than on the *book* he criticises, proud of insinuating that he gives in a dozen pages, what the author himself has not been able to perform in his volumes. Should he gain confidence by a popular delusion and by unworthy conduct, he may chance to be mortified by the pardon or the chastisement of insulted genius. The most noble criticism is that, in which the critic is not the antagonist so much as the rival of the author.

RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Our ancient classics had a very narrow escape from total annihilation. Many, we know, have perished: many we possess are but fragments; and chance, blind arbiter of the works of genius, has given us some, not of the highest value: which, however, have proved very useful, serving as a test to show the pedantry of those who adore antiquity not from true feeling but from traditional prejudice.

One reason, writes the learned compiler *L'Esprit des Croisades*, why we have lost a great number of ancient authors, was the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens, which deprived Europe of the use of the *papyrus*. The ignorance of that age could find no substitute; they knew no other expedient but writing on parchment, which became every day more scarce and costly. Ignorance and barbarism unfortunately seized on Roman manuscripts, and industriously defaced pages once imagined to have been immortal! The most elegant compositions of classic Rome were converted into the psalms of a breviary, or the prayers of a missal. Livy and Tacitus 'hide their diminished heads' to preserve the legend of a saint, and immortal truths were converted into clumsy fictions. It happened that the most voluminous authors were the greatest sufferers; these were preferred, because their volume being the greatest, it most profitably repaid their destroying industry, and furnished ampler scope for future transcription. A Livy or a Diodorus was preferred to the smaller works of Cicero or Horace; and it is to this circumstance that Juvenal, Persius, and Martial have come down to us entire, rather probably than to these pious personages preferring their obscenities, as some have accused them. Not long ago at Rome, a part of a book of Livy was found, between the lines of a parchment but half effaced, on which they substituted a book of the Bible.

That, however, the monks had not in high veneration the *profane* authors, appears by a facetious anecdote. To read the classics was considered as a very idle recreation, and some held them in great horror. To distinguish them from other books, they invented a disgraceful sign: when a monk asked for a pagan author, after making the general sign they used in their manual and silent language when they wanted a book, he added a particular one which consisted in scratching under his ear, as a dog, which feels an itching, scratches himself in that place with his paw—because, said they, an unbeliever is compared to a dog! In this manner they expressed an *itching* for those *dogs*, Virgil or Horace!

There have been ages when for the possession of a manuscript, some would transfer an estate; or leave in pawn for its loan hundreds of golden crowns; and when even the sale or loan of a manuscript was considered of such importance as to have been solemnly registered in public acts. Absolute as was Louis XI, he could not obtain the MS of Rasis, an Arabian writer, to make a copy, from the library of the faculty of Paris, without pledging a hundred golden crowns; and the president of his treasury, charged with this commission, sold part of his plate to make the deposit. For the loan of a volume of Avicenna, a baron offered a pledge of ten marks of silver, which was refused: because it was not considered equal to the risk incurred of losing a volume of Avicenna! These events occurred in 1471. One cannot but smile at an anterior period, when a countess of Anjou bought a favourite book of homilies, for two hundred sheep, some skins of martins, and bushels of wheat and rye.

In these times, manuscripts were important articles of commerce; they were excessively scarce, and preserved with the utmost care. Usurers themselves considered them as precious objects for pawn; a student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law; and a grammarian, who was ruined by a fire, rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero.

At the restoration of letters, the researches of literary men were chiefly directed to this point; every part of Europe and Greece was ransacked, and the glorious end considered, there was something sublime in this humble industry, which often produced a lost author of antiquity, and gave one more classic to the world. This occupation was carried on with enthusiasm, and a kind of mania possessed many who exhausted their fortunes in distant voyages, and profuse prices. In reading the correspondence of the learned Italians of these times, much of which has descended to us, their adventures of manuscript-hunting are very amusing, and their raptures, their congratulations, or at times their condolence, and even their censures, are all immoderate and excessive. The acquisition of a province would not have given so much satisfaction as the discovery of an author little known, or not known at all. 'Oh, great gain! Oh, unexpected felicity! I intreat you my Poggio, send me the manuscript as soon as possible, that I may see it before I die!' exclaims Aretino, in a letter overflowing with enthusiasm, on Poggio's discovery of a copy of Quintilian. Some of the half-witted, who joined in this great hunt, were often thrown out, and some paid high for manuscripts not authentic; the knave played on the bungling amateur of manuscripts, whose credulity was greater than his purse. But even among the learned, much ill blood was inflamed: he who had been most successful in acquiring manuscripts was envied by the less fortunate, and the glory of possessing a manuscript of Cicero, seemed to approximate to that of being its author. It is curious to observe that in these vast importations into Italy of manuscripts from Asia, John Aurispa, who brought many hundreds of Greek manuscripts, laments that he had chosen more profane than sacred writers; which circumstance he tells us was owing to the Greeks, who would not so easily part with theological works, but they did not highly value profane writers!

These manuscripts were discovered in the obscurest recesses of monasteries; they were not always imprisoned in libraries, but rotting in oblivion: in dark unfrequented corners with rubbish. It required no less ingenuity to find out places where to examine, than to understand the value of the acquisition, when obtained. An universal ignorance then prevailed in the knowledge of ancient writers. A scholar of those times gave the first rank among the Latin writers to one Valerius, whether he meant Martial or Maximus is uncertain; he placed Plato and Tully among the poets, and imagined that Ennius and Statius were contemporaries. A library of six hundred volumes was then considered as an extraordinary collection.

Among those whose lives were devoted to this purpose, Poggio the Florentine stands distinguished; but he complains that his zeal was not assisted by the great. He found under a heap of rubbish in a decayed coffer, in a tower belonging to the monastery of St Gallo, the work of Quintilian. He is indignant at its forlorn situation; at least, he cries, it should have been preserved in the library of the monks; but I found it *in teterrimo quodam et obscure carcere*—and to his great joy drew it out of its grave! The monks have been complimented as the preservers of literature, but by facts like the present, their real affection may be doubted.

The most valuable copy of Tacitus, of whom so much is wanting, was likewise discovered in a monastery of Westphalia. It is a curious circumstance in literary history, that we should owe Tacitus to this single copy; for the Roman emperor of that name had copies of the works of his illustrious ancestor placed in all the libraries of the empire, and every year had ten copies transcribed; but the Roman libraries seem to have been all destroyed, and the imperial protection availed nothing against the teeth of time.

The original manuscript of Justinian's code was discovered by the Pisans, accidentally, when they took a city in Calabria; that vast code of laws had been in a manner unknown from the time of that emperor. This curious book was brought to Pisa, and when Pisa was taken by the Florentines, was transferred to Florence, where it is still preserved.

It sometimes happened that manuscripts were discovered in the last agonies of existence. Papirius Masson found, in the house of a book-binder of Lyons, the works of Agobart; the mechanic was on the point of using the manuscripts to line the covers of his books. A page of the second decade of Livy it is said was found by a man of letters in the parchment of his battledore, while he was amusing himself in the country. He hastened to the maker of the battledore—but arrived too late! The man had finished the last page of Livy—about a week before!

Many works have undoubtedly perished in this manuscript state. By a petition of Dr Dee to Queen Mary, in the Cotton library, it appears that Cicero's treatise *de Republica* was once extant in this country. Huet observes that Petronius was probably entire in the days of John of Salisbury, who quotes fragments, not now to be found in the remains of the Roman bard. Raimond Soranzo, a lawyer in the papal court, possessed two books of Cicero on Glory, which he presented to Petrarch, who lent them to a poor aged man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme want, the old man pawned them, and returning home died suddenly without having revealed where he had left them. They have never been recovered. Petrarch speaks of them with ecstasy, and tells us that he had studied them perpetually. Two centuries afterwards this treatise on *Glory* by Cicero was mentioned in a catalogue of books bequeathed to a monastery of nuns, but when inquired after was missing; it was supposed that Petrus Alcyonius, physician to that household, purloined it, and after transcribing as much of it as he could into his own writings, had destroyed the original. Alcyonius in his book *de Exilio*, the critics observed, had many splendid passages which stood isolated in his work, and were quite above his genius. The beggar, or in this case the thief, was detected by mending his rags with patches of purple and gold.

In this age of manuscript, there is reason to believe, that when a man of letters accidentally obtained an unknown work, he did not make the fairest use of it, and cautiously concealed it from his contemporaries. Leonard Aretino, a distinguished scholar at the dawn of modern literature, having found a Greek manuscript of Procopius *de Bello Gothico*, translated it into Latin, and published the work, but concealing the author's name, it passed as his own, till another manuscript of the same work being dug out of its grave, the fraud of Aretino was apparent. Barbosa, a bishop of Ugento, in 1649, has printed among his works a treatise, which, it is said, he obtained by having perceived one of his domestics bringing in a fish rolled in a leaf of written paper, which his curiosity led him to examine. He was sufficiently interested to run out and search the fish market, till he found the manuscript out of which it had been torn. He published it under the title *de Officio Episcopi*. Machiavelli acted more adroitly in a similar case; a manuscript of the Apophthegms of the ancients by Plutarch having fallen into his hands, he selected those which pleased him the best, and put them into the mouth of his hero Castrucio Castricani.

In more recent times, we might collect many curious anecdotes concerning manuscripts. Sir Robert Cotton one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man was holding in his hand, ready to cut up for measures—an orignal Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought the singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost! This anecdote is told by Colomiés, who long resided, and died in this country. An original Magna Charta is preserved in the Cottonian library; it exhibits marks of dilapidation, but whether from the invisible scythe of time, or the humble scissors of a tailor, I leave to archaiological inquiry.

Cardinal Granvelle carefully preserved all his letters; he left behind him several chests filled with a prodigious quantity, written in different languages, commented, noted, and under-lined by his own hand. These curious manuscripts, after his death, were left in a garret to the mercy of the rain and the rats. Five or six of these chests the steward sold to the grocers. It was then that a discovery was made of this treasure. Several learned men occupied themselves in collecting as many of these literary relics as they possibly could. What were saved formed eighty thick folios. Among these original letters, are found great numbers written by almost all the crowned heads in Europe, with instructions for ambassadors, and many other state-papers.

Recently a valuable secret history by Sir George Mackenzie, the king's advocate in Scotland, has been rescued from a mass of waste paper sold to a grocer, who had the good sense to discriminate it, and communicate this curious memorial to Dr M'Crie; the original, in the handwriting of its author, has been deposited in the advocates' library. There is an hiatus, which contained the history of six years. This work excited inquiry after the rest of the MSS, which were found to be nothing more than the sweepings of an attorney's office.

Montaigne's journal of his travels into Italy have been but recently published. A prebendary of Perigord, travelling through this province to make researches relative to its history, arrived at the ancient *chateau* of Montaigne, in possession of a descendant of this great man. He inquired for the archives, if there had been any. He was shown an old worm-eaten coffer, which had long held papers untouched by the incurious generations of Montaigne. The prebendary, with philosophical intrepidity, stifled himself in clouds of dust, and at length drew out the original manuscript of the travels of Montaigne. Two thirds of the work are in the hand-writing of Montaigne, and the rest is written by a servant who served as his secretary, and who always speaks of his master in the third person. But he must have written what Montaigne dictated, as the expressions and the egotisms are all Montaigne's. The bad writing and orthography made it almost unintelligible. It proves also, says the editor, how true is Montaigne's observation, that he was very negligent in the corrrection of his works.

Our ancestors were great hiders of manuscripts; Dr Dee's singular MSS were found in the secret drawer of a chest, which had passed through many hands undiscovered; and that vast collection of state-papers of Thurloe's the secretary of Cromwell, which formed about seventy volumes in the original manuscripts, accidentally fell out of the false ceiling of some chambers in Lincoln's-Inn.

A considerable portion of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters I discovered in the hands of an attorney. There are now many valuable manuscripts in the family papers of the descendants of celebrated persons; but posthumous publications of this kind are usually made from the most sordid motives: discernment, and taste, would only be detrimental to the views of bulky publishers.

SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

It may perhaps be some satisfaction to show the young writer, that the most celebrated ancients have been as rudely subjected to the tyranny of criticism as the moderns. Detraction has ever poured the 'waters of bitterness.'

It was given out, that Homer had stolen from anterior poets whatever was most remarkable in the Iliad and Odyssey. Naucrates even points out the source in the library at Memphis in a temple of Vulcan, which according to him the blind bard completely pillaged. Undoubtedly there were good poets before Homer; how absurd to conceive that a finished and elaborate poem could be the first! We have indeed accounts of anterior poets, and apparently of epics, before Homer; their names have come down to us. Aelian notices Syagrus, who composed a poem on the Siege of Troy; and Suidas the poem of Corinnus, from which it is said Homer greatly borrowed. Why did Plato so severely condemn the great bard, and imitate him?

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatic; and some, who censured the inequalities of this poet, have also condemned the vanity of Pindar; the rough verses of Æschylus; and Euripides, for the conduct of his plots.

Socrates, considered as the wisest and the most moral of men, Cicero treated as an usurer, and the pedant Athenæus as illiterate; the latter points out as a Socratic folly, our philosopher disserting on the nature of justice before his judges, who were so many thieves. The malignant buffoonery of Aristophanes, who, as Jortin says, was a great wit, but a great rascal, treats him much worse; but though some would revive this calumny, such modern witnesses may have their evidence impeached in the awful court of history.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moses of Athens; the philosopher of the Christians, by Arnobius; and the god of philosophers, by Cicero; Athenæus accuses of envy; Theopompus, of Lying; Sui-

lus, of avarice; Aulus Gellius, of robbery; Porphyry, of incontinence; and Aristophanes, of impiety.

Aristotle, whose industry composed more than four hundred volumes, has not been less spared by the critics; Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to show his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

It has been said, that Plato was so envious of the celebrity of Democritus, that he proposed burning all his works; but that Amydis and Clinias prevented it, by remonstrating that there were copies of them every where; and Aristotle was agitated by the same passion against all the philosophers his predecessors!

Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilius, and Seneca. Caligula has absolutely denied him even mediocrity; Herennus has marked his faults; and Perilius Faustinus has furnished a thick vol. with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his apology has confessed that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties; from Apollonius Rhodius, many of his pathetic passages; from Nicander, hints from his Georgics; and this does not terminate the catalogue.

Horace censures the coarse humour of Plautus; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for the free use he made of the Greek minor poets.

The majority of the critics regard Pliny's Natural History only as a heap of fables; and seem to have quite as little respect for Quintus Curtius, who indeed seems to have composed little more than an elegant romance.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiscus; and in one comprehensive criticism, treats all the historians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his aversion to the Gauls; Dion, for his hatred of the republic; Velleius Paterculus, for speaking too kindly of the vices of Tiberius; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their excessive partiality to their own country; while the latter has written an entire treatise on the malignity of Herodotus. Xenophon and Quintus Curtius have been considered rather as novelists than historians; and Tacitus has been censured for his audacity in pretending to discover the political springs and secret causes of events. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has made an elaborate attack on Thucydides for the unskilful choice of his subjects and his manner of treating it. Dionysius would have nothing written but what tended to the glory of his country and the pleasure of the reader; as if history were a song! adds Hobbes: while he also shows that there was a personal motive in this attack. The same Dionysius severely criticises the style of Xenophon, who, he says, whenever he attempts to elevate his style shows he is incapable of supporting it. Polybius has been blamed for his frequent introduction of moral reflections, which interrupt the thread of his narrative: and Sallust has been blamed by Cato for indulging his own private passions, and studiously concealing many of the glorious actions of Cicero. The Jewish historian Josephus is accused of not having designed his history for his own people so much as for the Greeks and Romans, whom he takes the utmost care never to offend. Josephus assumes a Roman name, Flavius; and considering his nation as entirely subjugated, he only varies his story to make them appear venerable and dignified to their conquerors, and for this purpose, alters what he himself calls the *Holy books*. It is well known how widely he differs from the scriptural accounts. Some have said of Cicero, that there is no connexion, and, to adopt their own figures, no *blood* and *nerves*, in what his admirers so warmly extol. Cold in his extemporaneous effusions, artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his strained raillery, and tiresome in his digressions. This is saying a good deal about Cicero!

Quintilian does not spare Seneca; and Demosthenes, called by Cicero the prince of orators, has, according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much laboured; others have thought him too dry; and, if we may trust Æschines, his language is by no means pure.

The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius and the Deipnosophists of Athenæus, while they have been extolled by one party, have been degraded by another. They have been considered as botchers of rags and remnants; their diligence has not been accompanied by judgment; and their taste inclined more to the frivolous than to the useful. Compilers, indeed, are liable to a hard fate, for little distinction is made in their ranks; a disagreeable situation, in which honest Burton seems to have been placed; for he says of his work, that some will cry out, 'This is a thinge of mere industrie: a *collection* without wit or invention; a very toy! So men are valued! their labours vilified by fellows of no worth themselves, as things of naught; who could not have done as much. Some understande too little, and some too much.'

Should we proceed with the list to our own country, and to our own times, it might be currently augmented, and show the world what men the critics are! but, perhaps, enough has been said to sooth irritated genius, and to shame fastidious criticism. 'I would beg the critics to remember,' the Earl of Roscommon writes, in his preface to Horace's Art of Poetry, 'that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio, are still valued by what Horace says of them; and that in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured.'

THE PERSECUTED LEARNED.

Those who have laboured most zealously to instruct mankind, have been those who have suffered most from ignorance; and the discoverers of new arts and sciences have hardly ever lived to see them accepted by the world. With a noble perception of his own genius, Lord Bacon, in his prophetic will, thus expresses himself. 'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages.' Before the times of Galileo and Harvey, the world believed in the stagnation of the blood, and the diurnal immovability of the earth; and for denying these the one was persecuted and the other ridiculed.

The intelligence and the virtue of Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecution, swallowed poison. Heraclitus, tormented by his countrymen, broke off all intercourse with men. The great geometricians and chemists, as Gerbert, Roger Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magicians. Pope Gerbert, as Bishop Otho gravely relates, obtained the pontificate by having given himself up entirely to the devil: others suspected him too of holding an intercourse with demons; but this was indeed a devilish age.

Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames: and the Abbot Trithemius, who was fond of improving steganography, or the art of secret writing, having published several curious works on this subject, they were condemned, as works full of diabolical mysteries; and Frederick II, Elector Palatine, ordered Trithemius's original work, which was in his library, to be publicly burnt.

Galileo was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow sentiments, the truth of which must have been to him abundantly manifest. 'Are these then my judges?' he exclaimed in retiring from the inquisitors, whose ignorance astonished him. He was imprisoned, and visited by Milton, who tells us he was then *poor* and *old*. The confessor of his widow, taking advantage of her piety, perused the MSS of this great philosopher, and destroyed such as in his *judgment*, were not fit to be known to the world!

Gabriel Naude, in his apology for those great men who have been accused of magic, has recorded a melancholy number of the most eminent scholars, who have found, that to have been successful in their studies was a success which harassed them with continued persecution, a prison, or a grave.

Cornelius Agrippa was compelled to fly his country, and the enjoyment of a large income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical experiments, which now every school-boy can perform; but more particularly having attacked the then prevailing opinion, that St. Anne had three husbands, he was so violently persecuted, that he was obliged to fly from place to place. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not unfrequently, when he walked, he found the streets empty at his approach. He died in an hospital.

In these times, it was a common opinion to suspect every great man of an intercourse with some familiar spirit. The favourite black dog of Agrippa was supposed to be a demon. When Urban Grandier, another victim to the age, was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a monk, who knew that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew, the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to

take possession of him. Mr De Langear, a French minister, who employed many spies, was frequently accused of diabolical communication. Sixtus the Fifth, Marechal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cæsar Borgia, his son Alexander VI, and others, like Socrates, had their diabolical attendant.

Cardan was believed to be a magician. The fact is, that he was for his time a very able naturalist; and he who happened to know something of the arcana of nature was immediately suspected of magic. Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant; for when Albert, usually called the Great, an epithet he owed to his name *De Groot*, constructed a curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas was so much terrified at it, that he struck it with his staff, and to the mortification of Albert annihilated the curious labour of thirty years!

Petrarch was less desirous of the laurel for the honour, than for the hope of being sheltered by it from the thunder of the priests, by whom both he and his brother poets were continually threatened. They could not imagine a poet, without supposing him to hold an intercourse with some demon. This was, as Abbé Resnel observes, having a most exalted idea of poetry, though a very bad one of poets. An antipoetic Dominican was notorious for persecuting all verse makers; the power of which he attributed to the effects of *heresy* and *magic*. The lights of philosophy have dispersed all these accusations of magic, and have shown a dreadful chain of perjuries and conspiracies.

Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland, when he first published his opinions. Voetius, a bigot of great influence at Utrecht, accused him of atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have this philosopher burned at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be observed by the seven provinces. Mr Hallam has observed, that 'the ordeal of fire was the great purifier of books and men.' This persecution of science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century.

'If the metaphysician stood a chance of being burned as a heretic, the natural philosopher was not in less jeopardy as a magician,' is an observation of the same writer which sums up the whole.

POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius: others find a hundred by roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Were we to erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and the helpless part of our citizens, it might be inscribed a Hospital for Incurables! When even Fame will not protect the man of genius from famine, Charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a just tribute we pay in his person to Genius itself. Even in these enlightened times such have lived in obscurity while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers.

Of the heroes of modern literature the accounts are as copious as they are melancholy.

Xylander sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. He tells us, that at the age of eighteen he studied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he studied to get bread.

Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted bread; Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in an hospital at Lisbon. This fact has been accidentally preserved in an entry in a copy of the first edition of the Lusiad, in the possession of Lord Holland. In a note written by a friar, who must have been a witness of the dying scene of the poet, and probably received the volume which now preserves the sad memorial, and which recalled it to his mind, from the hands of the unhappy poet. 'What a lamentable thing to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in an hospital in Lisbon, without having a sheet or shroud, *una sauana*, to cover him, after having triumphed in the East Indies, and sailed 5500 leagues! What good advice for those who weary themselves night and day in study without profit.' Camoens, when some hidalgo complained that he had not performed his promise in writing some verses for him, replied, When I wrote verses I was young, had sufficient food, was a lover, and beloved by many friends, and by the ladies: then I felt poetical ardour; now I have no spirits, no peace of mind. See there my Javanese who asks me for two pieces to purchase firing, and I have them not to give him.' The Portuguese, after his death, bestowed on the man of genius they had starved the appellation of Great! Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age; then he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who without his genius probably partook of his wretchedness.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his dress in a pretty sonnet, which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes—'*Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!*' having no candle to see to write his verses!

When the liberality of Alphonso enabled Ariosto to build a small house, it seems that it was but ill furnished. When told that such a building was not fit for one who had raised so many fine palaces in his writings, he answered, that the structure of *words* and that of *stones* was not the same thing. '*Che porvile pietre, e porvi le parole, non e il medesimo!*' At Ferrara this house is still shown. 'Parva sed apta' he calls it, but exults that it was paid with his own money. This was in a moment of good-humour, which he did not always enjoy; for in his Satires he bitterly complains of the bondage of dependence and poverty. Little thought the poet the *commune* would order this small house to be purchased with their own funds, that it might be dedicated to his immortal memory!

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty; and having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation. The learned Pomponius Lætus lived in such a state of poverty, that his friend Platina who wrote the lives of the popes, and also a book of cookery, introduces him into the cookery book by a facetious observation, that if Pomponius Lætus should be robbed of a couple of eggs, he would not have wherewithal to purchase two other eggs. The history of Aldrovandus is noble and pathetic; having expended a large fortune in forming his collections of natural history, and employing the first artists in Europe, he was suffered to die in the hospital of that city, to whose fame he had eminently contributed.

Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His booksellers bought his heroic verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols. What an interesting picture has a contemporary given of his reception by a poor and ingenious author in a visit he paid to Du Ryer! 'On a fine summer day we went to him, at some distance from town. He received us with joy, talked to us of his numerous projects, and showed us several of his works. But what more interested us was, that though dreading to show us his poverty, he contrived to give us some refreshments. We seated ourselves under a wide oak, the tablecloth was spread on the grass, his wife brought us some milk, with fresh water and brown bread, and he picked a basket of cherries. He welcomed us with gaiety, but we could not take leave of this amiable man, now grown old, without tears, to see him so ill treated by fortune, and to have nothing left but literary honour!'

Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, who devoted 30 years to his translation of Quintus Curtius (a circumstance which modern translators can have no conception of,) died possessed of nothing valuable but his precious manuscripts. This ingenious scholar left his corpse to the surgeons for the benefit of his creditors!

Louis the Fourteenth honoured Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day the king asked, what there was new in the literary world? Racine answered, that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Corneille, whom he found dying, deprived even of a little broth! The king preserved a profound silence: and sent the dying poet a sum of money.

Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published.

Purchas, who, in the reign of our First James, had spent his life in travels and study to form his *Relation of the World*, when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours was thrown into prison, at the suit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his dedication to Charles the First, his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction.

The Marquis of Worcester, in a petition to parliament, in the reign of Charles II, offered to publish the hundred processes and machines, enumerated in his very curious 'Genentary of Inventions,' on condition that money should be granted to extricate him from the *difficulties in which he had involved himself, by the prosecution of useful discoveries.* The petition does not appear to have been attended to! Many of these admirable inventions were lost. The *steam engine* and the *telegraph* may be traced among them.

It appears by the Harleian MSS, 1524, that Rushworth, the author of 'Historical Collections,' passed the last years of his life in jail, where indeed he died. After the Restoration, when he presented to the king several of the privy council's books, which he had preserved from ruin, he received for his only reward, the *thanks of his majesty.*

Rymer, the collector of the Fœdera, must have been sadly reduced, by the following letter, I found addressed by Peter le Neve, Norroy, to the Earl of Oxford:

'I am desired by Mr Rymer, historiographer, to lay before your lordship the circumstances of his affairs. He was forced some years back to part with all his choice printed books to subsist himself; and now, he says, he must be forced, for subsistence, to sell all his MS collections to the best bidder, without your lordship will be pleased to buy them for the queen's library. They are fifty vols. in folio, of public affairs, which he hath collected, but not printed. The price he asks is five hundred pounds.'

Simon Ockley, a learned student in Oriental literature, addresses a letter to the same earl, in which he paints his distresses in glowing colours. After having devoted his life to Asiatic researches, then very uncommon, he had the mortification of dating his preface to his great work from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt; and, with an air of triumph, feels a martyr's enthusiasm in the cause in which he perishes.

He published his first volume of the History of the Saracens, in 1708; and ardently pursuing his oriental studies, published his second volume ten years afterwards without any patronage. Alluding to the encouragement necessary to bestow on youth, to remove the obstacles to such studies, he observes, that 'young men will hardly come in on the prospect of finding leisure, in a prison, to transcribe those papers for the press, which they have collected with indefatigable labour, and oftentimes at the expense of their rest, and all the other conveniences of life, for the service of the public. No, though I were to assure them from my own experience, that I have enjoyed more true liberty, more happy leisure, and more solid repose, in six months *here*, than in thrice the same number of years before. Evil is the condition of that historian who undertakes to write the lives of others, before he knows how to live himself! Not that I speak thus as if I thought I had any just cause to be angry with the world—I did always in my judgment give the possession of wisdom the preference to that of riches!

Spenser, the child of Fancy, languished out his life in misery. 'Lord Burleigh,' says Granger, 'who it is said prevented the queen giving him a hundred pounds, seems to have thought the lowest clerk in his office a more deserving person.' Mr Malone attempts to show that Spenser had a small pension; but the poet's querulous verses must not be forgotten—

'Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd
'What Hell it is, in suing long to bide.'

To lose good days—to waste long nights—and as he feelingly exclaims,

'To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
'To speed, to give, to want, to be undone!'

How affecting is the death of Sydenham, who had devoted his life to a laborious version of Plato. He died in a spunging-house, and it was his death which appears to have given rise to the Literary Fund 'for the relief of distressed authors.'

Who shall pursue important labours when they read these anecdotes? Dr Edmund Castell spent a great part of his life in compiling his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than 12,000*l.*, and broke his constitution, and exhausted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained *unsold* on his hands. He exhibits a curious picture of literary labour in his preface. 'As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this mass,' *Molendino* he calls them, 'that that day seemed, as it were, a holiday in which I have not laboured so much as sixteen or eighteen hours in these enlarging lexicons and Polyglot Bibles.'

Le Sage resided in a little cottage while he supplied the world with their most agreeable novels, and appears to have derived the sources of his existence in his old age from the filial exertions of an excellent son, who was an actor of some genius. I wish, however, that every man of letters could apply to himself the epitaph of this delightful writer:

Sous ce tombeau gît Le Sage abattu,
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune;
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu.

Many years after this article had been written, I published 'Calamities of Authors,' confining myself to those of our own country; the catalogue is very incomplete, but far too numerous.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEARNED.

Imprisonment has not always disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies, but often unquestionably has greatly promoted them.

In prison Boethius composed his work on the Consolations of Philosophy; and Grotius wrote his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works: the detail of his allotment of time to different studies, during his confinement, is very instructive.

Buchanan in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.

Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt; the name of the place, though not that of the author, has thus been preserved; and another work, 'Fleta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in knowing the Bodies of Metals, &c., by Sir John Pettus, 1683;' who gave it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when the Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the Tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected; he became, in consequence, an enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote the Eikon Basilike, 'the Royal Image,' addressed to his son; this work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr Gauden, who was incapable of writing the book, though not of disowning it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement; and it is said Mary Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Rawleigh's unfinished History of the World, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruits of eleven years of imprisonment. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote 'Aphorisms' for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Rawleigh it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, 'They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his History of the World. He was, however, assisted in this great work by the learning of several eminent persons; a circumstance which has not been noticed.

The plan of the Henriade was sketched, and the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the Bastile; and 'the Pilgrim's Progress' of Bunyan was produced in a similar situation.

Howel, the author of 'Familar Letters,' wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet-prison; he employed his fertile pen for subsistence; and in all his books we find much entertainment.

Lydiat, while confined in the King's Bench, for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Parian Chronicle, which were

first published by Prideaux. This was that learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to; an allusion not known to Boswell and others.

The learned Selden, committed to prison for his attacks on the divine right of tithes and the king's prerogative, prepared during his confinement, his history of Eadmer, enriched by his notes.

Cardinal Polignac formed the design of refuting the arguments of the sceptics which Bayle had been renewing in his dictionary; but his public occupations hindered him. Two exiles at length fortunately gave him the leisure; and the Anti-Lucretius is the fruit of the court disgraces of its author.

Freret, when imprisoned in the Bastile, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. His dictionary was always before him, and his principles were got by heart. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by all the powers of scepticism.

Sir William Davenant finished his poem of Gondibert during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbroke Castle.

De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which has extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and it has been supposed served as the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. There he also composed his Jure Divino.

Wicquefort's curious work on 'Ambassadors' is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of Maggi. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library, and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labours he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions; 'De Tintinnabulis,' on Bells, a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

Among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation however trifling. When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*, a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was at the end of every second hour to twirl his chair for five minutes. After protracted studies Spinosa would mix with the family-party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on 'The Tranquillity of the Soul,' and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children: Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government; a circumstance, he says in his manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour: after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments; an amusement too closely connected with his studies to be deemed as one.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, the author of the Argenis, in his leisure hours was a florist; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints; and Politian in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden: in the morning, occupied by the system of the world he relaxed his profound speculations by rearing delicate flowers.

Conrad ab Uffenbach, a learned German, recreated his mind, after severe studies, with a collection of prints of eminent persons, methodically arranged; he retained this ardour of the *Grangerite* to his last days.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour; Count Caylus passed his mornings in the *studios* of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

Granville Sharp, amidst the severities of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends; there, was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. 'The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character,' observes Mr Prince Hoare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death. Pierious Valerianus has written an eulogium on beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasantry, entitled 'Eloge de Perruques.'

Heistein has written an eulogium on the North Wind; Heinsius, on 'the Ass;' Menage, 'the Transmigration of the Parasitical Pedant to a Parrot;' and also the 'Petition of the Dictionaries.'

Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

Sanegre, who would amuse himself like Erasmus, wrote, in imitation of his work, a panegyric on *Ebriety*. He says, that he is willing to be thought as drunken a man as Erasmus was a foolish one. Synesius composed a Greek panegyric on *Baldness*; these burlesques were brought into great vogue by Erasmus's *Moræ Encomium*.

It seems, Johnson observes in his life of Sir Thomas Browne, to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser; the shadows of Wowerus; and the quincunx of Browne.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means he is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs: once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, 'Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in.'

What ridiculous amusements passed between Dean Swift and his friends, in Ireland, some of his prodigal editors have revealed to the public. He seems to have outlived the relish of fame, when he could level his mind to such perpetual trifles.

An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand; a strange characteristic for the author of 'Natural Theology.' Sir Henry Wotton called angling 'idle time not idle spent:' we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.'

The amusements of the great Daguesseau, chancellor of France, consisted in an interchange of studies: his relaxations were all the varieties of literature. 'Le changement de l'étude est mon seul divertissement,' says this great man; and Thomas observes, 'that in the age of the passions, his only passion was study.'

Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary

men, in regard to robust exercises, that these are a folly, and indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation; an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly, when they exclaimed,

> Fetch me Ben Jonson's skull, and fill't with sack,
> Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
> Of jolly sisters pledged, and did agree
> It was no sin to be as drunk as he!

Seneca concludes admirably, 'whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise; give therefore all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!

An ingenious writer has observed, that 'a garden just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.' There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise in Pope's letters. 'I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while.' A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, and raise up fresh associations, when the mind like the body becomes rigid by preserving the same posture. Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved 'books and a garden.'

PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

With the ancients, it was undoubtedly a custom to place the portraits of authors before their works. Martial's 186th epigram of his fourteenth book in a mere play on words, concerning a little volume containing the works of Virgil, and which had his portrait prefixed to it. The volume and the characters must have been very diminutive.

> 'Quam brevis immensum cepit membrana Maronem!
> 'Ipsius Vultus prima tabella gerit.'

Martial is not the only writer who takes notice of the ancients prefixing portraits to the works of authors. Seneca, in his ninth chapter on the Tranquillity of the Soul, complains of many of the luxurious great, who, like so many of our own collectors, possessed libraries as they did their estate and equipages. 'It is melancholy to observe how the portraits of men of genius, and the works of their divine intelligence, are used only as the luxury and the ornaments of walls.'

Pliny has nearly the same observation, *Lib.* xxxv, *cap.* 2. He remarks, that the custom was rather modern in his time; and attributes to Asinius Pollio the honour of having introduced it into Rome. 'In consecrating a library with the portraits of our illustrious authors, he has formed, if I may so express myself, a republic of the intellectual powers of men.' To the richness of book-treasures, Asinius Pollio had associated a new source of pleasure, in placing the statues of their authors amidst them, inspiring the minds of the spectators even by their eyes.

A taste for collecting portraits, or busts, was warmly pursued in the happier periods of Rome; for the celebrated Atticus, in a work he published of illustrious Romans, made it more delightful, by ornamenting it with the portraits of those great men; and the learned Varro, in his biography of Seven Hundred celebrated Men, by giving the world their true features and their physiognomy, in *some manner, aliquo modu imaginibus* is Pliny's expression, showed that even their persons should not entirely be annihilated, they indeed, adds Pliny, form a spectacle which the gods themselves might contemplate; for if the gods sent those heroes to the earth, it is Varro who secured their immortality, and has so multiplied and distributed them in all places, that we may carry them about us, place them wherever we choose, and fix our eyes on them with perpetual admiration. A spectacle that every day becomes more varied and interesting, as new heroes appear, and as works of this kind are spread abroad.

But as printing was unknown to the ancients (though *stamping an impression* was daily practised, and in fact, they possessed the art of printing without being aware of it) how were these portraits of Varro so easily propagated? If copied with a pen, their correctness was in some danger, and their diffusion must have been very confined and slow; perhaps they were outlines. This passage of Pliny's excites curiosity, which it may be difficult to satisfy.

Amongst the various advantages which attend a collection of portraits of illustrious characters, Oldys observes, that they not only serve as matters of entertainment and curiosity, and preserve the different modes or habits of the fashions of the time, but become of infinite importance, by settling our floating ideas upon the true features of famous persons: they fix the chronological particulars of their birth age, death, sometimes with short characters of them, besides the names of painter, designer, and engraver. It is thus a single print, by the hand of a skilful artist, may become a varied banquet. To this Granger adds, that in a collection of engraved portraits, the contents of many galleries are reduced into the narrow compass of a few volumes; and the portraits of eminent persons, who distinguished themselves for a long succession of ages, may be turned over in a few hours.

'Another advantage, 'Granger continues, 'attending such an assemblage is, that the methodical arrangement has a surprising effect upon the memory. We see the celebrated contemporaries of every age almost at one view; and the mind is insensibly led to the history of that period. I may add to these, an important circumstance, which is the power that such a collection will have in *awakening genius*. A skilful preceptor will presently perceive the true bent of the temper of his pupil, by his being struck with a Blake or a Boyle, a Hyde or a Milton.'

A circumstance in the life of Cicero confirms this observation. Atticus had a gallery adorned with the images of portraits of the great men of Rome, under each of which Cornelius Nepos says, he had severally described their principal acts and honours in a few concise verses of his own composition. It was by the contemplation of two of these portraits (Old Brutus and a venerable relative in one picture) that Cicero seems to have incited Brutus by the example of these his great ancestors, to dissolve the tyranny of Cæsar. Fairfax made a collection of engraved portraits of warriors. A story much in favour of portrait-collectors is that of the Athenian courtezan, who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally casting her eye on the *portrait* of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat, the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and retired for ever from the scene of debauchery. The orientalists have felt the same charm in their pictured memorial; for 'the imperial Akber,' says Mr Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs, 'employed artists to make portraits of all the principal omrahs and officers in his court; they were bound together in a thick volume, wherein, as the Aveen Akbery or the Institutes of Akber express it, 'The Past are kept in lively remembrance: and the Present are insured immortality.'

Leonard Aretin, when young and in prison, found a portrait of Petrarch, on which his eyes were perpetually fixed; and this sort of contemplation inflamed the desire of imitating this great man: Buffon hung the portrait of Newton before his writing-table.

On this subject, how sublimely Tacitus expresses himself at the close of his admired biography of Agricola. 'I do not mean to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble, the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola that gained our love and raised our admiration still subsists, and ever will subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages and the records of fame.'

What is more agreeable to the curiosity of the mind and the eye than portraits of great characters? An old philosopher whom Marville invited to see a collection of landscapes by a celebrated artist, replied, 'landscapes I prefer seeing in the country itself, but I am fond of contemplating the pictures of illustrious men.' This opinion has some truth: Lord Orford preferring an interesting portrait, to either landscape or historical painting. 'A landscape,

said he, 'however excellent in its distributions of wood, and water, and buildings, leaves not one tract in the memory; historical painting is perpetually false in a variety of ways, in the costume, the grouping, the portraits, and is nothing more than fabulous painting; but the real portrait is truth itself; and calls up so many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species.

Marvelle justly reprehends the fastidious feelings of those ingenious men who have resisted the solicitations of the artist, to sit for their portraits. In them it is sometimes as much pride as it is vanity in those who are less difficult in this respect. Of Gray, Shenstone, Fielding and Akenside, we have no heads for which they sat; a circumstance regretted by their admirers, and by physiognomists.

To an arranged collection of Portraits, we owe several interesting works. Granger's justly esteemed volumes originated in such a collection. Perrault' *Eloges* of 'the illustrious men of the seventeenth century,' were drawn up to accompany the engraved portraits of the most celebrated characters of the age, which a fervent lover of the fine arts and literature had had engraved as an elegant tribute to the fame of those great men. They are confined to his nation, as Granger's to ours. The parent of this race of books may perhaps be the Eulogiums of Paulus Jovius, which originated in a beautiful Cabinet, whose situation he has described with all its amenity.

Paulus Jovius had a country house, in an insular situation of a most romantic aspect. It was built on the ruins of the villa of Pliny; and in his time the foundations were still to be traced. When the surrounding lake was calm, in its lucid bosom were still viewed sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan. Jovius was an enthusiast of literary leisure; an historian, with the imagination of a poet; a bishop nourished on the sweet fictions of pagan mythology. His pen colours like a pencil. He paints rapturously, his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake, the shade and freshness of his woods, his green hills, his sparkling fountains, the deep silence, and the calm of solitude. He describes a statue raised in his gardens to Nature; in his hall an Apollo presided with his lyre, and the Muses with their attributes; his library was guarded by Mercury, and an apartment devoted to the three Graces was embellished by Doric columns, and paintings of the most pleasing kind. Such was the interior! Without, the pure and transparent lake spread its broad mirror, rolled its voluminous windings, while the banks were richly covered with olives and laurels, and in the distance, towns, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatre blushing with vines, and the elevations of the Alps covered with woods and pasturage, and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

In the centre of this enchanting habitation stood the Cabinet, where Paulus Jovius had collected, at great cost, the Portraits of the celebrated men of the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries. The daily view of them animated his mind to compose their eulogiums. These are still curious; both for the facts they preserve, and the happy conciseness with which Jovius delineates a character. He had collected these portraits as others from a collection of natural history; and he pursued in their characters what others do in their experiments.

One caution in collecting portraits must not be forgotten: it respects their authenticity. We have too many supposititious heads, and ideal personages. Conrade ab Uffenbach, who seems to have been the first collector who projected a methodical arrangement, condemned those portraits which were not genuine, as fit only for the amusements of children. The painter does not always give a correct likeness, or the engraver misses it in his copy. The faithful Vertue refused to engrave for Houbraken's set, because they did not authenticate their originals; and some of these are spurious. Busts are not so liable to these accidents. It is to be regretted that men of genius have not been careful to transmit their own portraits to their admirers; it forms a part of their character: a false delicacy has interfered. Erasmus did not like to have his own diminutive person sent down to posterity, but Holbein was always affectionately painting his friends; Bayle and others have refused; but Motesquieu once sat to Dacier after repeating denials, won over by the ingenious argument of the artist; 'Do you not think,' said Dacier, 'that there is as much pride in refusing my offer as in accepting it?'

DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

The literary treasures of antiquity have suffered from the malice of men, as well as that of time. It is remarkable that conquerors, in the moment of victory, or in the unsparing devastations of their rage, have not been satisfied with destroying *men*, but have even carried their vengeance to *books*.

Ancient history records how the Persians, from hatred of the religion of the Phœnicians and the Egyptians, destroyed their books, of which Eusebius notices they possessed a great number. A remarkable anecdote is recorded of the Grecian libraries; one at Gnidus was burnt by the sect of Hippocrates, because the Gnidians refused to follow the doctrines of their master. If the followers of Hippocrates formed the majority, was it not very unorthodox in the Gnidians to prefer taking physic their own way? The anecdote may be suspicious, but faction has often annihilated books.

The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and the philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans; and the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews. The greater part of the books of Origen and other heretics were continually burnt by the orthodox party. Gibbon pathetically describes the empty library of Alexandria after the Christians had destroyed it. 'The valuable library of Alexandria was pillaged or destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards the appearance of the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every spectator, whose mind was not totally darkened by religious prejudice. The compositions of ancient genius, so many of which have irretrievably perished, might surely have been excepted from the wreck of idolatry, for the amusement and instruction of succeeding ages and either the seal or avarice of the archbishop might have been satiated with the richest spoils which were the rewards of his victory.'

The curious narrative of Nicetas Choniates of the ravages committed by the Christians of the thirteenth century in Constantinople, was fraudulently suppressed in the printed editions; it has been preserved by Dr Clarke. We cannot follow this painful history, step by step, of the pathetic Nicetas, without indignant feelings. Dr Clarke observes, that the Turks have committed fewer injuries to the works of art than the barbarous Christians of that age.

The reading of the Jewish Talmud has been forbidden by various edicts, of the Emperor Justinian, of many of the French and Spanish kings, and numbers of popes. All the copies were ordered to be burnt; the intrepid perseverance of the Jews themselves preserved that work from annihilation. In 1566 twelve thousand copies were thrown into the flames at Cremona. John Reuchlin interfered to stop this universal destruction of Talmuds; for which he became hated by the monks, and condemned by the Elector of Mentz, but appealing to Rome, the prosecution was stopped; and the traditions of the Jews were considered as not necessary to be destroyed.

Conquerors at first destroy with the rashest zeal the national records of the conquered people; hence it is that the Irish deplore the irreparable losses of their most ancient national memorials, which their invaders have been too successful in annihilating. The same event occurred in the conquest of Mexico; and the interesting history of the New World must ever remain imperfect in consequence of the unfortunate success of the first missionaries; who too late became sensible of their error. Clavigero, the most authentic historian of Mexico, continually laments this affecting loss. Every thing in that country had been painted, and painters abounded there, as scribes in Europe. The first missionaries, suspicious that superstition was mixed with all their paintings, attacked the chief school of these artists, and collecting, in the market-place, a little mountain of these precious records, they set fire to it; and buried in the ashes the memory of many most interesting events. Afterwards sensible of their error, they tried to collect information from the mouths of the Indians; but the Indians were indignantly silent; when they attempted to collect the remains of these painted histories, the patriotic Mexican usually buried in concealment the remaining records of his country.

The story of the Caliph Omar proclaiming throughout the Kingdom, at the taking of Alexandria, that the Koran contained every thing which was useful to believe and to know, and he therefore, ordered all the books in the Alexandrian library to be distributed to the masters of the baths

amounting to 4000, to be used in heating their stoves during a period of six months, modern paradox would attempt to deny. But the tale would not be singular even were it true: it perfectly suits the character of a bigot; a barbarian, and a blockhead. A similar event happened in Persia. When Abdoolah, who in the third century of the Mohammedan era governed Khorasan, was presented at Nishapoor with a MS, which was shown as a literary curiosity, he asked the title of it, and was told it was the tale of Wamick and Oozra; composed by the great poet, Noshirwan. On this Abdoolah observed, that those of his country and faith had nothing to do with any other book than the Koran; and that the composition of an idolator must be detestable! Not only he declined accepting it, but ordered it to be burnt in his presence; and further issued a proclamation commanding all Persian MSS, which should be found within the circle of his government to be burned! Much of the most ancient poetry of the Persians perished by this fanatical edict.

Cardinal Ximenes seems to have retaliated a little on the Saracens; for at the taking of Granada he condemned to the flames five thousand Korans.

The following anecdote respecting a Spanish missal, called St Isidore's, is not incurious; hard fighting saved it from destruction. In the Moorish wars, all these missals had been destroyed excepting those in the city of Toledo. There in six churches the Christians were allowed the free exercise of their religion. When the Moors were expelled several centuries afterwards from Toledo, Alphonsus the VI ordered the Roman missal to be used in those churches; but the people of Toledo insisted on having their own preferred, as being drawn up by the most ancient bishops, and revised by St Isidore. It had been used by a great number of saints, and having been preserved pure during Moorish times, it seemed to them that Alphonsus was more tyrannical than the Turks. The contest between the Roman and the Toletan missals came to that height, that at length it was determined to decide their fate by single combat; the champion of the Toletan missal felled by one blow the knight of the Roman missal. Alphonsus still considered this battle as merely the effect of the heavy arm of the doughty Toletan, and ordered a fast to be proclaimed, and a great fire to be prepared, into which, after his majesty and the people had joined in prayer for heavenly assistance in this ordeal, both the rivals (not the men, but the missals) were thrown into the flames—again St Isidore's missal triumphed, and this iron book was then allowed to be orthodox by Alphonsus, and the good people of Toledo were allowed to say their prayers as they had long been used to do. However, the copies of this missal at length became very scarce; for now when no one opposed the reading of St Isidore's missal, none cared to use it. Cardinal Ximenes found it so difficult to obtain a copy, that he printed a large impression, and built a chapel, consecrated to St. Isidore, that this service might be daily chanted as it had been by the ancient Christians.

The works of the ancients were frequently destroyed at the instigation of the monks. They appear sometimes to have mutilated them, for passages have not come down to us, which once evidently existed; and occasionally their interpolations and other forgeries formed a destruction in a new shape, by additions to the originals. They were indefatigable in erasing the best works of the most eminent Greek and Latin authors, in order to transcribe their ridiculous lives of saints on the obliterated vellum. One of the books of Livy is in the Vatican most painfully defaced by some pious father for the purpose of writing on it some missal or psalter, and there have been recently others discovered in the same state. Inflamed with the blindest zeal against every thing pagan, Pope Gregory VII ordered that the library of the Palantine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive emperors, should be committed to the flames! He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the holy scriptures! From that time all ancient learning which was not sanctioned by the authority of the church, has been emphatically distinguished as *profane*—in opposition to *sacred*. This pope is said to have burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that St Austin should escape from the charge of plagiarism, being deeply indebted to Varro for much of his great work the 'City of God.'

The jesuits, sent by the Emperor Ferdinand to proscribe Lutheranism from Bohemia, converted that flourishing kingdom comparatively into a desert, from which it never recovered convinced that an enlightened people could never be long subservient to a tyrant, they struck one fatal blow at the national literature: every book they condemned was destroyed, even those of antiquity: the annals of the nation were forbidden to be read, and writers were not permitted even to compose on subjects of Bohemian literature. The mother tongue was held out as a mark of vulgar obscurity, and domiciliary visits were made for the purpose of inspecting books and the libraries of the Bohemians. With their books and their language they lost their national character and their independence.

The destruction of libraries in the reign of Henry VIII, at the dissolution of the monasteries is wept over by John Bale; those who purchased the religious houses took the libraries as part of the booty, with which they scoured their furniture, or sold the books as waste paper, or sent them abroad in ship-loads to foreign bookbinders.

The fear of destruction induced many to hide manuscripts under ground, and in old walls. At the Reformation popular rage exhausted itself on illuminated books, or MSS that had red letters in the title-page; any work which was decorated was sure to be thrown into the flames as a superstitious one. Red letters and embellished figures were such marks of being papistical and diabolical. We still find such volumes mutilated of the gilt letters and elegant flourishes, but the greater number were annihilated. Many have been found under ground, being forgotten; what escaped the flames were obliterated by the damp: such is the deplorable fate of books during a persecution!

The puritans burnt every thing they found which bore the vestige of popish origin. We have on record many curious accounts of their pious depredations, of their maiming images and erasing pictures. The heroic expeditions of one Dowsing are journalised by himself; a fanatical Quixotte, to whose intrepid arm many of our noseless saints sculptured on our cathedrals owe their misfortunes.

The following are some details from the diary of this redoubtable Goth, during his rage for reformation. His entries are expressed with a laconic conciseness, and it would seem with a little dry humour. 'At *Sunbury*, we brake down ten mighty great angels in glass. At *Barham*, brake down the twelve apostles in the chancel, and six superstitious pictures more there; and eight in the church, one a lamb with a cross (†) on the back; and digged down the steps and took up four superstitious inscriptions in brass,' &c. '*Lady Bruce's house*, the chaple, a picture of God the Father, of the Trinity, of Christ, of the Holy Ghost, and the cloven tongues, which we gave orders to take down, and the lady promised to do it.' At another place they 'brake six hundred superstitious pictures, eight Holy Ghosts, and three of the Son.' And in this manner he and his deputies scoured one hundred and fifty parishes! It has been humourously conjectured, that from this ruthless devastator originated the phrase to *give a Dowsing*. Bishop Hall saved the windows of his chaple at Norwich from destruction, by taking out the heads of the figures, and this accounts for the many faces in church windows which we see supplied in white glass.

In the various civil wars in our country, numerous libraries have suffered both in MSS and printed books. 'I dare maintain,' says Fuller, 'that the wars betwixt York and Lancaster, which lasted sixty years, were not so destructive as our modern wars in six years.' He alludes to the parliamentary feuds in the reign of Charles I. 'For during the former their differences agreed in the *same religion*, impressing them with reverence to all sacred muniments; whilst our *civil wars*, founded in *faction* and *variety* of pretended *religions*, exposed all naked church records a prey to armed violence; a sad vacuum, which will be sensible in our *English historie*.'

The scarcity of books concerning the catholics in this country is owing to two circumstances; the destruction of catholic books and documents by the pursuivants in the reign of Charles I, and the destruction of them by the catholics themselves, from the dread of the heavy penalties in which their mere possession involved their owners.

When it was proposed to the Great Gustavus of Sweden to destroy the palace of the Dukes of Bavaria, that hero nobly refused, observing, 'Let us not copy the example of our unlettered ancestors, who by waging war against every production of genius, have rendered the name of Goth universally proverbial of the rudest state of barbarity.'

Even the civilization of the eighteenth century could not preserve from the savage and destructive fury of a disorderly mob, in the most polished city of Europe, the valuable

MSS of the great Earl Mansfield, which were madly consigned to the flames during the riots of 1780.

In the year 1599, the hall of the stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. Warton gives a list of the best writers who were ordered for immediate conflagration by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft, urged by the puritanic and calvinistic factions. Like thieves and outlaws, they were ordered *to be taken wheresoever they may be found.*—'It was also decreed that no satires or epigrams should be printed for the future. No plays were to be printed without the inspection and permission of the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London; nor any *English historyes*, I suppose novels and romances, without the sanction of the privy council. Any pieces of this nature, unlicensed, or now at large and wandering abroad, were to be diligently sought, recalled, and delivered over to the ecclesiastical arm at London-house.'

At a later period, and by an opposite party, among other extravagant motions made in the parliament, one was to destroy all the records in the tower, and to settle the nation on a new foundation. The very same principle was attempted to be acted on in the French revolution by the true 'sans-culottes.' With us Sir Matthew Hale showed the weakness of the proposal, and while he drew on his side 'all sober persons, stopped even the mouths of the frantic people themselves.'

To descend to the losses incurred by individuals, whose name ought to have served as an amulet to charm away the demons of literary destruction. One of the most interesting is the fate of Aristotle's library; he who by a Greek term was first saluted as a collector of books! his works have come down to us accidentally, but not without irreparable injuries, and with no slight suspicion respecting their authenticity. The story is told by Strabo in his thirteenth book. The books of Aristotle came from his scholar Theophrastus to Neleus, whose posterity, an illiterate race, kept them locked up without using them, buried in the earth! One Apellon, a curious collector, purchased them, but finding the MSS injured by age and moisture, conjecturally supplied their deficiencies. It is impossible to know how far Apellon has corrupted and obscured the text. But the mischief did not end here; when Sylla at the taking of Athens brought them to Rome, he consigned them to the care of one Tyrannio, a grammarian, who employed scribes to copy them; he suffered them to pass through his hands without corrections, and took great freedoms with them; the words of Strabo are strong. 'Iosque, Tyrannionem grammaticum ut vulgo aiunt (ut fama est) *interci lisse*, aut *invertisse*.' He gives it indeed as a report; but the fact seems confirmed by the state in which we find these works; Averroes declares that he read Aristotle forty times over before he succeeded in perfectly understanding him; he pretends he did at the one and forty time! And to prove this has published five folios of commentary.

We have lost much valuable literature by the illiterate or malignant descendants of learned and ingenious persons. Many of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters have been destroyed, I am informed, by her mother, who did not approve that she should disgrace her family by adding to it literary honours; and a few of her best letters, recently published, were found buried in an old family chest. It would have mortified her ladyship's mother, to have heard that her daughter was the Sevigné of Britain.

At the death of the learned Peiresc, a chamber in his house filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the age was discovered: the learned in Europe had addressed Peiresc in their difficulties, who was hence called 'The Avocat general' of the republic of letters. Such was the disposition of his niece, that although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be published, she preferred to regale horse occasionally with burning these learned epistles to save the expense of fire-wood!

The MSS of Leonardo da Vinci have equally suffered from his relatives. When a curious collector discovered some, he generously brought them to a descendant of the great painter, who coldly observed, that 'he had a great deal more in the garret, which had lain there for many years, if the rats had not destroyed them!' Nothing which this great artist wrote but showed an inventive genius.

Menage observes on a friend having had his library destroyed by fire, in which several valuable MSS had perished, that such a loss is one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of letters. This gentleman afterwards consoled himself with composing a little treatise *De Bibliothecæ incendio*. It must have been sufficiently curious. Even in the present day, men of letters are subject to similar misfortunes; for though the fire-offices will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscripts!

A fire in the Cottonian library shrivelled and destroyed many Anglo-Saxon MSS, a loss now irreparable. The antiquary is doomed to spell hard and hardly at the baked fragments that crumble in his hand.

Meninsky's famous Persian dictionary met with a sad fate. Its excessive rarity is owing to the siege of Vienna by the Turks; a bomb fell on the solitary author's house, and consumed the principal part of his indefatigable labours. There are few sets of this high-priced work which do not bear evident proofs of the bomb; while many parts are stained with the water sent to quench the flames.

The sufferings of an author for the loss of his manuscripts is nowhere more strongly described than in the case of Anthony Urceus, one of the most unfortunate scholars of the fifteenth century. The loss of his papers seems immediately to have been followed by madness. At Forli, he had an apartment in the palace, and had prepared an important work for publication. His room was dark, and he generally wrote by lamp-light. Having gone out, he left the lamp burning; the papers soon kindled, and his library was reduced to ashes. As soon as he heard the news, he ran furiously to the palace, and knocking his head violently against the door, uttered this blasphemous language; 'Jesus Christ, what great crime have I done! who of those who believed in you have I ever treated so cruelly? Hear what I am saying, for I am in earnest, and am resolved: if by chance I should be so weak as to address myself to you at the point of death, don't hear me, for I will not be with you, but prefer hell and its eternity of torments.' To which, by the by, he gave little credit. Those who heard these ravings tried to console him, but they could not. He quitted the town, and lived frantically, wandering about the woods!

Ben Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan* was composed on a like occasion; the fruits of twenty years' study were consumed in one short hour; our literature suffered, for among some works of imagination there were many philosophical collections, a commentary on the poetics, a complete critical grammar, a life of Henry V, his journey into Scotland with all his adventures in that poetical pilgrimage, and a poem on the ladies of Great Britain. What a catalogue of losses!

Castelvetro, the Italian commentator on Aristotle, having heard that his house was on fire, ran through the streets exclaiming to the people, *alla Poetica! alla Poetica! To the Poetic! To the Poetic!* He was then writing his commentary on the Poetic of Aristotle.

Several men of letters have been known to have risen from their death-bed, to destroy their MSS. So solicitous have they been not to venture their posthumous reputation in the hands of undiscerning friends. Marmontel relates a pleasing anecdote of Colardeau, the elegant versifier of Pope's epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

This writer had not yet destroyed what he had written of a translation of Tasso. At the approach of death, he recollected this unfinished labour; he knew that his friends would not have courage to annihilate one of his works; this was reserved for him. Dying, he raised himself, and as if animated by an honourable action, he dragged himself along, and, with trembling hands, seized his papers, and consumed them in one sacrifice. I recollect another instance of a man of letters, of our own country, who acted the same part. He had passed his life in constant study, and it was observed that he had written several folio vols., which his modest fears would not permit him to expose to the eye even of his critical friends. He promised to leave his labours to posterity; and he seemed sometimes, with a glow on his countenance, to exult that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death his sensibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were closely locked. At the sight of his favourite and mysterious labours, he paused; he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying; suddenly he raised his feeble hands by an effort of firm resolve, burnt his papers, and smiled as the greedy Vulcan licked up every page. The task exhausted his remaining strength, and he soon afterwards expired. The late Mrs Inchbald had written her life in several volumes; on her death-bed, from a mo-

tive perhaps of too much delicacy to admit of any argument, she requested a friend to cut them into pieces before her eyes—not having sufficient strength herself to perform this funeral office. These are instances of what may be called the heroism of authors.

The republic of letters has suffered irreparable losses by shipwrecks. Guarino Veronese, one of those learned Italians who travelled through Greece for the recovery of mss, had his perseverance repaid by the acquisition of many valuable works. On his return to Italy he was shipwrecked, and unfortunately for himself and the world, says Mr Roscoe, he lost his treasures! So pungent was his grief on this occasion that, according to the relation of one of his countrymen, his hair became suddenly white.

About the year 1700, Hudde, an opulent burgomaster of Middleburgh, animated solely by literary curiosity, devoted himself and his fortune. He went to China to instruct himself in the language, and in whatever was remarkable in this singular people. He acquired the skill of a mandarine in that difficult language; nor did the form of his Dutch face undeceive the physiognomists of China. He succeeded to the dignity of a mandarine; he travelled through the provinces under this character, and returned to Europe with a collection of observations, the cherished labour of thirty years; and all these were sunk in the bottomless sea!

The great Pinellian library after the death of its illustrious possessor, filled three vessels to be conveyed to Naples. Pursued by corsairs, one of the vessels was taken; but the pirates finding nothing on board but books, they threw them all into the sea; such was the fate of a great portion of this famous library. National libraries have often perished at sea, from the circumstance of conquerors transporting them into their own kingdoms.

SOME NOTICES OF LOST WORKS.

Although it is the opinion of some critics that our literary losses do not amount to the extent which others imagine, they are however much greater than they allow. Our severest losses are felt in the historical province, and particularly in the earliest records, which might not have been the least interesting to philosophical curiosity.

The history of Phœnicia by Sanchoniathan, supposed to be a contemporary with Solomon is only known to us by a few valuable fragments preserved by Eusebius. The same ill fortune attends Manetho's history of Egypt, and Berosus's history of Chaldea. The researches of the philosopher are therefore limited: and it cannot be doubted that the histories of these most ancient nations, however veiled in fables, or clouded by remoteness, would have presented to the philosopher singular objects of contemplation.

Of the history of Polybius, which once contained forty books, we have now only five; of the historical library of Diodorus Siculus, fifteen books only remain out of forty; and half the Roman antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis has perished. Of the eighty books of the history of Dion Cassius, twenty-five only remain. The present opening books of Ammianus Marcellinus is entitled the fourteenth. Livy's history consisted of one hundred and forty books, and we only possess thirty-five of that pleasing historian. What a treasure has been lost in the thirty books of Tacitus; little more than four remain. Murphy elegantly observes, that 'the reign of Titus, the delight of human kind, is totally lost, and Domitian has escaped the vengeance of the historian's pen.' Yet Tacitus in fragments is still the colossal torso of history. It is curious to observe that Velleius Paterculus, of whom a fragment only has reached us, we owe to a single copy: no other having ever been discovered, and which occasions the text of this historian to remain incurably corrupt. Taste and criticism have certainly incurred an irreparable loss in that *Treatise on the causes of the Corruption of Eloquence*, by Quintilian; which he has himself noticed with so much satisfaction in his 'Institutes.' Petrarch declares, that in his youth he has seen the works of Varro, and the second Decade of Livy; but all his endeavours to recover them were fruitless.

These are only some of the most known losses which have occurred in the republic of letters; but in reading contemporary writers we are perpetually discovering new and important ones. We have lost two precious works in ancient biography; Varro wrote the lives of seven hundred illustrious Romans, and Atticus, the friend of Cicero, composed another on the actions of the great men among the Romans; these works were enriched with portraits. When we consider that these writers lived familiarly with the finest geniuses of their times, and were opulent, hospitable, and lovers of the fine arts, their biography and their portraits are felt as an irreparable loss to literature. I suspect likewise we have had great losses of which we are not always aware; for in that curious letter in which the younger Pliny describes in so interesting a manner the sublime industry, for it seems sublime by its greatness, of his uncle (Book III, Letter V, of Melmouth's translation) it appears that his Natural History, that vast register of the wisdom and folly of the ancients, was not his most extraordinary labour. Among his other works we find a history in twenty books, which has entirely perished. We discover also the works of writers, which by the accounts of them, appear to have equalled in genius those which have descended to us. I refer the curious reader to such a poet whom Pliny, in Book I, Letter XVI, has feelingly described. He tells us that 'his works are never out of my hands; and whether I sit down to write any thing myself, or to revise what I have already wrote, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author; and as often as I do so, he is still new.' He had before compared this poet to Catullus; and in a critic of so fine a taste as Pliny, to have cherished so constant an intercourse with the writings of this author, indicates high powers. Instances of this kind frequently occur.

The losses which the poetical world has sustained are sufficiently known by those who are conversant with the few invaluable fragments of Menander, who would have interested us much more than Homer: for he was evidently the domestic poet, and the lyre he touched was formed of the strings of the human heart. He was the painter of manners, and the historian of the passions. The opinion of Quintilian is confirmed by the golden fragments preserved for the English reader in the elegant versions of Cumberland. Even of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote about one hundred dramas, seven only have been preserved, and nineteen of Euripides. Of the one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, we only inherit twenty imperfect ones.

I believe that a philosopher would consent to lose any poet to regain an historian; nor is this unjust, for some future poet may rise to supply the vacant place of a lost poet, but it is not so with the historian. Fancy may be supplied; but Truth once lost, in the annals of mankind, leaves a chasm never to be filled!

QUODLIBETS, OR SCHOLASTIC DISQUISITIONS.

Menage observes that the scholastic questions were called *Questiones Quodlibeticæ*; and they were generally so ridiculous that we have retained the word *Quodlibet* in our vernacular language, to express any thing ridiculously subtile; something which comes at length to be distinguished into nothingness,

'With all the rash dexterity of wit.'

The history of the scholastic philosophy might furnish a philosophical writer with an instructive theme; it would enter into the history of the human mind, and fill a niche in our literary annals; the works of the scholastics, with the debates of these *Quodlibetarians*, would at once show the greatness and the littleness of the human intellect; for though they often degenerated into incredible absurdities, those who have examined the works of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus have confessed their admiration of that Herculean texture of brain which they exhausted in demolishing their aerial fabrics.

The following is a slight sketch of the school divinity.

The Christian doctrines in the primitive ages of the gospel were adapted to the simple comprehension of the multitude; metaphysical subtilties were not even employed by the fathers, of whom several are eloquent. Even the Homilies explained by an obvious interpretation some scriptural point, or inferred by artless illustration some moral doctrine. When the Arabians became the only learned people, and their empire extended over the greatest part of the known world, they impressed their own genius on those nations with whom they were allied as friends, or reverenced as masters. The Arabian genius was fond of abstruse studies, it was highly metaphysical and mathematical, for the fine arts their religion did not admit them to cultivate; and it appears that the first knowledge which modern Europe obtained of Euclid and Aristotle was through the medium of Latin translations

white or of two colours? Was his linen clean or foul? Did he appear in the morning, noon, or evening? What was the colour of the Virgin Mary's hair? Was she acquainted with the mechanic and liberal arts? Had she a thorough knowledge of the Book of Sentences, and all it contains? that is, Peter Lombard's compilation from the works of the Fathers, written 1200 years after her death. But these are only trifling matters; they also agitated, Whether when during her conception the Virgin was seated, Christ too was seated, and whether when she lay down, Christ also lay down? The following question was a favourite topic for discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians, through more than one century, never resolved it: 'When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the *hog* carried to market by the *rope* or the *man?*'

In the tenth century (says Jortin in his Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, Vol. V, p. 17,) after long and ineffectual controversy about the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, they at length universally agreed to strike a peace! Yet it must not be imagined that this mutual moderation and forbearance should be ascribed to the prudence and virtue of those times. It was mere ignorance and incapacity of reasoning which kept the peace, and deterred them from entering into debates to which they were unequal!

Lord Lyttleton in his Life of Henry II, laments the unhappy effects of the scholastic philosophy on the progress of the human mind. The minds of men were turned from classical studies to the subtilties of school divinity, which Rome encouraged as more profitable for the maintenance of her doctrines. It was a great misfortune to religion and to learning, that men of such acute understanding as Abelard and Lombard, who might have done much to reform the errors of the church, and to restore science in Europe, should have depraved both, by applying their admirable parts to weave those cobwebs of sophistry, and to confound the clear simplicity of evangelical truths by a false philosophy and a captious logic

FAME CONTEMNED.

All men are fond of glory, and even those philosophers who write against that noble passion prefix their *names* to their own works. It is worthy of observation that the authors of two *religious books*, universally received, have concealed their names from the world. The 'Imitation of Christ' is attributed, without any authority, to Thomas A'Kempis; and the author of the 'Whole Duty of Man' still remains undiscovered. Millions of their books have been dispersed in the christian world.

To have revealed their *names*, would have given them as much worldly fame as any moralist has obtained—but they contemned it! Their religion was the purest, and raised above all worldly passions! Some profane writers indeed have also concealed their names to great works, but their *motives* were of a very different cast.

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

Nothing is so capable of disordering the intellects as an intense application to any one of these six things: the Quadrature of the circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philosophical Stone; Magic; and Judicial Astrology. In youth we may exercise our imagination on these curious topics, merely to convince us of their impossibility; but it shows a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. 'It is proper, however,' Fontenelle remarks, 'to apply one's self to these inquiries: because we find, as we proceed, many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant.' The same thought Cowley has applied, in an address to his mistress, thus—

> 'Although I think thou never wilt be found,
> Yet I'm resolved to search for thee;
> The search itself rewards the pains,
> So though the chymist his great secret miss,
> (For neither it in art or nature is)
> Yet things well worth his toils he gains;
> And does his charge and labour pay
> With good unsought experiments by the way.'

The same thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not suspect, that he was an imitator. Fontenelle could not have read either; he struck out the thought by his own reflection; it is very just. Glauber searched long and deeply for the philosopher's stone, which though he did not find, yet in his researches he discovered a very useful purging salt, which bears his name.

Maupertuis, in a little volume of letters written by him, observes on the *Philosophical Stone*, that we cannot prove the impossibility of obtaining it, but we can easily see the folly of those who employ their time and money in seeking for it. This price is too great to counterbalance the little probability of succeeding in it. However it is still a bantling of modern chemistry, who has nodded very affectionately on it!—Of the *Perpetual Motion*, he shows the impossibility, at least in the sense in which it is generally received. On the *Quadrature of the Circle*, he says he cannot decide if this problem is resolvable or not; but he observes, that it is very useless to search for it any more since we have arrived by approximation to such a point of accuracy, that on a large circle, such as the orbit which the earth describes round the sun, the geometrician will not mistake by the thickness of a hair. The quadrature of the circle is still, however, a favourite game of some visionaries, and several are still imagining that they have discovered the perpetual motion; the Italians nick-name them *matto perpetuo*; and Bekker tells us of the fate of one Hartmann of Leipsic, who was in such despair at having passed his life so vainly, in studying the perpetual motion, that at length he became himself one in the long letter of Erasmus, by means of the fatal triangle; that is, he hanged himself; for the long letter of Erasmus is the Greek *phi*, which is imagined to bear some resemblance to the suspension of an unlucky mortal.

IMITATORS.

Some writers, usually pedants, imagine they can supply by the labours of industry the deficiencies of nature. It is recorded of Paulus Manutius, that he frequently spent a month in writing a single letter. He affected to imitate Cicero. But although he has painfully attained to something of the elegance of his style, he is still destitute of the native graces of unaffected composition. He was one of those whom Erasmus bantered in his *Ciceronianos*, so slavishly devoted to Cicero's style, that they ridiculously employed the utmost precautions when they were seized by a Ciceronian fit. The *Nosoponus* of Erasmus tells us of his devotion to Cicero; of his three indexes to all his words, and his never writing but in the dead of night; employing months upon a few lines, and his religious veneration for *words*, with his total indifference about the *sense*.

Le Brun, a Jesuit, was a single instance of such unhappy imitation. He was also a Latin poet, and his themes were religious. He formed the extravagant project of substituting a *religious Virgil* and *Ovid* merely by adapting his works to their titles. His *Christian Virgil* consists, like the Pagan Virgil of *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and of an *Epic* of twelve books, with this difference, that devotional subjects are substituted for fabulous ones. His epic is the *Ignaciad*, or the pilgrimage of Saint Ignatius. His *Christian Ovid* is in the same taste; every thing wears a new face. The *Epistles* are pious ones; the *Fasti* are the six days of the Creation; the *Elegies* are the Lamentations of Jeremiah; a poem on *the love of God* is substituted for the *Art of love*; and the history of some *Conversions* supplies the place of the *Metamorphoses?* This is much in the style of those who have projected the substitution of *a family Shakspeare!*

A poet of far different character, the elegant Sannazarius, has done much the same thing in his poem *De partu Virginis*. The same servile imitation of ancient taste appears. It professes to celebrate the birth of *Christ*, yet his name is not once mentioned in it. The *Virgin* herself is styled *spes deorum!* The hope of the Gods! The *Incarnation* is predicted by *Proteus*—Virgin, instead of consulting the *sacred writings*, reads the *Sybilline oracles!* Her attendants are *Dryads*, *Nereids*, *&c.* This monstrous mixture of polytheism, with the mysteries of Christianity appeared in every thing he had about him. In a chapel at one of his country seats he had two statues placed at his tomb, *Apollo* and *Minerva*; catholic piety found no difficulty in the present case, as well as in innumerable others of the same kind, to inscribe the statue of *Apollo* with the name of *David*, and that of *Minerva* with the female one of *Judith!*

Seneca, in his 114th Epistle, gives a curious literary anecdote of that sort of imitation by which an inferior mind becomes the monkey of an original writer. At Rome, when Sallust was the fashionable writer, short sentences, uncommon words, and an obscure brevity, were affected as so many elegancies. Arruntius, who wrote the history of the

Punic Wars, painfully laboured to imitate Sallust. Expressions which are rare in Sallust are frequent in Arruntius, and, of course, without the motive that induced Sallust to adopt them. What rose naturally under the pen of the great historian, the minor one must have run after with a ridiculous anxiety. Seneca adds several instances of the servile affectation of Arruntius, which seems much like those we once had of Johnson, by the undiscerning herd of his monkeys.

One cannot but smile at these imitators; we have abounded with them. In the days of Churchill, every month produced an effusion which tolerably imitated his rough and slovenly versification, his coarse invective, and his careless mediocrity—but the genius remained with the English Juvenal. Sterne had his countless multitude, and in Fielding's time, Tom Jones produced more bastards in wit than the author could ever suspect. To such literary echoes, the reply of Philip of Macedon to one who prided himself on imitating the notes of the nightingale, may be applied; 'I prefer the nightingale herself!' Even the most successful of this imitating tribe must be doomed to share the fate of Silius Italicus in his cold imitation of Virgil, and Cawthorne in his empty harmony of Pope.

To all these imitators I must apply an Arabian anecdote. Ebn Saad, one of Mahomet's amanuenses, when writing what the prophet dictated, cried out by way of admiration—Blessed be God the best creator! Mahomet approved of the expression, and desired him to write those words down also as part of the inspired passage. The consequence was that Ebn Saad began to think himself as great a prophet as the master, and took upon himself to imitate the Koran according to his fancy; but the imitator got himself into trouble, and only escaped with life by falling on his knees, and solemnly swearing he would never again imitate the Koran, for which he was sensible God had never created him.

CICERO'S PUNS.

'I should,' says Menage, have received great pleasure to have conversed with Cicero, had I lived in his time. He must have been a man very agreeable in conversation, since even Cæsar carefully collected his *bon mots*. Cicero has boasted of the great actions he has done for his country, because there is no vanity in exulting in the performance of our duties; but he has not boasted that he was the most eloquent orator of his age, though he certainly was; because nothing is more disgusting than to exult in our intellectual powers.'

Whatever were the *bon mots* of Cicero, of which few have come down to us, it is certain that Cicero was an inveterate punster; and he seems to have been more ready with them than with repartees. He said to a senator, who was the son of a tailor, '*Rem acu tetigisti*.' You have touched the thing with sharpness. To the son of a cook, '*Ego quoque tibi jure favebo*.' The ancients pronounced *coco* and *quoque* like *co-ke*, which alludes to the Latin *cocus*, cook, besides the ambiguity of *jure*, which applies to *broth* or *law*—*jus*. A Sicilian suspected of being a Jew, attempted to get the cause of Verres into his own hands; Cicero, who knew that he was a creature of the great culprit, opposed him, observing, 'What has a Jew to do with swine's flesh?' The Romans called a boar pig *verres*. I regret to afford a respectable authority for forensic puns; but to have degraded his adversaries by such petty personalities, only proves that Cicero's taste was not exquisite.

There is something very original in Montague's censure of this great man. Cotton, the Frenchman's translator, has not ill expressed the peculiarities of his author, though he has blundered on a material expression.

'Boldly to confess the truth, his way of writing and that of all other long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious; for his preface, definitions, divisions, and etymologies, take up the greatest part of his work, whatever there is of life and marrow, is smothered and lost in the preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him, which is a great deal for me, and recollect what I have thence extracted of juice and substance, for the most part I find nothing but wind; for he is not yet come to the arguments that serve to his purpose, and the reason that should properly help to loose the knot I would untie. For me, who only desired to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical or Aristotelian disquisitions of poets are of no use. I look for good and solid reasons at the first dash. I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of the doubts; his languish about the subject, and delay our expectations. Those are proper for the schools, for the bar, and for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after, time enough to find again the thread of the discourse. It is necessary to speak after this manner to judges, whom a man has a design, right or wrong, to incline to favour his cause; to children and common people, to whom a man must say all he can. I would not have an author make it his business to render me attentive; or that he should cry out fifty times *O yes!* as the clerks and heralds do.

'As to Cicero, I am of the common opinion that, learning excepted, he had no great natural parts. He was a good citizen, of an affable nature, as all fat heavy men—(*gras et gaussers* are the words in the original, meaning perhaps broad jokers, for Cicero was not fat)—such as he was, usually are; but given to ease, and had a mighty share of vanity and ambition. Neither do I know how to excuse him for thinking his poetry fit to be published. 'Tis no great imperfection to write ill verses: but it is an imperfection not to be able to judge how unworthy bad verses were of the glory of his name. For what concerns his eloquence, that is totally out of comparison, and I believe will never be equalled.

PREFACES.

A preface being the entrance to a book, should invite by its beauty. An elegant porch announces the splendour of the interior. I have observed, that ordinary readers skip over these little elaborate compositions. The ladies consider them as so many pages lost, which might better be employed in the addition of a picturesque scene, or a tender letter to their novels. For my part, I always gather amusement from a preface, be it awkwardly, or skilfully written; for dulness, or impertinence, may raise a laugh for a page or two. A preface is frequently a superior composition to the work itself; for long before the days of Johnson, it had been a custom with many authors to solicit for this department of their work the ornamental contribution of a man of genius. Cicero tells his friend Atticus, that he had a volume of prefaces or introductions always ready by him to be used as circumstances required. These must have been like our periodical essays. A good preface is as essential to put the reader into good humour, as a good prologue is to a play, or a fine symphony to an opera, containing something analogous to the work itself; so that we may feel its want as a desire not elsewhere to be gratified. The Italians call the preface *Le salsa del libro*, the sauce of the book, and if well seasoned it creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself. A preface badly composed prejudices the reader against the work. Authors are not equally fortunate in these little introductions; some can compose volumes more skilfully than prefaces, and others can finish a preface who could never be capable of finishing a book.

On a very elegant preface prefixed to an ill-written book, it was observed that they ought never to have *come together*; a sarcastic wit remarked that he considered such *marriages* were allowable, for they were *not of kin*.

In prefaces an affected haughtiness or an affected humility are like despicable. There is a deficient dignity in Robertson's; but the haughtiness is now to our purpose. This is called by the French '*La Morgue litteraire*,' the surly pomposity of literature. It is sometimes used by writers who have succeeded in their first work, while the failure of their subsequent productions appears to have given them a literary hypochondriasm. Dr Armstrong, after his classical poem, never shook hands cordially with the public for not relishing his barren labours. In the *preface* to his lively 'Sketches' he tells us, 'he could give them much bolder strokes as well as more delicate touches, but that he *dreads the danger of writing too well*, and feels the value of his own labour too sensible to bestow it upon the *mobility*. This is pure milk compared to the gall in the *preface* to his poems. There he tells us, 'that at last he has taken the *trouble to collect them!* What he has destroyed would, probably enough, have been better received by the *great majority of readers*. But he has always *most heartily despised their opinion*.' These prefaces remind one of the *prologi galeati*, prefaces with a helmet! as St Jerome entitles the one to his Version of the Scriptures. These *armed prefaces* were formerly very common in the age of literary controversy; for half the business of an author consisted then, either in replying or anticipating a reply to the attacks of his opponent.

Prefaces ought to be dated, as these become after a series of editions leading and useful circumstances in literary history.

Fuller with quaint humour observes on Indexes—'An Index is a necessary implement and no impediment of a book, except in the same sense, wherein the carriages of an army are termed *Impedimenta*. Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the reader therein. I confess there is a lazy kind of learning which is *only Indical*; when scholars (like adders which only bite the horse's heels) nibble but at the tables, which are *calces librorum*, neglecting the body of the book. But though the idle deserve no crutches (let not a staff be used by them, but on them,) pity it is the weary should be denied the benefit thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an index, most used by those who most pretend to contemn it.

THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

Frequent and violent disputes have arisen on the subject of the preference to be given to the ancients, or the moderns. The controversy of Perrault and Boileau make a considerable figure in French literature; the last of whom said that the ancients had been moderns, but that it was by no means clear the moderns would become ancients. The dispute extended to England; Sir William Temple raised even his gentle indolence against the bold attacks of the rough Wotton. The literary world was pestered and tired with this dispute, which at length got into the hands of insolence and ignorance. Swift's 'Battle of the Books,' by his irresistible vein of keen satire, seems to have laid this 'perturbed spirit.' Yet, surely, it had been better if these acrid and absurd controversies had never disgraced the republic of letters. The advice of Sidonius Apollinaris is excellent; he says, that we should read the ancients with *respect*, and the moderns without *envy*.

SOME INGENIOUS THOUGHTS.

Apuleius calls these neck-kerchiefs so glassy fine, (may I so express myself?) which in veiling, discover the beautiful bosom of a woman, *ventum textilem*; which may be translated *woven air*. It is an expression beautifully fanciful.

A Greek poet wrote this inscription for a statue of Niobe—

> The Gods, from living turned me to stone:
> Praxiteles, from stone, restored me to life.

P. Commire, a pleasing writer of Latin verse, says of the flight of a butterfly,

> Florem, putares nare per liquidum æthera.
> It FLIES, and swims a flower in liquid air!

Voiture, in addressing Cardinal Richelieu, says,—How much more affecting is it to hear one's praises from the mouth of the *people*, than from that of the *poets*.

Cervantes, with an elevation of sentiment, observes that one of the greatest advantages which princes possess above other men, is that of being attended by servants as great as themselves.

> ——Lususque salesque,
> Sed lectos pelago, quo Venus orta, sales.

This is written by a modern Latin poet; but is in Plutarch, in the comparison of Aristophanes and Menander; 'In the comedies of Menander there is a natural and divine salt, as if it proceeded from that sea where Venus took her birth.' This beautiful thought, observes Monnoye, has been employed by seven or eight modern writers.

Seneca, amongst many strained sentiments, and trivial points, has frequently a happy thought. As this on *anger*: 'I wish that the ferocity of this passion could be spent at its first appearance, so that it might injure but *once*: as in the case of the bee, whose sting is destroyed for ever at the first puncture it occasions.

Aristænetus says of a beauty, that she seemed *most* beautiful when *dressed*; yet not *less* beautiful when *undressed*. Of *two* beauties he says, 'they yielded to the *Graces* only in *number*.'

Menage has these two terse and pointed lines on the portrait of a lady—

> 'Ce portrait ressemble à la belle,
> Il est insensible comme elle!'

> In this portrait, my fair, thy resemblance I see;
> An insensible charmer it is—just like thee!

A French poet has admirably expressed the instantaneous sympathy of two lovers. A princess is relating to her *confidants* the birth of her passion:

> 'Et comme un jeune cœur est bientot enflamme,
> Il me vit, il m'aima, je le vis, l'aimai.'

> Soon is the youthful heart by passion moved:
> He saw, and loved me—him I saw, and loved.

Calderon is more extravagant still; he says on a similar occasion—

'I saw and I loved her so nearly together, that I do not know if I saw her efore I loved her, or loved her before I saw her.'

An old French poet, Pichou, in his imitation of Bonarelli's Filli de Sciro, has this ingenious thought. A nymph is discovered by her lover, fainting under an unbrageous oak—the conflict of beauty and horror is described by a pretty conceit—

> 'Si l'amour se mouroit, on diroit, le voici!
> Et si la mort aimoit, on la peindroit ainsi.

> If Love were dying, we should think him here!
> If Death could love, he would be pictured thus!

The same lover consents at length that his mistress shall love his rival, and not inelegantly expresses his feelings in the perplexed situation.

> 'Je veux bien que ton ame un double amour s'assemble
> Tu peux aimer sans crime Aminte et Nise ensemble;
> Et lors que le trepas finira mes douleurs
> Avoir pour l'un des feux, et pour l'autre des pleures.'

> Yes with a double love thy soul may burn;
> Oh 'tis no crime to love Aminte and Nise!
> And when in my last hour my grief shall close,
> Give one your fires, and give the other tears!

It was said of Petronius, that he was *pura impuritas*, purely impure: *pura*, because of his style; *impuritas*, because of his obscenities.

Quam multa! quam paucis! is a fine expression, which was employed to characterise a concise style pregnant with meaning.

How tenderly does Tasso, in one verse, describe his Olindo! So much love and so much modesty!

> 'Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede.

An exquisite verse, which Hoole entirely passes over in his version, but which Fairfax's finer feelings preserves:

> ——'He, full of bashfulness and truth,
> Loved much, hoped little, and desired naught.'

It was said of an exquisite portrait, that to judge by the eye it did not want speech; for this only could be detected by the ear.

> Manca il parlar; di vivo altro non chiedi:
> Ne manca questo ancor, S'agli occhi credi.

Perrault has very poetically informed us, that the ancients were ignorant of the circulation of the blood—

> '——Ignorait jusqu'aux route certaines
> Du meadre vivant qui coule dans les veines.

> Unknown to them what devious course maintains
> The live meander flowing in their veins.

An Italian poet makes a lover who has survived his mistress thus sweetly express himself—

> 'Piango la sua morte, e la mia vita.'

> Much I deplore her death, and much my life.

It has been usual for poets to say, that rivers flow to convey their tributary streams to the sea. This figure, being a mark of subjection proved offensive to the patriotic Tasso, and he has ingeniously said of the river *Po*, because of its rapidity—

> 'Pare
> Che porti guerra, e non tributo al mare.'

> See rapid Po to Ocean's empire bring
> A war, and not a tribute, from his spring!

EARLY PRINTING.

There is some probability that this art originated in China, where it was practised long before it was known in Europe. Some European traveller might have imported the hint. That the Romans did not practise the art of printing cannot but excite our astonishment, since they really possessed the art, and may be said to have enjoyed it, unconscious of their rich possession. I have seen Roman stereotypes, or printing immoveable types with which they stamped their pottery. How in daily practising the art though confined to this object, it did not occur to so ingenious a people to print their literary works, is not easily to be accounted for. Did the wise and grave senate dread

those inconveniences which attended its indiscriminate use? Or perhaps they did not care to deprive so large a body as their scribes of their business. Not a hint of the art itself appears in their writings.

When first the art of printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a leaf; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. Specimens of these early printed books are in his Majesty's and Lord Spencer's libraries. Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank sides, which made them appear like one leaf. Their blocks were made of soft woods, and their letters were carved; but frequently breaking, the expense and trouble of carving and gluing new letters suggested our moveable types, which have produced an almost miraculous celerity in this art. Our modern stereotype consists of entire pages of solid blocks of metal, and not being liable to break like the soft wood at first used, is profitably employed for works which require to be perpetually reprinted. Printing on carved blocks of wood must have greatly retarded the progress of universal knowledge; for one set of types could only have produced one work, whereas it now serves for hundreds.

When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, to the fancy of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them printed.

The initial carved letter, which is generally a fine woodcut, among our printed books, is evidently a remains or imitation of these ornaments. Among the very earliest books printed, which were religious, the Poor Man's Bible has wooden cuts in a coarse style, without the least shadowing or crossing of strokes, and these they inelegantly daubed over with colours, which they termed illuminating and sold at a cheap rate to those who could not afford to purchase costly missals, elegantly written and painted on vellum. Specimens of these rude efforts of illuminated prints may be seen in Strutt's Dictionary of Engravers. The Bodleian library possesses the originals.

In the productions of early printing may be distinguished the various splendid editions they made of *Primers* or *Prayer-books*. They were embellished with cuts finished in a most elegant taste; many of them were ludicrous, and several were obscene. In one of them an angel is represented crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father himself assisting at the ceremony. Sometimes St Michael in overcoming Satan; and sometimes St Anthony is attacked by various devils of the most clumsy forms—not of the grotesque and limber family of Callot!

Printing was gradually practised throughout Europe from the year 1440 to 1500. Caxton and his successor Wynkyn de Worde, were our own earliest printers. Caxton was a wealthy merchant, who in 1464, being sent by Edward IV, to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to his country with this invaluable art. Notwithstanding his mercantile habits he possessed a literary taste, and his first work was a translation from a French historical miscellany.

The tradition of the devil and Dr Faustus was derived from the odd circumstance in which the Bibles of the first printer, Fust, appeared to the world. When he had discovered this new art, and printed off a considerable number of copies of the bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in MSS, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies for MSS. But as he was enabled to sell his bibles at sixty crowns, while the other scribes demanded five hundred, this raised universal astonishment; and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the copies increased wonder. Informations were given in to the magistrates against him as a magician; and in searching his lodgings a great number of copies were found. The red ink, and Fust's red ink is peculiarly brilliant; which embellished his copies was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the devil. Fust was at length obliged to save himself from a bonfire, to reveal his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution in consideration of this useful invention.

When the art of printing was established, it became the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their name those of the correctors of the press; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

The *prices* of books in these times were considered as an object worthy of the animadversions of the highest powers. This anxiety in favour of the studious, appears from a privilege of Pope Leo X, to Aldus Manutius for printing Varro, dated 1553, signed cardinal Bembo. Aldus is exhorted to put a moderate price on the work, lest the Pope should withdraw the privilege, and accord it to others.

Robert Stephens, one of the early printers surpassed in correctness those who exercised the same profession. It is said that to render his editions immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places and generously recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect an errata.

Plantin, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing-office claims our admiration: it was one of the wonders of Europe. This grand building was the chief ornament of the city of Antwerp. Magnificent in its structure, it presented to the spectator a countless number of presses, characters of all figures and all sizes, matrices to cast letters, and all other printing materials; which Baillet assures us amounted to immense sums.

In Italy, the three Manutii were more solicitous of corrections and illustrations than of the beauty of their printing. It was the character of the scholar, not of the printer, of which they were ambitious.

It is much to be regretted that our publishers are not literary men. Among the learned printers formerly a book was valued because it came from the presses of an Aldus or a Stephens and even in our time the names of Bowyer and Dodsley sanctioned a work. Pelisson in his history of the French academy tells us that Camusat was selected as their bookseller from his reputation for publishing only valuable works. He was a man of some literature and good sense, and rarely printed an indifferent work; when we were young I recollect that we always made it a rule to purchase his publications. His name was a test of the goodness of the work. A publisher of this character would be of the greatest utility to the literary world; at home he would induce a number of ingenious men to become authors, for it would be honourable to be inscribed in his catalogue; and it would be a direction for the continental reader.

So valuable a union of learning and printing did not, unfortunately, last. The printers of the seventeenth century became less charmed with glory than with gain. Their correctors and their letters, evinced as little delicacy of choice.

The invention of what is now called the *Italic* letter in printing was made by Aldus Manutius, to whom learning owes much. He observed the many inconveniences resulting from the vast number of *abbreviations* which were then so frequent among the printers, that a book was difficult to understand: a treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book, and this addressed to the learned! He contrived an expedient, by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of, and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. This he effected by introducing what is now called *Italic* letter, though it formerly was distinguished by the name of the inventor, hence called the *Aldine*.

ERRATA.

Besides the ordinary *errata*, which happened in printing a work, others have been purposely committed that the *errata* may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work. Wherever the Inquisition had any power, particularly at Rome, it was not allowed to employ the word *fatum*, or *fata*, in any book. An author, desirous of using the latter word adroitly invented this scheme: he had printed in his book *facta*, and, in the *errata*, he put for *facta*, read *fata*.

Scarron has done the same thing on another occasion. He had composed some verses, at the head of which he placed this dedication.—*A Guillemette, Chienne de ma Sœur;* but having a quarrel with his sister he maliciously put into the *errata*, instead of *Chienne de ma Sœur*, read *ma Chienne de Sœur*.

Lully at the close of a bad prologue said, the word *fin du prologue* was an *erratum*, it should have been *fi du prologue*.

In a book, there was printed *le docte Morel*. A wag put into the *errata*, for *le docte Morel*, read *le docteur Morel*. This *Morel* was not the first *docteur* not *docte*.

When a fanatic published a mystical work full of unintelligible raptures, and which he entitled *Les Delices de*

l'Esprit, it was proposed to print in his errata, for *Delices*, read *Delires*.

When the author of an idle and imperfect book ended with the usual phrase of *cetera desiderantur*, one altered it *non desiderantur sed desunt*; the rest is *wanting*, but not *wanted*.

At the close of a silly book, the author as usual printed the word FINIS—A wit put this among the errata, with this pointed couplet;

> Finis! an error, or a lie, my friend!
> In writing foolish books—there is no End!

In the year 1561, was printed a work, entitled the Anatomy of the Mass. It is a thin octavo, of 172 pages, and it is accompanied by an *Errata* of 15 pages! The editor, a pious monk, informs us that a very serious reason induced him to undertake this task: for it is, says he, to forestall the *artifices of Satan*. He supposes that the Devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds: the first before it was printed, by drenching the MSS in a kennel, and having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered several parts illegible: the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders, never yet equalled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan he was obliged carefully to re-peruse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of printers under the influence of the Devil. All this he relates in an advertisement prefixed to the *Errata*.

A furious controversy raged between two famous scholars from a very laughable but accidental *Erratum*; and threatened serious consequences to one of the parties. Flavigny wrote two letters criticising rather freely a polyglot Bible edited by Abraham Ecchellensis. As this learned editor had sometimes censured the labours of a friend of Flavigny, this latter applied to him the third and fifth verses of the seventh chapter of St Matthew, which he printed in Latin. Ver. 3. *Quid vides festucam in* OCULO *fratris tui, et trabem in* OCULO *tuo non vides*. Ver. 5. *Ejice primum trabem de* OCULO *tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere festucam de* OCULO *fratris tui*. Ecchellensis opens his reply by accusing Flavigny of an *enormous crime* committed in this passage; attempting to correct the sacred text of the Evangelist, and daringly to reject a word, while he supplied its place by another as *impious* as *obecene!* This crime, exaggerated with all the virulence of an angry declaimer, closes with a dreadful accusation. Flavigny's morals are attacked, and his reputation overturned by a horrid imputation. Yet all this terrible reproach is only founded on an *Erratum!* The whole arose from the printer having negligently suffered the *first letter* of the word *Oculo* to have dropped from the form, when he happened to touch a line with his finger which did not stand straight! He published another letter to do away the imputation of Ecchellensis; but thirty years afterwards his rage against the negligent printer was not extinguished; Certain wits were always reminding him of it.

One of the most egregious of all literary blunders is that of the edition of the Vulgate, by Sextus V. His holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press; and, to the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival—it swarmed with errata! A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages, in order to give the true text. The book makes a whimsical appearance with these patches; and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of papal infallibility! the copies were called in, and violent attempts made to suppress it; a few still remain for the raptures of the biblical collectors; at a late sale the bible of Sextus V, fetched above sixty guineas—not too much for a mere book of blunders? The world was highly amused at the bull of the editorial Pope prefixed to the first volume, which excommunicates all printers who in re-printing the work should make any alteration in the text.

In a version of the Epistles of St Paul into the Ethiopic language, which proved to be full of errors, the editors allege a very good-humoured reason—'They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us, and we helped them, as the blind helps the blind.'

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis, Chap. 3. v. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word HERR, and substituted NA in their place thus altering the sentence from 'and he shall be thy LORD,' (*Herr*) to 'and he shall be thy FOOL,' (*Narr*.) It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

We have an edition of the Bible, known by the name of *The vinegar Bible*; from the erratum in the title to the 20th Chap. of St Luke, in which, 'Parable of the *Vineyard*,' is printed 'Parable of the *Vinegar*.' It was printed in 1717, at the Clarendon press.

We have had another, where 'Thou shalt commit adultery' was printed, omitting the negation; which occasioned the archbishop to lay one of the heaviest penalties on the Company of Stationers that was ever recorded in the annals of literary history.

Herbert Croft used to complain of the incorrectness of our English Classics, as re-printed by the booksellers. It is evident some stupid printer often changed a whole text intentionally. The fine description by Akenside of the Pantheon, 'SEVERELY great,' not being understood by the blockhead, was printed *serenely great*. Swift's own edition of 'the City Shower,' has 'old ACHES throb.' *Aches* is two syllables, but modern printers, who had lost the right pronunciation, have *aches* as in one syllable; and then to complete the metre, have foisted in 'aches *will* throb.' Thus what the poet and the linguist wish to preserve is altered, and finally lost.

It appears by a calculation made by the printer of Steeven's edition of Shakspeare, that every octavo page of that work; text and notes, contains 2680 distinct pieces of metal; which in a sheet amount to 42,880—the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder!—With this curious fact before us, the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired, and errata ought more freely to be pardoned than the fastidious minuteness of the insect eye of certain critics has allowed.

Whether such a miracle as an immaculate edition of a classical author does exist, I have never learnt; but an attempt has been made to obtain this glorious singularity—and was as nearly realized as is perhaps possible: the magnificent edition of *As Luciadas* of Camoens, by Dom Joze Souza, in 1817. This amateur spared no prodigality of cost and labour, and flattered himself that by the assistance of Didot, not a single typographical error should be found in that splendid volume. But an error was afterwards discovered in some of the copies, occasioned by one of the letters in the word *Lusitano* having got misplaced during the working of one of the sheets. It must be confessed that this was an *accident* or *misfortune*—rather than an *Erratum!*

One of the most remarkable complaints on ERRATA is that of Edw. Leigh, appended to his curious treatise 'on Religion and learning.' It consists of two folio pages, in a very minute character, and exhibits an incalculable number of printers' blunders. 'We have not,' he says, 'Plantin nor Stephens amongst us; and it is no easy task to specify the chiefest errata; false interpunctions there are too many; here a letter wanting, there a letter too much; a syllable too much, one letter for another; words parted where they should be joined; words joined which should be severed; words misplaced; chronological mistakes, &c.' This unfortunate folio was printed in 1656. Are we to infer by such frequent complaints of the authors of that day, that either they did not receive proofs from the printers, or that the printers never attended to the corrected proofs? Each single erratum seems to have been felt as a stab to the literary feelings of the poor author!

PATRONS.

Authors have too frequently received ill treatment, even from those to whom they dedicated their works.

Some who felt hurt at the shameless treatment of such mock Mæcenases have observed that no writer should dedicate his works but to his FRIENDS; as was practised by the ancients, who usually addressed theirs to those who had solicited their labours, or animated their progress.

Theodosius Gaza had no other recompense for having inscribed to Sextus IV, his translation of the book of Aristotle on the Nature of Animals, than the price of the binding, which this charitable father of the church munificently bestowed upon him.

Theocritus fills his Idylliums with loud complaints of the neglect of his patrons; and Tasso was as little successful in his dedications.

Ariosto, in presenting his Orlando Furioso to the Cardi-

nal d'Este, was gratified with the bitter sarcasm of—'*Dove diavolo avete pigliato tante coglioneria?*' Where the devil have you found all this stuff?

When the French historian Dupleix, whose pen was indeed fertile, presented his book to the Duke d'Epernon, this Mæcenas, turning to the Pope's Nuncio, who was present, very coarsely exclaimed—'Cadedis! ce Monsieur a un flux enragé, il chie un livre toutes les lunes!'

Thomson, the ardent author of the Seasons, having extravagantly praised a person of rank, who afterwards appeared to be undeserving of eulogiums, properly employed his pen in a solemn recantation of his error. A very different conduct from that of Dupleix, who always spoke highly of Queen Margaret of France for a little place he held in her household: but after her death, when the place became extinct, spoke of her with all the freedom of satire. Such is too often the character of some of the literati, who only dare to reveal the truth when they have no interest to conceal it.

Poor Mickle, to whom we are indebted for so beautiful a version of Camoens' Lusiad, having dedicated this work, the continued labour of five years, to the Duke of Buccleugh had the mortification to find, by the discovery of a friend, that he had kept it in his possession three weeks before he could collect sufficient intellectual desire to cut open the first pages! and what is worse, the neglect he had experienced from this nobleman preyed on his mind, and reduced him to a state of despondency. This patron was a political economist, the pupil of Adam Smith! It is pleasing to add, in contrast with this frigid Scotch patron, that when Mickle went to Lisbon, where his translation had passed before him, he found the Prince of Portugal waiting on the quay to be the first to receive the translator of this great national poem; and during a residence of six months, Mickle was warmly regarded by every Portuguese nobleman.

'Every man believes,' writes Dr Johnson, in a letter to Baretti, 'that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons are capricious. But he excepts his own mistress, and his own patron.

A patron is sometimes obtained in an odd way. Benserade attached himself to Cardinal Mazarine; but his friendship produced nothing but civility. The poet every day indulged his easy and charming vein of amatory and panegyric poetry, while all the world read and admired his verses. One evening the cardinal, in conversation with the king, described his mode of life when at the papal court. He loved the sciences; but his chief occupation was the belles lettres, composing little pieces of poetry; he said that he was then in the court of Rome what Benserade was now in that of France. Some hours afterwards the friends of the poet related to him the conversation of the cardinal. He quitted them abruptly, and ran to the apartment of his eminence, knocking with all his force, that he might be certain of being heard. The cardinal had just gone to bed. In vain they informed him of this circumstance, while he persisted in demanding entrance; and as he continued this incessant disturbance, they were compelled to open the door. He ran to his eminence, fell upon his knees, almost pulled off the sheets of the bed in rapture, imploring a thousand pardons for thus disturbing him, but such was his joy in what he had just heard, which he repeated, that he could not refrain from immediately giving vent to his gratitude and his pride, to have been compared with his eminence for his poetical talents! Had the door not been immediately opened, he should have expired; he was not rich, it is true, but he should now die contented! The cardinal was pleased with his *ardour*, and probably never suspected his *flattery*; and the next week our new actor was pensioned.

On Cardinal Richelieu, another of his patrons, he gratefully made this epitaph,

> Cy gist, ouy gist par la mort bleu
> Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
> Et ce qui caues mon ennuy
> Ma pension avec lui.

> Here lies, egad 'tis very true!
> The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu:
> My grief is genuine—void of whim!
> Alas! my pension lies with him!

Le Brun, the great French artist, painted his own portrait, holding in his hand that of his earliest patron. In this accompaniment Le Brun may be said to have pourtrayed the features of his soul, as his pencil had his physiognomy. If genius has too often complained of its patrons, it has often too-overvalued their protection.

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS, MADE BY ACCIDENT.

Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. It was at Rome, says Gibbon, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started to my mind.

Father Malebranche having completed his studies in philosophy and theology without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, little expected the celebrity his works acquired for him. Loitering in an idle hour in the shop of a bookseller, and turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Descartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he read with such delight, that the palpitations of his heart compelled him to lay the volume down. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which made him the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's Fairy Queen; and, by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the Muse, that he grew irrecoverably a poet.

Dr Johnson informs us, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness of his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics. His taste was first determined by an accident; when young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, says Helvetius he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock case, and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover, he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine; and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

'If Shakspeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author, the prudent wool-seller had never been the celebrated poet.'

'Accident determined the taste of Moliere for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation; the father observing it, asked in anger, if his son was to be made an actor. "Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he was as good an actor as Montrose." The words struck young Moliere; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance that France owes her greatest comic writer.'

'Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed Melite, and afterwards his other celebrated works. The discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer.'

'Thus it is, that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe.'

We owe the great discovery of Newton to a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principle of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Ignatius Loyola was a Spanish gentleman, who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampaluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illness, instead of romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder

of a religious order; whence originated the celebrated society of the Jesuits.

Rosseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation against the arts and sciences. A circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of twenty-two, had not taken any profession, or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some verses of Malherbe, he felt a sudden impulse, which directed his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this poet, that after passing the nights in treasuring his verses in his memory, he would run in the day-time to the woods, where, concealing himself, he would recite his verses to the surrounding dryads.

Flamstead was an astronomer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness, when Sacrobosco's book de Sphæra having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it, that he immediately began a course of astronomic studies. Pennant's first propensity to natural history was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds: the same accident, of finding on the table of his professor, Reamur's History of Insects, of which he read more than he attended to the lecture, and having been refused the loan, gave such an instant turn to the mind of Bonnet, that he hastened to obtain a copy, but found many difficulties in procuring this costly work; its possession gave an unalterable direction to his future life; this naturalist indeed lost the use of his sight by his devotion to the microscope.

Dr Franklin attributes the cast of his genius to a similar accident. 'I found a work of De Foe's, entitled an "Essay on Projects," from which perhaps I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life.'

I shall add the accident which occasioned Roger Aschem to write his *Schoolmaster*, one of the most curious and useful treatises among our elder writers.

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil, during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper he pleaded warmly in defence of hard flogging. Dr Wootton, in softer tones, sided with the Secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre, and adduced, as an evidence, that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger. Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed, that if such a master had an able scholar it was owing to the boy's genius, and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's notions. Sir Richard Sackville was silent, but when Ascham after dinner went to the queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside, and frankly told him that though he had taken no part in the debate, he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported; for it was the perpetual flogging of such a schoolmaster, that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

Singular inequalities are observable in the labours of genius; and particularly in those which admit great enthusiasm, as in poetry, in painting, and in music. Faultless mediocrity industry can preserve in one continued degree; but excellence, the daring and the happy, can only be attained, by human faculties, by starts.

Our poets who possess the greatest genius, with, perhaps, the least industry, have at the same time the most splendid and the worst passages of poetry. Shakspeare and Dryden are at once the greatest and the least of our poets. With some, their great fault consists in having none.

Carraccio sarcastically said of Tintoret.—*Ho veduto il Tintoretto—hora eguale a Titiano, hora minora del Tintoretto*—I have seen Tintoret now equal to Titian, and now less than Tintoret.'

Trublet very justly observes—The more there are *beauties*, and *great beauties*, in a work, I am the less surprised to find *faults*, and *great faults*. When you say of a work—that it has many faults; that decides nothing; and I do not know by this, whether it is execrable, or excellent. You tell me of another—that it is without any faults; if your account be just, it is certain the work cannot be excellent.

CONCEPTION AND EXPRESSION.

There are men who have just thoughts on every subject; but it is not perceived, because their expressions are feeble. They conceived well, but they produce badly.

Erasmus acutely observed—alluding to what then much occupied his mind—that one might be apt to swear that they had been taught, in the confessional cell, all they had learnt; so scrupulous are they of disclosing what they know. Others, again, conceive ill, and produce well; for they express with elegance, frequently, what they do not know.

It was observed of one pleader, that he *knew* more than he *said*; and of another, that he *said* more than he *knew*.

The judicious Quintilian observes, that we ought at first to be more anxious in regard to our conceptions than our expressions—we may attend to the latter afterwards. While Horace thought that expressions will never fail with luminous conceptions. Yet they seem to be different things, for a man may have the clearest conceptions, and at the same time be no pleasing writer; while conceptions of no eminent merit may be very agreeably set off by a warm and colouring diction.

Lucian happily describes the works of those who abound with the most luxuriant language, void of ideas. He calls their unmeaning verbosity anemony-words (anemonæ verborum;) for anemonies are flowers, which, however brilliant, can only please the eye, leaving no fragrance. Pratt, who was a writer of flowing, but nugatory verses, was compared to the *daisy*; a flower indeed, but without the fragrance.

GEOGRAPHICAL DICTION.

There are many sciences, says Menage, on which we cannot, indeed, compose in a florid or elegant diction—such as geography, music, algebra, geometry, &c. When Atticus requested Cicero to write on geography, the latter excused himself, observing, that its scenes were more adapted to please the eye than susceptible of the embellishments of style. However, in these kinds of sciences, we may lend an ornament to their dryness by introducing occasionally some elegant allusion, or noticing some incident suggested by the object.

Thus when we notice some inconsiderable place, for instance, *Woodstock*, we may recall attention to the residence of *Chaucer*, the parent of our poetry; or as a late traveller, in 'an Autumn on the Rhine,' when at Ingelheim, at the view of an old palace built by Charlemagne, adds, with 'a hundred columns brought from Rome,' and was the scene of 'the romantic amours of that monarch's fair daughter, Ibertha, with Evinhard, his secretary;' and viewing the Gothic ruins on the bank of the Rhine, has noticed them as having been the haunts of those illustrious *chevaliers voleurs*, whose chivalry consisted in pillaging the merchants and towns, till in the thirteenth century, a citizen of Mayence persuaded the merchants of more than a hundred towns to form a league against these little princes and counts; the origin of the famous Hanseatic league, which contributed so much to the commerce of Europe. This kind of erudition gives an interest to all local histories and associates in our memory the illustrious personages who were their inhabitants.

The same principle of composition may be carried with the happiest effect into some dry investigations, though the profound antiquary may not approve of these sports of wit or fancy. Dr Arbuthnot, in his Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, a topic extremely barren of amusement, takes every opportunity of enlivening the dulness of his task; even in these mathematical calculations he betrays his wit; and observes, that 'the polite Augustus, the Emperor of the World, had neither any glass in his windows, nor a shirt to his back!' Those uses of glass and linen were, indeed, not known in his time. Our

physician is not less curious and facetious in the account of the *fees* which the Roman physicians received.

LEGENDS.

Those wild, ludicrous, but often stupid histories entitled Legends, are said to have originated in the following circumstance.

Before colleges were established in the monasteries where the schools were held, the professors in rhetoric frequently gave their pupils the life of some saint for a trial of their talent at *amplification*. The students, being constantly at a loss to furnish out their pages, invented most of these wonderful adventures, Jortin observes, that the Christians used to collect out of Ovid, Livy, and other pagan poets and historians, the miracles and portents to be found there, and accommodated them to their own monks and saints. The good fathers of that age, whose simplicity was not inferior to their devotion, were so delighted with these flowers of rhetoric, that they were induced to make a collection of these miraculous compositions; not imagining that, at some distant period, they would become matters of faith. Yet, when James de Voragine, Peter Nadal, and Peter Ribadeneira, wrote the lives of the saints, they sought for their materials in the libraries of the monasteries; and, awakening from the dust these manuscripts of amplification, imagined they made an invaluable present to the world, by laying before them these voluminous absurdities. The people received these pious fictions with all imaginable simplicity, and as the book is adorned with a number of cuts, these miracles were perfectly intelligible to their eyes. Tillemont, Fleury, Baillet, Launoi and Bollandus, cleared away much of the rubbish; the enviable title of *Golden Legend*, by which James de Voragine called his work, has been disputed; iron or lead might more aptly express the character of this folio.

When the world began to be more critical in their reading, the monks gave a graver turn to their narratives; and became penurious of their absurdities. The faithful Catholic contends, that the line of tradition has been preserved unbroken; notwithstanding that the originals were lost in the general wreck of literature from the barbarians, or came down in a most imperfect state.

Baronius has give the lives of many apocryphal saints; for instance, of a saint *Xisoris* whom he calls a martyr of Antioch; but it appears that Baronius having read in Chrysostom this *word*, which signifies a *couple* or *pair*, he mistook it for the name of a saint, and contrived to give the most authentic biography of a saint who never existed! The Catholics confess this sort of blunder is not uncommon, but then it is only fools who laugh! As a specimen of the happier inventions, one is given, embellished by the dictions of Gibbon—

'Among the insipid legends of ecclesiastical history, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of the *Seven Sleepers;* whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven notable youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber as they thought of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that appellation, could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who bestowed their benediction, related their story and at the same instant peaceably expired.

'This popular tale Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran.'—The same story has been adopted and adorned, by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

The too curious reader may perhaps require other specimens of the more unlucky inventions of this 'Golden Legend;' as characteristic of a certain class of minds, the philosopher will not contemn these grotesque fictions.

These monks imagined that holiness was often proportioned to a saint's filthiness. St Ignatius, say they, delighted to appear abroad with old dirty shoes; he never used a comb, but let his hair clot; and religiously abstained from paring his nails. One saint attained to such piety as to have near three hundred patches on his breeches; which, after his death, were hung up in public as an *incentive to imitation*. St Francis discovered by certain experience, that the devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, but were animated by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearers; and one of their heroes declares that the purest souls are in the dirtiest bodies. On this they tell a story which may not be very agreeable to fastidious delicacy. Brother Juniper was a gentleman perfectly pious on this principle; indeed so great was his merit in this species of mortification, that a brother declared he could always nose Brother Juniper when within a mile of the monastery, provided the wind was at the due point. Once, when the blessed Juniper, for he was no saint, was a guest, his host, proud of the honour of entertaining so pious a personage, the intimate friend of St Francis, provided an excellent bed, and the finest sheets. Brother Juniper abhorred such luxury. And this too evidently appeared after his sudden departure in the morning unknown to his kind host. The great Juniper did this, says his biographer, having told us what he did, not so much from his habitual inclinations for which he was so justly celebrated, as from his excessive piety, and as much as he could to mortify worldly pride, and to show how a true saint despised clean sheets.

In the life of St Francis we find, among other grotesque miracles, that he preached a sermon in a desert, but he soon collected an immense audience. The birds shrilly warbled to every sentence, and stretched out their necks, opened their beaks, and when he finished, dispersed with a holy rapture into four companies, to report his sermon to all the birds in the universe. A grasshopper remained a week with St Francis during the absence of the Virgin Mary, and pittered on his head. He grew so companionable with a nightingale, that when a nest of swallows began to babble, he hushed them by desiring them not to tittle-tattle of their sister, the nightingale. Attacked by a wolf, with only the sign manual of the cross, he held a long dialogue with his rabid assailant, till the wolf, meek as a lap-dog, stretched his paws in the hands of the saint, followed him through towns, and became half a Christian.

This same St Francis had such a detestation of the good things of this world, that he would never suffer his followers to touch money. A friar having placed in a window some money collected at the altar, he desired him to take it in his mouth, and throw it on the dung of an ass! St Philip Nerius was such a lover of poverty, that he frequently prayed that God would bring him to that state as to stand in need of a penny, and find nobody that would give him one!

But Saint Macaire was so shocked at having *killed a louse*, that he endured seven years of penitence among the thorns and briars of a forest. A circumstance which seems to have reached Moliere, who gives this stroke to the character of his Tartuffe:

> Il s'impute a peché la moindre bagatelle;
> Jusques-la qu'il se vint, l'autre jour s'accuser
> D'avoir pris une puce en faisant sa priere,
> Et de l'avoir tué, avec trop de colere!

I give a miraculous incident respecting two pious maidens. The night of the Nativity of Christ, after the first mass, they both retired into a solitary spot of their nunnery till the second mass was rung. One asked the other, 'Why do you want two cushions, when I have only one?'

The other replied, 'I would place it between us, for the child Jesus; as the Evangelist says, where there are two or three persons assembled I am in the midst of them.' This being done, they sat down, feeling a most lively pleasure at their fancy; and there they remained from the Nativity of Christ to that of John the Baptist; but this great interval of time passed with these saintly maidens as two hours would appear to others. The abbess and her nuns were alarmed at their absence, for no one could give any account of them. In the eve of St John, a cowherd passing by them, beheld a beautiful child seated on a cushion between this pair of runaway nuns. He hastened to the abbess with news of these stray sheep, who saw this lovely child playfully seated between these nymphs, who, with blushing countenances, inquired if the second bell had already rung? Both parties were equally astonished to find our young devotees had been there from the Nativity of Jesus to that of St John. The abbess asked after the child who sat between them; they solemnly declared they saw no child between them, and persisted in their story.

Such is one of these miracles of 'the Golden Legend,' which a wicked wit might comment on, and see nothing extraordinary in the whole story. The two nuns might be missing between the Nativities, and be found at the last with a child seated between them. They might not choose to account either for their absence or their child—the only touch of miracle is, that they asseverated, they *saw no child*—that I confess is a *little* (*child*) *too much*.

The lives of the saints by Alban Butler is a learned work, and the most sensible history of these legends; Ribadenaira's lives of the saints exhibit more of the legendary spirit, for wanting judgment and not faith, he is more voluminous in his details, and more ridiculous in his narratives.

THE PORT ROYAL SOCIETY.

Every lover of letters has heard of this learned society, which, says Gibbon, contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method. Their 'Logic, or the Art of Thinking,' for its lucid, accurate, and diversified matter, is still an admirable work; notwithstanding the writers at that time had to emancipate themselves from the barbarism of the scholastic logic with cautious boldness. It was the conjoint labour of Arnauld and Nicolle. Europe has benefited by the labours of these learned men: but not many have attended to the origin and dissolution of this literary society.

In the year 1637, Le Maitre, a celebrated advocate, resigned the bar, and the honour of being *Counseiller d'Etat*, which his uncommon merit had obtained him, though then only twenty-eight years of age. His brother, De Sericourt, who had followed the military profession, quitted it at the same time. Consecrating themselves to the service of God, they retired into a small house near *the Port-Royal* of Paris, where they were joined by their brothers De Sacy, De St Elme, and De Valmont. Arnauld, one of their most illustrious associates, was induced to enter into the Jansenist controversy, and then it was they encountered the powerful persecution of the Jesuits. Constrained to remove from that spot, they fixed their residence at a few leagues from Paris, and called it *Port-Royal des Champs*.

With these illustrious recluses many distinguished persons now retired, who had given up their parks and houses to be appropriated to their schools; and this community was called *the Society of Port-Royal*.

Here were no rules, no vows, no constitution, and no cells formed. Prayer and study, and manual labour were their only occupations. They applied themselves to the education of youth, and raised up little academies in the neighbourhood, where the members of the Port-Royal, the most illustrious names of literary France, presided. None considered his birth entitled him to any exemption from their public offices, relieving the poor and attending on the sick, and employing themselves in their farms and gardens; they were carpenters, ploughmen, gardeners, and vinedressers, &c, as if they had practised nothing else; they studied physic, and surgery, and law; in truth, it seems that from religious motives, these learned men attempted to form a community of primitive Christianity.

The Duchess of Longueville, once a political chief, sacrificed her ambition on the altar of Port-Royal, enlarged the monastic inclosure with spacious gardens and orchards, built a noble house, and often retreated to its seclusion. The learned D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after his studious hours, resorted to the cultivation of fruit-trees; and the fruit of Port-Royal became celebrated for its size and flavour. Presents were sent to the Queen-Mother of France, Anne of Austria, and Cardinal Mazarine, who used to call it 'Frutti beni.' It appears that 'families of rank, affluence, and piety, who did not wish entirely to give up their avocations in the world, built themselves country-houses in the valley of Port-Royal, in order to enjoy the society of its religious and literary inhabitants.'

In the solitude of Port-Royal *Racine* received his education; and, on his death-bed desired to be buried in its cemetery, at the feet of his master, Hamon. Arnauld, persecuted, and dying in a foreign country, still cast his lingering looks on this beloved retreat, and left the society his heart, which was there inurned.

Anne de Bourbon, a princess of the blood royal, erected a house near the Port-Royal, and was, during her life, the powerful patroness of these solitary and religious men: but her death in 1679, was the fatal stroke which dispersed them for ever.

The envy and the fears of the Jesuits, and their rancour against Arnauld, who with such ability had exposed their designs, occasioned the destruction of the Port-Royal Society. *Exinanite, exinanite usque ad fundamentum in ea!* Annihilate it, annihilate it, to its very foundations! Such are the terms in the Jesuitic decree. The Jesuits had long called the little schools of Port-Royal the hot-beds of heresy. Gregoire, in his interesting memoir of 'Ruins of Port-Royal,' has drawn an affecting picture of that virtuous society when the Jesuits obtained by their intrigues an order from government to break it up. They razed the buildings, and ploughed up the very foundation; they exhausted their hatred even on the stones, and profaned even the sanctuary of the dead; the corpses were torn out of their graves, and dogs were suffered to contend for the rags of their shrouds. When the Port-Royal had no longer an existence, the memory of that asylum of innocence and learning was still kept alive by those who collected the engravings representing that place by Mademoiselle Hortemels. The police, under Jesuitic influence, at length seized on the plates in the cabinet of the fair artist. How caustic was the retort courteous which Arnauld gave the Jesuits—'I do not fear your *pen*, but its *knife*.'

These were men whom the love of retirement had united to cultivate literature, in the midst of solitude, of peace, and of piety. They formed a society of learned men, of fine taste and sound philosophy. Alike occupied on sacred, as well as on profane writers, they edified, while they enlightened the world. Their writings fixed the French language. The example of these solitaries shows how retirement is favourable to penetrate into the sanctuary of the Muses: and that by meditating in silence on the oracles of taste, in imitating we may equal them.

An interesting anecdote is related of Arnauld on the occasion of the dissolution of this society. The dispersion of these great men, and their young scholars, was lamented by every one but their enemies. Many persons of the highest rank participated in their sorrows. The excellent Arnauld, in that moment, was as closely pursued as if he had been a felon.

It was then the Duchess of Longueville concealed Arnauld in an obscure lodging, who assumed the dress of a layman, wearing a sword and full-bottomed wig. Arnauld was attacked by a fever, and in the course of conversation with a physician, Arnauld inquired after news. 'They talk of a new book of the Port-Royal,' replied the doctor, 'attributed to Arnauld or to Sacy; but I do not believe it to come from Sacy; he does not write so well.' 'How, Sir!' exclaimed the philosopher, forgetting his sword and wig; 'believe me, my nephew writes better than I do.' The physician eyed his patient with amazement—he hastened to the Duchess, and told her, 'The malady of the gentleman you sent me to is not very serious, provided you do not suffer him to see any one, and insist on his holding his tongue.' The Duchess, alarmed, immediately had Arnauld conveyed to her palace. She gave him an apartment, concealed him in her chamber, and persisted to attend him herself. 'Ask,' she said, 'what you want o the servant, but it shall be myself who shall bring it to you.'

How honourable is it to the female character, that in all similar events their sensibility is not greater than their fortitude! But the Duchess of Longueville saw in Arnauld a model of human fortitude, which martyrs never excelled. His remarkable reply to Nicolle, when they were hunted

from place to place, can never be forgotten: Arnauld wished Nicolle to assist him in a new work, when the latter observed, 'We are now old, is it not time to rest?' 'Rest!' returned Arnauld, 'have we not all eternity to rest in?' The whole of the Arnauld family were the most extraordinary instance of that hereditary character which is continued through certain families: here it was a sublime, and, perhaps singular union of learning with religion. The Arnaulds, Sacy, Pascal, Tillemont, with other illustrious names, to whom literary Europe will owe perpetual obligations, combined the life of the monastery with that of the library.

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

Of the pleasures derivable from the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and literature, time will not abate the growing passion; for old men still cherish an affection and feel a youthful enthusiasm in those pursuits, when all others have ceased to interest. Dr Reid, to his last day, retained a most active curiosity in his various studies, and particularly in the revolutions of modern chemistry. In advanced life we may resume our former studies with a new pleasure and in old age we may enjoy them with the same relish with which more useful students commence. Professor Dugald Stewart tells us that Adam Smith observed to him that 'of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favourite studies and favourite authors of youth—a remark, which in his own case seemed to be more particularly exemplified while he was reperusing, with the enthusiasm of a student, the tragic poets of ancient Greece. I heard him repeat the observation more than once while Sophocles and Euripides lay open on his table.'

Socrates learned to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato, at eighty thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Peter Ronsard, one of the fathers of French poetry, applied himself late to study. His acute genius, and ardent application, rivalled those poetic models which he admired; and Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature.

The great Arnauld retained the vigour of his genius, and the command of his pen, to his last day; and at the age of eighty-two was still the great Arnauld.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit. His early years were chiefly passed in farming, which greatly diverted him from his studies; but a remarkable disappointment respecting a contested estate, disgusted him with these rustic occupations; resolved to attach himself to regular studies, and literary society, he sold his farms, and became the most learned antiquary and lawyer.

Colbert the famous French minister, almost at sixty returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the chancellor of France, learned logic, merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren.

Dr Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. The Marquis de Saint Aulaire, at the age of seventy, began to court the Muses, and they crowned him with their freshest flowers. The verses of this French Anacreon are full of fire, delicacy, and sweetness.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were the composition of his latest years; they were begun in his fifty-fourth year, and finished in his sixty-first.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the extraordinary age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his times, a singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who himself is one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

The most delightful of auto-biographers for artists, is that of Benvenuto Cellini; a work of great originality, which, was not begun till 'the clock of his age had struck fifty-eight.'

Koornbert began at forty to learn the Latin and Greek languages, of which he became a master; several students, who afterwards distinguished themselves, have commenced as late in life their literary pursuits. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of Latin or Greek till he was past fifty; and Franklin's philosophical pursuits began when he had nearly reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of the law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden's complete works form the largest body of poetry from the pen of one writer in the English language; yet he gave no public testimony of poetical abilities till his twenty-seventh year. In his sixty-eighth year he proposed to translate the whole Iliad; and the most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Michael Angelo preserved his creative genius even in extreme old age; there is a device said to be invented by him of an old man represented in a *go-cart*, with an hour-glass upon it; the inscription *Ancora imparo*!—YET I AM LEARNING!

We have a literary curiosity in a favourite treatise with Erasmus and men of letters of that period, *De Ratione Studii*, by Joachim Sterck, otherwise Fortius de Rhingelberg. The enthusiasm of the writer often carries him to the verge of ridicule; but something must be granted to his peculiar situation and feelings; for Baillet tells us that his method of studying had been formed entirely from his own practical knowledge and hard experience; at a late period of life he commenced his studies, and at length he imagined that he had discovered a more perpendicular mode of ascending the hill of science than by its usual circuitous windings His work Mr Knox compares to the sound of a trumpet.

Menage, in his Anti-Baillet, has a very curious apology for his writing verses in his old age, by showing how many poets amused themselves notwithstanding their gray hairs, and wrote sonnets or epigrams at ninety.

La Casa, in one of his letters, humorously said, *Io credo ch'io faro Sonnetto venti cinque anni, o trenta, poi che io sarò morto*. I think I may make some sonnets twenty-five, or perhaps thirty years after I shall be dead! Peteau tells us that he wrote verses to solace the evils of old age—

——Petavius ager
Cantabat veteris querens solatia morbi.

Malherbe declares the honours of genius were his, yet young—

Je les posseday jeune, et les possede encore
A la fin de mes jours.

Maynard moralises on this subject,

En cheveux blancs il me faut donc aller
Comme un enfant tous les jours a l'ecole;
Que je suis fou d'apprendre a bien parler
Lorsque la mort vient m'oter la parole.

SPANISH POETRY.

Pere Bouhours observes, that the Spanish poets display an extravagant imagination, which is by no means destitute of *esprit*—shall we say *wit?* but which evinces little taste or judgment.

Their verses are much in the style of our Cowley—trivial points, monstrous metaphors, and quaint conceits. It is evident that the Spanish poets imported this taste from the time of Merino in Italy; but the warmth of the Spanish climate appears to have redoubled it, and to have blown the kindled sparks of chimerical fancy to the heat of a Vulcanian forge.

Lopes de Vega, in describing an afflicted shepherdess, in one of his pastorals, who is represented weeping near the sea-side, says 'That the sea joyfully advances to gather her tears; and that, having enclosed them in shells, it converts them into pearls.'

'Y el mar como imbidioso
A tierra por las lagrimas salia,
Y alegre de cogerlas
Las guarda en conchas, y convierte en perlas.'

Villegas addresses a stream—'Thou who runnest over sands of gold, with feet of silver,' more elegant than our Shakspeare's 'Thy silver skin laced with thy golden blood.' Villegas monstrously exclaims, 'Touch my breast, if you doubt the power of Lydia's eyes—you will find it turned to ashes.' Again—'Thou art so great that thou canst only imitate thyself with thy own greatness;' much like our 'None but himself can be his parallel.'

Gongora, whom the Spaniards once greatly admired, and distinguished by the epithet of *The Wonderful*, is full of these points and conceits.

He imagines that a nightingale, who enchantingly varied her notes, and sang in different manners, had a hundred thousand other nightingales in her breast which alternately sang through her throat—

'Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta,
A quel ruysenor llora, que sospecho

Que teine otros cien mil dentro del pecho
Que alterna su dolor por su garganta.'

Of a young and beautiful lady he says, that she has but a few *years* of life, but many *ages* of beauty.

Muchos siglos de hermosura
En pocos anos de edad.

Many ages of beauty is a false thought, for beauty becomes not more beautiful from its age; it would be only a superannuated beauty. A face of two or three ages old could have but few charms.

In one of his odes he addresses the River of Madrid by the title of the *Duke of Streams* and the *Viscount of Rivers*.

'Manganares, Manganares,
Os que en todo el aguatismo,
Estois Duque de Arroyos,
Y Visconde de los Rios.'

He did not venture to call it a *Spanish grandee*, for, in fact, it is but a shallow and dirty stream; and as Quevedo wittily informs us, '*Manganares* is reduced, during the summer season, to the melancholy condition of the wicked rich man, who asks for water in the depths of hell.'

Concerning this river a pleasant witicism is recorded. Though so small, this stream in the time of a flood can spread itself over the neighbouring fields; for this reason Philip the Second built a bridge eleven hundred feet long! —A Spaniard passing it one day, when it was perfectly dry, observing this superb bridge, archly remarked, 'That it would be proper that the bridge should be sold to purchase water.'—*Es menester, vender la puente por comprar agua.*

The following elegant translation of a Spanish madrigal of the kind here criticised I found in a newspaper, but it is evidently by a master-hand.

On the green margin of the land,
Where Gaudalhorce winds his way,
My lady lay:
With golden key Sleep's gentle hand
Had closed her eyes so bright—
Her eyes, two suns of light—
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheeks suffuse.
The River God in slumber saw her laid,
He raised his dripping head,
Wkh weeds o'erspread,
Clad in his wat'ry robes approach'd the maid,
And with cold kiss, like death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's breath
The maiden felt that icy kiss,
Her suns unclosed, their flame
Full and unclouded on the intruder came.
Amazed th' intruder felt,
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And, forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

SAINT EVREMOND.

The portrait of St Evremond, delineated by his own hand, will not be unacceptable to many readers.

This writer possessed delicacy and wit, and has written well, but with great inequality. His poetry is insipid, and his prose abounds with points; the antithesis was his favourite figure, and its prodigality fatigues. The comparisons he forms between some of the illustrious ancients will interest from their ingenuity.

In his day it was a literary fashion for writers to give their own portraits; a fashion that seems to have passed over into our country, for Farquhar has drawn his own character in a letter to a lady. Others of our writers have given these self-miniatures. Such painters are, no doubt, great flatterers, and it is rather their ingenuity, than their truth, which we admire in these cabinet pictures.

'I am a philosopher, as far removed from superstition as from impiety; a voluptuary, who has not less abhorrence of debauchery than inclination for pleasure; a man, who has never known want or abundance. I occupy that station of life which is contemned by those who possess every thing: envied by those who have nothing, and only relished by those who make their felicity consist in the exercise of their reason. Young, I hated dissipation; convinced that a man must possess wealth to provide for the comforts of a long life. Old, I disliked economy; as I believe that we need not greatly dread want, when we have but a short time to be miserable. I am satisfied with what nature has done for me, nor do I repine at fortune. I do not seek in men what they have of evil, that I may censure; I only discover what they have ridiculous, that I may be amused. I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies; I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries did not my prudence restrain me. Life is too short, according to my ideas, to read all kinds of books, and to load our memories with an endless number of things at the cost of our judgment. I do not attach myself to the observations of scientific men to acquire science; but to the most rational that I may strengthen my reason. Sometimes, I seek for more delicate minds, that my taste may imbibe their delicacy; sometimes for the gayer, that I may enrich my genius with their gayety; and, although I constantly read, I make it less my occupation than my pleasure. In religion, and in friendship, I have only to paint myself such as I am—in friendship more tender than a philosopher; and in religion as constant and sincere as a youth who has more simplicity than experience. My piety is composed more of justice and charity than of penitence. I rest my confidence on God, and hope every thing from his benevolence. In the bosom of providence I find my repose, and my felicity.'

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.

The student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speak* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say—'*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*' Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas described his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket, or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit—'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase.' Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute,—'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.'

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often at that moment, he laboured at some future Spectator!

Mediocrity can *talk*; but it is for genius to *observe*.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to 'a silent parson in a tie-wig.' It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humourous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whet-

stone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

Dryden said of himself,—'My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees.

VIDA.

What a consolation for an aged parent to see his child, by the efforts of his own merits, attain from the humblest obscurity to distinguished eminence! What a transport for the man of sensibility to return to the obscure dwelling of his parent, and to embrace him, adorned with public honours. Poor *Vida* was deprived of this satisfaction; but he is placed higher in our esteem by the present anecdote than even by that classic composition, which rivals the Art of Poetry of his great master.

Jerome Vida, after having long served two Popes, at length attained to the episcopacy. Arrayed in the robes of his new dignity he prepared to visit his aged parents, and felicited himself with the raptures which the old couple would feel in embracing their son as their bishop. When he arrived at their village, he learnt that it was but a few days since they were no more! His sensibilities were exquisitely pained. The muse, elegantly querulous, dictated some elegiac verse; and in the sweetest pathos deplored the death and the disappointment of his parents.

THE SCUDERIES.

Bien heureux Scudery, dont la fertile plume
Peut tout les mois sans peine enfanter un volume.

Boileau has written this couplet on the Scuderies, the brother and sister, both famous in their day for composing romances, which they sometimes extended to ten or twelve volumes. It was the favourite literature of that period, as novels are now. Our nobility not unfrequently condescended to translate these voluminous compositions.

The diminutive size of our modern novels is undoubtedly an improvement; but in resembling the size of primers, it were to be wished that their contents had also resembled their inoffensive pages. Our great grandmothers were incommoded with overgrown folios: and, instead of finishing the eventful history of two lovers at one or two sittings, it was sometimes six months, *including Sundays*, before they could get quit of their Clelias, their Cyrus's, and Parthenissas.

Mademoiselle Scudery, Menage informs us, had composed *ninety volumes!* She had even finished another romance, which she would not give to the public, whose taste, she perceived, no more relished this kind of works. She was that unfortunate author who lives to more than ninety years of age; and consequently outlive their immortality.

She had her panegyrists in her day: Menage observes, 'What a pleasing description has Mademoiselle Scudery made in her Cyrus, of the little court at Rambouillet! A thousand things in the romances of this learned lady render them inestimable. She has drawn from the ancients their happiest passages, and has even improved upon them; like the prince in the fable, whatever she touches becomes gold. We may read her works with great profit, if we possess a correct taste, and love instruction. Those who censure their *length*, only show the littleness of their judgment; as if Homer and Virgil were to be despised, because many of their books are filled with episodes and incidents that necessarily retard the conclusion. It does not require much penetration to observe that *Cyrus* and *Clelia* are a species of the *epic* poem. The epic must embrace a number of events to suspend the course of the narrative; which only taking in a part of the life of the hero, would terminate too soon to display the skill of the poet. Without this artifice, the charm of uniting the greater part of the episodes to the principal subject of the romance would be lost. Mademoiselle de Scudery has so well treated them, and so aptly introduced a variety of beautiful passages, that nothing in this kind is comparable to her productions. Some expressions, and certain turns, have become somewhat obsolete, all the rest will last for ever, and outlive the criticisms they have undergone.'

Menage has here certainly uttered a false prophecy. The curious only look over her romances. They contain doubtless many beautiful inventions: the misfortune is, that *time* and *patience* are rare requisites for the enjoyment of these Iliads in prose.

'The misfortune of her having written too abundantly has occasioned an unjust contempt,' says a French critic. 'We confess there are many heavy and tedious passages in her voluminous romances; but if we consider that in the Clelia and the Artemene are to be found inimitable delicate touches, and many splendid parts which would do honour to some of our living writers, we must acknowledge that the great defects of all her works arise from her not writing in an age when taste had reached the acmé of cultivation. Such is her erudition that the French place her next to the celebrated Madame Dacier. Her works, containing many secret intrigues of the court and city, her readers must have keenly relished on their early publication.'

Her Artamenes, or the Great Cyrus, and principally her Clelia, are representations of what then passed at the court of France. The *Map of the Kingdom of Tenderness*, in Clelia, appeared, at the time, as the happiest invention. This once celebrated *map* is an allegory which distinguishes the different kinds of tenderness, which are reduced to esteem, gratitude, and inclination. The map represents three rivers, which have these three names, and on which are situated three towns called Tenderness: Tenderness on *Inclination*; Tenderness on *Esteem*: and Tenderness on *Gratitude*. *Pleasing Attentions*, or *Petit Soins*, is a *village* very beautifully situated. Mademoiselle de Scudery was extremely proud of this little allegorical map; and had a terrible controversy with another writer about its originality.

George Scudery, her brother and inferior in genius, had a striking singularity of character:—he was one of the most complete votaries to the universal divinity of Vanity. With a heated imagination, entirely destitute of judgment, his military character was continually exhibiting itself by that peaceful instrument the pen, so that he exhibits a most amusing contrast of ardent feelings in a cool situation; not liberally endowed with genius, but abounding with its semblance in the fire of eccentric gasconade; no man has pourtrayed his own character with a bolder colouring than himself in his numerous prefaces and addresses; surrounded by a thousand self-illusions of the most sublime class, every thing that related to himself had an Homeric grandeur of conception.

In an epistle to the Duke of Montmorency, he says, 'I will learn to write with my left hand, that my right hand may more nobly be devoted to your service;' and alluding to his pen, (*plume*,) declares, 'he comes from a family who never used one, but to stick in their hats.' When he solicits small favours from the great, he assures them 'that princes must not think him importunate, and that his writings are merely inspired by his own individual interest; no! he exclaims, I am studious only of your glory, while I am careless of my own fortune.' And indeed, to do him but justice, he acted up to those romantic feelings. After he had published his epic of Alaric, Christina of Sweden proposed to honour him with a chain of gold of the value of five hundred pounds, provided he would expunge from his epic the eulogiums he had bestowed on the Count of Gardie, whom she had disgraced. The epical soul of Scudery magnanimously scorned the bribe, and replied, that 'if the chain of gold should be as weighty as that chain mentioned in the history of the Incas, I will never destroy any altar on which I have sacrificed!'

Proud of his boasted nobility and erratic life, he thus addresses the reader: 'You will lightly pass over any faults in my work, if you reflect that I have employed the greater part of my life in seeing the finest parts of Europe, and that I have passed more days in the camp than in the library. I have used more matches to light my musket than to light my candles; I know better how to arrange columns in the field than those on paper; and to square battalions better than to round periods.' In his first publication, he began his literary career perfectly in character, by a challenge to his critics!

He is the author of sixteen plays, chiefly heroic tragedies; children who all bear the features of their father. He first introduced in his 'L'Amour Tyrannique' a strict observance of the Aristotelian unities of time and place; and the necessity and advantages of this regulation are urged, which only shows that Aristotle goes but little to the composition of a pathetic tragedy. In his last drama, 'Arminius,' he extravagantly scatters his panegyrics on its fifteen predecessors; but of the present one he has the

most exalted notion: it is the quintessence of Scudery! An ingenious critic calls it 'The downfall of mediocrity!' It is amusing to listen to this blazing preface—'At length, reader, nothing remains for me but to mention the great Arminius which I now present to you, and by which I have resolved to close my long and laborious course. It is indeed my master-piece! and the most finished work that ever came from my pen; for whether we examine the fable, the manners, the sentiments, or the versification, it is certain that I never performed any thing so just, so great, nor more beautiful; and if my labours could ever deserve a crown, I would claim it for this work!'

The actions of this singular personage were in unison with his writings: he gives a pompous description of a most unimportant government which he obtained near Marseilles, but all the grandeur existed only in our author's heated imagination. Bachaumount and De la Chapelle, two wits of those times, in their playful 'Voyage' describe it with humour:

Mais il faut vous parler du Fort
Qui sans doute est une merveille;
C'est notre dame de la garde
Gouvernement commode et beau,
A qui suffit pour tout garde,
Un Suisse avec sa halebarde
Point sur la porte du chateau!

A fort very commodiously guarded; only requiring one sentinel, and that sentinel a soldier painted on the door!

In a poem on his disgust with the world, he tells us how intimate he has been with princes: Europe has known him through all her provinces; he ventured every thing in a thousand combats:

L'on me vit obeir, l'on me vit commander,
Et mon poil tout poudreux a blanchi sous les armes;
Il est peu de beaux arts ou je ne sois instruit;
En prose et en vers, mon nom fit quelque bruit;
Et par plus d'un chemin je parvins à la gloire!

IMITATED.

Princes were proud my friendship to proclaim,
And Europe gazed where'er her Hero came!
I grasp'd the laurels of heroic strife,
The thousand perils of a soldier's life!
Obedient in the ranks each toilful day!
Though heroes soon command, they first obey.
'Twas not for me, too long a time to yield!
Born for a chieftain in the tented field!
Around my plumed helm, my silvery hair
Hung like an honour'd wreath of age and care;
The finest arts have charm'd my studious hours,
Vers'd in their mysteries, skilful in their powers;
In verse and prose my equal genius glow'd,
Pursuing glory, by no single road!

Such was the vain George Scudery! whose heart however was warm: poverty could never degrade him; adversity never broke down his magnanimous spirit!

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

The maxims of this noble author are in the hands of every one. To those who choose to derive every motive and every action from the solitary principle of *self-love*, they are inestimable. They form one continued satire on human nature; but they are not reconcilable to the feelings of the man of more generous dispositions, or who passes through life with the firm integrity of virtue. Even at court we find a Sully, a Malesherbes and a Clarendon, as well as a Rochefoucault and a Chesterfield.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault says Segrais, had not studied; but he was endowed with a wonderful degree of discernment, and knew the world perfectly well. This afforded him opportunities of making reflections, and reducing into maxims those discoveries which he had made in the heart of man, of which he displayed an admirable knowledge.

It is perhaps worthy of observation that this celebrated French duke, according to Olivet in his History of the French Academy, could never summon resolution, at his election, to address the academy. Although chosen member, he never entered; for such was his timidity, that he could not face an audience and pronounce the usual compliment on his introduction; he whose courage, whose birth, and whose genius, were alike distinguished. The fact is, that it appears by Mad. de Sevigne, that Rochefoucault lived a close domestic life; and that there must be at least as much *theoretical* as *practical* knowledge in the opinions of such a retired philosopher.

Chesterfield, our English Rochefoucault, we are also informed, possessed an admirable knowledge of the heart of man; and he too has drawn a similar picture of human nature! These are two *noble authors* whose chief studies seem to have been made in *courts*. May it not be possible, allowing these authors not to have written a sentence of apocrypha, that the fault lies not so much in *human nature* as in the satellites of Power?

PRIOR'S HANS CARVEL.

Were we to investigate the genealogy of our best modern stories, we should often discover the illegitimacy of our favourites; we should indeed trace them frequently to the East. My well-read friend Mr Douce, has collected materials for such a work; but his modesty has too long prevented him from receiving the gratitude of the curious in literature.

The story of the ring of Hans Carvel is of very ancient standing, as are most of the tales of this kind.

Menage says that Poggius, who died in 1459, has the merit of its invention; but I suspect he only related a very popular story.

Rabelais, who has given it in his peculiar manner, changed its original name of Philelphus to that of Hans Carvel.

This tale is likewise in the eleventh of *Les Cent Nouvelles*. *Nouvelles* collected in 1461, for the amusement of Louis XI, when Dauphin, and living in solitude.

Ariosto has borrowed it, at the end of his fifth Satire, but, by his pleasant manner of relating it, it is fairly appropriated.

In a collection of novels at Lyons, in 1555, it is also employed in the eleventh novel.

Celio Malespini has it again in page 288 of the second part of his Two Hundred Novels, printed at Venice in 1609.

Fontaine has prettily set it off, and an anonymous writer has composed it in Latin Anacreontic verses; and at length our Prior has given it in his best manner, with equal gaiety and freedom. After Ariosto, La Fontaine, and Prior, let us hear of it no more; yet this has been done.

Voltaire has a curious essay to show that most of our best modern stories and plots originally belonged to the eastern nations, a fact which has been made more evident by recent researches. The Amphitrion of Moliere was an imitation of Plautus, who borrowed it from the Greeks, and they took it from the Indians! It is given by Dow in his History of Hindostan. In Captain Scott's Tales and Anecdotes from Arabian writers, we are surprised at finding so many of our favourites very ancient orientalists.—The Ephesian Matron, versified by La Fontaine, was borrowed from the Italians; it is to be found in Petronius, and Petronius had it from the Greeks. But where did the Greeks find it? In the Arabian Tales! And from whence did the Arabian fabulists borrow it? From the Chinese! It is found in Du Halde, who collected it from the Versions of the Jesuits.

THE STUDENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

A man of letters, who is more intent on the acquisitions of literature than on the plots of politics, or the speculations of commerce, will find a deeper solitude in a populous metropolis than if he had retreated to the seclusion of the country.

The student who is no flatterer of the little passions of men, will not be much incommoded by their presence, Gibbon paints his own situation in the heart of the fashionable world.—'I had not been endowed by art or nature with those happy gifts of confidence and address which unlock every door and every bosom. While coaches were rattling through Bond-street, I have passed many a solitary evening in my lodging with my books. I withdrew without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.' And even after he had published the first volume of his History, he observes that in London his confinement was solitary and sad; 'the many forgot my existence when they saw me no longer at Brookes's, and the few who sometimes had a thought on their friend, were detained by business or pleasure, and I was proud and happy if I could prevail on my bookseller Elmsly to ordiven the dulness of the evening.

A situation very elegantly described in the beautifully-polished verses of Mr Rogers, in his 'Epistle to a Friend;'

> When from his classic dreams the student steals
> Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
> To muse unnoticed, while around him press
> The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
> Alone in wonder lost, he seems to stand
> A very stranger in his native land.

He compares the student to one of the seven sleepers in the ancient legend.

Descartes residing in the commercial city of Amsterdam, writing to Balzac, illustrates these descriptions with great force and vivacity.

You wish to retire; and your intention is to seek the solitude of the Chartreux, or, possibly, some of the most beautiful provinces of France and Italy. I would rather advise you, if you wish to observe mankind, and at the same time to lose yourself in the deepest solitude, to join me in Amsterdam. I prefer this situation to that even of your delicious villa, where I spent so great a part of the last year; for however agreeable a country-house may be, a thousand little conveniencies are wanted, which can only be found in a city. One is not alone so frequently in the country as one could wish: a number of impertinent visiters are continually besieging you. Here, as all the world, except myself, is occupied in commerce, it depends merely on myself to live unknown to the world. I walk every day amongst immense ranks of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green valleys. The men I meet with make the same impression on my mind as would the trees of your forests, or the flocks of sheep grazing on your common. The busy hum too of these merchants does not disturb one more than the purling of your brooks. If sometimes I amuse myself in contemplating their anxious motions, I receive the same pleasure which you do in observing those men who cultivate your land; for I reflect that the end of all their labours is to embellish the city which I inhabit, and to anticipate all my wants. If you contemplate with delight the fruits of your orchards, with all the rich promises of abundance, do you think I feel less in observing so many fleets that convey to me the productions of either India? What spot on earth could you find, which like this, can so interest your vanity and gratify your taste?

THE TALMUD.

The Jews have their Talmud; the Catholics their Legends of Saints; and the Turks their Sonnah. The Protestant has nothing but his Bible. The former are three kindred works. Men have imagined that the more there is to be believed, the more are the merits of the believer. Hence all *traditionists* formed the orthodox and the strongest party. The word of God is lost amidst those heaps of human inventions, sanctioned by an order of men connected with religious duties; they ought now, however, to be regarded rather as Curiosities of Literature. I give a sufficiently ample account of the Talmud and the Legends; but of the Sonnah I only know that it is a collection of the traditional opinions of the Turkish prophets, directing the observance of petty superstitions not mentioned in the Koran.

The TALMUD is a collection of Jewish traditions, which have been *orally* preserved. It comprises the MISHNA, which is the text, and the GEMARA, its commentary. The whole forms a complete system of the learning, ceremonies, civil and canon laws of the Jews; treating indeed on all subjects; even gardening, manual arts, &c. The rigid Jews persuaded themselves that these traditional explications are of divine origin. The Pentateuch, say they, was written out by their legislator before his death in thirteen copies, distributed among the twelve tribes, and the remaining one deposited in the ark. The oral law Moses continually taught in the Sanhedrim, to the elders and the rest of the people. The law was repeated four times; but the interpretation was delivered only by *word of mouth* from generation to generation. In the fortieth year of the flight from Egypt, the memory of the people became treacherous, and Moses was constrained to repeat this oral law, which had been conveyed by successive traditionists. Such is the account of honest David Levi: it is the creed of every rabbin. David believed in every thing, but in Jesus.

This history of the Talmud some inclined to suppose apocryphal, even among a few of the Jews themselves. When these traditions first appeared, the keenest controversy has never been able to determine. It cannot be denied that there existed traditions among the Jews in the time of Jesus Christ. About the second century they were industriously collected by Rabbi Juda the holy, the prince of the rabbins, who enjoyed the favour of Antoninus Pius. He has the merit of giving some order to this very multifarious collection.

It appears that the Talmud was compiled by certain Jewish doctors, who were solicited for this purpose by their nation, that they might have something to oppose to their Christian adversaries.

The learned W. Wotton, in his curious 'Discourses' on the traditions of the Scribes and Pharisees, supplies an analysis of this vast collection; he has translated entire two divisions of this code of traditional laws with the original text and the notes.

There are two Talmuds: the Jerusalem and the Babylonian. The last is the most esteemed, because it is the most bulky.

R. Juda, the prince of the rabbins, committed to writing all these traditions, and arranged them under six general heads, called orders or classes. The subjects are indeed curious for philosophical inquirers, and multifarious as the events of civil life. Every *order* is formed of *treatises*: every *treatise* is divided into *chapters*, every *chapter* into *mishnas*, which word means mixtures or miscellanies, in the form of *aphorisms*. In the first part is discussed what relates to *seeds*, *fruits*, and *trees*; in the second, *feasts*; in the third, *women*, their duties, their *disorders*, *marriages*, *divorces*, *contracts*, and *nuptials*; in the fourth, are treated the damages or losses sustained by beasts or men; of *things found*; *deposits*; *usuries*; *rents*; *farms*; *partnerships* in commerce; *inheritance*; *sales* and *purchases*; *oaths*; *witnesses*; *arrests*; *idolatry*; and here are named those by whom the oral law was received and preserved. In the fifth part are noticed *sacrifices* and *holy things*; and the sixth treats of *purifications*; *vessels*; *furniture*; *clothes*; *houses*; *leprosy*; *baths*; and numerous other articles. All this forms the MISHNA.

The GEMARA that is, the *complement*, or *perfection*, contains the *Disputes* and the *Opinions*, of the RABBINS on the oral traditions. Their last decisions. It must be confessed that absurdities are sometimes elucidated by other absurdities; but there are many admirable things in this vast repository. The Jews have such veneration for this compilation, that they compare the holy writings to *water*, and the Talmud to *wine*; the text of Moses to *pepper*, but the Talmud to *aromatics*. Of the twelve hours of which the day is composed, they tell us that *God* employs nine to study the Talmud, and only three to read the written law!

St Jerome appears evidently to allude to this work, and notices its 'Old Wives' Tales,' and the filthiness of some of its matters. The truth is, that the rabbins resembled the Jesuits and Casuists; and Sanchez's work on '*Matrimonio*' is well known to agitate matters with such *scrupulous niceties*, as to become the most offensive thing possible. But as among the schoolmen and the casuists there have been great men, the same happened to these gemaraists. Maimonides was a pillar of light among their darkness. The antiquity of this work is of itself sufficient to make it very curious.

A specimen of the topics may be shown from the table and contents of 'Mishnic Titles.' In the order of seeds, we find the following heads, which presents no uninteresting picture of the pastoral and pious ceremonies of the ancient Jews.

The Mishna, entitled the *Corner*, i. e. of the field. The laws of gleaning are commanded according to Leviticus; xix, 9, 10. Of the corner to be left in a corn-field. When the corner is due, and when not. Of the forgotten sheaf. Of ears of corn left in gathering. Of grapes left upon the vine. Of olives left upon the trees. When and where the poor may lawfully glean. What sheaf, or olives, or grapes, may be looked upon to be forgotten, and what not. Who are the proper witnesses concerning the poor's due, to exempt it from tithing, &c. They distinguish uncircumcised fruit:—it is unlawful to eat of the fruit of any tree till the fifth year of its growth: the first three years of its bearing, it is called uncircumcised; the fourth is offered to God; and the fifth may be eaten.

The Mishna, entitled *Heterogeneous Mixtures*, contains several curious horticultural particulars. Of divisions be-

tween garden-beds and fields, that the produce of the several sorts of grains or seeds may appear distinct. Of the distance between every species. Distances between vines planted in corn-fields from one another and from the corn; between vines planted against hedges, walls, or espaliers, and any thing sowed near them. Various causes relating to vineyards planted near any forbidden seeds.

In their seventh, or sabbatical year, in which the produce of all estates was given up to the poor, one of their regulations is on the different work which must not be omitted in the sixth year, lest (because the seventh being devoted to the poor) the produce should be unfairly diminished, and the public benefits arising from this law be frustrated. Of whatever is not perennial, and produced that year by the earth, no money may be made; but what is perennial may be sold.

On priest's tithes, we have a regulation concerning eating the fruits they are carrying to the place where they are to be separated.

The order of *women* is very copious. A husband is obliged to forbid his wife to keep a particular man's company before two witnesses. Of the waters of jealousy by which a suspected woman is to be tried by drinking, we find many ample particulars. The ceremonies of clothing the accused woman at her trial. Pregnant women, or who suckle, are not obliged to drink; for the rabbins seem to be well convinced of the effects of the imagination. Of their divorces many are the laws; and care is taken to particularize bills of divorces written by men in delirium or dangerously ill. One party of the rabbins will not allow of any divorce, unless something light was found in the woman's character, while another (the Pharisees) allow divorces even when a woman has only been so unfortunate as to suffer her husband's soup to be burnt!

In the order of *damages*, containing rules how to tax the damages done by man or beast, or other casualties, their distinctions are as nice as their cases are numerous. What beasts are innocent and what convict. By the one they mean creatures not naturally used to do mischief in any particular way; and by the other, those that naturally, or by a vicious habit, are mischievous that way. The tooth of a beast is convict when it is proved to eat its usual food, the property of another man; and full restitution must be made; but if a beast that is used to eat fruits and herbs, gnaws clothes or damages tools, which are not its usual food, the owner of the beast shall pay but half the damage when committed on the property of the injured person; but if the injury is committed on the property of the person who does the damage, he is free, because the beast gnawed what was not its usual food. As thus; if the beast of A gnaws or tears the clothes of B, in B's house or grounds, A shall pay half the damages; but if B's clothes are injured in A's grounds by A's beast, A is free, for what had B to do to put his clothes in A's grounds? They made such subtile distinctions, as when an ox gores a man or beast, the law inquired into the habits of the beast; whether it was an ox that used to gore, or an ox that was not used to gore. However these were niceties sometimes acute, they were often ridiculous. No beast could be *convicted* of being vicious till evidence was given that he had done mischief three successive days; but if he leaves off those vicious tricks for three days more, he is innocent again. An ox may be convict of goring an ox and not a man, or of goring a man and not an ox: nay, of goring on the sabbath, and not a working day. Their aim was to make the punishment depend on the proofs of the *design* of the beast that did the injury; but this attempt evidently led them to distinctions much too subtile and obscure. Thus some rabbins say that the morning prayer of the *Shemah* must be read at the time they can distinguish *blue* from *white*; but another, more indulgent, insists it may be when we can distinguish *blue* from *green*; which latter colours are so near akin as to require a stronger light. With the same remarkable acuteness in distinguishing things, is their law respecting not touching fire on the sabbath. Among those which are specified in this constitution, the rabbins allow the minister to look over young children by lamp-light, but he shall not read himself. The minister is forbidden to *read* by lamp-light, lest he should trim his lamp; but he may direct the children where they should read, because that is quickly done, and there would be no danger of his trimming his lamp in their presence, or suffering any of them to do it in his. All these regulations, which some may conceive as minute and frivolous, show a great intimacy with the human heart, and a spirit of profound observation which had been capable of achieving great purposes.

The owner of an innocent beast only pays half the costs for the mischief incurred. Man is always convict, and for all mischief he does he must pay full costs. However there are casual damages,—as when a man pours water accidentally on another man; or makes a thorn-hedge which annoys his neighbour; or falling down, and another by stumbling on him incurs harm; how such compensations are to be made. He that has a vessel of another's in keeping, and removes it, but in the removal breaks it, must swear to his own integrity: i. e. that he had no design to break it. All offensive or noisy trades were to be carried on at a certain distance from a town. Where there is an estate, the sons inherit and the daughters are maintained; but if there is not enough for all, the daughters are maintained, and the sons must get their living as they can, or even beg. The contrary to this excellent ordination has been observed in Europe.

These few titles may enable the reader to form a general notion of the several subjects on which the Mishna treats. The Gemara or Commentary is often overloaded with ineptitudes and ridiculous subtilties. For instance, in the article of 'Negative Oaths.' If a man swears he will eat no bread, and does eat all sorts of bread, in that case the perjury is but one; but if he swears that he will eat neither barley, nor wheaten, nor rye-bread, the perjury is multiplied as he multiplies his eating of the several sorts. Again, the Pharisees and the Sadducees had strong differences about touching the holy writings with their hands. The doctors ordained that whoever touched the book of the law must not eat of the truma (first fruits of the wrought produce of the ground,) till they had washed their hands. The reason they gave was this. In times of persecution they used to hide those sacred books in secret places, and good men would lay them out of the way when they had done reading them. It was possible then that these rolls of the law might be gnawed by *mice*. The hands then that touched these books when they took them out of the places where they had laid them up, were supposed to be unclean, so far as to disable them from eating the truma till they were washed. On that account they made this a general rule, that if any part of the *Bible* (except *Ecclesiastes*, because that excellent book their sagacity accounted less holy than the rest) or their phylacteries, or the strings of their phylacteries, were touched by one who had a right to eat the truma, he might not eat it till he had washed his hands. An evidence of that superstitious trifling for which the Pharisees and the later Rabbins have been so justly reprobated.

They were absurdly minute in the literal observance of their vows, and as shamefully subtile in their artful evasion of them. The Pharisees could be easy enough to themselves when convenient, and always as hard and unrelenting as possible to all others. They quibbled, and dissolved their vows with experienced casuistry. Jesus reproaches the Pharisees in Matthew xv, and Mark vii, for flagrantly violating the fifth commandment, by allowing the vow of a son, perhaps made in hasty anger, its full force, when he had sworn that his father should never be the better for him, or any thing he had, and by which an indigent father might be suffered to starve. There is an express case to this purpose in the Mishna, in the title of *Vows*. The reader may be amused by the story.—A man made a vow that his *father should not profit by him*. This man afterwards made a wedding-feast for his own son, and wishes his father should be present; but he cannot invite him because he is tied up by his vow. He invented this expedient:—he makes a gift of the court in which the feast was to be kept, and of the feast itself, to a third person in trust, that his father should be invited by that third person with the other company whom he at first designed. This third person then says,—If these things you thus give me are mine, I will dedicate them to God, and then none of you can be the better for them. The son replied,—I did not give them to you that you should consecrate them. Then the third man said,—Yours was no donation, only you were willing to eat and drink with your father. Thus, says R. Juda, they dissolved each other's intentions; and when the case came before the rabbins, they decreed, that a gift which may not be consecrated by the person to whom it is given is not a gift.

The following extract from the Talmud exhibits a subtile mode of reasoning, which the Jews adopted when the learned of Rome sought to persuade them to conform to their idolatry. It forms an entire Mishna, entitled *Seder Nezi-*

bin, Avoda Zara, iv, 7, on idolatrous worship, translated by Wotton.

'Some Roman senators examined the Jews in this manner:—If God had no delight in the worship of idols, why did he not destroy them? The Jews made answer,—If men had worshipped only things of which the world had had no need, he would have destroyed the objects of their worship; but they also worship the sun and moon, stars and planets; and then he must have destroyed his world for the sake of these deluded men. But still, said the Romans, why does not God destroy the things which the world does not want, and leave those things which the world cannot be without? Because, replied the Jews, this would strengthen the hands of such as worship these necessary things, who would then say,—Ye allow now that these are gods, since they are not destroyed.'

RABBINICAL STORIES.

The preceding article furnishes some of the more serious investigations to be found in the Talmud. Its levities may amuse. I leave untouched the gross obscenities and immoral decisions. The Talmud contains a vast collection of stories, apologies, and jests; many display a vein of pleasantry, and at times have a wildness of invention which sufficiently mark the features of an eastern parent. Many extravagantly puerile were designed merely to recreate their young students. When a rabbin was asked the reason of so much nonsense, he replied that the ancients had a custom of introducing music in their lectures, which accompaniment made them more agreeable; but that not having musical instruments in the schools, the rabbins invented these strange stories to arouse attention. This was ingeniously said; but they make miserable work when they pretend to give mystical interpretations to pure nonsense.

These rabbinical stories, and the LEGENDS of the Catholics, though they will be despised, and are too often despicable, yet as the great Lord Bacon said of some of these inventions, they would 'serve for winter talk by the fire-side;' and a happy collection from these stories is much wanted.

In 1711, a German professor of the Oriental languages, Dr Eisenmenger published in two large volumes quarto, his 'Judaism discovered,' a ponderous labour, of which the scope was to ridicule the Jewish traditions.

I shall give a dangerous adventure into which King David was drawn by the devil. The king one day hunting, Satan appeared before him in the likeness of a roe. David discharged an arrow at him, but missed his aim. He pursued the feigned roe into the land of the Philistines. Ishbi, the brother of Goliath, instantly recognized the king as him, who had slain that giant. He bound him, and bended him neck and heels, and laid him under a wine-press in order to press him to death. A miracle saves David. The earth beneath him became soft, and Ishbi could not press wine out of him. That evening in the Jewish congregation a dove, whose wings were covered with silver, appeared in great perplexity; and evidently signified the King of Israel was in trouble. Abishai, one of the king's counsellors, inquiring for the king, and finding him absent, is at a loss to proceed, for according to the Mishna, no one may ride on the king's horse, nor sit upon his throne, nor use his sceptre. The school of the rabbins however allowed these things in time of danger. On this Abishai vaults on David's horse, and (with an Oriental metaphor) the land of the Philistines leaped to him instantly! Arrived at Ishbi's house, he beholds his mother Orpa spinning. Perceiving the Israelite, she snatched up her spinning-wheel and threw it at him, to kill him; but not hitting him, she desired him to bring the spinning-wheel to her. He did not do this exactly, but returned it to her in such a way that she never asked any more for her spinning-wheel. When Ishbi saw this, and recollecting that David, though tied up neck and heels, was still under the wine-press, he cried out, 'There are now two, who will destroy me!' So he threw David high up into the air, and stuck his spear into the ground, imagining that David would fall upon it and perish. But Abishai pronounced the magical name, which the Talmudists frequently made use of, and it caused David to hover between earth and heaven, so that he fell not down! Both at length unite against Ishbi, and observing that two young lions should kill one lion, find no difficulty in getting rid of the brother of Goliath.

Of Solomon, another favourite hero of the Talmudists a fine Arabian story is told. This king was an adept in necromancy, and a male and a female devil were always in waiting for any emergency. It is observable, that the Arabians who have many stories concerning Solomon, always describe him as a magician. His adventures with Aschmedai, the prince of devils, are numerous; and they both (the king and the devil) served one another many a slippery trick. One of the most remarkable is when Aschmedai, who was prisoner to Solomon, the king having contrived to possess himself of the devil's seal-ring, and chained him, one day offered to answer an unholy question put to him by Solomon, provided he returned him his seal-ring and loosened his chain. The impertinent curiosity of Solomon induced him to commit this folly. Instantly Aschmedai swallowed the monarch, and stretching out his wings up to the firmament of heaven, one of his feet remaining on the earth, he spit out Solomon four hundred leagues from him. This was done so privately that no one knew any thing of the matter. Aschmedai then assumed the likeness of Solomon, and sat on his throne. From that hour did Solomon say, '*This* then is the reward of all my labour,' according to Ecclesiasticus, i, 3; which *this*, means, one rabbin says, his walking staff; and another insists was his ragged coat. For Solomon went a begging from door to door; and wherever he came he uttered these words: 'I the preacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem.' At length coming before the council, and still repeating these remarkable words without addition or variation, the rabbins said; 'This means something; for a fool is not constant in his tale!' They asked the chamberlain if the king frequently saw him? and he replied to them, No! then they sent to the queens, to ask if the king came into their apartments? and they answered, Yes! The rabbins then sent them a message to take notice of his feet; for the feet of devils are like the feet of cocks. The queens acquainted them that his majesty always came in slippers, but forced them to embraces at times forbidden by the law. He had attempted to lie with his mother Bathsheba, whom he had almost torn to pieces. At this the rabbins assembled in great haste, and taking the beggar with them, they gave him the ring and the chain in which the great magical name was engraven, and led him to the palace. Aschmedai was sitting on the throne as the real Solomon entered; but instantly he shrieked and flew away. Yet to his last day was Solomon afraid of the prince of devils, and had his bed guarded by the valiant men of Israel, as is written in Cant. iii, 7, 8.

They frequently display much humour in their inventions, as in the following account of the manners and morals of an infamous town which derided all justice. There were in Sodom four judges, who were liars, and deriders of justice. When any one had struck his neighbour's wife and caused her to miscarry, these judges thus counselled the husband; 'Give her to the offender that he may get her with child for thee.' When any one had cut off an ear of his neighbour's ass, they said to the owner,—'Let him have the ass till the ear is grown again, that it may be returned to thee as thou wishest.' When any one had wounded his neighbour, they told the wounded man to 'give him a fee, for letting him blood.' A toll was exacted in passing a certain bridge; but if any one chose to wade through the water, or walk round about to save it, he was condemned to a double toll. Eleasar, Abraham's servant, came thither, and they wounded him.—When before the judge he was ordered to pay his fee for having his blood let, Eleasar flung a stone at the judge and wounded him; on which the judge said to him,—What meaneth this? Eleasar replied,—Give him who wounded me the fee that is due to myself for wounding thee. The people of this town had a bedstead on which they laid travellers who asked to rest. If any one was too long for it, they cut off his legs; and if he was shorter than the bedstead, they strained him to its head and foot. When a beggar came to this town, every one gave him a penny, on which was inscribed the donor's name; but they would sell him no bread, nor let him escape. When the beggar died from hunger, then they came about him, and each man took back his penny. These stories are curious inventions of keen mockery and malice, seasoned with humour. It is said some of the famous decisions of Sancho Panza are to be found in the Talmud.

Abraham is said to have been jealous of his wives, and built an enchanted city for them. He built an iron city and put them in.—The walls were so high and dark the sun could not be seen in it. He gave them a bowl full of pearls and jewels, which sent forth a light in this dark city equal to the sun. Noah, it seems, when in the ark had no other light than jewels and pearls. Abraham in

travelling to Egypt brought with him a chest. At the custom-house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would have readily paid, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duty for clothes, which Abraham consented to pay; but then they thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold.—Abraham consents to pay for gold. They now suspected it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or more costly pearls; and Abraham generously consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they resolved to open and examine the chest. And behold as soon as the chest was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a noise in the land of Egypt; it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty had locked her up in this chest.

The whole creation in these rabbinical fancies is strangely gigantic and vast. The works of eastern nations are full of these descriptions; and Hesiod's Theogony, and Milton's battles of angels, are puny in comparison with these rabbinical heroes, or rabbinical things. Mountains are hurled with all their woods with great ease, and creatures start into existence too terrible for our conceptions. The winged monster in the 'Arabian Nights,' called the Roc, is evidently one of the creatures of rabbinical fancy; it would sometimes, when very hungry, seize and fly away with an elephant. Captain Cook found a bird's nest in an island near New-Holland, built with sticks on the ground, six-and-twenty feet in circumference, and near three feet in height. But of the rabbinical birds, fish, and animals, it is not probable any circumnavigator will ever trace even ..e slightest vestige or resemblance.

One of their birds, when it spreads its wings, blots out the sun. An egg from another fell out of its nest, and the white thereof broke and glued about three hundred cedar-trees, and overflowed a village. One of them stands up to the lower joint of the leg in a river, and some mariners imagining the water was not deep, were hasting to bathe, when a voice from heaven said,—'Step not in there, for seven years ago there a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom.'

The following passage concerning fat geese is perfectly in the style of these rabbins. 'A rabbin once saw in a desert a flock of geese so fat that their feathers fell off, and the rivers flowed in fat. Then said I to them, shall we have part of you in the other world when the Messiah shall come? And one of them lifted up a wing, and another a leg, to signify these parts we should have. We should otherwise have had all parts of these geese; but we Israelites shall be called to an account touching these fat geese, because their sufferings are owing to us. It is our iniquities that have delayed the coming of the Messiah, and these geese suffer greatly by reason of their excessive fat, which daily and daily increases, and will increase till the Messiah comes!'

What the manna was which fell in the wilderness has often been disputed, and still is disputable: it was sufficient for the rabbins to have found in the Bible that the taste of it was 'as a wafer made with honey,' to have raised their fancy to its pitch. They declare it was 'like oil to children, honey to old men, and cakes to middle age.' It had every kind of taste except that of cucumbers, melons, garlic, and onions, and leeks, for these were those Egyptian roots which the Israelites so much regretted to have lost. This manna had, however, the quality to accomodate itself to the palate of those who did not murmur in the wilderness: and to these it became fish, flesh, or fowl.

The rabbins never advance an absurdity without quoting a text in scripture; and to substantiate this fact they quote Deut. ii, 7, where it is said, 'through this great wilderness, these forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee, and *thou hast lacked nothing*!' St Austin repeats this explanation of the rabbins, that the faithful found in this manna the taste of their favourite food! However the Israelites could not have found all these benefits as the rabbins tell us, for in Numbers xi, 6, they exclaim, 'There is *nothing at all, besides thi smanna* before our eyes!' They had just said that they remembered the melons, cucumbers, &c, which they had eaten of so freely in Egypt. One of the hyperboles of the rabbins is, that the manna fell in such mountains that the kings of the east and the west beheld them; which they found in a passage in the 23d Psalm: Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies!' These may serve as specimens of the forced interpretations on which their grotesque fables are founded.

Their detestation of Titus, their great conqueror, appears by the following wild invention.—After having narrated certain things too shameful to read, of a prince whom Josephus describes in far different colours, they tell us that on sea Titus tauntingly observed in a great storm that the God of the Jews was only powerful on the water, and that therefore he had succeeded in drowning Pharaoh and Sisra. 'Had he been strong he would have waged war with me in Jerusalem.' On uttering this blasphemy, a voice from heaven said, 'Wicked man! I have a little creature in the world which shall wage war with thee!' When Titus landed, a gnat entered his nostrils, and for seven years together made holes in his brains. When his skull was opened the gnat was found as large as a pigeon: the mouth of the gnat was of copper and the claws of iron.

That however there are some beautiful inventions in the Talmud, I refer to the story of 'Solomon and Sheba,' in the present collections.

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING AFTER SNEEZING.

It is probable that this custom, so universally prevalent, originated in some ancient superstition; it seems to have excited inquiry among all nations.

Some Catholics, says Father Feyjoo, have attributed the origin of this custom to the ordinance of a pope, Saint Gregory—who is said to have instituted a short benediction to be used on such occasions, at a time when, during a pestilence, the crisis was attended by *sneezing*, and in most cases followed by *death*.

But the Rabbins who have a story for every thing, say, that before Jacob, men never sneezed but *once*, and then immediately *died*: they assure us that that patriarch was the first who died by natural disease, before him all men died by sneezing; the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in *all nations* by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing. But these are Talmudical dreams, and only serve to prove that so familiar a custom has always created inquiry.

Even Aristotle has delivered some considerable nonsense on this custom; he says it is an honourable acknowledgment of the seat of good sense and genius—the head—to distinguish it from two other offensive eruptions of air, which are never accompanied by any benediction from the by-standers. The custom at all events existed long prior to Pope Gregory. The lover in Apulieus, Gyton in Petronius, and allusions to it in Pliny, prove its antiquity; and a memoir of the French academy notices the practice in the New World on the first discovery of America. Every where man is saluted for sneezing.

An amusing account of the ceremonies which attend the *sneezing* of a king of Menomotapa, shows what a national concern may be the sneeze of despotism.—Those who are near his person, when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the antichamber hear it and join in the acclamation; in the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city; so that at each sneeze of his majesty, results a most horrid cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals.

When the king of Sennaar sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud slap on their right thigh.

With the ancients sneezing was ominous; from the *right* it was considered auspicious; and Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, says, that before a naval battle it was a sign of conquest! Catullus, in his pleasing poem of Acme and Septimius, makes this action from the deity of Love from the *left* the source of his fiction. The passage has been elegantly versified by a poetical friend, who finds authority that the gods sneezing on the *right* in *heaven*, is supposed to come to us on *earth* on the *left*.

Cupid sneezing in his flight
Once was heard upon the right,
Boding wo to lovers true;
But now upon the left he flew,
And with sportive sneeze divine,
Gave of joy the sacred sign.
Acme bent her lovely face,
Flush'd with rapture's rosy grace,
And those eyes that swam in bliss,
Pres't with many a breathing kiss;
Breathing, murmuring, soft, and low
Thus might life for ever flow!
'Love of my life, and life of love'
Cupid rules our fates above,

Ever let us vow to join
In homage at his happy shrine.'
Cupid heard the lovers true,
Again upon the left he flew,
And with sportive sneeze divine,
Renew'd of joy the sacred sign.

BONAVENTURE DE PERIERS.

A happy art in the relation of a story is, doubtless, a very agreeable talent—it has obtained La Fontaine all the applause his charming *naiveté* deserves.

Bonaventure de Periers, Valet de Chambre de la Royne de Navarre,' of whom the French have three little volumes of tales in prose, shows that pleasantry and sportive vein in which the tales of that time frequently abound. The following short anecdote is not given as the best specimen of our author, but as it introduces a novel etymology of a word in great use.

'A student at law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity; not that he was overburdened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assurance and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by continued exercise. To obey the injunctions of his father he determined to read at the *Ministery*. In order to obtain a certain assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus for a long time he pursued his studies, and repeated his lectures to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *gentlemen;* and balancing his periods to them as if they had composed an audience of scholars. After a fortnight or three weeks preparation, he thought it was high time to take the *chair;* imagining that he should be able to lecture his scholars as well as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration—but before a dozen words his tongue freezes between his teeth! Confused and hardly knowing where he was, all he could bring out was—*Domini, Ego bene video quod non estis caules;* that is to say—for there are some who will have every thing in plain English—*Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are not cabbages!* In the *garden* he could conceive the *cabbages* to be *scholars;* but in the *chair*, he could not conceive the *scholars* to be *cabbages.*'

On this story La Monnoye has a note, which gives a new origin to a familiar term.

'The hall of the School of Equity at Poitiers, where the institutes were read, was called *La Ministerie.* On which head, Florimond de Remond (book vii, ch. 11,) speaking of Albert Babinot, one of the first disciples of Calvin, after having said he was called 'The *good man*,' adds, that because he had been a student of the institutes at this *Ministeris* of Poitiers, Calvin, and others, styled him Mr *Minister;* from whence, afterwards, *Calvin* took occasion to give the name of MINISTERS to the pastors of his church.

GROTIUS.

The life of Grotius has been written by De Burigny; it shows the singular felicity of a man of letters and a statesman; and in what manner a student can pass his hours in the closest imprisonment. The gate of the prison has sometimes been the porch of fame.

Grotius was born with the happiest dispositions; studious from his infancy, he had also received from Nature the qualities of genius; and was so fortunate as to find in his father a tutor who had formed his early taste and his moral feelings. The younger Grotius, in imitation of Horace, has celebrated his gratitude in verse.

One of the most interesting circumstances in the life of this great man, which strongly marks his genius and fortitude, is displayed in the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. Other men, condemned to exile and captivity, if they survive, they despair: the man of letters counts those days as the sweetest of his life.

When a prisoner at the Hague, he laboured on a Latin essay on the means of terminating religious disputes, which occasion so many infelicities in the state, in the church, and in families; when he was carried to Louvestein, he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which, engaged him to translate the maxims of the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to read the scriptures, and to write his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health he composed his treatise, in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind was to pass from one work to another. He sent to Vossius his Observations on the Tragedies of Seneca. He wrote several other works: particularly a little Catechism, in verse, for his daughter Cornelia: and collected materials to form his Apology. Add to these various labours and extensive correspondence he held with the learned and his friends; and his letters were often so many treatises. There is a printed collection amounting to two thousand. Grotius had notes ready for every classical author of antiquity whenever they prepared a new edition; an account of his plans and his performances might furnish a volume of themselves; yet he never published in haste, and was fond of revising them; we must recollect, notwithstanding such interrupted literary avocations, his hours were frequently devoted to the public functions of an ambassador. 'I only reserve for my studies the time which other ministers give to their pleasures, to conversations often useless, and to visits sometimes unnecessary;' such is the language of this great man! Although he thus produced abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim here, that the mind of Grotius had never been imprisoned.

Perhaps the most sincere eulogium, and the most grateful to this illustrious scholar, was that which he received at the hour of his death.

When this great man was travelling, he was suddenly struck by the hand of death, at the village of Rostock. The parish minister, who was called in his last moments, ignorant who the dying man was, began to go over the usual points; but Grotius, who saw there was no time to lose in exhortations, turned to him, and told him, that he needed them not; and concluded by saying, *Sum Grotius*—I am Grotius. *Tu magnus ille Grotius?*—'What! are you the great Grotius?' interrogated the minister.—What an eulogium! This anecdote seems, however, apocryphal; for we have a narrative of his death by the clergyman himself. On the death of Grotius a variety of tales were spread concerning his manner of dying raised by different parties.'

In the approbation of the *censeur* to print this 'Vie de Grotius,' it is observed that while 'his history gives us a clear idea of the extent of the human mind, it will further inform us, that Grotius died without reaping any advantage from his great talents.'

NOBLEMEN TURNED CRITICS.

I offer to the contemplation of those unfortunate mortals who are necessitated to undergo the criticisms of *lords*, this pair of anecdotes—

Soderini, the Gonfaloniere of Florence, having had a statue made by the great *Michael Angelo*, when it was finished came to inspect it; and having for some time sagaciously considered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and at length on the foot itself; the statue being of such perfect beauty, he found himself at a loss to display his powers of criticism, but by lavishing his praise. But only to praise, might appear as if there had been an obtuseness in the keenness of his criticism. He trembled to find a fault, but a fault must be found. At length he ventured to mutter something concerning the nose; it might, he thought, be something more Grecian. *Angelo* differed from his grace, but he said he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took up his chisel, and concealed some marble dust in his hand; feigning to retouch the part, he adroitly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The cardinal observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed—'Ah, *Angelo!* you have now given an inimitable grace.'

When Pope was first introduced to read his Iliad to Lord Halifax, the noble critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition; but, like the cardinal, this passage, and that word, this turn, and that expression, formed the broken cant of his criticisms. The honest poet was stung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his lordship hesitated were those of which he was most satisfied. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth he revealed to him the anxiety of mind. 'Oh,' replied Garth, laughing, 'you are not so well acquainted with his lordship as myself; he must criticise. At your next visit read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that

you have recollected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myself.' *Pope* made use of this stratagem; it took, like the marble dust of *Angelo;* and my lord, like the cardinal, exclaimed—'Dear *Pope*, they are now inimitable!'

LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

Some authors have practised singular impositions on the public. Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historic compositions, but when they became more known, the scholars of other countries destroyed the reputation he had unjustly acquired. His continual professions of sincerity prejudiced many in his favour, and made him pass for a writer who had penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cabinet; but the public were at length undeceived, and were convinced that the historical anecdotes which Varillas put off for authentic facts had no foundation, being wholly his own inventing:—though he endeavoured to make them pass for realities by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary!' He had read almost every thing historical, printed and manuscript; but he had a fertile political imagination, and gave his conjectures as facts, while he quoted at random his pretended authorities. Burnet's book against Varillas is a curious little volume.

Gemelli Carreri, a Neapolitan gentleman, for many years never quitted his chamber; confined by a tedious indisposition, he amused himself with writing a *Voyage round the World;* giving characters of men, and descriptions of countries, as if he had really visited them; and his volumes are still very interesting. Du Halde, who has written so voluminous an account of China, compiled it from the Memoirs of the missionaries, and never travelled ten leagues from Paris in his life; though he appears, by his writings, to be very familiar with Chinese scenery.

Damberger's travels, more recently made a great sensation—and the public were duped; they proved to be the ideal voyages of a member of the German Grub-street, about his own garret! Too many of our 'Travels' have been manufactured to fill a certain size; and some which bear names of great authority, were not written by the professed authors.

This is an excellent observation of an anonymous author:—'*writers* who never visited foreign countries, and *travellers* who have run through immense regions with fleeting pace, have given us long accounts of various countries and people; evidently collected from the idle reports and absurd traditions of the ignorant vulgar, from whom only they could have received those relations which we see accumulated with such undiscerning credulity.'

Some authors have practised the singular imposition of announcing a variety of titles of works as if preparing for the press, but of which nothing but the titles have been written.

Paschal, historiographer of France, had a reason for these ingenious inventions; he continually announced such titles, that his pension for writing on the history of France might not be stopped. When he died, his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

Gregorio Reti is an historian of much the same stamp as Varillas. He wrote with great facility, and hunger generally quickened his pen. He took every thing too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history not to be found elsewhere; and perhaps ought not to have been there if truth had been consulted. His great aim was always to make a book: he swells his volumes with digressions, intersperses many ridiculous stories, and applies all the repartees he collected from old novel-writers, to modern characters.

Such forgeries abound; the numerous 'Testamens Politiques' of Colbert, Mazarine, and other great ministers, were forgeries usually from the Dutch press, as are many pretended political 'Memoirs.'

Of our old translations from the Greek and Latin authors, many were taken from French versions.

The travels written in Hebrew, of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, of which we have a curious translation, are, I believe, apocryphal. He describes a journey, which if ever he took, it must have been with his night-cap on; being a perfect dream! It is said that to inspirit and give importance to his nation, he pretended he had travelled to all the synagogues in the east; places he mentions he does not appear ever to have seen, and the different people he describes no one has known. He calculates that he has found near eight hundred thousand Jews, of which about half are independent, and not subjects to any Christian or Gentile sovereign. These fictitious travels have been a source of much trouble to the learned; particularly to those whose zeal to authenticate them induced them to follow the aerial footsteps of the Hyppogriffe of Rabbi Benjamin.' He affirms that the tomb of Ezekiel, with the library of the first and second temples, were to be seen in his time at a place on the banks of the river Euphrates; Wesselius of Groningen, and many other literati, travelled on purpose to Mesopotamia, to reach the tomb and examine the library, but the fairy treasures were never to be seen, nor even heard of!

The first on the list of impudent impostures is Annius of Viterbo, a Dominican, and master of the sacred palace under Alexander VI. He pretended he had discovered the genuine works of Sanchoniatho, Manetho, Berosus, and other works, of which only fragments are remaining. He published seventeen books of antiquities! but not having any MSS to produce, though he declared he had found them buried in the earth, these literary fabrications occasioned great controversies; for the author died before he had made up his mind to a confession. At their first publication universal joy was diffused among the learned. Suspicion soon rose, and detection followed. However, as the forger never would acknowledge himself as such, it has been ingeniously conjectured that he himself was imposed on, rather than that he was the impostor; or, as in the case of Chatterton, possibly all may not be fictitious. It has been said that a great volume in MSS anterior by two hundred years to the seventeen folios of Annius, exists in the Bibliotheque Colbertine, in which these pretended histories were to be read; but as Annius would never point out the sources of his seventeen folios, the whole is considered as a very wonderful imposture. I refer the reader to Tyrwhitt's Vindication of his Appendix to Rowley's or Chatterton's Poems, p. 140, for some curious observations, and some facts of literary imposture.

One of the most extraordinary literary impostures was that of one Joseph Vella, who, in 1794, was an adventurer in Sicily, and pretended that he possessed seventeen of the lost books of Livy in Arabic: he had received this literary treasure, he said, from a Frenchman who had purloined it from a shelf in St Sophia's church at Constantinople. As many of the Greek and Roman classics have been translated by the Arabians, and many were first known in Europe in their Arabic dress, there was nothing improbable in one part of his story. He was urged to publish these long-desired books; and Lady Spencer, then in Italy, offered to defray the expenses. He had the effrontery, by way of specimen, to edit an Italian translation of the sixtieth book, but that book took up no more than one octavo page! A professor of Oriental literature in Prussia introduced it in his work, never suspecting the fraud; it proved to be nothing more than the epitome of Florus. He also gave out that he possessed a code which he had picked up in the abbey of St Martin, containing the ancient history of Sicily, in the Arabic period comprehending above two hundred years; and of which ages, their own historians were entirely deficient in knowledge. Vella declared he had a genuine official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa, from the first landing of the Arabians in that island. Vella was now loaded with honours and pensions! It is true he showed Arabic MSS, which, however, did not contain a syllable of what he said. He pretended he was in continual correspondence with friends at Morocco and elsewhere. The King of Naples furnished him with money to assist his researches. Four volumes in quarto were at length published! Vella had the adroitness to change the Arabic MSS he possessed, which entirely related to Mahomet, to matters relative to Sicily; he bestowed several weeks labour to disfigure the whole, altering page for page, line for line, and word for word, but interspersed numberless dots, strokes, and flourishes, so that when he published a facsimile, every one admired the learning of Vella, who could translate what no one else could read. He complained he had lost an eye in this minute labour; and every one thought his pension ought to have been increased. Every thing prospered about him, except his eye, which some thought was not so bad neither. It was at length discovered by his blunders, &c, that the whole was a forgery; though it had now been patronized, translated, and extracted throughout Europe. When this MS was examined

by an Orientalist, it was discovered to be nothing but a history of *Mahomet and his family*. Vella was condemned to imprisonment.

The Spanish antiquary, Medina Conde, in order to favour the pretensions of the church in a great lawsuit, forged deeds and inscriptions, which he buried in the ground, where he knew they would shortly be dug up. Upon their being found, he published engravings of them and gave explanations of their unknown characters, making them out to be so many authentic proofs and evidences of the contested assumptions of the clergy.

The Morocco ambassador purchased of him a copper bracelet of Fatima, which Medina proved by the Arabic inscription and many certificates to be genuine, and found among the ruins of the Alhambra, with other treasures of its last king, who had hid them there in hope of better days. This famous bracelet turned out afterwards to be the work of Medina's own hands, and made out of an old brass candlestick!

George Psalmanazer, to whose labours we owe much of the great Universal History, exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impostors of learning. His island of Formosa was an illusion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition; and great must have been that erudition which could form a pretended language and its grammar, and fertile the genius which could invent the history of an unknown people; it is said that the deception was only satisfactorily ascertained by his own penitential confession; he had defied and baffled the most learned. The literary impostor Lauder had much more audacity than ingenuity, and he died contemned by all the world. Ireland's Shakspeare served to show that commentators are not blessed, necessarily, with an interior and unerring tact. Genius and learning are ill directed in forming literary impositions, but at least they must be distinguished from the fabrications of ordinary impostors.

A singular forgery was practised on Captain Wilford by a learned Hindoo, who, to ingratiate himself and his studies with the too zealous and pious European, contrived among other attempts to give the history of Noah and his three sons, in his 'Purana,' under the designation of Satyavrata. Captain Wilford having *read* the passage, transcribed it for Sir William Jones, who translated it as a curious extract; the whole was an interpolation by the dextrous introduction of a forged sheet, discoloured and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which, having served his purpose for the moment, was afterwards withdrawn. As books in India are not bound, it is not difficult to introduce loose leaves. To confirm his various impositions this learned forgerer had the patience to write two voluminous sections, in which he connected all the legends together in the style of the *Puranas*, consisting of 12,000 lines. When Captain Wilford resolved to collate the manuscript with others, the learned Hindoo began to disfigure his own manuscript, the captain's, and those of the college, by erasing the name of the country and substituting that of Egypt. With as much pains, and with a more honourable direction, our Hindoo Lauder might have immortalized his inverted invention.

We have authors who sold their names to be prefixed to works they never read; or, on the contrary, have prefixed the names of others to their own writing. Sir John Hill owned to a friend once when he fell sick, that he had overfatigued himself with writing seven works at once! One of which was on architecture, and another on cookery! This hero once contracted to translate Swammerdam's work on insects for fifty guineas. After the agreement with the bookseller, he perfectly recollected that he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language! nor did there exist a French translation. The work however was not the less done for this small obstacle. Sir John bargained with another translator for twenty-five guineas. The second translator was precisely in the same situation as the first; as ignorant, though not so well paid as the knight. He rebargained with a third, who perfectly understood his original, for twelve guineas! So that the translators who could not translate feasted on venison and turtle, while the modest drudge, whose name never appeared to the world, broke in patience his daily bread! The craft of authorship has many mysteries. The great patriarch and primeval dealer in English literature, is said to have been Robert Green, one of the most facetious, profligate, and indefatigable of the scribleri family. He laid the foundation of a new dynasty of literary emperors. The first act by which he proved his claim to the throne of Grub-street has served as a model to his numerous successors—it was an ambidextrous trick! Green sold his 'Orlando Furioso' to two different theatres, and is supposed to have been the first author in English literary history who wrote as a *trader*; or as crabbed Anthony Wood phrases it in the language of celibacy and cynicism, 'he wrote to maintain his *wife*, and that high and loose course of living which *poets generally follow*.' With a drop still sweeter, old Anthony describes Gayton, another worthy; 'he came up to London to live in a *shirking condition*, and wrote *trite things* merely to get bread to sustain him, and his *wife*.' The Hermit Anthony seems to have had a mortal antipathy against the Eves of literary men.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

The present anecdote concerning Cardinal Richelieu may serve to teach the man of letters how he deals out criticism to the *great*, when they ask his opinion of manuscripts, be they in verse or prose.

The cardinal placed in a gallery of his palace the portraits of several illustrious men, and he was desirous of composing the inscriptions to be placed round the portraits. That he intended for Montluc, the marechal of France, was conceived in these terms: *Multa fecit, plura scripsit, vir tamin magnus fuit*. He showed it without mentioning the author to Bourbon, the royal professor in Greek, and asked his opinion concerning it; He reprobated it, and considered that the Latin was much in the style of the breviary; and, if it had concluded with an *alleluyah*, it would serve for an *anthem* to the *magnificant*. The cardinal agreed with the severity of his strictures; and even acknowledged the discernment of the professor; 'for,' he said, 'it is really written by a priest.' But however he might approve of Bourbon's critical powers, he punished without mercy his ingenuity. The pension his majesty had bestowed on him was withheld the next year.

The cardinal was one of those ambitious men who foolishly attempt to rival every kind of genius; and seeing himself constantly disappointed, he envied, with all the venom of rancour, those talents which are so frequently the *all* that men of genius possess.

He was jealous of Balzac's splendid reputation; and offered the elder Heinsius ten thousand crowns to write a criticism which should ridicule his elaborate compositions. This Heinsius refused, because Salmasius threatened to revenge Balzac on his *Herodes infanticida*.

He attempted to rival the reputation of Corneille's 'Cid,' by opposing to it one of the most ridiculous dramatic productions; it was the allegorical tragedy called 'Europe,' in which the *minister* had congregated the four quarters of the world! Much political matter was thrown together, divided into scenes and acts. There are appended to it keys of the Dramatis personæ and of the allegories. In this tragedy, Francia represents France; Ibere, Spain; Parthenope, Naples, &c. and these have their attendants:—Lilian (alluding to the French lilies) is the servant of Francion, while Hispale is the confident of Ibere. But the key to the allegories is much more copious:—Albione signifies England; *three knots of the hair of Austrasie*, mean the towns of Clermont, Stenay, and Jamet, these places once belonging to Loraine. A *box of diamonds* of Austrasie, is the town of Nancy, belonging once to the dukes of Loraine. The *key* of Iberia's great porch is Perpignan, which France took from Spain; and in this manner is this sublime tragedy composed! When he first sent it anonymously to the French Academy it was reprobated. He then tore it in a rage, and scattered it about his study. Towards evening, like another Medea lamenting over the members of her own children, he and his secretary passed the night in uniting the scattered limbs. He then ventured to avow himself; and having pretended to correct this incorrigible tragedy, the submissive Academy retracted their censures, but the public pronounced its melancholy fate on its first representation. This lamentable tragedy was intended to thwart Corneille's 'Cid.' Enraged at its success, Richelieu even commanded the academy to publish a severe *critique* of it well known in French literature. Boileau on this occasion has these two well-turned verses:—

> 'En vain contre le Cid, un ministre se ligne;
> Tout Paris, pour Chimene, a les yeux de Rodrigue.'

> To oppose the Cid, in vain the statesman tries
> All Paris, for Chimene, has Roderick's eyes.

It is said that in consequence of the fall of this tragedy

the French custom is derived of securing a number of friends to applaud their pieces at their first representations. I find the following droll anecdote concerning this droll tragedy in Beauchamp's *Recherches sur le Théatre*.

The minister after the ill success of his tragedy retired unaccompanied the same evening to his country house at Ruel. He then sent for his favourite Desmarets, who was at supper with his friend Petit. Desmarets, conjecturing that the interview would be stormy, begged his friend to accompany him.

'Well!' said the cardinal as soon as he saw them, 'the French will never possess a taste for what is lofty: they seem not to have relished my tragedy.'—'My lord answered Petit, 'it is not the fault of the piece, which is so admirable, but that of the *players*. Did not your eminence perceive that not only they knew not their parts, but that they were all *drunk?*'—'Really,' replied the cardinal, something pleased, 'I observed they acted it dreadfully ill.'

Desmarets and Petit returned to Paris, flew directly to the players to plan a *new mode* of performance, which was to *secure* a number of spectators; so that at the second representation bursts of applause were frequently heard!

Richelieu had another singular vanity of closely imitating Cardinal Ximenes. Pliny was not a more servile imitator of Cicero. Marville tells us that, like Ximenes, he placed himself at the head of an army: like him he degraded princes and nobles; and like him rendered himself formidable to all Europe. And because Ximenes had established schools of theology, Richelieu undertook likewise to raise into notice the schools of the Sorbonne. And, to conclude, as Ximenes had written several theological treatises, our cardinal was also desirous of leaving posterity various polemical works. But his gallantries rendered him more ridiculous. Always in ill health, this miserable lover and grave cardinal would, in a freak of love, dress himself with a red feather in his cap and sword by his side. He was more hurt by a filthy nickname given him by the queen of Louis XIII than even by the hiss of theatres and the critical condemnation of academies.

Cardinal Richelieu was assuredly a great political genius. Sir William Temple observes, that he instituted the French Academy to give employment to the *wits*, and to hinder them from inspecting too narrowly into his politics and his administration. It is believed that the Marshal de Grammont lost an important battle by the orders of the cardinal; that in this critical conjuncture of affairs his majesty, who was inclined to dismiss him, could not then absolutely, do without him.

Vanity in this cardinal levelled a great genius. He who would attempt to display universal excellence will be impelled to practise meannesses, and to act follies which, if he has the least sensibility, must occasion him many a pang and many a blush.

ARISTOTLE AND PLATO.

No philosopher has been so much praised and censured as Aristotle: but he had this advantage, of which some of the most eminent scholars have been deprived, that he enjoyed during his life a splendid reputation. Philip of Macedon must have felt a strong conviction of his merit when he wrote to him on the birth of Alexander:—'I receive from the gods this day a son; but I thank them not so much for the favour of his birth, as his having come into the world at a time when you can have the care of his education; and that through you he will be rendered worthy of being my son.'

Diogenes Laertius describes the person of the stagyrite. His eyes were small, his voice hoarse, and his legs lank. He stammered, was fond of a magnificent dress, and wore costly rings. He had a mistress whom he loved passionately, and for whom he frequently acted inconsistently with the philosophic character; a thing as common with philosophers as with other men. Aristotle had nothing of the austerity of the philosopher, though his works are so austere: he was open, pleasant, and even charming in his conversation; fiery and volatile in his pleasures; magnificent in his dress. He is described as fierce, disdainful, and sarcastic. He joined to a taste for profound erudition that of an elegant dissipation. His passion for luxury occasioned him such expenses when he was young that he consumed all his property. Laertius has preserved the will of Aristotle, which is curious. The chief part turns on the future welfare and marriage of his daughter. 'If, after my death she chooses to marry, the executors will be careful she marries no person of an inferior rank. If she resides at Chalcis, she shall occupy the apartment contiguous to the garden; if she chooses Stagira, she shall reside in the house of my father, and my executors shall furnish either of those places she fixes on.'

Aristotle had studied under the divine Plato; but the disciple and the master could not possibly agree in their doctrines: they were of opposite tastes and talents. Plato was the chief of the academic sect, and Aristotle of the peripatetic. Plato was simple, modest, frugal, and of austere manners; a good friend and a zealous citizen, but a theoretical politician: a lover indued of benevolence, and desirous of diffusing it amongst men, but knowing little of them as we find them; his 'republic' is as chimerical as Rousseau's ideas, or Sir Thomas More's Utopia.

Rapin, the critic, has sketched an ingenious parallel of these two celebrated philosophers.

The genius of Plato is more polished, and that of Aristotle more vast and profound. Plato has a lively and teeming imagination; fertile in invention, in ideas, in expressions, and in figures; displaying a thousand different turns, a thousand new colours, all agreeable to their subject; but after all it is nothing more than imagination. Aristotle is hard and dry in all he says, but what he says is all reason, though it is expressed dryly: his diction, pure as it is, has something uncommonly austere; and his obscurities, natural or affected, disgust and fatigue his readers. Plato is equally delicate in his thoughts and in his expressions. Aristotle, though he may be more natural, has not any delicacy: his style is simple and equal, but close and nervous; that of Plato is grand and elevated, but loose and diffuse. Plato always says more than he should say: Aristotle never says enough, and leaves the reader always to think more than he says. The one surprises the mind, and charms it by a flowery and sparkling character: the other illuminates and instructs it by a just and solid method. Plato communicates something of genius by the fecundity of his own; and Aristotle something of judgment and reason by that impression of good sense which appears in all he says. In a word, Plato frequently only thinks to express himself well; and Aristotle only thinks to think justly.

An interesting anecdote is related of these philosophers. Aristotle became the rival of Plato. Literary disputes long subsisted betwixt them. The disciple ridiculed his master, and the master treated contemptuously his disciple. To make this superiority manifest, Aristotle wished for a regular disputation before an audience where erudition and reason might prevail; but this satisfaction was denied.

Plato was always surrounded by his scholars, who took a lively interest in his glory. Three of these he taught to rival Aristotle, and it became their mutual interest to depreciate his merits. Unfortunately, one day Plato found himself in his school without these three favourite scholars. Aristotle flies to him—a crowd gathers and enters with him. The idol whose oracles they wished to overturn was presented to them. He was then a respectable old man, the weight of whose years had enfeebled his memory. The combat was not long. Some rapid sophisms embarrassed Plato. He saw himself surrounded by the inevitable traps of the subtlest logician. Vanquished, he reproached his ancient scholar by a beautiful figure:—'He has kicked against us as a colt against his mother.'

Soon after this humiliating adventure he ceased to give public lectures. Aristotle remained master in the field of battle. He raised a school, and devoted himself to render it the most famous in Greece. But the three favourite scholars of Plato, zealous to avenge the cause of their master, and to make amends for their imprudence in having quitted him, armed themselves against the usurper. Xenocrates, the most ardent of the three, attacked Aristotle, confounded the logician, and re-established Plato in all his rights. Since that time the academic and peripatetic sects, animated by the spirits of their several chiefs, avowed an eternal hostility. In what manner his works have descended to us has been told at page 15 of this volume. Aristotle having declaimed irreverently of the gods, and dreading the fate of Socrates, wished to retire from Athens. In a beautiful manner he pointed out his successor. There were two rivals in his schools: Menedemus the Rhodian, and Theophrastus the Lesbian. Alluding delicately to his own critical situation, he told his assembled scholars that the wine he was accustomed to drink was injurious to him,

and he desired them to bring the wines of Rhodes and Lesbos. He then tasted both, and declared they both did honour to their soil, each being excellent, though different in quality. The Rhodian wine is the strongest, but the Lesbian is the sweetest, and that he himself preferred it. Thus his ingenuity pointed out his favourite Theophrastus, the author of the 'Characters,' for his successor.

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

Abelard, so famous for his writings and his amours with Eloisa, ranks among the heretics for opinions concerning the Trinity! His superior genius probably made him appear so culpable in the eyes of his enemies. The cabal formed against him disturbed the earlier part of his life with a thousand persecutions, till at length they persuaded Bernard, his old *friend*, but who had now turned *saint*, that poor Abelard was what their malice described him to be. Bernard, inflamed against him, condemned unheard the unfortunate scholar. But it is remarkable that the book which was burnt as unorthodox, and as the composition of Abelard, was in fact written by Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris; a work which has since been *canonized* in the Sorbonne, and on which the scholastic theology is founded. The objectionable passage is an illustration of the *Trinity* by the nature of a *syllogism!*—'As (says he) the three propositions of a syllogism form but one truth, so the *Father and Son* constitute but *one essence*. The *major* represents the *Father*, the *minor* the *Son*, and the *conclusion* the *Holy Ghost!*' It is curious to add that Bernard himself has explained this mystical union precisely in the same manner, and equally clear. 'The understanding,' says this saint, 'Is the image of God. We find it consists of three parts: memory, intelligence and will. To *memory*, we attribute all which we know, without cogitation; to *intelligence*, all truths we discover which have not been deposited by *memory*. By *memory*, we resemble the *Father*; by *intelligence* the *Son*, and by *will* the *Holy Ghost*.' Bernard's Lib. de Anima. Cap. I, Num. 6, quoted in the 'Mem. Secretes de la Republique des Lettres.' We may add also, that because Abelard, in the warmth of honest indignation, had reproved the monks of St Denis, in France, and St. Gildas De Ruys, in Bretagne, for the horrid incontinence of their lives, they joined his enemies, and assisted to embitter the life of this ingenious scholar; who perhaps was guilty of no other crime than that of feeling too sensibly an attachment to one who not only possessed the enchanting attractions of the softer sex, but what indeed is very unusual, a congeniality of disposition, and an enthusiasm of imagination.

'Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?'

It appears by a letter of Peter de Cluny to Eloisa, that she had solicited for Abelard's absolution. The abbot gave it to her. It runs thus: 'Ego Petrus Cluniacensis Abbas, qui Petrum Abælardum in monachum Cluniacensum recepi, et corpus ejus furtim delatum Heloissæ abattissæ et moniali Paracleti concessi, auctoritate omnipotentis Dei et omnium sanctorum absolvo eum pro officio ob omnibus peccatis suis.

An ancient chronicle of Tours records that when they deposited the body of the Abbess Eloisa in the tomb of her lover Peter Abelard, who had been there interred twenty years, this faithful husband raised his arms, stretched them, and closely embraced his beloved Eloisa. This poetic fiction was invented to sanctify, by a miracle, the frailties of their youthful days. This is not wonderful:—but it is strange that Du Cheme, the father of French history, not only relates this legendary tale of the ancient chroniclers, but gives it as an incident well authenticated, and maintains its possibility by various other examples. Such fanciful incidents once not only embellished poetry, but enlivened history.

Bayle tells us that *billets doux* and *amorous verses* are two powerful machines to employ in the assaults of love; particularly when the passionate songs the poetical lover composes are sung by himself. This secret was well known to the elegant Abelard. Abelard so touched the sensible heart of Eloisa, and infused such fire into her frame, by employing his *fine pen* and his *fine voice*, that the poor woman never recovered from the attack. She herself informs us that he displayed two qualities which are rarely found in philosophers, and by which he could instantly win the affections of the female;—he *wrote* and *sung* finely. He composed *love-verses* so beautiful, and *songs* so agreeably, as well for the *words* as the *airs*, that all the world got them by heart, and the name of his mistress was spread from province to province.

What a gratification to the enthusiastic, the amorous, the vain Eloisa! of whom Lord Lyttleton in his curious life of Henry II, observes, that had she not been compelled to read the fathers and the legends in a nunnery, but had been suffered to improve her genius by a continual application to polite literature, from what appears in her letters, she would have excelled any man of that age.

Eloisa, I suspect, however, would have proved but a very indifferent polemic. She seems to have had a certain delicacy in her manners which rather belongs to the *fine lady*. We cannot but smile at an observation of hers on the *apostles* which we find in her letters. 'We read that the *apostles*, even in the company of their master, were so *rustic* and *ill bred* that, regardless of common decorum, as they passed through the corn fields they plucked the ears and ate them like children. Nor did they wash their hands before they sat down to table. To eat with unwashed hands, said our Saviour to those who were offended, doth not defile a man.'

It is on the misconception of the mild apologetical reply of Jesus, indeed, that religious fanatics have really considered that to be careless of their dress, and not to free themselves from filth and slovenliness, is an act of piety, just as the late political fanatics, who thought that republicanism consisted in the most offensive filthiness. On this principle, that it is saintlike to go dirty, ragged, and slovenly, says Bishop Lavington, 'enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists,' how *piously* did Whitfield take care of the outward man, who in his journal writes, 'My apparel was mean—thought it unbecoming a penitent to have *powdered hair*—I wore *woolen gloves*, a *patched gown*, and *dirty shoes!*'

After an injury, not less cruel than humiliating, Abelard raises the school of the Paraclete; with what enthusiasm is he followed to that desert! His scholars in crowds hasten to their adored master. They cover their mud sheds with the branches of trees. They do not want to sleep under better roofs, provided they remain by the side of their unfortunate master. How lively must have been their taste for study! It formed their solitary passion, and the love of glory was gratified even in that desert.

The two reprehensible lines in Pope's Eloisa, too celebrated among certain of its readers.

'Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
'No,—make me mistress to the man I love!'

are, however, found in her original letters. The author of that ancient work, 'The Romaunt of the Rose,' has given it thus *naively*: a specimen of the *natural* style in those days.

Se le'empereur, qui est a Rome
Soubz qui doyvent etre tout homme,
Me daignoit prendre pour sa femme,
Et me faire du monde dame;
Si vouldroye-je mieux, dist-elle
Et Dieu en tesmoing en appelle
Etre sa Putaine appellée
Qu'etre emperiere couronnée.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

A very extraordinary physiognomical anecdote has been given by De la Place in his '*Pieces interessantes et peu connues*.' v. i,v p. 8.

A friend assured him that he had seen a voluminous and secret correspondence which had been carried on between Louis XIV, and his favourite physician De la Chambre on this science: the faith of the monarch seems to have been great, and the purpose to which the correspondence tended was extraordinary indeed, and perhaps scarcely credible. Who will believe that Louis XIV was so convinced of that talent which De la Chambre attributed to himself, of deciding merely by the physiognomy of persons not only on the real bent of their character, but to what employment they were adapted, that the king entered into a *secret correspondence* to obtain the critical notices of his *physiognomist?* That Louis XIV should have pursued this system, undetected by his own courtiers, is also singular; but it appears by this correspondence that this art positively swayed him in his choice of officers and favourites. On one of the backs of those letters De la Chambre had written, 'If I die before his majesty, he will incur great risk of making many an unfortunate choice!'

This collection of physiognomical correspondence, if it does really exist, would form a curious publication; we

have heard nothing of it. De la Chambre was an enthusiastic physiognomist, as appears by his works; 'The Characters of the Passions,' four volumes in quarto; 'The Art of knowing Mankind; and 'The Knowledge of Animals:' Lavater quotes his 'Vote and Interest' in favour of his favourite Science. It is, however, curious to add, that Philip, Earl of Pembroke, under James I, had formed a particular collection of Portraits, with a view to physiognomical studies. According to Evelyn on Medals, p. 302, such was his sagacity in discovering the characters and dispositions of men by their countenances, that James I made no little use of his extraordinary talent on the *first arrival of ambassadors at court.*

The following physiological definition of PHYSIOGNOMY is extracted from a publication by Dr Gwither, of the year 1604, which, dropping his history of 'the Animal Spirits,' is curious.

'Soft wax cannot receive more various and numerous impressions than are imprinted on a man's face by *objects* moving his affections: and not only the *objects* themselves have this power, but also the very *images* or *ideas;* that is to say, any thing that puts the animal spirits into the same motion that the *object* present did, will have the same effect with the object. To prove the first, let one observe a man's face looking on a pitiful object, then a ridiculous, then a strange, then on a terrible or dangerous object, and so forth. For the second, that *ideas* have the same effect with the *object*, dreams confirm too often.

'The manner I conceive to be thus: The animal spirits moved in the sensory by an object, continue their motion to the brain; whence the motion is propagated to this or that particular part of the body, as is most suitable to the design of its creation; having first made an alteration in the *face* by its nerves, especially by the *pathetic* and *oculorum motorii* actuating its many muscles, as the dial-plate to that stupendous piece of clock-work which shows what is to be expected next from the striking part. Not that I think the motion of the spirits in the sensory continued by the impression of the object all the way, as from a finger to the foot: I know it too weak, though the tenseness of the nerves favours it. But I conceive it done in the medulla of the brain, where is the common stock of spirits; as in an organ, whose pipes being uncovered, the air rushes into them; but the keys let go, is stopped again. Now, if by repeated acts or frequent entertaining of a favourite idea, of a passion or vice, which natural temperament has hurried one to, or custom dragged, the *face* is so often put into that posture which attends such acts, that the animal spirits find such latent passages into its nerves, that it is sometimes unalterably set: as the *Indian* religious are by long continuing in strange posture in their *pagods.* But most commonly such a habit is contracted, that it falls insensibly into that posture when some present object does not obliterate that more natural impression by a new, or dissimulation hide it.

'Hence it is that we see great *drinkers* with *eyes* generally set towards the nose, the adducent muscles being often employed to let them see their loved liquor in the glass at the time of drinking; which were therefore called *bibitory. Lascivious persons* are remarkable for the *oculorum mobilis petulantia*, as Petronius calls it. From this also we may solve the *Quaker's* expecting face, waiting for the pretended spirit; and the melancholy face of the *sectaries;* the *studious* face of men of great application of mind; revengeful and *bloody* men, like executioners in the act: and though silence in a sort may a while pass for wisdom, yet, sooner or later, Saint Martin peeps through the disguise to undo all. A *changeable face* I have observed to show a *changeable mind.* But I would by no means have what has been said understood as without exception: for I doubt not but sometimes there are found men with great and virtuous souls under very unpromising outsides.'

The great Prince of Conde was very expert in a sort of physiognomy which showed the peculiar habits, motions, and postures of familiar life and mechanical employments. He would sometimes lay wagers with his friends, that he would guess, upon the Point Neuf, what trade persons were of that passed by, from their walk and air.

CHARACTERS DESCRIBED BY MUSICAL NOTES.

The idea of describing characters under the names of Musical Instruments has been already displayed in two most pleasing papers which embellish the *Tatler*, written by Addison. He dwells on this idea with uncommon success. It has been applauded for its *originality;* and in the general preface to that work, those papers are distinguished for their felicity of imagination. The following paper was published in the year 1700, in a volume of 'Philosophical Transactions and Collections,' and the two numbers of Addison in the year 1710. It is probable that this inimitable writer borrowed the seminal hint from this work.

'A conjecture at dispositions from the modulations of the voice.

'Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice, that in ordinary discourse *words* were spoken in perfect *notes;* and that some of the company used *eighths*, some *fifths*, some *thirds*; and that his discourse which was most pleasing, his *words*, as to their tone, consisted most of *concords*, and were of *discords* of such as made up harmony. The same person was the most affable, pleasant, and best natured in the company. This suggests a reason why many discourses which one *hears* with much pleasure, when they come to be *read* scarcely seem the same things.

'From this difference of MUSIC in SPEECH, we may conjecture that of TEMPERS. We know, the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian, buxomness and freedom; the Æolic, sweet stillness and quiet composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic is a stiller of storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may not we reasonably suppose that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods, are likewise in nature hereunto congenerous? *C Fa ut* may show me to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition. *G Sol re ut*, to be peevish and effeminate. *Flats*, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who hath a voice which will in some measure agree with all *cliffs*, to be of good parts, and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the TIMES; so *semibriefs* may speak a temper dull and phlegmatic; *minums*, grave and serious; *crotchets*, a prompt wit; *quavers*, vehemency of passion, and scolds use them. *Semi-brief-rest*, may denote one either stupid or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; *minum-rest*, one that deliberates; *crotchet-rest*, one in a passion. So that from the natural use of MOOD, NOTE, and TIME, we may collect DISPOSITIONS.'

MILTON.

It is painful to observe the acrimony which the most eminent scholars have infused frequently in their controversial writings. The politeness of the present times has in some degree softened the malignity of the man, in the dignity of the author, but this is by no means an irrevocable law.

It is said not to be honourable to literature to revive such controversies; and a work entitled 'Querelles Litteraires,' when it first appeared, excited loud murmurs. But it has its moral; like showing the drunkard to a youth that he may turn aside disgusted with ebriety. Must we suppose that men of letters are exempt from the human passions? Their sensibility, on the contrary, is more irritable than that of others. To observe the ridiculous attitudes in which great men appear, when they employ the style of the fish-market, may be one great means of restraining that ferocious pride often breaking out in the republic of letters. Johnson at least appears to have entertained the same opinion; for he thought proper to republish the low invective of *Dryden* against *Settle:* and since I have published my 'Quarrels of Authors,' it becomes me to say no more.

The celebrated controversy of *Salmasius* continued by Morus with Milton—the first the pleader of King Charles, the latter the advocate of the people—was of that magnitude, that all Europe took a part in the paper-war of these two great men. The answer of Milton, who perfectly massacred Salmasius, is now read but by the few. Whatever is addressed to the times, however great may be its merit, is doomed to perish with the times; yet on these pages the philosopher will not contemplate in vain.

It will form no uninteresting article to gather a few of the rhetorical *weeds*, for *flowers* we cannot well call them, with which they mutually presented each other. Their rancour was at least equal to their erudition, the two most learned antagonists of a learned age!

Salmasius was a man of vast erudition, but no taste. His writings are learned; but sometimes ridiculous. He called his work *Defensio Regia*, Defence of Kings. The opening of this work provokes a laugh. 'Englishmen! who toss the heads of kings as so many tennis-balls; who play

with crowns as if they were bowls; who look upon sceptors as so many crooks.'

That the deformity of the body is an idea we attach to the deformity of the mind, the vulgar must acknowledge; but surely it is unpardonable in the enlightened philosopher thus to compare the crookedness of corporeal matter with the rectitude of the intellect: yet Melbourne and Dennis, the last, a formidable critic, have frequently considered, that comparing Dryden and Pope to whatever the eye turned from with displeasure was very good argument to lower their literary abilities. Salmasius seems also to have entertained this idea, though his spies in England gave him wrong information; or, possibly, he only drew the figure of his own distempered imagination.

Salmasius sometimes reproaches Milton as being but a puny piece of man; an humunculus, a dwarf deprived of the human figure, a bloodless being composed of nothing but skin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys; and sometimes elevating the ardour of his mind into a poetic frenzy, he applies to him the words of Virgil, '*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*' Our great poet thought this senseless declamation merited a serious refutation; perhaps he did not wish to appear despicable in the eyes of the ladies; and he would not be silent on the subject, he says, lest any one should consider him as the credulous Spaniards are made to believe by their priests, that a heretic is a kind of rhinoceros or a dog-headed monster. Milton says, that he does not think any one ever considered him as unbeautiful; that his size rather approaches mediocrity than the diminutive; that he still felt the same courage and the same strength which he possessed when young, when, with his sword, he felt no difficulty to combat with men more robust than himself; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, was sufficiently creditable to him; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was in all other respects ten years younger. And very pathetically he adds, 'that even his eyes, blind as they are, are unblemished in their appearance; in this instance alone, and much against my inclination, I am a deceiver!'

Morus, in his Epistle dedicatory of his *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*, compares Milton to a hangman; his disordered vision to the blindness of his soul, and vomits forth his venom.

When Salmasius found that his strictures on the person of Milton were false, and that on the contrary it was uncommonly beautiful, he then turned his battery against those graces with which Nature had so liberally adorned his adversary. And it is now that he seems to have laid no restriction on his pen; but raging with the irritation of Milton's success, he throws out the blackest calumnies, and the most infamous aspersions.

It must be observed, when Milton first proposed to answer Salmasius he had lost the use of one of his eyes; and his physicians declared, that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close for ever! His patriotism was not to be baffled but with life itself. Unhappily, the predictions of his physicians took place! Thus a learned man in the occupations of study falls blind; a circumstance even now not read without sympathy. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule and satiric severity.

Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles! He does not now reproach him with natural deformities; but he malignantly sympathizes with him, that he now no more is in possession of that beauty which rendered him so amiable during his residence in *Italy*. He speaks more plainly in a following page; and in a word, would blacken the austere virtues of Milton with a crime too infamous to name.

Impartiality of criticism obliges us to confess that Milton was not destitute of rancour. When he was told that his adversary boasted he had occasioned the loss of his eyes, he answered, with the ferocity of the irritated puritan—'*And I shall cost him his life!*' A prediction which was soon after verified: for Christina, Queen of Sweden, withdrew her patronage from Salmasius, and sided with Milton. The universal neglect the proud scholar felt, hastened his death in the course of a twelvemonth.

How the greatness of Milton's mind was degraded! He actually condescended to enter in a correspondence in Holland to obtain little scandalous anecdotes of his miserable adversary Morus, and deigned to adulate the unworthy Christina of Sweden, because she had expressed herself favourably on his 'Defence.' Of late years we have had but too many instances of this worst of passions; the antipathies of politics!

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazzettas* was perhaps derived from *gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer; or more probably from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *gazetta*, which was the common price of the newspapers. Another etymologist is for deriving it from the Latin *gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *gazetta*, and signify a little treasury of news. The Spanish derive it from the Latin *gaza*, and likewise their *gazatero* and our *gazetteer* for a writer of the *gazette*, and what is peculiar to themselves, *gazetista*, for a lover of the gazette.

Newspapers then took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one, and only monthly; but it was merely the newspaper of the government. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name; from a solitary government gazette, an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us.

Mr George Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, gives a curious particular of these Venetian gazettes. 'A jealous government did not allow a printed newspaper: and the Venetian *gazetta* continued long after the invention of printing to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript*.' In the Magliabechian library at Florence are thirty volumes of Venetian gazettas all in manuscript.

Those who first wrote newspapers, were called by the Italians *menanti*; because, says Vossius, they intended commonly by these loose papers to spread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII, by a particular bull, under the name of *menantes*, from the Latin *minantes*, threatening. Menage, however, derives it from the Italian *menare*, which signifies to lead at large, or spread afar.

Mr Chalmers discovers in England the first newspaper. It may gratify national pride, says he, to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper. The epoch of the Spanish Armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British Museum are several newspapers which were printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. The earliest newspaper is entitled 'The English Mercurie,' which by *authority* 'was imprinted at London by her highnesses printer, 1588.' These were, however, but extraordinary gazettes, not regularly published. In this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great statesman Burleigh, who to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract of a letter from Madrid which speaks of putting the queen to death, and the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet.

Mr Chalmers has exultingly taken down these patriarchal newspapers, covered with the dust of two centuries.

The first newspaper in the collection of the British Museum is marked No 50, and is in Roman, not in black letter. It contains the usual articles of news like the London Gazette of the present day. In that curious paper, there are news dated from Whitehall, on the 23d July, 1588. Under the date of July 26 there is the following notice: 'Yesterday the Scots ambassador being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the king his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interests, and to those of the protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spiritual saying of this young prince (he was twenty-two) to the queen's minister at his court, viz. That all the favour he did expect from the Spaniards was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, *to be the last devoured*. Mr Chalmers defies the gazetteer of the present day to give a more decorous account of the introduction of a foreign minister. The aptness of King James' classical saying carried it from the newspaper into history. I must add, that in respect to his *wit* no man has been more injured than this monarch. More pointed sentences are recorded of James I than perhaps of any prince, and yet, such is the delusion of that medium by which the popular eye sees things in this world, that he is usually

considered as a mere royal pedant. I have entered more largely on this subject in an 'Inquiry of the literary and political character of James First.'

From one of these 'Mercuries' Mr Chalmers has given some advertisements of books, which run much like those of the present times, and exhibit a picture of the literature of those days. All these publications were 'imprinted and sold' by the queen's printers, Field and Barker.

1st. An admonition to the people of England, wherein are answered the slanderous untruths reproachfully uttered by *Mar-prelate*, and others of his brood, against the bishops and chief of the clergy.*

2dly. The copy of a letter sent to Don Bernardin Mendoza, ambassador in France, for the king of Spain; declaring the state of England, &c. The second edition.

3dly. An exact journal of all passages at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. By an eye-witness.

4thly. Father Parson's coat well dusted; or short and pithy animadversions on that infamous fardle of abuse and falsities, entitled *Leicester's Commonwealth*.*

5thly. *Elizabethe Triumphans*, an heroic poem by James Aske; with a declaration how her excellence was entertained at the royal course at Tilbury, and of the overthrow of the Spanish fleet.

Periodical papers seem first to have been more generally used by the English, during the civil wars of the usurper Cromwell, to disseminate amongst the people the sentiments of royalty or rebellion, according as their authors were disposed. *Peter Heylin* in the preface to his *Cosmography* mentions, that 'the affairs of each town or war were better presented to the reader in the *Weekly News-books*.' Hence we find some papers entitled News from Hull, Truths from York, Warranted Tidings from Ireland, &c. We find also 'The Scot's Dove' opposed to 'The Parliament Kite,' or 'The Secret Owl.'—Keener animosities produced keener titles: 'Heraclitus ridens' found an antagonist in 'Democritus ridens,' and 'The weekly Discoverer' was shortly met by 'The discoverer stript naked.' 'Mercurius Britannicus' was grappled by Mercurius Mastix, faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and others.' Under all these names papers had appeared, but a Mercury was the prevailing title of these 'News-Books,' and the principles of the writer were generally shown by the additional epithet. We find an alarming number of these Mercuries, which, were the story not too long to tell, might excite some laughter; they present us with a very curious picture of those singular times.

Devoted to political purposes they soon became a public nuisance by serving as receptacles of party malice, and echoing to farthest ends of the kingdom the insolent voice of all factions. They set the minds of men more at variance, inflamed their tempers to a greater fierceness, and gave a keener edge to the sharpness of civil discord.

Such works will always find adventurers adapted to their scurrilous purposes, who neither want at times, either talents, or boldness, or wit, or argument. A vast crowd issued from the press, and are now to be found in a few private collections. They form a race of authors unknown to most readers of these times; the names of some of their chiefs however have just reached us, and in the minor chronicle of domestic literature I rank these notable heroes; Marchamont Needham, Sir John Birkenhead, and Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Marchamont Needham, the great patriarch of newspaper writers, was a man of versatile talents and more versatile politics; a bold adventurer, and most successful, because the most profligate of his tribe. We find an ample account of him in Anthony Wood. From college he came to London: was an usher in Merchant Taylor's school; then an under clerk in Gray's Inn; at length studied physic, and practised chemistry; and finally he was a captain, and in the words of honest Anthony, 'siding with the rout and scum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble, in his Intelligence, called Mercurius Britannicus, wherein his endeavours were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the king himself, to the beast with many heads.' He soon became popular, and was known under the name of Captain Needham of Gray's Inn; and whatever he now wrote was deemed oracular. But whether from a slight imprisonment for aspersing Charles I, or some pique with his own party; he requested an audience on his knees with the king; reconciled himself to his majesty, and showed himself a violent royalist in his 'Mecurius Pragmaticus,' and galled the presbyterians with his wit and quips. Some time after, when the popular party prevailed, he was still further enlightened, and was got over by President Bradshaw, as easily as by Charles I. Our Mercurial writer became once more a virulent presbyterian, and lashed the royalists outrageously in his 'Mercurius Politicus;' at length on the return of Charles II, being now conscious, says our friend Anthony, that he might be in danger of the halter, once more he is said to have fled into Holland, waiting for an act of oblivion. For money given to a hungry courtier, Needham obtained his pardon under the great seal. He latterly practised as a physician among his party, but lived universally hated by the royalists, and now only committed harmless treasons with the College of Physicians, on whom he poured all that gall and vinegar which the government had suppressed from flowing through its natural channel.

The royalists were not without their Needham in the prompt activity of Sir John Birkenhead. In buffoonery, keenness, and boldness, havingbeen frequently imprisoned, he was not inferior, nor was he at times less an adventurer. His Mercurius Aulicus was devoted to the court, then at Oxford. But he was the fertile parent of numerous political pamphlets, which appears to abound in banter, wit, and satire. He had a promptness to seize on every temporary circumstance, and a facility in execution. His 'Paul's Church Yard' is a bantering pamphlet, containing fictitious titles of books and acts of parliament, reflecting on the mad reformers of these times. One of his poems is entitled '*The Jolt*,' being written on the Protector having fallen off his own coach-box: Cromwell had received a present from the German Count Oldenburgh, of six German horses, and attempted to drive them himself in Hyde Park, when this great political Phaeton met the accident, of which Sir John Birkenhead was not slow to comprehend the benefit, and hints how unfortunately for the country it turned out! Sir John was during the dominion of Cromwell an author by profession. After various imprisonments for his majesty's cause, says the venerable historian of English literature, already quoted, 'he lived by his wits, in helping young gentlemen out at dead lifts in making poems, songs, and epistles on and to their mistresses; as also in translating, and other petite employments.' He lived however after the Restoration to become one of the masters of requests, with a salary of 3000*l* a year. But he showed the baseness of his spirit, (says Anthony,) by slighting those who had been his benefactors in his necessities.

Sir *Roger L'Estrange* among his rivals was esteemed as the most perfect model of political writing. The temper of the man was factious, and the compositions of the author seem to us coarse, yet I suspect they contain much idiomatic expression. His Æsop's Fables are a curious specimen of familiar style. Queen Mary showed a due contempt of him after the Revolution, by this anagram;

Roger L'Estrange.
Lie strange Roger!

Such were the three patriarchs of newspapers. De Saint Foix, in his curious *Essais historiques sur Paris*, gives the origin of newpapers to France. Renaudot, a physician at Paris, to amuse his patients was a great collector of news; and he found by these means that he was more sought after than his more learned brethren. But as the seasons were not always sickly, and he had many hours not occupied by his patients, he reflected, after several years of assiduity given up to this singular employment, that he might turn it to a better account, by giving every week to his patients, who in this case were the public at large, some fugitive sheets which should contain the news of various countries. He obtained a privilege for this purpose in 1632.

At the Restoration the proceedings of parliament were interdicted to be published, unless by authority; and the first daily paper after the Revolution took the popular title of 'The Orange Intelligencer.'

In the reign of Queen *Anne*, there was but one daily paper: the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects, and others topics of a more general speculation. Sir *Richard Steele* formed the plan of his

* I have written the history of the Mar-prelate faction, in 'Quarrels of Authors,' which our historians appears not to have known. The materials were suppressed by government, and not preserved even in our national depositories.

† A curious secret history of the Earl of Leicester, by the Jesuit Parson.

Tatler. He designed it to embrace the three provinces, of manners and morals, of literature, and of politics. The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a tract from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the chaster genius of *Addison* to banish this painful topic from his elegant pages. The writer in polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the diurnal narrator of political events, which so frequently originate in rumours and party fiction. From this time, newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works—at present, there seems to be an attempt to revive this union; it is a retrograde step for the independent dignity of literature.

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

The strange trials to which those suspected of guilt were put in the middle ages, conducted with many devout ceremonies, by the ministers of religion, were pronounced to be the *judgments of God!* The ordeal consisted of various kinds: walking blindfold amidst burning ploughshares passing through fires; holding in the hand a red hot bar; and plunging the arm into boiling water: the popular affirmation,—'I will put my hand into the fire to confirm this,' appears to be derived from this solemn custom of our rude ancestors. Challenging the accuser to single combat, when frequently the stoutest champion was allowed to supply their place; swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread; sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft; or weighing a witch: stretching out the arms before the cross, till the champion soonest wearied dropped his arms, and lost his estate, which was decided by this very short chancery suit, called the *judicium crucis*. The bishop of Paris and the abbot of St Denis disputed about the patronage of a monastery: Pepin the short, not being able to decide on their confused claims, decreed one of these judgments of God, that of the cross. The bishop and abbot each chose a man, and both the men appeared in the chapel, where they stretched out their arms in the form of a cross. The spectators, more devout than the mob of the present day, but still the mob, were piously attentive, but *betted* however now for one man, now for the other, and critically watched the slightest motion of the arms. The bishop's man was first tired:—he let his arms fall, and ruined his patron's cause forever! Though sometimes these trials might be eluded by the artifice of the priest, numerous were the innocent victims who unquestionably suffered in these superstitious practices.

From the tenth to the twelfth century they were very common. Hildebert, bishop of Mans, being accused of high treason by our William Rufus, was preparing to undergo one of these trials; when Ives, bishop of Chartres, convinced him that they were against the canons of the constitutions of the church, and adds, that in this manner *Innocentiam defendere, est innocentiam perdere*.

An abbot of St Aubin of Angers in 1066, having refused to present a horse to the Viscount of Tours, which the viscount claimed in right of his lordship, whenever an abbot first took possession of that abbey: the ecclesiastic offered to justify himself by the trial of the ordeal, or by duel, for which he proposed to furnish a man. The viscount at first agreed to the duel; but, reflecting that these combats, though sanctioned by the church, depended wholly on the skill or vigour of the adversary, and could therefore afford no substantial proof of the equity of his claim, he proposed to compromise the matter in a manner which strongly characterizes the times: he waived his claim, on condition that the abbot should not forget to mention in his prayers, himself, his wife, and his brothers! As the *orisons* appeared to the abbot, in comparison with the *horse*, of little or no value, he accepted the proposal.

In the tenth century the right of representation was not fixed: it was a question, whether the sons of a son ought to be reckoned among the children of the family; and succeed equally with their uncles, if their fathers happened to die while their grandfathers survived. This point was decided by one of these combats. The champion in behalf of the right of children to represent their deceased father proved victorious. It was then established by a perpetual decree that they should henceforward share in the inheritance, together with their uncles. In the eleventh century the same mode was practised to decide respecting two rival *Liturgies!* A pair of knights, clad in complete armour, were the critics to decide which was the authentic and true Liturgy.

If two neighbours, say the capitularies of Dagobert, dispute respecting the boundaries of their possessions, let a piece of turf of the contested land be dug up by the judge, and brought by him into the court, and the two parties shall touch it with the points of their swords, calling on God as a witness of their claims;—after this let them *combat*, and let victory decide on their rights!

In Germany, a solemn circumstance was practised in these judicial combats. In the midst of the lists, they placed a *bier*.—By its side stood the accuser and the accused; one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier, and leaned there for some time in profound silence, before they began the combat.

Mr Ellis, in his elegant preface to Way's Fabliaux, shows how faithfully the manners of the age are painted in these ancient tales, by observing the judicial combat introduced by a writer of the fourteenth century, who in his poem represents Pilate as challenging Jesus Christ to *single combat*, and another who describes the person who pierced the side of Christ as *a knight who jousted with Jesus*.

Judicial combat appears to have been practised by the Jews. Whenever the rabbins had to decide on a dispute about property between two parties, neither of which could produce evidence to substantiate his claim they terminated it by single combat. The rabbins were impressed by a notion that conciousness of right would give additional confidence and strength to the rightful possessor. This appears in the recent sermon of a rabbin. It may, however, be more philosophical to observe that such judicial combats were more frequently favourable to the criminal than to the innocent, because the bold wicked man is usually more ferocious and hardy than he whom he singles out as his victim, and who only wishes to preserve his own quiet enjoyments—in this case the assailant is the more terrible combatant.

In these times those who were accused of robbery were put to trial by a piece of barley-bread, on which the mass had been said; and if they could not swallow it they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the *bread* a slice of *cheese*; and such were their credulity and firm dependence on Heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in this holy *bread* and *cheese* called the *corsned*. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May.

Du Cange observes, that the expression—'*May this piece of bread choke me!*' comes from this custom. The anecdote of Earl Godwin's death by swallowing a piece of bread, in making this asseveration, is recorded in our history. If it be true, it was a singular misfortune.

Amongst the proofs of guilt in superstitious ages was that of the *bleeding of a corpse*. If a person was murdered, it was believed that at the touch or approach of the murderer the blood gushed out of the body in various parts. By the side of the bier, if the slightest change was observable in the eyes, the mouth, feet, or hands of the corpse, the murderer was conjectured to be present, and many innocent spectators must have suffered death; 'for when a body is full of blood, warmed by a sudden external heat and a putrefaction coming on, some of the blood-vessels will burst, as they will all in time.' This practice was once allowed in England, and is still looked on in some of the uncivilized parts of these kingdoms as a detection of the criminal. It forms a rich picture in the imagination of our old writers; and their histories and ballads are laboured into pathos by dwelling on this phenomenon.

Robertson observes that all these absurd institutions were cherished from the superstitions of the age believing the legendary histories of those saints, who crowd and disgrace the Roman calender. These fabulous miracles had been declared authentic by the bills of the popes and the decrees of councils; they were greedily swallowed by the populace; and whoever believed that the Supreme Being had interposed miraculously on those trivial occasions mentioned in legends, could not but expect his intervention in matters of greater importance when solemnly referred to his decision. Besides this ingenious remark, the fact is, that these customs were a substitute for written laws which that barbarous period had not; and as no society can exist without *laws*, the ignorance of the people had recourse to these *customs*, which, bad and absurd as they were, served to close controversies which otherwise might have given birth to more destructive practices. Ordeals are in truth the rude laws of a barbarous people who have not yet obtained a written code, and not advanced enough in civiliza-

tion to enter into the refined inquiries, the subtile distinctions and elaborate investigations, which a court of law demands.

May we suppose that these ordeals owe their origin to that one of Moses, called the 'Waters of Jealousy?' The Greeks likewise had ordeals, for in the Antigonus of Sophocles, the soldiers offer to prove their innocence by handling red-hot iron, and walking between fires. One cannot but smile at the whimsical ordeals of the Siamese. Among other practices to discover the justice of a cause, civil or criminal, they are particularly attached to using certain consecrated purgative pills, which they make the contending parties swallow. He who *retains* them longest gains his cause! The practice of giving Indians a consecrated grain of rice to swallow is know to discover the thief, in any company, by the contortions and dismay evident on the countenance of the real thief.

But to return to the middle ages. They were acquainted in those times with *secrets* to pass unhurt these singular trials. Voltaire mentions one for undergoing the ordeal of boiling water. Our late travellers in the east have confirmed this statement. The Mevleheh dervises can hold red hot iron between their teeth. Such artifices have been often publicly exhibited at Paris and London. Mr Sharon Turner observes on the ordeals of the Anglo Saxons, that the hand was not to be immediately inspected, and was left to the chance of a good constitution to be so far healed during three days (the time they required it to be bound up and sealed, before it was examined) as to discover those appearances when inspected, which were allowed to be satisfactory. There was likewise much preparatory training suggested by the more experienced; besides, the accused had an opportunity of *going alone into the church*, and making *terms* with the *priests*. The few *spectators* were always *distant*; and cold iron, &c, might be substituted, and the fire diminished at the moment, &c.

Doubtless they possessed these secrets and medicaments, which they had at hand, to pass through these trials in perfect security. Camerarius, in his 'Horæ Subsecivæ,' gives an anecdote of these times which may serve to show their readiness. A rivalship existed between the Austin friars and the Jesuits. The father general of the Austin friars was dining with the Jesuits; and when the table was removed, he entered into a formal discourse of the superiority of the monastic order, and charged the Jesuits in unqualified terms, with assuming the title of 'fratres,' while they held not the three vows, which other monks were obliged to consider as sacred and binding. The general of the Austin friars was very eloquent and very authoritative;—and the superior of the Jesuits was very unlearned, but not half a fool.

He did not care to enter the list of controversy with the Austin friar, but arrested his triumph by asking him if he would see one of his friars, who pretended to be nothing more than a Jesuit, and one of the Austin friars who religiously performed the aforesaid three vows, show instantly which of them would be the readier to obey his superiors? The Austin friar consented. The Jesuit then turning to one of his brothers, the holy friar Mark, who was waiting on them, said, 'Brother Mark, our companions are cold. I command you, in virtue of the holy obedience you have sworn to me, to bring here instantly out of the kitchen fire, and in your hands, some burning coals, that they may warm themselves over your hands.' Father Mark instantly obeys, and to the astonishment of the Austin friars, brought in his hand a supply of red burning coals, and held them to whoever chose to warm himself; and at the command of his superior returned them to the kitchen hearth. The general of the Austin friars, with the rest of his brotherhood, stood amazed; he looked wistfully on one of his monks, as if he wished to command him to do the like.—But the Austin monk, who perfectly understood him, and saw this was not a time to hesitate, observed,—'Reverend father, forbear, and do not command me to tempt God! I am ready to fetch you fire in a chafing dish, but not in my bare hands.' The triumph of the Jesuits was complete; and it is not necessary to add, that the *miracle* was noised about, and that the Austin friars could never account for it, notwithstanding their strict performance of the three vows!

INQUISITION.

Innocent the Third, a pope as enterprising as he was successful in his enterprises, having sent Dominic with some missionaries into Languedoc, these men so irritated the heretics they were sent to convert, that most of them were assasinated at Toulouse in the year 1200. He called in the aid of temporal arms, and published against them a crusade, granting, as was usual with the popes on similar occasions, all kind of indulgences and pardons to those who should arm against the *Mahometans*, so he styled these unfortunate men. Once all were Turks when they were not catholics! Raymond, Count of Toulouse, was constrained to submit. The inhabitants were passed on the edge of the sword, without distinction of age or sex. It was then he established that scourge of Europe. The Inquisition: for having considered that though all might be compelled to submit by arms, numbers might remain who would profess particular dogmas, he established this sanguinary tribunal solely to inspect into all families, and inquire concerning all persons who they imagined were unfriendly to the interests of Rome. Dominic did so much by his persecuting inquiries, that he firmly established the inquisition at Toulouse.

Not before the year 1484 it became known in Spain.—To another Dominican, John de Torquemada, the court of Rome owed this obligation. As he was the confessor of Queen Isabella, he had extorted from her a promise that if ever she ascended the throne, she would use every means to extirpate heresy and heretics. Ferdinand had conquered Granada, and had expelled from the Spanish realm multitudes of unfortunate Moors. A few remained, whom, with the Jews, he compelled to become Christians: they, at least assumed the name; but it was well known that both these nations naturally respected their own faith, rather than that of the Christian. This race was afterwards distinguished as *Christianos Novos:* and in forming marriages, the blood of the Hidalgo was considered to lose its purity by mingling with such a suspicious source.

Torquemada pretended that this dissimulation would greatly hurt the interests of the holy religion. The queen listened with respectful diffidence to her confessor; and at length gained over the king to consent to the establishment of this unrelenting tribunal. Torquemada, indefatigable in his zeal for the holy seat, in the space of fourteen years that he exercised the office of chief inquisitor, is said to have prosecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames!

Voltaire attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the universal horror such proceedings spread. 'A general jealousy and suspicion took possession of all ranks of people: friendship and sociability were at an end! Brothers were afraid of brothers, fathers of their children.

The situations and the feelings of one imprisoned in the cells of the inquisition are forcibly painted by Orobio, a mild, and meek, and learned man, whose controversy with Limborch is well known. When he escaped from Spain he took refuge in Holland, was circumcised, and died a philosophical Jew. He has left this admirable description of himself in the cell of the inquisition. 'Inclosed in this dungeon I could not even find space enough to turn myself about; I suffered so much that I felt my brain disordered. I frequently asked myself, am I really Don Bathazaar Orobio, who used to walk about Seville at my pleasure, who so much enjoyed myself with my wife and children? I often imagined that all my life had only been a dream, and that I really had been born in this dungeon! The only amusement I could invent was metaphysical disputations. I was at once opponent, respondent, and praeses!'

In the cathedral at Saragossa is the tomb of a famous inquisitor; six pillars surrounded his tomb, to each is chained a Moor, as preparatory to his being burnt. On this St Foix ingeniously observes, 'If ever the Jack Ketch of any country should be rich enough to have a splendid tomb, this might serve as an excellent model.'

The inquisition, as Bayle informs us, punished heretics by *fire*, to elude the maxim, *Ecclesia non novit sanguinem:* for, burning a man, say they, does not *shed his blood!* Otho, the bishop at the Norman invasion, in the tapestry worked by Matilda the queen of William the Conqueror, is represented with a *mace* in his hand, for the purpose, that when he *despatched* his antagonist, he might not *spill blood*, but only break his bones! Religion has had her quibbles as well as law.

The establishment of this despotic order was resisted in France; but it may perhaps surprise the reader that a recorder of London in a speech urged the necessity of sitting up an inquisition in England! It was on the trial of Penn the quaker, in 1670, who was acquitted by the jury,

which seems highly to have provoked the said recorder, *Magna Charta*,' writes the prefacer to the trial, 'with the recorder of London, is nothing more than *Magna F——*!' It appears that the jury after being kept two days and two nights to change their verdict, were in the end both fined and imprisoned. Sir John Howell, the recorder, said, 'Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the inquisition among them; and certainly it will not be well with us, till something *like unto the Spanish inquisition be in England*.'—Thus it will ever be, while both parties struggling for the pre-eminence, rush to the sharp extremity of things, and annihilate the trembling balance of the constitution. But the adopted motto of Lord Erskine must ever be that of every Briton, '*Trial by Jury*.'

So late as the year 1761, Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of seventy was burnt by these evangelical executioners.—His trial was printed at Amsterdam, 1762, from the Lisbon copy. And for what was this unhappy Jesuit condemned? Not, as some have imagined, for his having been concerned in a conspiracy against the king of Portugal. No other charge is laid to him in this trial, but that of having indulged certain heretical notions, which any other tribunal but that of the inquisition would have looked upon as the delirious fancies of an old fanatic. Will posterity believe that in the eighteenth century an aged visionary was led to the stake for having said, amongst other extravagances, that 'The Holy Virgin having commanded him to write the life of Anti-Christ, told him that he, Malagrida, was a second John, but more clear than John the Evangelist: that there were to be three Anti-Christs, and that the last should be born at Milan, of a monk and a nun, in the year 1920; and that he would marry Proserpine, one of the infernal furies?'

For such ravings as these the unhappy old man was burnt in recent times. Granger assures us that in his remembrance a *horse* that had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c, by significant tokens, was, together with his *owner*, put into the inquisition for *both* of them dealing with the devil! A man of letters declared that, having fallen into their hands, nothing perplexed him so much as the ignorance o: the inquisitor and his council; and it seemed very doubtful whether they had read even the scriptures.

One of the most interesting anecdotes relating to the terrible inquisition, exemplifying how the use of the diabolical engines of torture force men to confess crimes they have not been guilty of, is related by a Portuguese gentleman.

A nobleman in Lisbon having heard that his physician and friend was imprisoned by the inquisition, under the stale pretext of Judaism, addressed a letter to one of them to request his freedom, assuring the inquisitor that his friend was as orthodox a christian as himself. The physician, notwithstanding this high recommendation, was put to the torture; and, as was usually the case, at the height of his sufferings confessed every thing they wished. This enraged the nobleman, and feigning a dangerous illness, he begged the inquisitor would come to give him his last spiritual aid.

As soon as the Dominican arrived, the lord, who had prepared his confidential servants, commanded the inquisitor in their presence to acknowledge himself a Jew, to write his confession, and to sign it. On the refusal of the inquisitor the nobleman ordered his people to put on the inquisitor's head a red hot helmet, which to his astonishment in drawing aside a screen, he beheld glowing in a small furnace. At the sight of this new instrument of torture, 'Luke's iron crown,' the monk wrote and subscribed the abhorred confession. The nobleman then observed, 'See now the enormity of your manner of proceeding with unhappy men! My poor physician, like you, has confessed Judaism; but with this difference, only torments have forced that from him, which fear alone has drawn from you!'

The inquisition has not failed of receiving its due praises. Macedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, has discovered the 'Origin of the *Inquisition*' in the terrestrial Paradise, and presumes to allege, that God was the first who began the functions of an *inquisitor* over Cain and the workmen of Babel! Macedo, however is not so dreaming a personage as he appears; for he obtained a professor's chair at Panda for the arguments he delivered at Venice against the pope, which were published by the title of 'The literary Roarings of the Lion at St Mark;' besides he is the author of 109 different works; but it is curious to observe how far our interest is apt to prevail over our conscience,—Macedo praised the Inquisition up to heaven, while he sank the pope to nothing!

Among the great revolutions of this age, and since the last edition of these volumes, the inquisition in Spain and Portugal is abolished—but its history enters into that of the human mind; and the history of the inquisition by Limborch, translated by Chandler, with a very curious 'Introduction,' loses none of its value with the philosophical mind. This monstrous tribunal of human opinions aimed at the sovereignty of the intellectual world without intellect.

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

The philosophical compiler of *L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*, has arranged the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat: he fears that another with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. The ideas of witchcraft are also widely spread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown among their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian islander, another reason may be alleged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or in dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured that, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

Savages, (say Montaigne) when they eat, '*S'essuyent les doigts aux cuisses, à la bourse des génitoires, et à la plante des pieds*.' We cannot forbear exulting in the polished convenience of napkins!

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, and forks: every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheitans, who are naturally sociable, and very gentle in their manners, feed separately from each other.—At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity. It became a habit, which subsisted even when the fountain was near to them. A people transplanted, observes our ingenious philosopher, preserve in another climate modes of living which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, men wish to show their confidence to their friends: they treat their guests as relations; and it is said that in China the master of the house to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press

him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth, then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamschatkan, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of clothes or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of him whom he had handsomely regaled, in that case the guest would take possession of his cabin, till he had the presents returned to him which the other had in so singular a manner obtained.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alleged. It is meant to put the person to a trial, whose friendship is sought. The Kamschatdale, who is at the expense of the fires, and the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an insupportable degree; and for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shows, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. The most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to understand them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamschatkan kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out '*Tana!*'—There! and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. After their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

MONARCHS.

Saint Chrysostom has this very acute observation on *kings:* many monarchs are infected with the strange wish that their successors may turn out bad princes. Good kings, desire it, as they imagine, continues this pious politician, that their glory will appear the more splendid by the contrast: and the bad desire it, as they consider such kings will serve to countenance their own misdemeanors.

Princes, says Gracian, are willing to be *aided*, but not *surpassed;* which maxim is thus illustrated.

A Spanish lord having frequently played at chess with Philip II, and won all the games, perceived, when his majesty rose from play, that he was much ruffled with chagrin. The lord when he returned home, said to his family,—'My children, we have nothing more to do at court; there we must expect no favour; for the king is offended at my having won of him every game of chess.'—As chess entirely depends on the genius of the players, and not on fortune, King Philip the chess player conceived he ought to suffer no rival.

This appears still clearer by the anecdote told of the Earl of Sunderland, minister to George I, who was partial to the game of chess. He once played with the Laird of Cluny, and the learned Cunningham, the editor of Horace. Cunningham with too much skill and too much sincerity, beat his lordship. 'The Earl was so fretted at his superiority and surliness, that he dismissed him without any reward. Cluny allowed himself sometimes to be beaten; and by that means got his pardon, with something handsome besides.'

In the criticon of Gracian, there is a singular anecdote relative to kings.

A great Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised, as they were doubtful at first whether the *porter* could be his *majesty*. At length they ventured to express their complaints, that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employ. His majesty having heard, answered them,—'Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here: the weightiest is but a straw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect whom you choose. For me, who am so well, it were madness to return to *court*.' Another Polish king, who succeeded this philosophic *monarch* and *porter*, when they placed the sceptre in his hand, exclaimed,—'I had rather manage an *oar!*' The vacillating fortunes of the Polish monarchy present several of these anecdotes; their monarchs appear to have frequently been philosophers; and as the world is made, an excellent philosopher proves but an indifferent king.

Two observations on kings were made to a courtier with great *naiveté* by that experienced politician the Duke of Alva.—'Kings who affect to be familiar with their companions make use of *men* as they do of *oranges* they take oranges to extract their juice; and when they are well sucked they throw them away. Take care the king does not do the same to you; be careful that he does not read all your thoughts; otherwise he will throw you aside to the back of his chest, as a book of which he has read enough. 'The squeezed orange,' the king of Prussia applied in his dispute with Voltaire.

When it was suggested to Dr Johnson that kings must be unhappy because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society, he observed that 'this was an ill-founded notion. Being a king does not exclude a man from such society. Great kings have always been social. The king of Prussia, the only great king at present, (this was the great Frederic) is very social. Charles the Second, the last king of England who was a man of parts, was social; our Henrys and Edwards were all social.'

The Marquis of Halifax in his character of Charles II, has exhibited a *trait* in the Royal character of a good-natured monarch; that *trait*, is *sauntering*. I transcribe this curious observation, which introduces us into a levee.

'There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed amongst his mistresses, who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called Sauntering, was the sultana queen he delighted in.

'The thing called sauntering is a stronger temptation to princes than it is to others. The being galled with importunities, pursued from one room to another with asking faces; the dismal sound of unreasonable complaints and ill-grounded pretences: the deformity of fraud ill-disguised:—all those would make any man run away from them, and I used to think it was the motive for making him walk so fast.'

OF THE TITLES OF ILLUSTRIOUS, HIGHNESS, AND EXCELLENCE.

The title of *illustrious* was never given, till the reign of Constantine, but to those whose reputation was splendid in arms or in letters. Adulation had not yet adopted this noble word into her vocabulary. Suetonius composed a book to record those who had possessed this title; and, as it was *then* bestowed, a moderate volume was sufficient to contain their names.

In the time of Constantine, the title of *illustrious* was given more particularly to those princes who had distinguished themselves in war; but it was not continued to their descendants. At length, it became very common; and every son of a prince was *illustrious*. It is now a convenient epithet for the poet.

There is a very proper distinction to be made between the epithets of illustrious, and famous.

Niceron has entitled his celebrated work, *Memoirs pour servir a l'histoire des hommes* illustres *dans la Republique des Lettres*. The epithet illustrious is always received in an honourable sense; yet in those Memoirs are inserted many authors who have only written with the design of combating religion and morality. Such writers as Vanini, Spinosa, Woolston, Toland, &c, had been better characterised under the more general epithet of famous; for it may be said, that the illustrious are famous but that the

famous are not always illustrious. In the rage for titles the ancient lawyers in Italy were not satisfied by calling kings *illustres*; they went a step higher, and would have emperors to be *super-illustres*, a barbarous coinage of their own.

In Spain, they published a book of *titles* for their kings, as well as for the Portuguese; but Selden tells us, that 'their *Cortesias* and giving of titles grew at length, through the affectation of heaping great attributes on their princes, to such an insufferable forme, that a remedie was provided against it.' This remedy was an act published by Philip III, which ordained that all the *Cortesias*, as they termed these strange phrases, they had so servilely and ridiculously invented, should be reduced to a simple subscription, 'To the king our lord,' leaving out those fantastical attributes which every secretary had vied with his predecessors in increasing their number.

It would fill three columns of the present pages to transcribe the titles and attributes of the Grand Signior, which he assumes in a letter to Henry IV. Selden, in his Titles of Honour, first part, p. 140, has preserved it, This 'emperor of victorious emperors,' as he styles himself, at length condescended to agree with the emperor of Germany, in 1606, that in all their letters and instruments they should be only styled *father* and *son*: the emperor calling the sultan his son; and the sultan the emperor, in regard, of his years, his *father*.

Formerly, says Houssaie, the title of *highness* was only given to kings; but now it has become so common, that all the great houses assume it. All the great, says a modern, are desirous of being confounded with princes, and are ready to seize on the privileges of royal dignity. We have already come to *highness*. The pride of our descendants, I suspect will usurp that of *majesty*.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and his queen Isabella, of Castile, were only treated with the title of *highness*, Charles was the first who took that of *majesty*: not in his quality of king of Spain, but as emperor. St Foix informs us, that kings were usually addressed by the titles of *most illustrious*, or *your serenity*, or *your grace*; but that the custom of giving them that of *majesty*, was only established by Louis XI, a prince the least majestic in all his actions, his manners, and his exterior—a severe monarch, but no ordinary man, the Tiberius of France; whose manners were of the most sordid nature:—in public audiences he dressed like the meanest of the people, and affected to sit on an old broken chair, with a filthy dog on his knees. In an account found of his household, this *majestic* prince has a charge made him, for two new sleeves sewed on one of his old doublets.

Formerly kings were apostrophized by the title of *your grace*. Henry VIII was the first, says Houssaie, who assumed the title of *highness*; and at length *majesty*. It was Francis I, who saluted him with his last title, in their interview in the year 1520, though he called himself only the first gentleman in his kingdom!

So distinct were once the titles of *highness* and *excellence*, that, when Don Juan, the brother of Philip II, was permitted to take up the latter title, and the city of Granada saluted him by the title of *highness*, it occasioned such serious jealousies at court, that had he persisted in it, he would have been condemned for treason.

The usual title of *cardinals*, about 1600, was *seignoria illustrissima*; the Duke of Lerma, the Spanish minister and cardinal in his old age, assumed the title of *excellencia reverendissima*. The church of Rome was in its glory, and to be called *reverend* was then accounted a higher honour than to be styled the *illustrious*. But by use *illustrious* grew familiar, and *reverend* vulgar, and at last the cardinals were distinguished by the title of *eminent*.

After all these historical notices respecting these titles, the reader will smile when he is acquainted with the reason of an honest curate, of Montserrat, who refused to bestow the title of *highness* on the duke of Mantua, because he found in his breviary these words, *Tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus*; from all which he concluded, that none but the Lord was to be honoured with the title of *highness*. The 'Titles of Honour' of Selden is a very curious volume, and as the learned Usher told Evelyn, the most valuable work of this great scholar. The best edition is a folio of about 1000 pages. Selden vindicates the right of a king of England to the title of *emperor*.

> 'And never yet was title did not move:
> And never eke a mind, that title did not love.'

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

In countries where despotism exists in all its force, and is gratified in all its caprices, either the intoxication of power has occasioned sovereigns to assume the most solemn and the most fantastic titles; or the royal duties and functions were considered of so high and extensive a nature, that the people expressed their notion of the pure monarchical state, by the most energetic descriptions of oriental fancy.

The chiefs of the Natches are regarded by their people as the children of the sun, and they bear the name of their father.

The titles which some chiefs assume are not always honourable in themselves; it is sufficient if the people respect them. The king of Quiterva calls himself the *great lion*; and for this reason lions are there so much respected, that they are not allowed to kill them, but at certain royal huntings.

The king of Monomotapa is surrounded by musicians and poets, who adulate him by such refined flatteries as *lord of the sun and moon*; *great magician*; and *great thief!*

The Asiatics have bestowed what to us appear as ridiculous titles of honour on their *princes*. The king of Arracan assumes the following ones; 'Emperor of Arracan, possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama; lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal, and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet.

His majesty of Ava is called *God*; when he writes to a foreign sovereign he calls himself the king of kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas! These umbrellas are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the king of Achem are singular though voluminous. The most striking ones are sovereign of the universe, whose body is as luminous as the sun: whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round; who when he rises shades all his people; from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted, &c, &c.

Dr Davy, in his recent history of Ceylon, has added to this collection the authentic title of the Kandryan sovereign. He too is called *Deuo* (God.) In a deed of gift he proclaims his extraordinary attributes. 'The protector of religion, whose fame is infinite, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine-buds, the stars, &c; whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees; our most noble patron and god by custom, &c.'

After a long enumeration of the countries possessed by the king of Persia, they give him some poetical distinctions; *the branch of honour*; *the mirror of virtue*; *and the rose of delight*.

ROYAL DIVINITIES.

There is a curious dissertation in the 'Memoires de l'Academie des inscriptions et Belles Lettres, by the Abbé Mongault, 'on the divine honours which were paid to the governors of provinces during the Roman republic;' during their life-time these originally began in gratitude, and at length degenerated into flattery. These facts curiously show how far the human mind can advance, when led on by customs that operate invisibly on it, and blind us in our absurdities. One of these ceremonies was exquisitely ridiculous. When they voted a statue to a proconsul, they placed it among the statues of the gods in the festival called *Lectisternium*; from the ridiculous circumstances of this solemn festival. On that day the gods were invited to a repast, which was however spread in various quarters of the city, to satiate mouths more mortal. The gods were however taken down from their pedestals, laid on beds ornamented in their temples; pillows were placed under their marble heads; and while they reposed in this easy posture they were served with a magnificent repast. When Cæsar had conquered Rome, the servile senate put him to dine with the gods! Fatigued by, and ashamed of these honours, he desired the senate to erase from his statue in the capitol, the title they had given him of a *demi-god!*

We know that the first Roman emperors did not want flatterers, and that the adulations they sometimes lavished were extravagant. But perhaps few know that they were

less offensive than the flatterers of the third century under the Pagan, and of the fourth under the Christian emperors. Those who are acquainted with the character of the age of Augustulus, have only to throw their eyes on the one, and the other *code*, to find an infinite number of passages which had not been bearable even in that age. For instance, here is a law of Arcadius and Honorius, published in 404:

'Let the officers of the palace be warned to abstain from frequenting tumultuous meetings; and that those who, instigated by a *sacrilegious* temerity, dare to oppose the authority of our *divinity*, shall be deprived of their employments, and their estates confiscated.' The letters they write are *holy*. When the sons speak of their fathers, it is 'Their father of *divine* memory;' or 'Their *divine* father,' They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celestial* oracles. So also their subjects address them by the titles of '*Your perpetuity, your eternity*.' And it appears by a law of Theodore the Great, that the emperors at length added this to their titles. It begins, 'If any magistrate after having concluded a public work, put his name rather than that of *our perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high treason. All this reminds one of 'the celestial empire' of the Chinese.

Whenever the great Mogul made an observation, Bernier tells us that some of the first omrahs lifted up their hands, crying, 'Wonder! wonder! wonder!' And a proverb current in his dominions, was, 'If the king saith at noonday it is night, you are to say, behold the moon and the stars!' Such adulation, however, could not alter the general condition and fortune of this unhappy being, who became a sovereign without knowing what it is to be one. He was brought out of the seraglio to be placed on the throne, and it was he rather than the spectators, who might have truly used the interjection of astonishment!

DETHRONED MONARCHS.

Fortune never appears in a more extravagant humour than when she reduces monarchs to become medicants. Half a century ago it was not imagined that our own times should have to record many such instances. After having contemplated *kings* raised into *divinities*, we see them now depressed as *beggars*. Our own times, in two opposite senses, may emphatically be distinguished as *the age of kings*.

In Candide or the Optimist, there is an admirable stroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and some of them with not sufficient money to pay for a scurvy dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be *eight monarchs* in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns!

What added to this exquisite satire was, that there were eight living monarchs at that moment wanderers on the earth;—a circumstance which has since occurred.

Adelaide, the widow of Lothario king of Italy, one of the most beautiful women in her age, was besieged in Pavia by Berenger, who resolved to constrain her to marry his son after Pavia was taken; she escaped from her prison with her almoner. The archbishop of Reggio had offered her an asylum: to reach it, she and her almoner travelled on foot through the country by night, concealing herself in the day time among the corn, while the almoner begged for alms and food through the villages.

The Emperor Henry IV, after having been deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry V, escaped from prison; poor, vagrant, and without aid, he entreated the bishop of Spires to grant him a lay prebend in his church. 'I have studied,' said he, 'and have learned to sing, and may therefore be of some service to you.' The request was denied, and he died miserably and obscurely at Liege, after having drawn the attention of Europe to his victories and his grandeur.

Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII, mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and regent of France, frequently wanted the necessaries of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intrigues Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, and live an unhappy fugitive. Her petition exists with this supplicatory opening: 'Supplie Marie, Reine de France et de Navarre, disant, que depuis le 23 Fevrier, elle aurait été arretée prisonniere au chateau de Compiegne, sans être ni accusée ni soupçonnée, &c.' Lilly, the astrologer, in his Life and Death of King Charles the First, presents us with a melancholy picture of this unfortunate monarch. He has also described the person of the old queen mother of France.

'In the month of August, 1641, I behold the old queen mother of France departing from London, in company of Thomas earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decripit, poor queen ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe: wife to the greatest king that ever lived in France; mother unto one king and unto two queens.'

In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio king of Portugal. His body is interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart deposited at the Ave-Maria. Nothing on earth could compel this prince to renounce his crown. He passed over to England, and Elizabeth assisted him with troops, but at length he died in France in great poverty. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing, which is indeed rare: in all his miseries he had a servant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only desired to participate in his misfortunes, and to soften his miseries; and for the recompense of his services he only wished to be buried at the feet of his dear master. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raised altars, was Don Diego Bothei, one of the greatest lords of the court of Portugal, and who drew his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

Hume supplies me with an anecdote of singular royal distress. He informs us that the queen of England, with her son Charles, had 'a moderate pension assigned her: but it was so ill paid, and her credit ran so low, that one morning when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her, she informed him that her daughter, the princess Henrietta, was obliged to lie a-bed for want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was reduced, in the midst of Paris, a queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV of France! We find another proof of her excessive poverty. Salmasius, after publishing his celebrated political book, in favour of Charles II, the *Defensio Regia*, was much blamed by a friend for not having sent a copy to the widowed queen of Charles, who, he writes, though poor, would yet have paid the bearer!

The daughter of James the First, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her husband crowned, was reduced to the utmost beggary, and wandered frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

A strange anecdote is related of Charles VII, of France. Our Henry V. had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said that having told a shoemaker after he had just tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feelings that he refused his majesty the boots! 'It is for this reason,' says Comines, 'I praise those princes who are on good terms with the lowest of their people; for they know not at what hour they may want them.'

Many monarchs of this day have probably experienced more than once the truth of the reflection of Comines.

We may add here, that in all conquered countries the descendants of royal families have been found among the dregs of the populace. An Irish prince has been discovered in the person of a miserable peasant; and in Mexico, its faithful historian Clavigero notices that he has known a locksmith who was a descendant of its ancient kings, and a tailor of one of its noblest families.

FEUDAL CUSTOMS.

Barbarous as the feudal customs were, they were the first attempts at organizing European society. The northern nations, in their irruptions and settlements in Europe, were barbarians independent of each other, till a sense of public safety induced these hordes to confederate. But the private individual reaped no benefit from the public union; on the contrary, he seems to have lost his wild liberty in the subjugation; he in a short time was compelled to suffer from his chieftain: and the curiosity of the philosopher is excited by contemplating in the feudal customs a barbarous people carrying into their first social institutions their original ferocity. The institution of forming cities into communities at length gradually diminished this military and aristocratic tyranny; and the freedom of cities, originating in the pursuits of commerce, shook off the yoke of insolent lordships. A famous ecclesiastical writer of that day, who had imbibed the feudal prejudices, calls these communities, which were distinguished by the name of *libertates* (hence probably our municipal term the *liberties*,)

as 'execrable inventions, by which, contrary to law and justice, slaves withdrew themselves from that obedience which they owed to their masters.' Such was the expiring voice of aristocratic tyranny! This subject has been ingeniously discussed by Robertson in his preliminary volume to Charles; but the following facts constitute the picture which the historian leaves to be gleaned by the minuter inquirer.

The feudal government introduced a species of servitude which till that time was unknown, and which was called the servitude of the land. The bondmen or serfs, and the villains or country servants, did not reside in the house of the lord; but they entirely depended on his caprice; and he sold them, as he did the animals, with the field where they lived, and which they cultivated.

It is difficult to conceive with what insolence the petty lords of those times tyrannized over their villains; they not only oppressed their slaves with unremitted labour, instigated by a vile cupidity; but their whim and caprice led them to inflict miseries without even any motive of interest.

In Scotland they had a shameful institution of maiden rights; and Malcolm the Third only abolished it, by ordering that they might be redeemed by a quitrent. The truth of this circumstance Dalrymple has attempted, with excusable patriotism, to render doubtful. There seems however to be no doubt of the existence of this custom; since it also spread through Germany, and various parts of Europe; and the French barons extended their domestic tyranny to three nights of involuntary prostitution. Montesquieu is infinitely French, when he could turn this shameful species of tyranny into a *bon mot;* for he coldly observes on this, '*C'etoit bien ces trois nuits la, qu'il falloit choisir; car pour les autres on n'auroit pas donné beaucoup d'argent.*' The legislator in the wit forgot the feelings of his heart.

Others, to preserve this privilege when they could not enjoy it in all its extent, thrust their leg booted into the bed of the new-married couple. This was called the *droit de cuisse.* When the bride was in bed, the esquire or lord performed this ceremony, and stood there, his thigh in the bed, with a lance in his hand: in this ridiculous attitude he remained till he was tired; and the bridegroom was not suffered to enter the chamber, till his lordship had retired. Such indecent privileges must have originated in the worst of intentions; and when afterwards they advanced a step in more humane manners, the ceremonial was preserved from avaricious motives. Others have compelled their subjects to pass the first night at the top of a tree, and there to consummate their marriage; to pass the bridal hours in a river; or to be bound naked to a cart, and to trace some furrows as they were dragged: or to leap with their feet tied over the horns of stags.

Sometimes their caprice commanded the bridegroom to appear in drawers at their castle, and plunge into a ditch of mud; and sometimes they were compelled to beat the waters of the ponds to hinder the frogs from disturbing the lord!

Wardship, or the privilege of guardianship enjoyed by some lord, was one of the barbarous inventions of the feudal ages; the guardian had both the care of the person, and for his own use the revenue of the estates. This feudal custom was so far abused in England, that the king sold these lordships to strangers; and when the guardian had fixed on a marriage for the infant, if the youth or maiden did not agree to this, they forfeited the value of the marriage; that is, the sum the guardian would have obtained by the other party had it taken place. This cruel custom was a source of domestic unhappiness, particularly in love-affairs, and has served as the ground-work of many a pathetic play by our elder dramatists.

There was a time when the German lords reckoned amongst their privileges, that of robbing on the high ways of their territory; which ended in raising up the famous Hanseatic Union to protect their commerce against rapine and avaricious exactions of toll.

Geoffrey, lord of Coventry, compelled his wife to ride naked on a white pad through the streets of the town; that by this mode he might restore to the inhabitants those privileges of which his wantonness had deprived them. This anecdote some have suspected to be fictitious from its extreme barbarity; but the character of the middle-ages will admit of any kind of wanton barbarism.

When the abbot of Figeac makes his entry into that town, the lord of Montbrun, dressed in a harlequin's coat, and one of his legs naked, is compelled by an ancient custom to conduct him to the door of his abbey leading his horse by the bridle.

The feudal barons frequently combined to share among themselves those children of their villains who appeared to be the most healthy and serviceable, or who were remarkable for their talents; and not unfrequently sold them in their markets.

The feudal servitude is not, even in the present enlightened times, abolished in Poland, in Germany, and in Russia. In those countries the bondmen are still entirely dependent on the caprice of their masters. The peasants of Hungary or Bohemia frequently revolt, and attempt to shake off the pressure of feudal tyranny.

An anecdote of comparatively recent date displays their unfeeling caprice. A lord or prince of the northern countries passing through one of his villages, observed a small assembly of peasants and their families amusing themselves with dancing. He commands his domestics to part the men from the women, and confine them in the houses. He orders the coats of the women to be drawn up above their heads, and tied with their garters. The men were then liberated, and those who did not recognize their wives in that state received a severe castigation.

Absolute dominion hardens the human heart; and nobles accustomed to command their bondmen will treat their domestics as slaves, as the capricious or inhuman West Indians are known to do their domestic slaves. Those of Siberia punish theirs by a free use of the cudgel or rod. The Abbé Chappe saw two Russian slaves undress a chambermaid, who had by some trifling negligence given offence to her mistress; after having uncovered as far as her waist, one placed her head betwixt his knees; the other held her by the feet: while both armed with two sharp rods, violently lashed her back till it pleased the domestic tyrant to decree it *was enough!*

After a perusal of these anecdotes of feudal tyranny, we may exclaim with Goldsmith—

'I fly from petty tyrants—to the throne.'

Mr Hallam's recent view of 'the State of Europe during the Middle-ages,' renders this short article superfluous in a philosophical view.

JOAN OF ARC.

Of the Maid of Orleans I have somewhere read that a bundle of faggots was substituted for her, when she was supposed to have been burnt by the Duke of Bedford. None of our historians notice this anecdote: though some have mentioned that after her death an impostor arose, and was even married to a French gentleman, by whom she had several children. Whether she deserved to have been distinguished by the appellation of *The Maid of Orleans* we have great reason to suspect; and some in her days, from her fondness for man's apparel, even doubted her *sex.* We know little of one so celebrated as to have formed the heroine of epics. The following epitaph on her I find in Winstanley's 'Historical Rarities;' and which, possessing some humour, merits to be rescued from total oblivion.

'Here lies Joan of Arc; the which
Some count saint, and some count witch;
Some count man, and something more;
Some count maid, and some a whore.
Her life 's in question, wrong or right;
Her death 's in doubt, by laws or might.
Oh, innocence! take heed of it,
How thou too near to guilt doth sit.
(Meantime, France a wonder saw—
A woman rule, 'gainst salique law!)
But, reader, be content to stay
Thy censure till the judgment day;
Then shalt thou know, and not before,
Whether saint, witch, man, maid, or whore.'

GAMING.

Gaming appears to be an universal passion. Some have attempted to deny its universality; they have imagined that it is chiefly prevalent in cold climates, where such a passion becomes most capable of agitating and gratifying the torpid minds of their inhabitants.

The fatal propensity of gaming is to be discovered, as well amongst the inhabitants of the frigid and torrid zones, as amongst those of the milder climates. The savage and the civilized, the illiterate and the learned, are alike captivated by the hope of accumulating wealth without the labours of industry.

Barbeyrac has written an elaborate treatise on gaming, and we have two quarto volumes by C. Moore, on suicide, gaming, and duelling, which may be put on the shelf by the side of Barbeyrac. All these works are excellent sermons, but a sermon to a gambler, a duellist, or a suicide! A dice-box, a sword and pistol, are the only things that seem to have any power over these unhappy men, for ever lost in a labyrinth of their own construction.

I am much pleased with the following thought. 'The ancients (says the author of Amusemens serieux et comiques) assembled to see their gladiators kill one another; they classed this among their *games!* What barbarity! But are we less barbarous, we who call a *game* an assembly who meet at the faro table where the actors themselves confess they only meet to destroy one another?' In both these cases the philosopher may perhaps discover their origin in one cause, that of the listless perishing with *ennui* requiring an immediate impulse of the passions; and very inconsiderate on the fatal means which procures the desired agitation.

The most ancient treatise by a modern on this subject, according to Barbeyrac, was that of a French physician, one Eckelon, who published it in 1569, entitled *De Alea, sive de curanda ludendi in pecuniam cupiditate*, that is, 'of games of chance, or the malady of playing for money.' The treatise itself is only worth noticing from the circumstance of the author being himself one of the most inveterate gamblers; he wrote this work to convince himself of this folly. But in spite of all his solemn vows, the prayers of his friends, and his own book perpetually quoted before his face, he was a great gamester to his last hour! The same circumstance happened to Sir John Denham. They had not the good sense of old Montaigne, who gives us the reason why he gave over gaming. 'I used to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured; merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost I did not feel my vexation the less.' Goldsmith fell a victim to this madness. To play any game well requires serious study, time, and experience. If a man of letters plays deeply, he will be duped even by shallow fellows, or by professed gamblers.

Dice, and that little pugnacious animal the *cock*, are the chief instruments employed by the numerous nations of the East, to agitate their minds and ruin their fortunes; to which the Chinese, who are desperate gamesters, add the use of *cards*. When all other property is played away, the Asiatic gambler scruples not to stake his *wife* or his *child*, on the cast of a die, or courage and strength of a martial bird. If still unsuccessful, the last venture he stakes is *himself*.

In the island of Ceylon, *cock-fighting* is carried to a great height. The Sumatrans are addicted to the use of dice. A strong spirit of play characterizes a Malayan. After having resigned every thing to the good fortune of the winner, he is reduced to a horrid state of desperation; he then loosens a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and destruction to all the raving gamester meets. He intoxicates himself with opium; and working himself up into a fit of phrenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But as soon as this lock is seen flowing it is *lawful* to fire at the person, and to destroy him as fast as possible. I think it is this which our sailors call 'To run a muck.' Thus Dryden writes—

> 'Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
> And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.'

Thus also Pope—

> 'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
> To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet.'

Johnson could not discover the derivation of the word *muck*. To 'run a muck' is an old phrase for attacking madly and indiscriminately: and has since been ascertained to be a Malay word.

To discharge their gambling debts, the Siamese sell their possessions, their families, and at length themselves. The Chinese play *night* and *day*, till they have lost all they are worth; and then they usually go and hang themselves. Such is the propensity of the Japanese for high play, that they were compelled to make a law, that, 'Whoever ventures his money at play, shall be put to death.' In the newly-discovered islands of the Pacific Ocean, they venture even their hatchets, which they hold as invaluable acquisitions, on running-matches:—'We saw a man,' says Cook, 'beating his breast and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property.

The ancient nations were not less addicted to gaming; Persians, Grecians, and Romans; the Goths, the Germans, &c. To notice the modern ones were a melancholy task: there is hardly a family in Europe which cannot record, from their own domestic annals, the dreadful prevalence of this passion.

Gamester and *cheater* were synonymous terms in the time of Shakspeare and Jonson: they have hardly lost much of their double signification in the present day.

The following is a curious picture of a gambling-house, from a contemporary account and appears to be an establishment more systematic than the 'hells' of the present day.

'A list of the officers established in the most notorious gaming-houses,' from the Daily-Journal, Jan. 9th, 1731.

1st. A Commissioner, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night; and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.

2d. A Director, who superintends the room.

3d. An Operator, who deals the cards at a cheating game, called Faro.

4th. Two Crowpees, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the bank.

5th. Two Puffs, who have money given them to decoy others to play.

6th. A Clerk, who is a check upon the Puffs, to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

7th. A Squib is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half-pay salary while he is learning to deal.

8th. A Flasher, to swear how often the bank has been strip'.

9th. A Dunner, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

10th. A Waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room.

11th. An Attorney, a Newgate solicitor.

12th. A Captain, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish for losing his money.

13th. An Usher, who lights gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter.

14th. A Porter, who is generally a soldier of the Foot Guards.

15th. An Orderly Man, who walks up and down the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constable.

16th. A Runner, who is to get intelligence of the justice's meeting.

17th. Link-boys, Coachmen, Chairmen, or others who bring intelligence of the justices' meetings, or of the constables being out, at half a-guinea reward.

18th. Common-bail, Affidavit men, Ruffians, Bravoes, Assassins, *cum multis aliis*.

The 'Memoirs of the most famous Gamesters from the reign of Charles II to Queen Anne, by T. Lucas, Esq. 1714,' appears to be a bookseller's job; but probably a few traditional stories are preserved.

THE ARABIC CHRONICLE.

The Arabic Chronicle of Jerusalem is only valuable from the time of Mahomet. For such is the stupid superstition of the Arabs, that they pride themselves on being ignorant of whatever has passed before the mission of their Prophet. The most curious information it contains is concerning the crusades: according to Longerue, who said he had translated several portions of it, whoever would be versed in the history of the crusades should attend to this chronicle, which appears to have been written with impartiality. It renders justice to the christian heroes, and particularly dwells on the gallant actions of the Count de Saint Gilles.

Our historians chiefly write concerning *Godfrey de Bouillon*; only the learned know that the Count *de Saint Gilles* acted there so important a character. The stories of the *Saracens* are just the reverse: they speak little concerning Godfrey, and eminently distinguish Saint Gilles.

Tasso has given into the more vulgar accounts, by making the former so eminent, at the cost of the other heroes, in his Jerusalem Delivered. Thus Virgil transformed by his magical power the chaste Dido into a lover; and Homer the meretricious Penelope into a moaning matron. It is not requisite for poets to be historians, but historians should not be so frequently poets. The same charge, I have

been told, must be made to the Grecian historians. The Persians are viewed to great disadvantage in Grecian history. It would form a curious inquiry, and the result might be unexpected to some, were the Oriental student to comment on the Grecian historians. The Grecians were not the demi-gods they paint themselves to have been, nor those they attacked the contemptible multitudes they describe. These boasted victories might be diminished. The same observation attaches to Cæsar's account of his British expedition. He never records the defeats he frequently experienced. The national prejudices of the Roman historians have undoubtedly occasioned us to have a very erroneous conception of the Carthagenians, whose discoveries in navigation and commercial enterprises were the most considerable among the ancients. We must indeed think highly of that people, whose works on agriculture which they had raised into a science, the senate of Rome orderd to be translated into Latin. They must indeed have been a wise and grave people. Yet they are stigmatized by the Romans for faction, cruelty and cowardice; and their bad faith has come down to us in a proverb; but Livy was a Roman! and there is a patriotic malignity!

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

If we except the belief of a future remuneration beyond this life for suffering virtue, and retribution for successful crimes, there is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of the metempsychosis. The pains and the pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in an anterior state: so that, says St Foix we cease to wonder that among men and animals, some enjoy an easy and agreeable life, while others seem born only to suffer all kinds of miseries: preposterous as this system may appear, it has not wanted for advocates in the present age, which indeed has revived every kind of fanciful theories. Mercier, in *L'an deux mille quatre cents quarante*, seriously maintains the present one.

If we seek for the origin of the opinion of the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls into other bodies, we must plunge into the remotest antiquity; and even then we shall find it impossible to fix the epoch of its first author. The notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus assures us that the Egyptian priests taught it; but he does not inform us of the time it began to spread. It probably followed the opinion of the immortality of the soul. As soon as the first philosophers had established this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a transmigration of souls. The opinion of the metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth; and it continues, even to the present time in all its force among those nations who have not yet embraced christianity. The people of Arracan, Peru, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochin-China, Japan, Java, and Ceylon still entertain that fancy, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in transmigration. The bardic triads of the Welsh are full of this belief; and a Welsh antiquary insists that by an emigration which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Bramins of India from Wales! The Welsh bards tell us that the souls of men transmigrate into the bodies of those animals whose habits and characters they most resemble, till after a circuit of such chastising miseries, they are rendered more pure for the celestial presence; for man may be converted into a pig or a wolf, till at length he assumes the inoffensiveness of the dove.

My learned friend Sharon Turner, the accurate and philosophical historian of our Saxon ancestors, has explained, in his 'Vindication of the ancient British Poems,' p. 231, the Welsh system of the metempsychosis. Their bards mention three circles of existence. The circle of the all-inclosing circle, holds nothing alive or dead but God. The second circle, that of felicity, is that which men are to pervade after they have passed through their terrestrial changes. The circle of evil is that in which human nature passes through those varying stages of existence which it must undergo before it is qualified to inhabit the circle of felicity.

The progression of man through the circle of evil is marked by three infelicities: necessity, oblivion, and deaths. The deaths which follow our changes, are so many escapes from their power. Man is a free agent, and has the liberty of choosing; his sufferings and changes cannot be foreseen. By his misconduct he may happen to fall retrograde into the lowest state from which he had emerged. If his conduct in any one state, instead of improving his being, had made it worse, he fell back into a worse condition to commence again his purifying revolutions. Humanity was the limit of the degraded transmigrations. All the changes above humanity produced felicity. Humanity is the scene of the contest, and after man has traversed every state of animated existence, and can remember all that he has passed through, that consummation follows which he attains in the circle of felicity. It is on this system of transmigration that Taliessin the Welsh bard, who wrote in the sixth century, gives a recital of his pretended transmigration. He tells how he had been a serpent, a wild ass, a buck, or a crane, &c; and this kind of reminiscence of his former state, this recovery of memory, was a proof of the mortal's advances to the happier circle. For to forget what we have been, was one of the curses of the circle of evil. Taliessin therefore, adds Mr Turner, as profusely boasts of his recovered reminiscence as any modern sectary can do of his state of grace and election.

In all these wild reveries there seems to be a moral fable in the notion, that the clearer a man recollects what a *brute* he has been, it is certain proof that he is in an improved state!

According to the authentic Clavigero, in his history of Mexico, we find the Pythagorean transmigration carried on in the west, and not less fancifully than in the countries of the east. The people of Tlascala believe that the souls of persons of rank went after their death to inhabit the bodies of *beautiful and sweet singing birds*, and those of the *nobler quadrupeds;* while the souls of inferior persons were supposed to pass into *weasels, beetles*, and such other *meaner animals*.

There is something not a little ludicrous in the description Plutarch gives at the close of his treatise on 'the delay of heavenly justice.' Thespesius saw at length the souls of those who were condemned to return to life, and whom they violently forced to take the form of all kinds of animals. The labourers charged with this transformation, forge with their instruments certain parts; others, a new form; and made some totally disappear; that these souls might be rendered proper for another kind of life and other habits. Among these he perceived the soul of Nero, which had already suffered long torments, and which stuck to the body by nails red from the fire. The workmen seized on him to make a viper of, under which form he was now to live, after having devoured the breast that had carried him.—But in this Plutarch only copies the fine reveries of Plato.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette or the rules to be observed in the royal palaces is necessary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was gravely seated by the fire-side; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Pota appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires: but *he* excused himself; alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the *fire* burnt fiercer; and the *king* endured it, rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish *etiquette* was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princes, however condescended in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Isabella, mother of Philip II, was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished · that if the violence of her pain should occa-

sion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said, 'Madam, cry out, that will give you ease,' she answered in *good Spanish*, 'How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out.'

'Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!'
Churchill.

Philip the Third was a weak bigot, who suffered himself to be governed by his ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; besides, that the voice of patriotism heard in a corrupt court would have become a crime never pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table one day, a letter sealed, which bore this address—'To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma.'

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father, which bore this title—'The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King Mr Philip.' All these voyages consisted of going to the Escurial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escurial. Jests of this kind, at length, cost him his life.

THE GOTHS AND HUNS.

The terrific honours which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs are recorded in history, by the interment of Attila, king of the Huns; and Alaric, king of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast champaign in a coffin which was inclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and a third of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and studded with jewels; rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged: and that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who assisted at his burial!

The Goths had done nearly the same for Alaric in 410, at Kosenca, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vasento; and having formed a grave in the midst of its bed where its course was most rapid, they interred this king with prodigious accumulation of riches. After having caused the river to reassume its usual course, they murdered without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

OF VICARS OF BRAY.

The vicar of Bray, in Berkshire was a papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a protestant under Edward the Sixth; he was a papist again under Mary, and once more became a protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat and an unconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, 'Not so neither! for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle; which is, to live and die the vicar of Bray!'

This vivacious and reverend hero has given birth to a proverb peculiar to his county, 'The vicar of Bray will be vicar of Bray still.' But how has it happened that this *vicar* should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part should have escaped notice? Dr *Kitchen*, bishop of Llandaff, from an idle abbot under Henry VIII, was made a busy bishop; protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a parliament protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *kitchen* better than the *church!*

DOUGLAS.

It may be recorded as a species of Puritanic savageness and Gothic barbarism, that no later than in the year 1757, a man of genius was persecuted because he had written a tragedy which tended by no means to hurt the morals; but on the contrary, by awakening the piety of domestic affections with the nobler passions, would rather elevate and purify the mind.

When Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburg, and because some of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the representation, the clergy, with the monastic spirit of the darkest ages, published the present paper, which I shall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to see such a composition written in the eighteenth century.

'On Wednesday, February the 2d, 1757, the Presbytery of Glasgow came to the following resolution. They having seen a printed paper, intituled, 'An admonition and exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburg;' which, among other *evils* prevailing, observing the following *melancholy* but *notorious* facts: that one who is a minister of the church of Scotland, did *himself* write and compose *a stage-play*, intituled, "The tragedy of Douglas," and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburg; and that he with several other ministers of the church were present; and *some* of them *oftener than once*, at the acting of the said play before a numerous audience. The presbytery being *deeply affected* with this new and strange appearance, do publish these sentiments, &c. Sentiments with which I will not disgust the reader; but which they appear not yet to have purified and corrected, as they have shown in the case of Logan and other Scotchmen, who have committed the crying sin of composing dramas!

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

Mr. Morin, in the memoirs of the French academy, has formed a little history of Poverty, which I abridge.

The writers on the genealogies of the gods have not noticed this deity's though admitted as such in the pagan heaven, while she has had temples and altars on earth. The allegorical Plato has pleasingly narrated, that at the feast which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, Poverty modestly stood at the gate of the palace to gather the fragments of the celestial banquet; when she observed the god of riches, inebriated with nectar, roll out of the heavenly residence, and passing into the Olympian gardens, threw himself on a vernal bank. She seized this opportunity to become familiar with the god. The frolicsome deity honoured her with his caresses; and from this amour sprung the god of love who resembles his father in jollity and mirth, and his mother in his nudity. The allegory is ingenious. The union of poverty with riches, must inevitably produce the must delightful of pleasures.

The golden age, however, had but the duration of a flower; when it finished, poverty began to appear. The ancestors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree; the vagrant Cain encountered her. She was firmly established in the patriarchal age. We hear of merchants who publicly practised the commerce of vending slaves, which indicates the utmost degree of poverty. She is distinctly marked by Job: this holy man protests that he had nothing to reproach himself with respecting the poor, for he had assisted them in their necessities.

In the scriptures, legislators, paid great attention to their relief. Moses, by his wise precautions, endeavoured to soften the rigours of this unhappy state. The division of lands, by tribes and families: the septennial jubilees; the regulation to bestow at the harvest time a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth for those families who were in want; and the obligation of his moral law to love one's neighbour as one's self; were so many mounds erected against the inundations of poverty. The Jews under their Theocracy had few or no mendicants. Their kings were unjust; and rapaciously seizing on inheritances which were not their right, increased the numbers of the poor. From the reign of David there were oppressive governors, who devoured the people as their bread. It was still worse under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Persia, and the Roman emperors. Such were the extortions of their publicans, and the avarice of their governors, that the number of mendicants dreadfully augmented; and it was probably for that reason that the opulent families consecrated a tenth part of their property for their succour, as appears in the time of the evangelists. In the preceding ages no more was given, as their casuists assure us, than the fortieth or thirtieth part; a custom which this unfortunate nation still practise. If there are no poor of their nation where they reside, they send it to the most distant parts. The Jewish merchants make this charity a regular charge in their transactions with each other; and at the close of the year render an account to the poor of their nation

By the example of Moses, the ancient legislators were taught to pay a similar attention to the poor. Like him they published laws respecting the division of lands; and many ordinances were made for the benefit of those whom

fires, inundations, wars, or bad harvests had reduced to want. Convinced that *idleness* more inevitably introduced poverty than any other cause, it was rigorously punished; the Egyptians made it criminal, and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered under any pretence whatever. Those who were convicted of slothfulness, and still refused to labour for the public when labour was offered to them, were punished with death. The Egyptian taskmasters observed that the Israelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furnish bricks for the erection of those famous pyramids, which are probably the works of men who otherwise had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The same spirit inspired Greece. Lycurgus would not have in his republic either *poor* or *rich*: they lived and laboured in common. As in the present times, every family has its stores and cellars, so they had public ones, and distributed the provisions according to the ages and constitutions of the people. If the same regulation was not precisely observed by the Athenians, the Corinthians and the other people of Greece, the same maxim existed in full force against idleness.

According to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c, a conviction of wilful poverty was punished with the loss of life. Plato, more gentle in his manners, would have them only banished. He calls them enemies of the state; and pronounces as a maxim, that where there are great numbers of mendicants, fatal revolutions will happen; for as these people have nothing to lose, they plan opportunities to disturb the public repose.

The ancient Romans, whose universal object was the public prosperity, were not indebted to Greece on this head. One of the principal occupations of their censors was to keep watch on the vagabonds. Those who were condemned as incorrigible sluggards were sent to the mines, or made to labour on the public edifices. The Romans of those times, unlike the present race, did not consider the *far niente* as an occupation: they were convinced that their liberalities were ill-placed in bestowing them on such men. The little republics of the *bees* and the *ants* were often held out as an example; and the last, particularly where Virgil says, that they have elected overseers who correct the sluggards.

> ' Pars agmina cogunt,
> Castigantque moras.' Virgil.

And if we may trust the narratives of our travellers, the *beavers* pursue this regulation more rigorously and exactly than even these industrious societies. But their rigour, although but animals, is not so barbarous as that of the ancient Germans; who Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickest mire of their marshes, and left them to perish by a kind of death which resembled their inactive dispositions.

Yet, after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus severely to chastise idleness: they were induced to it by a strict equity; and it would be doing them injustice to suppose, that it was thus they treated those *unfortunate poor*, whose indigence was occasioned by infirmities, by age or unforeseen calamities. Every family constantly assisted its branches to save them from being reduced to beggary; which to them appeared worse than death. The magistrates protected those who were destitute of friends, or incapable of labour. When Ulysses was disguised as a mendicant, and presented himself to Eurymachus, this prince observing him to be robust and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwise to leave him to his ill-fortune. When the Roman emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, bestowed their largesses, the distributors were ordered to except those from receiving a share whose bad conduct kept them in misery; for that it was better the lazy should die with hunger than be fed in idleness.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practise the duties of humanity, or that slavery served as an efficacious corrective of idleness; it clearly appears how little was the misery, and how few the numbers of their poor. This they did too, without having recourse to hospitals.

At the establishment of christianity, when the apostles commanded a community of wealth among their disciples, the miseries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not absolutely live together, as we have seen religious orders, yet the rich continually supplied their distressed brethren: but matters greatly changed under Constantine. This prince published edicts in favour of those christians who had been condemned in the preceding reigns to slavery, to the mines, the galleys, or prisons. The church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of these miserable men, who brought with them urgent wants and corporeal infirmities. The christian families were then not numerous; they could not satisfy these claimants. The magistrates protected them; they built spacious hospitals, under different titles, for the sick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The emperors and the most eminent personages, were seen in these hospitals examining the patients; they assisted the helpless; they dressed the wounded. This did so much honour to the new religion that Julian the Apostate introduced this custom among the pagans. But the best things are seen continually perverted.

These retreats were found insufficient. Many slaves, proud of the liberty they had just recovered, looked on them as prisons; and under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They displayed with art the scars of their former wounds, and exposed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profession in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profession did not finish with them: men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious disposition, gladly embraced it. It spread so wide that the succeeding emperors were obliged to institute new laws; and individuals were allowed to seize on these mendicants for their slaves and perpetual vassals: a powerful preservative against this disorder. It is observed in almost every part of the world, but ours; and prevents that populace of beggary which disgraces Europe. China presents us with a nobler example. No beggars are seen loitering in that country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame; and only those who are incapable of labour, live at the public expense. What is done *there* may also be performed *here*. Instead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty, as pernicious to the police as to morality, we should see the poverty of the earlier ages, humble, modest, frugal, robust, industrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realised: Poverty may be embraced by the god of Riches: and if she did not produce the voluptuous offspring of Love, she would become the fertile mother of Agriculture, and the ingenious mother of the Arts and Manufactures.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

A Rabbin once told me of an ingenious invention, which in the Talmud is attributed to Solomon; and this story shows that there are some pleasing tales in that immense compilation.

The power of the monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest part of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, visited this poetical king at his own court; there, one day to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each hand she held a wreath; the one was composed of natural, and the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimetic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature: so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions 'from the cedar to the hyssop,' to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honour of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king; and it must be confessed worthy of the naturalist. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened: it was opened; the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that *the bee* only *rests* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitably the colours may be

laid on. Applied to the *ladies*, this would give it pungency. In the 'Practical Education' of the Edgeworths, the reader will find a very ingenious conversation of the children about this story.

HELL.

Oldham, in his 'Satires upon the Jesuits,' a work which would admit of a curious commentary, alludes to their 'lying legends,' and the innumerable impositions they practised on the credulous. I quote a few lines in which he has collected some of those legendary miracles, which I have noticed in the article on *Legends*, and the amours of the Virgin Mary, are detailed in *Religious Nouvellettes*.

> Tell, how blessed Virgin to come down was seen
> Like play-house punk descending in machine,
> How she writ billet-doux and love discourse,
> Made assignations, visits, and amours;
> How hosts distrest, her smock for banner wore
> Which vanquished foes!—
> —— how fish in conventicles met,
> And mackerel were with bait of doctrine caught:
> How cattle have judicious hearers been!
> How consecrated hives with bells were hung,
> And bees kept mass and holy anthems sung!
> How pigs to th' rosary kneel'd, and sheep were taught
> To bleat Te Deum and Magnificat;
> How fly-flap, of church-censure houses rid
> Of insects, which at curse of friar died.
> How ferrying cowls religious pilgrims bore
> O'er waves, without the help of sail or oar;
> How zealous crab, the sacred image bore,
> And swam a catholic to the distant shore,
> With shams like these the giddy rout mislead,
> Their folly and their superstition feed.

All these are allusions to the extravagant fictions in 'the Golden Legend.' Among other gross impositions to deceive the mob, Oldham likewise attacks them for certain publications on topics not less singular. The tales he has recounted, Oldham says, are only baits for children, like toys at a fair; but they have their profounder and higher matters for the learned and inquisitive. He goes on:

> One undertakes by scales of miles to tell
> The bounds, dimensions, and extent of Hell;
> How many German leagues that realm contains;
> How many chaldrons Hell each year expends
> In coals for roasting Hugonots and friends.
> Another frights the rout with useful stories
> Of wild Chimeras, limbo's Purgatories;
> Where bloated souls, in smoky durance hung,
> Like a Westphalia gammon or neat's tongue,
> To be redeemed with masses and a song.
>
> Satyr IV.

The readers of Oldham, for Oldham must ever have readers among the curious in our poetry, have been greatly disappointed in the pompous edition of a Captain Thompson, which illustrates none of his allusions. In the above lines Oldham alludes to some singular works.

Treatises and topographical descriptions of Hell, Purgatory, and even Heaven, were once the favourite researches among certain zealous defenders of the Romish church, who exhausted their ink-horns in building up a Hell to their own taste, or for their particular purpose. We have a treatise of Cardinal Bellarmin, a jesuit, on *Purgatory*; he seems to have the science of a surveyor, among all the secret tracks and the formidable divisions of 'the bottomless pit.

Bellarmin informs us that there are beneath the earth four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. The deepest of these places is *Hell*; it contains all the souls of the damned, where will be also their bodies after the resurrection, and likewise all the demons. The place nearest Hell is *Purgatory*, where souls are purged, or rather where they appease the anger of God by their sufferings. He says, that the same fires and the same torments are alike in both these places, the only difference between *Hell* and *Purgatory* consisting in their duration. Next to *Purgatory* is the *limbo* of those *infants* who die without having received the sacrament; and the fourth place is the *limbo* of the *fathers*; that is to say, of those *just men* who died before the death of Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer, this last division is empty, like an apartment to be let. A later catholic theologist, the famous Tillemont, condemns *all the illustrious pagans* to the *eternal torments of Hell*! because they lived before the time of Jesus, and therefore could not be benefited by the redemption! Speaking of young Tiberius, who was compelled to fall on his own sword, Tillemont adds, 'Thus by his own hand he ended his miserable life, *to begin another, the misery of which will never end*!' Yet history records nothing bad of this prince. Jortin observes that he added this *reflection* in this latter edition, so that the good man as he grew older grew more uncharitable in his religious notions. It is in this manner too that the Benedictine editor of Justin Martyr speaks of the illustrious pagans. This father, after highly applauding Socrates, and a few more who resembled him inclines to think that they are not fixed in *Hell*. But the Benedictine editor takes great pains to clear the good father from the shameful imputation of supposing that a *virtuous pagan might be saved* as well as a Benedictine monk! For a curious specimen of this *odium theologicum*, see the censure of the Sorbonne on Marmontel's Belisarius.

The adverse party, who were either philosophers or reformers, received all such information with great suspicion. Anthony Cornelius, a lawyer in the 16th century, wrote a small tract, which was so effectually suppressed, as a monster of atheism, that a copy is now only to be found in the hands of the curious. This author ridiculed the absurd and horrid doctrine of *infant damnation*, and was instantly decried as an atheist, and the printer prosecuted to his ruin! Cælius Secundus Curio, a noble Italian, published a treatise *De Amplitudine beati regni Dei*, to prove that *Heaven* has more inhabitants than *Hell*, or in his own phrase that the *elect* are more numerous than the *reprobate*. However we may incline to smile at these works, their design was benevolent. They were the first streaks of the morning light of the Reformation. Even such works assisted mankind to examine more closely, and hold in greater contempt, the extravagant and pernicious doctrines of the domineering papistical church.

THE ABSENT MAN.

With the character of Bruyere's Absent Man the reader is well acquainted. It is translated in the Spectator, and it has been exhibited on the theatre. The general opinion runs that it is a fictitious character, or at least one the author has too highly coloured. It was well known however to his contemporaries to be the Count De Brancas. The present anecdotes concerning the same person have been unknown to, or forgotten by, Bruyere; and are to the full as extraordinary as those which characterise *Menalcas*, or the Absent Man.

The count was reading by the fire-side, (but Heaven knows with what degree of attention,) when the nurse brought him his infant child. He throws down the book; he takes the child in his arms. He was playing with her, when an important visiter was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he hastily flung the squalling innocent on the table.

The Count was walking in the street, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way to speak to him. 'God bless thee, poor man!' exclaimed the count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him:—'Is it not enough,' cried the count, interrupting him, and somewhat in a passion; 'it is not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking the streets.' Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh, and awakening the Absent Man from his lethargy, he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should have taken his friend for an importunate mendicant! La Fontaine is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men; and Furetiere relates a circumstance which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and sometime afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death, but recovering from his surprise, he observed—'It is true enough! for now I recollect I went to his funeral.'

WAX-WORK.

We have heard of many curious deceptions occasioned by the imitative powers of wax-work. A series of anatomical sculptures in coloured wax projected by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, under the direction of Fontana. Twenty apartments have been filled with those curious imitations. They represent in every possible detail, and in each successive stage of denudation, the organs of sense and production; the muscular, the vascular, the nervous, and

the bony system. They imitate equally well the form, and more exactly the colouring of nature than injected preparations; and they have been employed to perpetuate many transient phenomena of disease, of which no other court could have made so lively a record.

There is a species of wax-work, which, though it can hardly claim the honours of the fine arts, is adapted to afford much pleasure. I mean figures of wax, which may be modelled with the great truth of character.

Menage has noticed a work of this kind. In the year 1675, the Duke de Maine received a gilt cabinet, about the size of a moderate table. On the door was inscribed, '*The apartment of Wit.*' The inside exhibited an alcove and a long gallery. In an arm-chair was seated the figure of the duke himself composed of wax, the resemblance the most perfect imaginable. On one side stood the Duke de la Rochefoucault, to whom he presented a paper of verses for his examination. Mr de Marcillac and Bossuet Bishop of Meaux, were standing near the arm-chair. In the alcove, Madame de Thianges and Madame de la Fayette sat retired reading a book. Boileau, the satirist stood at the door of the gallery, hindering seven or eight bad poets from entering. Near Boileau stood Racine who seemed to beckon to La Fontaine to come forward. All these figures were formed of wax; and this philosophical baby-house, interesting for the personages it imitated, might induce a wish in some philosophers to play once more with one.

There was lately an old canon at Cologne who made a collection of small wax models of characteristic figures, such as, personifications of misery, in a haggard old man with a scanty crust and a brown jug before him: or of avarice in a keen looking Jew miser counting his gold, which were done with such a spirit and reality that a Flemish painter a Hogarth or Wilkie, could hardly have worked up the *feeling* of the figure more impressively. All these were done with a truth and expression which I could not have imagined the wax capable of exhibiting, says the lively writer of 'an Autumn on the Rhine.' There is something very infantine in this taste; but I have preserved it long in life, and only lament that it is very rarely gratified by such close copiers of nature as was this old canon of Cologne.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

All the world have heard of these *statues:* they have served as vehicles for the keenest satire in a land of the most uncontrolled despotism. The *statue of Pasquin* (from whence the word *pasquinade*) and that of *Marforio* are placed in Rome in two different quarters. *Marforio's* is an ancient *statue* that lies at its whole length: either *Panarium Jovum*; or the river *Rhine*. That of *Pasquin* is a marble *statue*, greatly mutilated, which stands at the corner of the palace of the Ursinus supposed to be the figure of a gladiator. Whatever they may have been is now of little consequence; to one or other of these *statues*, during the concealment of the night are affixed those satires or lampoons which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves. When *Marforio* is attacked, *Pasquin* comes to his succour and when *Pasquin* is the sufferer he finds in *Marforio* a constant defender. Thus, by a thrust and a parry, the most serious matters are disclosed; and the most illustrious personages are attacked by their enemies, and defended by their friends.

Misson in his travels in Italy, gives the following account of the origin of the name of the statue of *Pasquin*:—

A satirical tailor, who lived at Rome, and whose name was *Pasquin*, amused himself with severe railery, liberally bestowed on those who passed by his shop; which in time became the lounge of the news-mongers. The tailor had precisely the talent to head a regiment of satirical wits, and had he had time to *publish*, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day; but his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest cross-legged on his shop-board. When any lampoons or amusing bon-mots were current in Rome, they were usually called from his shop, *pasquinades*. After his death this statue of an ancient gladiator was found under the pavement of his shop. It was soon set up; and by universal consent was inscribed with his name; and they still attempt to raise him from the dead, and keep the caustic tailor alive, in the marble gladiator of wit.

There is a very rare work, with this title:—'Pasquillorum, Tomi Duo.' The first containing the verse, and the second the prose pasquinades published at Basle, 1544.

The rarity of this collection of satirical pieces is entirely owing to the arts of suppression practised by the papal government. Sallengre, in his Literary Memoirs, has given an account of this work; his own copy had formerly belonged to Daniel Heinsius, who, in two verses, writes in his hand, describes its rarity and the price it cost;

Roma meos fratres igni dedit, unica Phœnix
Vivo, auriesque veneo centum Hensio.

'Rome gave my brothers to the flames, but I survive a solitary Phœnix. Heinsius bought me for a hundred golden ducats.'

This collection contains a great number of pieces composed at different times, against the popes, cardinals, &c. They are not indeed materials for the historian, and they must be taken with grains of allowance; but Mr Roscoe might have discovered in these epigrams and puns, that of his hero Leo X, and the more than infamous Lucretia of Alexander VI; even the corrupt Romans of the day were capable of expressing themselves with the utmost freedom.* Of these three respectable personages we find several epitaphs. Of Alexander VI we have an apology for his conduct.

Vendit Alexander Claves, altaria, Christum,
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.

'Alexander sells the keys, the altars, and Christ;
As he bought them first, he had a right to sell them!'

On Lucretia:—

Hoc tumulo dormit Lucretia nomine, sed re
Thais; Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus!

'Beneath this stone sleeps Lucretia by name, but by nature Thais; the daughter, the wife, the daughter-in-law of Alexander!'

Leo X was a frequent butt for the arrows of Pasquin:—

Sacra sub extrema, si forte requiritis, hora
Cur Leo non potuit sumere; vendiderat.

'Do you ask why the Lion did not take the sacrament on his death-bed?—How could he? He had sold it!'

Many of these satirical touches depend on puns. Urban VII, one of the *Barberini* family, pillaged the pantheon of brass to make cannon, on which occasion Pasquin was made to say:—

Quod non fecerunt Barbari Romæ, fecit Barberini.'

On Clement VII, whose death was said to be occasioned by the prescriptions of his Physician:

Curtius occidit Clementem, Curtius auro
Donandus, per quem publica parta salus.

'Dr Curtius has killed the pope by his remedies; he ought to be paid as a man who deserves well of the state.

Another calls Dr Curtius, 'The Lamb of God who annuls or takes away all worldly sins.'

The following, on Paul III, are singular conceptions:—

Papa Medusæum caput est, coma turba Nepotum:
Perseus cade caput, Cæsaries periit.

'The pope is the head of Medusa; the horrid tresses are his nephews; Perseus, cut off the head, and then we shall be rid of these serpent-locks.'

Another is sarcastic—

Ut canerent data multa olim sunt Vatibus æra:
Ut taceam, quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis?

'Heretofore money was given to poets that they might sing: how much will you give me, Paul, to be silent?'

The collection contains, among other classes, passages from the Scriptures which have been applied to the court of Rome; to different nations and persons; and one of '*Sortes Virgilianæ per Pasquillum collectæ*,'—passages from Virgil frequently happily applied and those who are curious in the history of those times, will find this portion interesting. The work itself not quite so rare as Da-

* It appears by a note in Mr. Roscoe's catalogue of his Library, that three of the sarcastic epigrams here cited, are given in the Life of Leo X. At this distance of time I cannot account for my own inadvertency. It has been, however, the occasion of calling down from Mr Roscoe an admirable reflection, which I am desirous of preserving, as a canon of criticism. 'It is much safer, in general, to speak of the contents of books positively than negatively, as the latter requires that they should first be read.' I regret that our elegant and nervous waiter should have considered a casual inadvertence as worth his attention.

niel Heinsius imagined; the price might now reach from five to ten guineas.

Marforio is a statue of *Mars*, found in the *Forum*;) which the people have corrupted into *Mar forio*. These statues are placed at opposite ends of the town, so that there is always sufficient time to make Marforio reply to the gibes and jeers of Pasquin, in walking from one to the other. I am obliged for the information to my friend Mr Duppa, the elegant biographer of Michael Angelo.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aqualine nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any conception between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and in other press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silk or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-colour. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person: The wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantses is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees; whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of the land of Natal wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer grease, which mixing with the hair, fastens the *bonnets* for their lives.

MODERN PLATONISM.

Erasmus in his age of religious revolution expressed an alarm, which in some shape has been since realized. He strangely, yet acutely observes, that '*literature* began to make a great and happy progress; but,' he adds, 'I fear two things, that the study of *Hebrew* will promote *Judaism*, and the study of *philology* will revive Paganism.' He speaks to the same purpose in the *Adages*, c. 189 as Jortin observes, p. 90. Blackwell in his curious Life of Homer, after showing that the ancient oracles were the fountains of knowledge, and that the *god of Delphi* actually was believed by the votaries, from the oracle's perfect acquaintance with the country, parentage, and fortunes of the suppliant, and many predictions having been verified; that besides all this, the oracles that have reached us discover a wide knowledge of every thing relating to Greece; —he is at a loss to account for a knowledge that he thinks has something divine in it: it was a knowledge to be found nowhere in Greece but among the oracles. He would account for this phenomenon, by supposing there existed a succession of learned men devoted to this purpose. He says, 'Either we must admit the knowledge of the priests, or turn *converts to the ancients*, and believe in the *omniscience of Apollo, which in this age I know nobody in hazard of*. Yet to the astonishment of this writer, were he now living, he would have witnessed this incredible fact! Even Erasmus himself might have wondered.

We discover the origin of modern platonism, as it may be distinguished among the Italians. About the middle of the fifteenth century, some time before the Turks had become masters of Constantinople, a great number of philosophers flourished. *Gemisthus Pletho* was once distinguished by his genius, his erudition, and his fervent passion for *platonism*. Mr Roscoe notices Pletho; 'His discourses had so powerful an effect upon Cosmo de Medici, who was his constant auditor, that he established an academy at Florence for the sole purpose of cultivating this new and more elevated species of philosophy.' The learned Marsilio Ficino translated Plotinus, that great archimage of *platonic mysticism*. Such were Pletho's eminent abilities, that in his old age those whom his novel system had greatly irritated, either feared or respected him. He had scarcely breathed his last when they began to abuse Plato and our Pletho. The following account is written by George of Trebizond.

'Lately has arisen amongst us a second Mahomet: and this second, if we do not take care, will exceed in greatness the first, by the dreadful consequences of his wicked doctrine, as the first has exceeded Plato. A disciple and rival of this philosopher in philosophy, in eloquence, and in science, he had fixed his residence in the Peloponnese. His common name was *Gemisthus*, but he assumed that of *Pletho*. Perhaps Gemisthus, to make us believe more easily that he was descended from heaven, and to engage us to receive more readily his doctrine and his new law, wished to change his name, according to the manner of the ancient patriarchs; of whom it is said, that at the time the name was changed they were called to the greatest things. He has written with no vulgar art, and with no common elegance. He has given new rules for the conduct of life, and for the regulation of human affairs; and at the same time has vomited forth a great number of blasphemies against the catholic religion. He was so zealous a platonist that he entertained no other sentiments than those of Plato, concerning the nature of the gods, souls, sacrifices, &c. I have heard him myself, when we were together at Florence, say, that in a few years all men on the face of the earth would embrace with one common consent, and with one mind, a single and simple religion, at the first instructions which should be given by a single preaching. And when I asked him if it would be the religion of Jesus Christ, or that of Mahomet? he answered, "Neither one nor the other; but a *third*, which will not greatly differ from *paganism*." These words I heard with so much indignation, that since that time I have always hated him: I look upon him as a dangerous viper; and I cannot think of him without abhorrence.'

The pious writer of this account is too violently agitated: he might perhaps, have bestowed a smile of pity or contempt; but the bigots and fanatics are not less insane than the impious themselves.

It was when Pletho died full of years and honours, that the malice of his enemies collected all its venom. A circumstance that seems to prove that his abilities must have been great indeed to have kept such crowds silent: and it is not improbable, this scheme of impiety was less impious than some people imagined. Not a few catholic writers lament that his book was burnt, and greatly regret the loss of Pletho's work; which, they say, was not meant to subvert the christian religion, but only to unfold the system of Plato and to collect what he and other philosophers had written on religion and politics.

Of his religious scheme, the reader may judge by this summary account. The general title of the volume ran thus: 'This book treats of the laws of the best form of government, and what all men must observe in their public and private stations, to live together in the most perfect, the most innocent, and the most happy manner.' The whole was divided into three books. The titles of the chapters where paganism was openly inculcated, are reported by Gennadius, who condemned it to the flames, but who has not thought proper to enter into the manner of his arguments, &c. The impiety and the extravagance of this new legislator appeared above all, in the articles which concerned religion. He acknowledges a plurality of gods; some superior, whom he placed above the heavens; and the others inferior, on this side the heavens. The first existing from the remotest antiquity; the others younger, and of different ages. He gave a king to all these gods; and he called him ΖΕΥΣ, or *Jupiter*, as the pagans named this power formerly. According to him, the stars had a soul; the demons were not malignant spirits; and the world was eternal. He established polygamy, and was even inclined to a community of women. All his work was filled with such reveries, and with not a few impieties, which my pious author will not venture to give.

What the intentions of Pletho were, it would be rash to determine. If the work was only an arrangement of paganism, or the platonic philosophy, it might have been an innocent, if not a curious volume. He was learned and humane, and had not passed his life entirely in the solitary recesses of his study.

To strain human curiosity to the utmost limits of human credibility, a *modern Pletho* has arisen in Mr *Thomas Taylor*, who, consonant to the platonic philosophy, at the present day religiously professes *polytheism!* At the close of the eighteenth century, be it recorded, were published many volumes, in which the author affects to avow himself a zealous Platonist, and asserts he can prove that the christian religion is a 'bastardized and barbarized Platonism!' The divinities of Plato are the divinities to be adored, and we are to be taught to call God Jupiter; the Virgin, Venus; and Christ, Cupid! And the Iliad of Homer allegorized, is converted into a Greek bible of the arcana of nature! Extraordinary as this literary lunacy may appear, we must observe, that it stands not singular in the annals of the history of the human mind. The Florentine academy which Cosmo founded, had, no doubt, some classical enthusiasts; but who, perhaps according to the political character of their country, were prudent and reserved. The platonic furor, however, appears to have reached other countries. The following remarkable anecdote has been given by St. Foix, in his 'Essais historiques sur Paris.' In the reign of Louis XII, a scholar named Hemon de la Fosse, a native of Abbeville, by continually reading and admiring the Greek and Latin writers, became mad enough to persuade himself that it was impossible that the religion of such great geniuses as Homer, Cicero, and Virgil was a false one. On the 25th of August, 1503, being at church, he suddenly snatched the host from the hands of the priest, at the moment it was raised, exclaiming; 'what! always this folly!' He was immediately seized and put in prison. In the hope that he would abjure his extravagant errors, they delayed his punishment; but no exhortation nor intreaties availed. He persisted in maintaining that Jupiter was the sovereign God of the universe, and that there was no other paradise than the Elysian fields. He was burnt alive, after having first had his tongue pierced, and his hand cut off. Thus perished an ardent and learned youth, who ought only to have been condemned as a Bedlamite.

Dr More, the most rational of our modern Platonists, abounds, however, with the most extravagant reveries, and was inflated with egotism and enthusiasm, as much as any of his mystic predecessors. He conceived that he held an intercourse with the divinity itself! that he had been shot as a fiery dart into the world, and he hoped he had hit the mark. He carried his self-conceit to such extravagance, that he thought his urine smelt like violets, and his body in the spring season had a sweet odour; a perfection peculiar to himself. These visionaries indulge the most fanciful vanity.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A volume on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result: the subject otherwise appears of trifling value; the very farthing pieces of history.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devises. If a reigning beauty chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips, would load them with that false rump which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to substitute. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I was obliged to wear his short hair, owing to a wound he received in his head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Others on the contrary adapted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties, as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry, and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II, and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of the archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called *L'Isbeau*, or the Isabella; a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy. Or sometimes they originate in some temporary event; as after the battle of Steenkirk, where the allies wore large cravats, by which the French frequently seized hold of them, a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV, cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battle of Ramillies, wigs received that denomination.

The *court* in all ages and in every country are the modellers of fashions, so that all the ridicule, of which these are so susceptible, must fall on them, and not upon their servile imitators the *citizens*. This complaint is made even so far back as in 1586, by Jean des Caures, an old French moralist, who, in declaiming against the fashions of his day, notices one, of the ladies carrying *mirrors fixed to their waists*, which seemed to employ their eyes in perpetual activity. From this mode will result, according to honest Des Caures, their eternal damnation. 'Alas (he exclaims,) in what an age do we live; to see such depravity which we see, that induces them even to bring into church these *scandalous mirrors hanging about their waist!* Let all histories divine, human, and profane be consulted; never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the most meretricious of the sex. It is true, at present none but the ladies of the court venture to wear them; but long it will not be before *every citizen's daughter*, and *every female servant*, will wear them!' Such in all times has been the rise and decline of fashion; and the absurd mimicry of the *citizens*, even of the lowest classes, to their very ruin, in straining to rival the *newest fashion*, has mortified and galled the courtier.

On this subject old Camden, in his remains, relates a story of a trick played off on a citizen, which I give in the plainness of his own venerable style. 'Sir Philip Calthrop, purged John Drakes, the *shoemaker of Norwich*, in the time of King Henry VIII, of the *proud humour* which our *people have to be of the gentleman's cut*. This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the tailor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said tailor's, and seeing the knight's gown cloth laying there, liking it well, caused the tailor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same extent, and further bade him to *make it of the same fashion, that the knight would have his made of*. Not long after, the knight coming to the tailor's to take the measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the tailor whose it was? Quoth the tailor, it is John Drakes the *shoemaker*, who will have it *made of the self-same fashion that yours is made*

of! "Well!" said the knight, "in good time be it! I will have mine made as *full of cuts as the shears can make it.*" "It shall be done!" said the tailor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas day, for serving his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the same to be *full of cuts*, began to swear at the tailor, for the making his gown after that sort. "I have done nothing," quoth the tailor, "but that you bid me, for as Sir Philip Calthorp's garment is, even so have I made yours!" "By my latchet!" quoth John Drakes, "*I will never wear gentlemen's fashions again.*"'

Sometimes fashions are quite reversed in their use in one age from another. Bags, when first in fashion in France, were only worn *en dishabille*; in visits of ceremony, the hair was tied by a riband and floated over the shoulders, which is exactly reversed in the present fashion. In the year 1735 the men had no hats but a little chapeau de bras; in 1745 they wore a very small hat; in 1755 they wore an enormous one, as may be seen in Jeffrey's curious 'Collection of Habits in all Nations.' Old Puttenham, in his very rare work, 'The Arts of Poesie,' p. 239, on the present topic gives some curious information. 'Henry VIII caused his own head, and all his courtiers to be *polled*, and his *beard* to be *cut short; before that time* it was thought *more decent*, both for old men and young, to be *all shaven*, and wear *long haire*, either rounded or square. Now *again at this time* (Elizabeth's reign,) the young gentlemen of the court have *taken up the long haire* trayling on their shoulders, and think this more decent; for what respect I would be glad to know.'

When the fair sex were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited feelings of horror and aversion; as much indeed as, in this less heroic age, would a gallant whose luxurious beard should

'Stream like a meteor to the troubled air.'

When Louis VII, to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair, and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guyenne, and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred, had Louis VII not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of our Queen Eleanor.

We cannot perhaps sympathize with the feelings of her majesty, though at Constantinople she might not have been considered quite unreasonable. There must be something more powerful in *beards* and *mustachois* than we are quite aware of; for when these were in fashion, with what enthusiasm were they not contemplated! When *mustachois* were in general use, an author, in his Elements of Education, published in 1640, thinks that 'hairy Excrement,' as Armado in 'Love's Labour Lost' calls it, contributed to make men valorous. He says, 'I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is *curious in fine mustachois*. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no lost time; for the more he contemplates his mustachois, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by masculine and courageous notions. The best reason that could be given for wearing the *longest and largest beard* of any Englishman, was that of a worthy clergyman in Elizabeth's reign, 'that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance.'

The grandfather of the Mrs Thomas, the Corinna of Cromwell, the literary friend of Pope, by her account, 'was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being some hours every morning in *starching his beard*, and *curling his whiskers*; during which time he was always read to.' Taylor, the water poet, humorously describes the great variety of beards in his time, which extract may be found in Grey's Hudibras, Vol. I, p. 300. The *beard*, says Granger, dwindled gradually under the two Charles's, till it was reduced into *whiskers*, and became extinct in the reign of James II, as if its fatality had been connected with that of the house of Stuart.

The hair has in all ages been an endless topic of the declamation of the moralist, and the favourite object of fashion. If the *beau monde* wore their hair luxuriant, or their wig enormous, the preachers, as in Charles the Second's reign, instantly were seen in the pulpit with their hair cut shorter, and their sermon longer, in consequence; respect was however paid by the world to the size of the *wig*, in spite of the *hair-cutter* in the pulpit. Our judges, and till lately our physicians, well knew its magical effect. In the reign of Charles II the hair-dress of the ladies was very elaborate; it was not only curled and frizzed with the nicest art, but set off with certain artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic term of *heart-breakers* and *love-locks*. So late as William and Mary, lads, and even children wore wigs; and if they had not wigs, they curled their hair to resemble this fashionable ornament. Women then were the hair-dressers.

It is observed by the lively Vigneul de Marville, that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of comfits. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in their pocket a *comfit-box* as we do snuff-boxes. They used them even on the most solemn occasions: when the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was found with his comfit-box in his hand. Fashions indeed have been carried to so extravagant a length as to have become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France, that Charles V was compelled to banish this disgusting mode by edicts which may be found in Mezeray. An Italian author of the fifteenth century supposes an Italian traveller of nice modesty would not pass through France, that he might not be offended by seeing men whose clothes rather exposed their nakedness than hid it. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the remoter period of our Chaucer, in his Parson's Tales.

In the reign of our Elizabeth the reverse of all this took place; then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The beaus of that day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-sacks, and in a public spectacle, they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of those ponderous beaus. To accord with this fantastical taste the ladies invented large hoop farthingales. Two lovers aside could surely never have taken one another by the hand. In a preceding reign the fashion ran on square-toes; insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes! Then succeeded picked-pointed shoes! The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. 'In that time,' says honest John Stowe, 'he was held the greatest gallant that had the *deeper ruffe* and *longest rapier*: the offence to the eye of the one and hurt unto the life of the subject that come by the other: this caused her Majestie to *make proclamation against them both*, and to *place selected grave citizens at every gate, to cut the ruffes, and break the rapier points* of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes.' These 'grave citizens,' at every gate cutting the ruffes and breaking the rapiers, must doubtless have encountered in their ludicrous employment some stubborn opposition; but this regulation was, in the spirit of that age, despotic and effectual. The late Emperor of Russia ordered the soldiers to stop every passenger who wore pantaloons, and with their hangers to cut off, upon the leg, the offending part of these superfluous breeches; so that a man's legs depended greatly on the adroitness and humanity of a Russ or a Cossack; however this war against *pantaloons* was very successful, and obtained a complete triumph in favour of the *breeches* in the course of the week.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II, their dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than 52 new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says, they had 'chaunge of clothing everie daie. Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II, of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice; this was told him by her majesty's own *tailleur*, who from a poor man soon became as rich as any one he knew. Our own Elizabeth left no less than three thousand different habits in her ward-

robe when she died. She was possessed of the dresses of all countries.

The catholic religion has ever considered the pomp of the clerical habit as not the slightest part of its religious ceremonies; their devotion is addressed to the eye of the people. In the reign of our catholic Queen Mary, the dress of a priest was costly indeed; and the sarcastic and good-humoured Fuller gives, in his Worthies, the will of a priest, to show the wardrobe of men of his order, and desires that the priest may not be jeered for the gallantry of his splendid apparel. He bequeaths to various parish churches and persons, 'My vestment of crimson satin—my vestment of crimson velvet—my stole and fanon set with pearl—my black gown faced with taffeta, &c.'

Chaucer has minutely detailed in 'The Persone's Tale,' the grotesque and the costly fashions of his day: and the simplicity of the venerable satirist will interest the antiquary and the philosopher. Much, and curiously, have his caustic severity or lenient humour descanted on the 'moche superfluitee,' and 'wast of cloth in vanitee,' as well as 'the disordinate scantnesse.' In the spirit of the good old times he calculates 'the coste of the embrouding or embroidering; endenting or baring; ounding or wavy; paling or imitating pales; and winding or bending; the costlewe furring in the gounes; so much pounsouing of chesel to maken holes (that is punched with a bodkin;) so moche dagging of sheres (cutting into slips;) with the superfluitee in length of the gounes trailing in the dong and in the myre, on horse and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman—that all thilke trailing,' he verily believes, which wastes, consumes, wears threadbare, and is rotten with dung, are all to the damage of 'the poor folk,' who might be clothed only out of the flounces and draggle-tails of these children of vanity. But then his Parson is not less bitter against 'the horrible disordinat scantnesse of clothing,' and very copiously he describes, though perhaps in terms, and with a humour too coarse for me to transcribe, the consequences of these very tight dresses. Of these persons, among other offensive matters, he sees 'the buttokkes behind as if they were the hinder part of a sheape in the ful of the mone.' He notices one of the most grotesque of all modes; that one they then had of wearing a parti-coloured dress; one stocking, part white and part red; so that they looked as if they had been flayed; or white and blue; or white and black: or black and red; that this variety of colours seems as if their members had been corrupted by St Anthony's fire, or by cancer, or other mischance!

The modes of dress during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were so various and ridiculous, that they afforded perpetual food for the eager satirist. Extravagant as some of our fashions are, they are regulated by a better taste.

The conquests of Edward III introduced the French fashions into England; and the Scotch adopted them by their alliances with the French court, and close intercourse with that nation.

Walsingham dates the introduction of French fashions among us, from the taking of Calais in 1347; but we appear to have possessed such a rage for imitation in dress, that an English beau was actually a fantastical compound of all the fashions of Europe, and even Asia, in the reign of Elizabeth. In Chaucer's time the prevalence of French fashions was a common topic with our satirist; and he notices the affectation of our female citizens in speaking the French language: a stroke of satire which, after more than four centuries, is not yet obsolete. A superior education, and a residence at the west end of the town, begin however, to give another character to the daughters of our citizens. In the prologue to the Prioresse, Chaucer has these humorous lines:—

> Entewned in her voice full seemly,
> And French she spake full feteously;
> After the Scole of Stratford at Bowe,
> The French of Paris was to her unknowe.

A beau of the reign of Henry IV has been made out by the laborious Henry. I shall only observe, that they wore then long-pointed shoes to such an immoderate length, that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, these chains the English beau of the fourteenth century had made of gold and silver; but the grotesque fashion did not finish here; for the tops of their shoes were carved in the manner of a church window. The ladies of that period were not less fantastical.

The wild variety of dresses worn in the reign of Henry VIII, is alluded to in a print of a naked Englishman holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shears in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of those days. The print bears the following inscription:—

> I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
> Musing in my mind, what rayment I shall were;
> For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
> And now I will were, what I cannot tell what.

At a lower period, about the reign of Elizabeth, we are presented with a curious picture of a man of fashion. I make this extract from Puttenham's very scarce work on The Art of Poetry, p. 250. This author was a travelled courtier, and has interspersed his curious work with many lively anecdotes, and correct pictures of the times.—This is his fantastical beau in the reign of Elizabeth. 'May it not seeme enough for a courtier to know how to *weare a feather* and *set his cappe* aflaunt; his *chain en echarpe*; a straight *buskin, al Inglese*; a loose *a la Turquesque*; the cape *alla Spaniola*; the breech *a la François*, and by twentie maner of new-fashioned garments, to disguise his body and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seems there be many that make a very arte and studie, who can show himselfe most fine, I will not say most foolish or ridiculous.' So that a beau of those times wore in the same dress a grotesque mixture of all the fashions in the world. About the same period the *ton* ran in a different course in France. There, fashion consisted in an affected negligence of dress; for Montaigne honestly laments in Book i, Cap. 25—'I have never yet been apt to imitate the *negligent garb* which is yet observable among the *young men* of our time; to wear my *cloak on one shoulder*, my *bonnet on one side*, and *one stocking* in something *more disorder than the other*, meant to express a manly disdain of such exotic ornaments, and a contempt of art.'

The fashions of the Elizabethan age have been chronicled by honest John Stowe. Stowe was originally a *tailor* and when he laid down the shears and took up the pen, the taste and curiosity for dress was still retained. He is the grave chronicler of matters not grave. The chronology of ruffs, and tufted taffetas; the revolution of steel poking-sticks, instead of the bone or wood used by the laundresses; the invasion of shoe buckles, and the total rout of shoe roses; that grand adventure of a certain Flemish lady, who introduced the art of starching the ruffs with a yellow tinge into Britain; while Mrs Mountague emulated her in the royal favour, by presenting her highness the queen with a pair of black silk stockings, instead of her cloth hose, which her majesty now forever rejected; the heroic achievements of the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who first brought from Italy the whole mystery and craft of perfumery, and costly washes; and among other pleasant things besides, a perfumed jerkin, a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed with roses, in which the queen took such delight, that she was actually pictured with those gloves on her royal hands, and for many years after, the scent was called the Earl of Oxford's Perfume. These, and other occurrences as memorable, receive a pleasant kind of historical pomp in the important, and not incurious, narrative of the antiquary and the tailor. The toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her ministers were her votaries; it was the reign of coquetry, and the golden age of millinery! But of grace and elegance, they had not the slightest feeling! There is a print by Vertue, of Queen Elizabeth going in a procession to Lord Hunsdon. This procession is led by Lady Hunsdon, who no doubt was the leader likewise of the fashions; but it is impossible, with our ideas of grace and comfort, not to commiserate this unfortunate lady, whose standing-up were ruff, rising above her head; whose stays or boddice, so long waisted as to reach to her knees, and the circumference of her large hoop farthingale, which seems to enclose her in a capacious tub, mark her out as one of the most pitiable martyrs of ancient modes. The amorous Sir Walter Raleigh must have found some of her maids of honour the most impregnable fortification his gallant spirit ever assailed: a *coup de main* was impossible.

I shall transcribe from old Stowe a few extracts, which may amuse the reader:

'In the second yeere of Queen Elizabeth 1560, her

silke woman, Mistris Mountague, presented her majestie for a new yeere's gift, *a paire of black silk knit stockings*, the which, after a few days wearing, pleased her highness so well, that she sent for Mistris Mountague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, "I made them very carefully of purpose only for your majestie, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand." "Do so, (quoth the queene,) for *indeed I like silke stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more* cloth stockins"—and from that time unto her death the queene never wore any more *cloth hose*, but only silke stockins; for you shall understand that King Henry the Eight did weare onely cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell-broade taffaty, or that by great chance there came a pair of *Spanish silke stockins* from Spain. King Edward the Sixte had a *payre of long Spanish silke stockings* sent him for a *great present*. Duke's daughters then wore gowns of satten of Bridges (Bruges) upon solemn dayes. Cushens, and window pillows of welvet and damaske, formerly only princely furniture, now be very plenteous in most citizens' houses.'

'Milloners or haberdashers had not then any *gloves imbroydered*, or trimmed with gold, or silke; neither gold nor embroydered girdles and hangers, neither could they *make any costly wash or perfume*, until about the fifteenth yeere of the queene, the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that yeere the queene had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed onely with four tuffes, or roses of coloured silk. The queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her handes, and for many years after, it was called "The Earl of Oxford's perfume."'

In such a chronology of fashions, an event not less important surely, was the origin of starching; and here we find it treated with the utmost historical dignity.

'In the year 1564, Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, borne at Temen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipful knight of that province, with her husband came to London for their better safeties, and there professed herselfe a starcher, wherein she excelled, unto whom her owne nation presently repaired, and payed her very liberally for her worke. Some very few of the best and most curious wives of that time, observing the neatness and delicacy of the Dutch for whiteness and fine wearing of linen, made them cambricke ruffes, and sent them to Mistris Dinghen to starche, and after awhile they made them ruffes of lawn, which was at that time a stuff most strange, and wonderfull, and thereupon arose a general scoffe or by-word, that shortly they would make ruffes of a spider's web; and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to Mistris Dinghen to learne how to starche; her usuall price was at that time, foure or five pound, to teach them how to starche, and twenty shillings how to seeth starche.'

Thus Italy, Holland, and France, supplied us with such fashions and refinements. But in those days they were, as I have shown from Puttenham, as extravagant dressers as any of their present supposed degenerate descendants. Stowe affords us another curious extract. 'Divers noble personages made them ruffes, a full quarter of a yeardo deepe, and two lengthe in one ruffe. This fashion in London was called the French fashion: but when Englishmen came to Paris the French knew it not, and in derision called it the English monster.' An exact parallel this of many of our own Parisian modes in the present day; and a circumstance which shows the same rivality in fashion in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of George the Fourth.

This was the golden period of cosmetics. The beaux of that day, it is evident, used the abominable art of painting their faces as well as the women. Our old comedies abound with perpetual allusions to oils, tinctures, quintessences, pomatums, perfumes, paint, white and red, &c. One of their prime cosmetics was a frequent use of the bath, and the application of wine. Strutt quotes from an old MS a recipe to make the face of a beautiful red colour. The person was to be in a bath that he might perspire, and afterwards wash his face with wine, and 'so should be both faire and roddy.' In Mr Lodge's 'Illustrations of British History,' I observe a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had the keeping of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The earl notices that the queen bathed in wine, and complains of the expense, and requires a further allowance. A learned Scotch professor informed me, on my pointing out this passage, that white wine was used for these purposes. They also made a bath of milk. Elder beauties bathed in wine, to get rid of their wrinkles; and perhaps not without reason, wine being a great astringent. Unwrinkled beauties bathed in milk, to preserve the softness and sleekness of the skin. Our venerable beauties of the Elizabethan age were initiated coquettes; and the mysteries of their toilette might be worth unveiling.

The reign of Charles II was the dominion of French fashions. In some respects the taste was a little lighter, but the moral effect of dress, and which no doubt it has, was much worse. The dress of this French queen was very inflammatory; and the nudity of the beauties of the portrait painter, Sir Peter Lely, has been observed. The queen of Charles II exposed her breast and shoulders without even the glass of the lightest gauze; and the tucker instead of standing up on her bosom, is with licentious boldness turned down, and lies upon her stays. This custom of baring the bosom was much exclaimed against by the authors of that age. That honest divine, Richard Baxter, wrote a preface to a book, entitled 'A just and seasonable reprehension of naked breasts and shoulders.' In 1672 a book was published, entitled, 'New instructions unto youth for their behaviour, and also a discourse upon some innovations of habits and dressing; against powdering of hair, naked breasts, black spots, (or patches,) and other unseemly customs.' A whimsical fashion now prevailed among the ladies, of strangely ornamenting their faces with abundance of black patches cut into grotesque forms, such as a coach and horses, owls, rings, suns, moons, crowns, cross and crosslets. The author has prefixed two ladies' heads; the one representing Virtue, and the other Vice. Virtue is a lady modestly habited, with a black velvet hood, and plain white kerchief on her neck, with a border. Vice wears no handkerchief, her stays cut low, so that they display great part of the breasts; and a variety of fantastical patches on her face.

The innovation of fashions in the reign of Charles II, were watched with a jealous eye by the remains of those strict puritans, who now could only pour out their bile in such solemn admonitions. They affected all possible plainness and sanctity. When courtiers wore monstrous wigs, they cut their hair short; when they adopted hats, with broad plumes, they clapped on round black caps, and screwed up their pale religious faces; and when shoe-buckles were revived, they wore strings to their shoes. The sublime Milton, perhaps, exulted in his intrepidity of still wearing latchets! The Tatler ridicules Sir William Whitlocke for his singularity in still affecting them. 'Thou dear Will Shoestring, how shall I draw thee? Thou dear outside, will you be combing your wig, playing with your box, or picking your teeth, &c. Wigs and snuff-boxes were then the rage. Steele's own wig, it is recorded made at one time a considerable part of his annual expenditure. His large black periwig cost him, even at that day, not less than forty guineas!—We wear nothing at present in this degree of extravagance. But such a wig was the idol of fashion, and they were performing perpetually their worship with infinite self-complacency; then combing their wigs in public was the very spirit of gallantry and rank. The hero of Richardson, youthful and elegant as he wished him to be, is represented waiting at an assignation, and describing his sufferings in bad weather by lamenting that 'his wig and his linen were dripping with the hoar frost dissolving on them.' Even Betty, Clarissa's lady's maid, is described as 'tapping on her snuff-box,' and frequently taking snuff. At this time nothing was so monstrous as the head-dresses of the ladies in Queen Anne's reign: they formed a kind of edifice of three stories high; and a fashionable lady of that day much resembles the mythological figure of Cybele, the mother of the gods, with three towers on her head.

It is not worth noticing the changes in fashion, unless to ridicule them. However, there are some who find amusement in these records of luxurious idleness; these thousand and one follies! Modern fashions, till very lately a purer taste has obtained among our females, were generally mere copies of obsolete ones, and rarely originally fantastical. The dress of some of our beaux will only be known in a few years hence by their caricatures. In 1751 the dress of a *dandy* is described in the Inspector. A black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, and blue stockings. This too was the era

of black silk breeches; an extraordinary novelty, against which 'some frowsy people attempted to raise up worsted in emulation.' A satirical writer has described a buck about forty years ago; one could hardly have suspected such a gentleman to have been one of our contemporaries. 'A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs: a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of sixpence on a block not worth a farthing.'

As this article may probably arrest the volatile eyes of my fair readers, let me be permitted to felicitate them on their improvement in elegance in the forms of their dress; and the taste and knowledge of art which they frequently exhibit. But let me remind them that there are certain principles independent of all fashions, which must be cherished at all times. Tacitus remarks of Poppea, the consort of Nero, that she concealed a part of her face; to the end that, the imagination having fuller play by irritating curiosity, they might think higher of her beauty, than if the whole of her face had been exposed. The sentiment is beautifully expressed by Tasso, and it will not be difficult to remember it:—

'Non copre sue bellezze, e non l'espose.'

I conclude by preserving a poem, written in my youth, not only because the great poet of this age has honoured it by placing it in 'The English Minstrelsy,' but as a memorial of some fashions which have become extinct in my own days.

STANZAS,

Addressed to Laura, entreating her not to Paint, to Powder or to Game, but to retreat into the Country.

Ah, Laura! quit the noisy town,
And Fashion's persecuting reign;
Health wanders on the breezy down,
And Science on the silent plain.

How long from Art's reflected hues
Shalt thou a mimic charm receive?
Believe, my fair! the faithful muse,
They spoil the blush they cannot give.

Must ruthless art, with torturous steel,
Thy artless locks of gold deface,
In serpent folds their charms conceal,
And spoil, at every touch, a grace.

Too sweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,
To waste on midnight's sordid crews:
Let wrinkled age the night consume:
For age has but its hoards to lose!

Sacred to love and sweet repose,
Behold that trellis'd bower is nigh!
That bower the lilac walls enclose,
Safe from pursuing Scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold
Some flower of pleasing hue I weave,
A goddess shall the muse behold,
And many a votive sigh shall heave.

So the rude Tartar's holy rite
A feeble mortal once array'd;
Then trembled in that mortal's sight,
And own'd divine the power he made.*

A SENATE OF JESUITS.

In a book intituled 'Interéts et Maximes des Princes et des Etats Souverains, par M. Le Duc de Rohan; Cologne, 1666,' an anecdote is recorded concerning the jesuits; so much the more curious, as neither Puffendorf nor Vertot have noticed it in their histories, though its authority cannot be higher.

When Sigismond, king of Sweden, was elected king of Poland, he made a treaty with the states of Sweden, by which he obliged himself to pass every fifth year in that kingdom. By his wars with the Ottoman court, with Muscovy, and Tartary, obliged to remain in Poland to encounter such powerful enemies, he failed, during fifteen years, of accomplishing his promise. To remedy this in some shape, by the advice of the jesuits, who had gained the ascendant over him, he created a senate to reside at Stockholm, composed of forty chosen jesuits, to decide on every affair of state. He published a declaration in their favour, presented them with letters-patent, and invested them with the royal authority.

While this senate of jesuits was at Dantzic waiting for a fair wind to set sail for Stockholm, he published an edict, that they should receive them as his own royal person. A public council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigismond, the prelates, and the lords, resolved to prepare for them a splendid and magnificent entry.

But in a private council, they came to very contrary resolutions: for the prince said, he could not bear that a senate of priests should command, in preference to all the honours and authority of so many princes and lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this holy senate. The archbishop rose, and said, 'Since Sigismond has disdained to be our king, we also must not acknowledge him as such; and from this moment we should no longer consider ourselves as his subjects. His authority is in suspense, because he has bestowed it on the jesuits who form this senate. The people have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of resignation on the one side, and assumption of the other, I absolve you all of the fidelity the king may claim from you as his Swedish subjects.' When he had said this, the Prince of Bithynia addressing himself to Prince Charles, uncle of the king, said, 'I own no other king than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate subjects, and to assist us to hunt these vermin from the state.' All the others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful monarch.

Having resolved to keep their declaration for some time secret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this senate in their entry into the harbour, who were now on board a great galleon, which had anchored two leagues from Stockholm that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fireworks they had prepared would appear to the greatest advantage. About the time of their reception, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-five or thirty vessels, appeared before the senate. Wheeling about and forming a caracol of ships, they discharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galleon of this senate, which had its sides pierced through with the balls. The galleon immediately filled with water and sunk, without one of the unfortunate jesuits being assisted; on the contrary, their assailants cried to them that this was the time to perform some miracle, such as they were accustomed to do in India and Japan; and if they chose, they could walk on the waters!

The report of the cannon and the smoke which the powder occasioned, prevented either the cries or the submersion of the holy fathers from being observed; and as if they were conducting the senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they sung *Te Deum*; and to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for this ill-fated senate.

The jesuits of the city of Stockholm having come, about midnight, to pay their respects to the fathers of the senate, perceived their loss. They directly posted up placards of excommunication against Charles and his adherents, who had caused the senate of jesuits to perish. They solicited the people to rebel: but they were soon expelled the city, and Charles made a public profession of Lutheranism.

Sigismond, king of Poland, began a war with Charles in 1604, which lasted two years. Disturbed by the invasions of the Tartars, the Muscovites, and the Cossacks, a truce was concluded; but Sigismond lost both his crowns, by his bigoted attachment to Roman Catholicism.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

The following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bougier. It has been a favourite narrative with the old romance writers; and the principal incident, however objectionable, has been displayed in several modern poems. It is probable, that the true history will be acceptable for its tender and amorous incident, to the fair reader.

I find it in some shape related by Howel, in his 'Familiar Letters,' in one addressed to Ben Jonson. He recommends it to him as a subject 'which peradventure you may make use of in your way;' and concludes by saying, 'In my opinion, which vails to yours, this is choice and rich

* The Lama, or God of the Tartars, is composed of such frail materials as mere mortality; contrived, however, by the power of priestcraft, to appear immortal; the succession of Lamas never failing!

stuff for you to put upon your loom and make a curious web of.'

The Lord De Coucy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord Du Fayel, who felt a reciprocal affection. With the most poignant grief this lady heard from her lover, that he had resolved to accompany the king and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land; but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a string that she had woven herself of his own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted.

In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, he received a wound, which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the Lady Du Fayel; and he poured forth the fervour of his soul. He ordered his squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his beloved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands in quitting her.

The squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France, to present the heart and the presents to the lady of Du Fayel. But when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighbouring wood, till he could find some favourable moment to complete his promise. He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of this lady, who recognized him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life, if he did not divulge the occasion of his return. The squire assured him that his master was dead; but Du Fayel not believing it, drew his sword on him. This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed every thing; and put into his hands the heart and letter of his master. Du Fayel, prompted by the fellest revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart; and having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout to be made, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, and had it served to her. The lady ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired of his wife if she had found the ragout according to her taste: she answered him that she had found it excellent.' 'It is for this reason, that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much liked. You have, Madam,' the savage Du Fayel continued, eaten the heart of the Lord De Coucy.' But this she would not believe, till he showed her the letter of her lover, with the string of his hair, and the diamonds she had given him. Then shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the darkest despair, she told him—'It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited to be loved; for never could it find its superior; and since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it.' Grief and passion choaked her utterance. She retired to her chamber; she closed the door for ever; and refusing to accept of consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

The present learned and curious dissertation is compiled from the papers of an ingenious antiquary, from the 'Present State of the Republic of Letters,' Vol. X, p. 289.

The antiquity of this part of dress, will form our first inquiry; and we shall then show its various uses in the several ages of the world.

It has been imagined that gloves are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares, he will cast his *shoe* over Edom; and still farther back, supposing them to be used in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv, 7, where the custom is noticed of a man taking off his *shoe* and giving it to his neighbour, as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging any thing. The word in these two texts usually translated *shoe* by the Chaldee paraphrast in the latter, is rendered *glove*. Casaubon is of opinion that *gloves* were worn by the Chaldeans, from the word here mentioned being explained in the Talmud Lexicon, *the clothing of the hand*. But are not these mere conjectures, and has not the Chaldean paraphrast taken a liberty in his version?

Xenophon gives a clear and distinct account of *gloves*. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, as a proof of their effeminacy, he observes, that not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with *thick gloves*. *Homer*, describing Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with *gloves on his hands, to secure them from the thorns*. *Varro*, an ancient writer is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In lib. ii, cap. 55, *de Re Rustica*, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand, are preferable to those gathered with *gloves*. *Athenæus* speaks of a celebrated glutton who always came to table with *gloves* on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company.

These authorities show, that the ancients were not strangers to the use of *gloves*, though their use was not common. In a hot climate to wear gloves implies a considerable degree of effeminacy. We can more clearly trace the early use of gloves in northern than in southern nations. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of *gloves* prevailed among the Romans; but not without some opposition from the philosophers. *Musonius*, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says *It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings*. Their convenience, however, soon made the use general. *Pliny* the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had *gloves* on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business.

In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of *gloves* was become so universal, that even the church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of *Lewis le Debonnaire*, the council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear *gloves* made of sheep-skin.

That time had made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

Gloves, besides their original design for a covering of the hand, have been employed on several great and solemn occasions; as in the ceremony of *investitures*, in bestowing lands, or in conferring *dignities*. Giving possession, by the delivery of a *glove*, prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002, the bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a *glove*. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some abbots in France presuming to wear *gloves*, the council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbad them the use, on the same principle as the ring and sandals; these being peculiar to bishops, who frequently wore them richly adorned on their backs with jewels.

Favin observes, that the custom of blessing *gloves* at the coronation of the kings of France, which still subsists, is a remain of the eastern practice of investiture by *a glove*. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded. The unfortunate *Conradin* was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper *Mainfroy*. When having ascended the scaffold, the injured prince lamenting his hard fate, asserted his right to the crown, and as a token of investiture, threw his *glove* among the crowd, entreating it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death. It was taken up by a knight, and brought to Peter King of Arragon, who in virtue of this glove was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of *gloves* was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession, so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degradation. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says, 'His spurs were cut off with a hatchet; and his *gloves* and shoes were taken off, &c.'

Another use of *gloves* was in a duel; he who threw one down, was by this act understood to give defiance, and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

The use of single combat, at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeals of fire and water, was in succeeding ages practised for deciding rights and pro-

perty. Challenging by the *glove* was continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiffs appeared in court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his *glove*, which the other immediately taking up, carried it off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed; this affair was however adjusted by the queen's judicious interference.

The ceremony is still practised of challenging by a *glove* at the coronation of the kings of England, by his majesty's champion entering Westminister Hall completely armed and mounted.

Challenging by the *glove* is still in use in some parts of the world. In Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a *glove* to the offending party, is a challenge to a duel.

The last use of *gloves* was for carrying the *hawk*, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of France still remaining; on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a *glove* in his hand.

Chambers says that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear *gloves* on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no such restraint; for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving *gloves* from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a *maiden assize*; a custom of great antiquity.

Our curious antiquary has preserved a singular anecdote concerning *gloves*. Chambers informs us, that it is not safe at present to enter the stables of princes without pulling off our *gloves*. He does not tell us in what the danger consists; but it is an ancient established custom in Germany, that whoever enters the stables of a prince, or great man, with his *gloves* on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the servants. The same custom is observed in some places at the death of the stag; in which case if the *gloves* are not taken off they are redeemed by money given to the huntsmen and keepers. The French king never failed of pulling off one of his *gloves* on that occasion. The reason of this ceremony seems to be lost.

We meet with the term *glove-money* in our old records; by which is meant, money given to servants to buy *gloves*. This probably is the origin of the phrase *giving a pair of gloves*, to signify making a present for some favour or service.

Gough in his 'Sepulchral Monuments' informs us that gloves formed no part of the female dress till after the Reformation; I have seen some so late as Anne's time richly worked and embroidered.

There must exist in the Denny family some of the oldest gloves extant, as appears by the following glove anecdote.

At the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods, April 6th 1759, the gloves given by Henry VIII to Sir Anthony Denny were sold for 38*l*, 17*s*; those given by James I to his son Edward Denny for 22*l*, 4*s*; the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's Lady, 25*l*, 4*s*; all which were bought for Sir Thomas Denny of Ireland who was descended in a direct line from the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of the executors of the will of Henry.

RELICS OF SAINTS.

When relics of saints were first introduced, the reliquemania was universal: they bought and they sold, and like other collectors, made no scruple to *steal* them. It is entertaining to observe the singular ardour and grasping avidity of some, to enrich themselves with these religious morsels, their little discerment, the curious impositions of the vender, and the good faith and sincerity of the purchaser. The prelate of the place sometimes ordained a fast to implore God that they might not be cheated with the relics of saints, which he sometimes purchased for the holy benefit of the village or town.

Guilhert de Nogen wrote a treatise on the relics of saints; acknowledging that there were many false ones as well as false legends, he reprobates the inventors of these lying miracles. He wrote his treatise on the occasion of *a tooth* of our Lord's by which the monks of St. Medard de Soissons pretended to operate miracles. He asserts that this pretension is as chimerical as that of several persons, who believed they possessed the navel, and other parts less decent of—the body of Christ!

A monk of Bergevinck has given a history of the translation of Saint Lewin, a virgin, and a martyr: her relics were brought from England to Berge. He collected with religious care the facts from his brethren, especially from the conductor of these relics from England. After the history of the translation, and a panegyric of the saint, he relates the miracles performed in Flanders since the arrival of her relics. The prevailing passions of the times to possess fragments of saints is well marked, when the author particularizes with a certain complacency all the knavish modes they used to carry off those in question. None then objected to this sort of robbery; because the gratification of the reigning passion had made it worth while to supply the demand.

A monk of Cluny has given a history of the translation of the body of St Indalece, one of the earliest Spanish bishops; written by order of the abbot of St. Juan de la Penna. He protests he advances nothing but facts; having himself seen, or learnt from other witnesses, all he relates. It was not difficult for him to be well informed, since it was to the monastry of St Juan de la Penna that the holy relics were transported, and those who brought them were two monks of that house. He has authenticated his minute detail of circumstances by giving the names of persons and places. His account was written for the great festival immediately instituted in honour of this translation. He informs us of the miraculous manner by which they were so fortunate as to discover the body of this bishop and the different plans they concerted to carry it off. He gives the itinerary of the two monks who accompanied the holy remains. They were not a little cheered in their long journey by visions and miracles.

Another has written a history of what he calls the translation of the relics of Saint Magean to the monastry of Villemagne. *Translation* is in fact only a softened expression for the robbery of the relics of the saint committed by two monks, who carried them off secretly to enrich their monastery; and they did not hesitate at any artifice, or lie, to complete their design. They thought every thing was permitted to acquire these fragments of mortality, which had now become a branch of commerce. They even regarded their possessors with a hostile eye. Such was the religious opinion from the ninth to the twelfth century. Our Canute commissioned his agent at Rome to purchase *Saint Augustine's arm* for one hundred talents of silver and one of gold! a much larger sum, observes Granger than the finest statue of antiquity would have them sold for.

Another monk describes a strange act of devotion attested by several contemporary writers. When the saints did not readily comply with the prayers of their votaries, they flogged their relics with rods, in a spirit of impatience which they conceived was proper to make them bend into compliance.

Theofroy, abbot of Epternac, to raise our admiration relates the daily miracles performed by the relics of saints, their ashes, their clothes, or other mortal spoils, and even by the instruments of their martyrdom. He inveighs against that luxury of ornaments which was indulged under a religious pretext; 'It is not to be supposed that the saints are desirous of such a profusion of gold and silver. They wish not that we should raise to them such magnificent churches, to exhibit that ingenious order of pillars which shine with gold; nor those rich ceilings, nor those altars sparkling with jewels. They desire not the purple parchment of price for their writings, the liquid gold to embellish the letters, nor the precious stones to decorate their covers; while you have such little care for the ministers of the altar.' The pious writer has not forgotten *himself* in this partnership-account with *the saints*.

The Roman church not being able to deny, says Bayle, that there have been false relics, which have operated miracles, they reply, that the good intentions of those believers who have recourse to them obtained from God this reward for their good faith! In the same spirit, when it was shown that two or three bodies of the same saint are said to exist in different places, and, that therefore they all could not be authentic; it was answered, that they were all genuine! for God had multiplied and miraculously reproduced them for the comfort of the faithful! A curious specimen of the intolerance of good sense.

When the Reformation was spread in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil was so affected by it, that he went in person to pay the pope all possible honours. His holiness on this occasion presented him with a precious box of relics. The prince having returned home, some monks entreated permission to try the effect of these relics on the demoniac, who had hitherto resisted every kind of exorcism. They were brought into the church with solemn pomp, and deposited on the altar, accompanied by an innumerable crowd. After the usual conjurations, which were unsuccessful, they applied the relics. The demoniac instantly recovered. The people called out a *miracle!* and the prince, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, felt his faith confirmed. In this transport of pious joy, he observed that a young gentleman who was keeper of this treasure of relics, smiled, and by his motions ridiculed the miracle. The prince, indignantly, took our young keeper of the relics to task; who, on promise of pardon, gave the following *secret intelligence* concerning them. In travelling from Rome he had lost the box of relics; and not daring to mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and cats, and other trifles similar to what were lost. He hoped he might be forgiven for smiling, when he found that such a collection of rubbish was idolized with such pomp, and had even the virtue of expelling demons. It was by the assistance of this box that the prince discovered the gross impositions of the monks and the demoniacs, and Radzivil afterwards became a zealous Lutheran.

The Elector Frederic, surnamed *the wise*, was an indefatigable collector of relics. After his death, one of the monks employed by him, solicited payment for several parcels he had purchased for our *wise* elector; but the times had changed! He was advised to give over this business; the relics for which he desired payment they were willing *to return:* that the price had fallen considerably since the reformation of Luther; and that they would be more esteemed, and find a *better market* in Italy than in Germany!

Stephens, in his Traité preparatif a l'Apologie pour Herodote, c. 39, says, 'A monk of St. Anthony having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics, among which were a bit of the finger of the Holy Ghost, as sound and entire as it had ever been; the snout of the seraphim that appeared to St. Francis; one of the nails of a cherubim; one of the ribs of the *verbum caro factum* (the word made flesh:) some rays of the star which appeared to the three kings in the east; a vial of St Michael's sweat when he was fighting against the devil; a hem of Joseph's garment, which he wore when he cleaved wood, &c:' all of which things, observes our treasurer of relics, I have brought very devoutly with me home. Our Henry III, who was deeply tainted with the superstition of the age, summoned all the great in the kingdom to meet in London. This summons excited the most general curiosity, and multitudes appeared. The king then acquainted them that the great master of the Knights Templars had sent him a phial containing *a small portion of the precious blood of Christ* which he had shed upon the *cross!* and *attested to be genuine* by the seals of the patriarch of Jerusalem and others. He commanded a procession the following day, and the historian adds, that though the road between St. Paul's and Westminister abbey was very deep and miry, the king kept his eyes constantly fixed on the phial. Two monks received it, and deposited the phial in the abbey, 'which made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God, and St. Edward.'

Lord Herbert, in his Life of Henry VIII, notices the *great fall of the price of relics* at the dissolution of the monasteries. 'The respect given to relics, and some pretended miracles, fell; insomuch, as I find by our records, that a *piece of St. Andrew's finger*, (covered only with an ounce of silver,) being laid to pledge by a monastery for forty pounds, was left unredeemed at the dissolution of the house; the king's commissioners, who upon surrender of any foundation undertook to pay the debts, refusing to return the price again.' That is, they did not choose to repay the *forty pounds*, to receive *a piece of the finger of St. Andrew.*

About this time the property of relics suddenly sunk to a South-sea bubble; for shortly after the artifice of the Rood of Grace, at Boxley in Kent, was fully opened to the eyes of the populace; and a far-famed relic at Hales in Gloucestershire, of the blood of Christ, was at the same time exhibited. It was showed in a phial, and it was believed that none could see it who were in mortal sin; and after many trials usually repeated to the same person, the deluded pilgrims at length went away fully satisfied. This relic was the *blood of a duck*, renewed every week, and put in a phial; one side was *opaque*, and the other *transparent*; the monk turned either side to the pilgrim as he thought proper. The success of the pilgrim depended on the generous oblations he made; those who were scanty in their offerings were the longest to get a sight of the blood: when a man was in despair, he usually became more generous!

PERPETUAL LAMPS OF THE ANCIENTS.

No. 379 of the Spectator, relates an anecdote of one having opened the sepulchre of the famous Rosicrucius. There he discovered a lamp burning, which a statue of clock-work struck into pieces. Hence the disciples of this visionary said, that he made use of this method to show 'that he had re-invented the ever burning lamps of the ancients.

Many writers have made mention of these wonderful lamps; Marville appears to give a satisfactory account of the nature of these flames.

It has happened frequently, that inquisitive men, examining with a flambeau ancient sepulchres which had been just opened, the fat and gross vapours, engendered by the corruption of dead bodies, kindled as the flambeau approached them, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who frequently cried out *a miracle!* This sudden inflammation, although very natural, has given room to believe that these flames proceeded from *perpetual lamps*, which some have thought were placed in the tombs of the ancients, and which, they said, were extinguished at the moment these tombs opened, and were penetrated by the exterior air.

The accounts of the perpetual lamps, which ancient writers give, has occasioned several ingenious men to search after their composition. Licetus, who possessed more erudition than love of truth, has given two receipts for making this eternal fire by a peparation of certain minerals. An opinion in vogue amongst those who are pleased with the wonderful, or who only examine things superficially. More credible writers maintain, that it is impossible to make lamps perpetually burning, and an oil at once inflammable and inconsumable; but Boyle, assisted by several experiments made on the air-pump, found that those lights, which have been viewed in opening tombs, proceeded from the collision of fresh air. This reasonable observation conciliates all, and does not compel us to deny the accounts.

The story of the lamp of Rosicrucius, even if it ever had the slightest foundation, only owes its origin to the spirit of party, which at the time would have persuaded the world, that Rosicrucius had at last discovered something; but there is nothing certain in this amusing invention.

The reason adduced by Marville is satisfactory for his day; and for the opening of sepulchres with flambeaux. But it was reserved for the modern discoveries made in natural philosophy, as well as those in chemistry, to prove that air was not only necessary for a medium to the existence of the flame, which indeed the air-pump had already shown; but also as a constituent part of the inflammation, and without which a body otherwise very inflammable in all its parts, cannot however burn but in its superfices, which alone is in contact with the ambient air.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS RESEMBLING ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION.

Some stones are preserved by the curious, for representing distinctly figures traced by nature alone, and without the aid of art.

Pliny mentions an agate, in which appeared, formed by the hand of nature, Apollo amidst the nine Muses holding a harp. Majolus assures us, that at Venice another is seen, in which is naturally formed the perfect figure of a man. At Pisa, in the church of St John, there is a similar natural production, which represents an old hermit in a desert seated by the side of a stream, and who holds in his hands a small bell, as St Anthony is commonly painted. In the temple of St Sophia, at Constantinople, there was formerly on a white marble the image of St John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel, with this only imperfection, that nature had given but one leg. At Ravenna, in the Church of St Vital, a cordelier is seen on a dusky

stone. They found in Italy a marble, in which a crucifix was so elaborately finished, that there appeared the nails, the drops of blood, and the wounds, as perfectly as the most excellent painter could have performed. At Sneilberg, in Germany, they found in a mine a certain rough metal, on which was seen the figure of a man, who carried a child on his back. In Provence they found in a mine, a quantity of natural figures of birds, trees, rats, and serpents; and in some places of the western parts of Tartary, are seen on divers rocks, the figures of camels, horses, and sheep. Pancirollus, in his Lost Antiquities, attests, that in a church at Rome, a marble perfectly represented a priest celebrating mass, and raising the host. Paul III conceiving that art had been used, scraped the marble to discover whether any painting had been employed: but nothing of the kind was discovered. 'I have seen,' writes a friend, 'many of these curiosities. They are *always helped out* by art. In my father's house was a gray marble chimney-piece, which abounded in portraits, landscapes, &c, the greatest part of which was made by myself.' My learned friend, the Rev. Stephen Weston, possesses a very large collection, many certainly untouched by art. One stone appears like a perfect cameo of a Minerva's head; another shows an old man's head, beautiful as if the hand of Raphael had designed it. Both these stones are transparent. Some exhibit portraits.

There is preserved in the British Museum, a black stone, on which nature has sketched a resemblance of the portrait of Chaucer. Stones of this kind, possessing a sufficient degree of resemblance, are rare; but art appears not to have been used. Even in plants, we find this sort of resemblance. There is a species of the orchis found in the mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Kent, &c. Nature has formed a bee, apparently feeding in the breast of the flower, with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. Hence the plant derives its name, and is called the *Bee-flower*. Langhorne elegantly notices its appearance:

'See on that flowret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

'Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs:—we'll set the captive free—
I sought the living bee to find,
And found the picture of a bee.'

The late Mr Jackson of Exeter wrote to me on this subject: 'This orchis is common near our seacoasts; but instead of being exactly like a BEE, *it is not like it at all*. It has a general resemblance to a *fly*, and by the help of imagination, may be supposed to be a fly pitched upon the flower. The mandrake very frequently has a forked root, which may be fancied to resemble thighs and legs. I have seen it helped out with nails on the toes.'

An ingenious botanist, a stranger to me, after reading this article, was so kind as to send me specimens of the *fly* orchis, *ophrys muscifera*, and of the *bee* orchis, *ophrys apifera*. Their resemblance to these insects when in full flower is the most perfect conceivable; they are distinct plants. The poetical eye of Langhorne was equally correct and fanciful; and that too of Jackson, who differed so positively. Many controversies have been carried on, from a want of a little more knowledge; like that of the BEE *orchis* and the FLY *orchis*; both parties prove to be right.

Another curious specimen of the playful operations of nature is the mandrake; a plant indeed, when it is bare of leaves, perfectly resembling that of the human form. The ginseng tree is noticed for the same appearance. This object the same poet has noticed:

'Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands;
Oft, as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frighted ploughman stands.'

He closes this beautiful fable with the following stanza, not unapposite to the curious subject of this article;

'Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear:
Where nature's studious hand engraves
The perfect form, and leaves it there.'

THE POETICAL GARLAND OF JULIA.

Huet has given a charming description of a present made by a lover to his mistress; a gift which romance has seldom equalled for its gallantry, ingenuity, and novelty. It was called the Garland of Julia. To understand the nature of this gift, it will be necessary to give the history of the parties.

The beautiful Julia d'Angennes was in the flower of her youth and fame, when the celebrated Gustavus, king of Sweden, was making war in Germany with the most splendid success. Julia expressed her warm admiration of this hero. She had his portrait placed on her toilette, and took pleasure in declaring that she would have no other lover than Gustavus. The Duke de Montausier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer. A short time after the death of Gustavus, he sent her, as a new-year's gift, the *Poetical Garland*, of which the following is a description.

'The most beautiful flowers were painted in miniature by an eminent artist, one Robert, on pieces of vellum, all of an equal size. Under every flower a sufficient space was left open for a madrigal on the subject of that flower there painted. The duke solicited the wits of the time to assist in the composition of these little poems, reserving a considerable number for the effusions of his own amorous muse. Under every flower he had its madrigal written by a penman, N du Jarry, who was celebrated for beautiful writing. It is decorated by a frontispiece, which represents a splendid garland composed of these twenty-nine flowers; and on turning the page a Cupid is painted. These were magnificently bound, and inclosed in a bag of rich Spanish leather. This gift, when Julia awoke on new-year's day, she found lying on her toilette; it was one quite to her taste, and successful to the donor's hopes.

Of this Poetical Garland, thus formed by the hands of Wit and Love, Huet says, 'As I had long heard of it, I frequently expressed a wish to see it: at length the duchess of Uzez gratified me with the sight. She locked me in her cabinet one afternoon with this garland; she then went to the queen, and at the close of the evening liberated me. I never passed a more agreeable afternoon.'

One of the prettiest inscriptions of these flowers is the following, composed for

THE VIOLET.

Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon sejour,
Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
Mais, si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
La plus humble des fleurs, sera la plus superbe.

Modest my colour, modest is my place,
Pleased in the grass my lowly form to hide;
But mid your tresses might I wind with grace,
The humblest flower would feel the loftiest pride.

The following is some additional information respecting 'the Poetical Garland of Julia.'

At the sale of the library of the Duke de la Valliere, in 1784, among its numerous literary curiosities this garland appeared. It was actually sold for the extravagant sum of 14,510 livres! though in 1770 at Gaignat's sale, it only cost 780 livres. It is described, 'a manuscript on vellum, composed of twenty-nine flowers painted by one Robert, under which are inserted madrigals by various authors.' But the Abbe Rive, the superintendant of the Valliere library, published in 1779 an inflammatory notice of this garland; and as he and the duke had the art of appreciating, and it has been said *making* spurious literary curiosities, this notice was no doubt the occasion of the maniacal price.

In the revolution of France, this literary curiosity found its passage into this country. A bookseller offered it for sale at the enormous price of 500*l*. sterling! No curious collector has been discovered to have purchased this unique; which is most remarkable for the extreme folly of the purchaser who gave the 14,510 livres for poetry and painting not always exquisite. The history of the garland of Julia is a child's lesson for certain rash and inexperienced collectors, who may here

'Learn to do well by other's harm.'

TRAGIC ACTORS.

Montfleury, a French player, was one of the greatest actors of his time for characters highly tragic. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the Andromache of Racine. The author of the 'Parnasse reformé' makes him thus express himself in the shades. There is something extremely droll in his lamentations, with a severe raillery on the inconveniences to which tragic actors are so liable.

'Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing! I have wasted my lungs in the violent emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than Le Brun ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprise succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniac; and consequently to strain all the parts of my body to render them fitter to accompany these different impressions. The man then who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it were of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know that it was of *the Andromache!*'

The Jesuit Rapin informs us, that when Mondory acted Herod in the Myriamne of Tristan, the spectators quitted the theatre mournful and thoughtful; so tenderly were they penetrated with the sorrows of the unfortunate heroine. In this melancholy pleasure, he says, we have a rude picture of the strong impressions which were made by the Grecian tragedians. Mondory indeed felt so powerfully the character he assumed, that it cost him his life.

Some readers will recollect the death of Bond, who felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan in Zara, which he personated when an old man, that Zara, when she addressed him, found him *dead* in his chair!

The assumption of a variety of characters, by a person of irritable and delicate nerves, has often a tragical effect on the mental faculties. We might draw up a list of actors, who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters. Several have died on the stage, and, like Palmer, usually in the midst of some agitated appeal to the feelings.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he used to say, that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of Queens! Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a *Cæsar*, but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron!* A variety of anecdotes testify the admirable talents he displayed. Whenever he meant to compliment the talents or merit of distinguished characters, he always delivered in a pointed manner the striking passages of the play, fixing his eye on them. An observation of his respecting actors is nor less applicable to poets and to painters. 'Rules,' said this sublime actor, 'may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them, it will be well done; passion knows more than art.'

Betterton, although his countenance was ruddy and sanguine, when he performed Hamlet, at the appearance of the ghost, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror in the presence of his father's spectre, instantly turned as white as his neckloth, while his whole body seemed to be affected with a strong tremor: had his father's apparition actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. This struck the spectators so forcibly, that they felt a shuddering in their veins, and participated in the astonishment and the horror so apparent in the actor. Davies in his Dramatic Miscellanies records this fact; and in the Richardsoniana, we find that the first time Booth attempted the ghost when Betterton acted Hamlet, that actor's look at him struck him with such horror that he became disconcerted to that degree, he could not speak his part. Here seems no want of evidence of the force of the ideal presence in this marvellous acting: these facts might deserve a philosophical investigation.

Le Kain, the French actor, who retired from the Parisian stage, covered with glory and gold, was one day congratulated by a company on the retirement which he was preparing to enjoy. 'As to glory,' modestly replied this actor, 'I do not flatter myself to have acquired much. This kind of reward is always disputed by many, and you yourselves would not allow it, were I to assume it. As to the money, I have not so much reason to be satisfied; at the Italian theatre their share is far more considerable than mine; an actor there may get twenty to twenty-five thousand livres, and my share amounts at the most to ten or twelve thousand.' 'How! the devil!' exclaimed a rude chevalier of the order of St Louis, who was present,: 'How the devil! a vile stroller is not content with twelve thousand livres annually, and I, who am in the king's service, who sleep upon a cannon and lavish my blood for my country, I must consider myself as fortunate in having obtained a pension of one thousand livres.' 'And do you account as nothing, Sir, the liberty of addressing me thus?' replied Le Kain, with all the sublimity and conciseness of an irritated Orosmane.

The memoirs of Madlle Clairon display her exalted feeling of the character of a sublime actress; she was of opinion, that in common life the truly sublime actor should be a hero, or heroine off the stage. 'If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I may make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman in Agrippina, or Semiramis, during the remaining four.' In society she was nicknamed the Queen of Carthage, from her admirable personification of Dido in a tragedy of that name.

JOCULAR PREACHERS.

These preachers, whose works are excessively rare, form a race unknown to the general reader. I shall sketch the characters of these pious buffoons, before I introduce them to his acquaintance. They, as it has been said of Sterne, seemed to have wished, every now and then to have thrown their wigs into the faces of their auditors.

These preachers flourished in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; we are therefore to attribute their extravagant mixture of grave admonition with facetious illustration, comic tales which have been occasionally adopted by the most licentious writers, and minute and lively descriptions, to the great simplicity of the times, when the grossest indecency was never concealed under a gentle periphrasis, but every thing was called by its name. All this was enforced by the most daring personalities, and seasoned by those temporary allusions which neither spared nor feared even the throne. These ancient sermons therefore are singularly precious, to those whose inquisitive pleasures are gratified by tracing the *manners* of former ages. When Henry Stephens, in his apology for Herodotus, describes the irregularities of the age, and the minutiæ of national manners, he effects this chiefly by extracts from these sermons. Their wit is not always the brightest, nor their satire the most poignant; but there is always that prevailing *naiveté* of the age; running through their rude eloquence, which interests the reflecting mind. In a word, these sermons were addressed to the multitude; and therefore they show good sense and absurdity, fancy and puerility; satire and insipidity; extravagance and truth.

Oliver Maillard, a famous cordelier, died in 1502. This preacher having pointed some keen traits in his sermons at Louis XI, the irritated monarch had our cordelier informed that he would throw him into the river. He replied undaunted, and not forgetting his satire: 'The king may do as he chooses; but tell him that I shall sooner get to paradise by water, than he will arrive by all his post horses.' He alluded to travelling by post, which this monarch had lately introduced into France. This bold answer, it is said, intimidated Louis; it is certain that Maillard continued as courageous and satirical as ever in his pulpit.

The following extracts are descriptive of the manners of the times.

In attacking rapine and robbery, under the first head he describes a kind of usury, which was practised in the days of Ben Jonson, and I am told in the present, as well as in the times of Maillard. 'This,' says he, 'is called a palliated usury. It is thus. When a person is in want of money, he goes to a treasurer (a kind of banker or merchant,) on whom he has an order for 1000 crowns; the treasurer tells him that he will pay him in a fortnight's time, when he is to receive the money. The poor man cannot wait. Our good treasurer tells him, I will give you half in money and half in goods. So he passes his goods that are worth 100 crowns for 200.' He then touches on the bribes which these treasurers and clerks in office took, excusing themselves by alleging 'the little pay they otherwise received. All these practices be sent to the devils!' cries Maillard, in thus addressing himself to the *ladies*. 'It is for *you* all this damnation ensues. Yes! yes! you must have rich satins, and girdles of gold out of this accursed money. When any one has any thing to receive from the

husband, he must first make a present to the wife of some fine gown, or girdle, or ring. If you ladies and gentlemen who are battening on your pleasures, and wear scarlet clothes, I believe if you were closely put in a good press, we should see the blood of the poor gush out, with which your scarlet is dyed.'

Maillard notices the following curious particulars of the mode of *cheating in trade* in his times.

He is violent against the apothecaries for their cheats. They mix ginger with cinnamon, which they sell for real spices; they put their bags of ginger, pepper, saffron, cinnamon, and other drugs in damp cellars, that they may weigh heavier; they mix oil with saffron to give it a colour, and to make it weightier. He does not forget those tradesmen who put water in their wool, and moisten their cloth that it may stretch; tavern-keepers, who sophisticate and mingle wines: to the very butchers who blow up their meat, and who mix hog's lard with the fat of their meat. He terribly declaims against those who buy with a great allowance of measure and weight, and then sell with a small measure and weight; and curses those who, when they weigh, press the scales down with their finger. But it is time to conclude with master Oliver! His catalogue is, however, by no means exhausted; and it may not be amiss to observe, that the present age have retained every one of the sins which are here alleged.

The following extracts are from Menot's sermons, which are written like Maillard's, in a barbarous Latin mixed with old French.

Michael Menot died in 1518. I think he has more wit than Maillard, and occasionally displays a brilliant imagination; with the same singular mixture of grave declamation and farcical absurdities. He is called in the title-page the *golden-tongued*. It runs thus, *Predicatoris qui lingua aurea, sua tempestate nuncupatus est, Sermones quadragesimales, ab ipso olim Turonis declamati. Paris*, 1525, 8vo.

When he compares the church with a vine, he says, 'There were once some Britons and Englishmen who would have carried away all France into their country, because they found our wine better than their beer; but as they well knew that they could not always remain in France, nor carry away France into their country, they would at least carry with them several stocks of vines; they planted some in England; but these stocks soon degenerated, because the soil was not adapted to them.' Notwithstanding what Menot said in 1500, and that we have tried so often, we are still flattering ourselves that if we plant vineyards we may have English wine.

The following beautiful figure describes those who live neglectful of their aged parents, who had cherished them into prosperity. 'See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all; but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements, and to game away their fortunes, than to give to their old parents the cares which they want.'

He acquaints us with the following circumstances of the immorality of that age. Who has not got a mistress besides his wife? The poor wife eats the fruit of bitterness, and even makes the bed for the mistress.' Oaths were not unfashionable in his day. 'Since the world has been world, this crime was never greater. There were once pillories for these swearers; but now this crime is so common, that the child of five years can swear; and even the old dotard of eighty, who has only two teeth remaining can fling out an oath!"

On the power of the fair sex of his day, he observes, 'A father says my son studies; he must have a bishoprick, or an abbey of 500 livres. Then he will have dogs, horses, and mistresses, like others. Another says, I will have my son placed at court, and have many honourable dignities. To succeed well, both employ the mediation of women; unhappily the church and the law are entirely at their disposal. We have artful Delilahs who shear us close. For twelve crowns and an ell of velvet given to a woman, you gain the worst law-suit, and best living.'

In his last sermon, Menot recapitulates the various topics he had touched on during Lent. This extract will present a curious picture, and impress the mind with a just notion of the versatile talents of these preachers.

I have told *ecclesiastics* how they should conduct themselves; not that they are ignorant of their duties; but I must ever repeat to girls, not to suffer themselves to be duped by them. I have told these ecclesiastics that they should imitate the lark; if she has a grain she does not remain idle, but feels her pleasure in singing, and in singing always is ascending towards heaven. So they should not a mass; but elevate the hearts of all to God; and not do as the frogs who are crying out day and night, and think they have a fine throat, but always remain fixed in the mud.

'I have told the *men of the law* that they should have the qualities of the eagle. The first is, that this bird when it flies fixes its eye on the sun; so all judges, counsellors, and attorneys, in judging, writing, and signing, should always have God before their eyes. And secondly, this bird is never greedy; it willingly shares its prey with others: so all lawyers, who are rich in crowns after having had their bills paid, should distribute some to the poor, particularly when they are conscious that their money arises from their prey.

'I have spoken of the *marriage state*, but all that I have said has been disregarded. See those wretches who break the hymeneal chains, and abandon their wives! they pass their holidays out of their parishes, because if they remained at home they must have joined their wives at church; they like their prostitutes better; and it will be so every day in the year! I would as well dine with a Jew or a heretic, as with them. What an infected place is this! Mistress Lubricity has taken possession of the whole city; look in every corner and you will be convinced.

'For you *married women!* If you have heard the nightingale's song, you must know that she sings during three months, and that she is silent when she has young ones. So there is a time in which you may sing and take your pleasures in the marriage state, and another to watch your children. Don't damn yourselves for them; and remember it would be better to see them drowned than damned.'

'As to *widows*, I observe, that the turtle withdraws and sighs in the woods, whenever she has lost her companion; so must they retire into the wood of the cross, and having lost their temporal husband, take no other but Jesus Christ.

'And to close all, I have told *girls* that they must fly from the company of men, and not permit them to embrace, nor even touch them. Look on the rose, it has a delightful odour; it embalms the place in which it is placed; but if you grasp it underneath, it will prick you till the blood issues. The beauty of the rose is the beauty of the girl. The beauty and perfume of the first invite to smell and to handle it, but when it is touched underneath it pricks sharply; the beauty of the girl likewise invites the hand; but you, my young ladies! you must never suffer this, for I tell you that every man who does this, designs to make you harlots.'

These ample extracts will, I hope, convey the same pleasure to the reader, which I have received by collecting them from their scarce originals, little known even to the curious. Menot, it cannot be denied, displays a poetic imagination, and a fertility of conception, which distinguishes him among his rivals. The same taste and popular manner came into our country, and were suited to the simplicity of the age. In 1527, our Bishop Latimer preached a sermon, in which he expresses himself thus;—'Now ye have heard what I meant by this *first card*, and how ye ought to *play*. I purpose again to deal unto you another *card of the same suit*; for they be of so nigh affinity, that one cannot be *well played* without the other.' It is curious to observe about a century afterwards, as Fuller informs us, that when a country clergyman imitated these familiar allusions, the taste of the congregation had so changed, that he was interrupted by peals of laughter!

Even in more modern times have Menot and Maillard found an imitator in little Father André, as well as others. His character has been variously drawn. He is by some represented as a kind of buffoon in the pulpit: but others more judiciously observe, that he only indulged his natural genius, and uttered humorous and lively things, as the good father observes himself, to keep the attention of his audience awake. He was not always laughing. 'He told many a bold truth, says the author of Guerre des Auteurs anciens et modernes, 'that sent bishops to their dioceses, and made many a coquette blush. He possessed the art of biting when he smiled; and more ably combated vice by his ingenious satire than by those vague apostrophes, which no one takes to himself. While others were straining their minds to catch at sublime thoughts, which no one understood, he lowered his talents to the most hum-

ble situations, and to the minutest things. From them he drew his examples and his comparisons; and the one and the other never failed of success.' Marville says, that 'his expressions were full of shrewd simplicity. He made very free use of the most popular proverbs. His comparisons and figures were always borrowed from the most familiar and lowest things.' To ridicule effectually the reigning vices, he willingly employed quirks or puns rather than sublime thoughts, and he was little solicitous of his choice of expression. Gasparo Gozzi, in Italy had the same power in drawing unexpected inferences from vulgar and familiar occurrences. It was by this art Whitfield obtained so many followers. In Piozzi's British Synonymies, Vol. II, p. 205, we have an instance of Gozzi's manner. In the time of Charles II it became fashionable to introduce humour into sermons. Sterne seems to have revived it in his sermons: South's sparkle perpetually with wit and pun.

Far different, however, are the characters of the sublime preachers, of whom the French have preserved the following descriptions.

We have not any more, Bourdaloue, La Rue, and Massillon; but the idea which still exists of their manner of addressing their auditors, may serve instead of lessons. Each had his own peculiar mode, always adapted to place, time, circumstance, to their auditors, their style, and their subject.

Bourdaloue, with a collected air, had little action: with eyes generally half closed, he penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. The tone with which a sacred orator pronounced the words, *Tu es ille vir*, 'Thou art the man,' in suddenly addressing them to one of the kings of France, struck more forcibly than their application. Madame De Sevigné describes our preacher, by saying, 'Father Bourdaloue thunders at Notre Dame.'

La Rue appeared with the air of a prophet. His manner was irresistible, full of fire, intelligence and force. He had strokes perfectly original. Several old men, his contemporaries, still shuddered at the recollection of the expression which he employed in an apostrophe to the God of vengeance, *Evaginare gladium tuum*.

The person of Massillon is still present to many. It seems, say his admirers, that he is yet in the pulpit with that air of simplicity, that modest demeanour, those eyes humbly declining, those unstudied gestures, that passionate tone, that mild countenance of a man penetrated with his subject, and conveying to the mind the most brilliant light, and to the heart the most tender emotions. Baron, the tragedian, coming out from one of his sermons, truth forced from his lips a confession humiliating to his profession; 'My friend,' said he to one of his companions, 'this is an *orator!* and we are only *actors*.'

MASTERLY IMITATORS.

There have been found occasionally some artists who could so perfectly imitate the spirit, the taste, the character, and the peculiarities of great masters, that they have not unfrequently deceived the most skilful connoisseurs. Michael Angelo sculptured a sleeping Cupid, of which having broken off an arm, he buried the same in a place where he knew it would soon be found. The critics were never tired of admiring it, as one of the most precious relics of antiquity. It was sold to the Cardinal of St George, to whom Michael Angelo discovered the whole mystery, by joining to the Cupid the arm which he had reserved.

An anecdote of Peter Mignard is more singular. This great artist painted a Magdalen on a convass fabricated at Rome. A broker, in concert with Mignard, went to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him as a secret that he was to receive from Italy a Magdalen of Guido, and his master-piece. The chevalier caught the bait, begged the preference, and purchased the picture at a very high price.

He was informed he had been imposed upon, and that the Magdalen was painted by Mignard. Mignard himself caused the alarm to be given, but the amateur would not believe it; all the connoisseurs agreed it was a Guido, and the famous Le Brun corroborated this opinion.

The chevalier came to Mignard;—'Some persons assure me that my Magdalen is your work?'—'Mine! they do me great honour. I am sure Le Brun is not of this opinion.'—'Le Brun swears it can be no other than a Guido. You shall dine with me, and meet several of the first connoisseurs.'

On the day of meeting, the picture was again more closely inspected. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work of that great master; he insinuated that it was possible to be deceived; and added, that if it was Guido's, he did not think it in his best manner.' 'It is a Guido, sir, and in his very best manner,' replied Le Brun with warmth; and all the critics were unanimous. Mignard then spoke in a firm tone of voice; 'And I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido. The dispute now became violent; Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager. In a word, the affair became such that it could add nothing more to the glory of Mignard. 'No sir,' replied the latter, 'I am too honest to bet when I am certain to win. Monsieur Le Chevalier, this piece cost you 2000 crowns; the money must be returned,—the painting is *mine*.' Le Brun would not believe it. 'The proof,' Mignard continued, 'is easy. On this canvass, which is a Roman one, was the portrait of a cardinal; I will show you his cap.'—The chevalier did not know which of the rival artists to credit. The proposition alarmed him. 'He who painted the picture shall repair it,' said Mignard. He took a pencil dipped in oil, and rubbing the hair of the Magdalen discovered the cap of the cardinal.—The honour of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed; Lebrun vexed, sarcastically exclaimed, 'Always paint Guido, but never Mignard.'

There is a collection of engravings by that ingenious artist Bernard Picart, which has been published under the title of *The Innocent Impostors*. Picart had long been vexed at the taste of his day, which ran wholly in favour of antiquity, and no one would look at, much less admire, a modern master. He published a pretended collection or a set of prints, from the designs of the great painters, in which he imitated the etchings and engravings of the various masters, and much were these prints admired as the works of Guido, Rembrandt, and others. Having had his joke, they were published under the title of *Impostures Innocens*. The connoisseurs however are strangely divided in their opinion of the merit of this collection. Gilpin classes these 'Innocent Impostors' among the most entertaining of his works, and is delighted by the happiness with which he has outdone in their own excellencies the artists whom he copied: but Strutt, too grave to admit of jokes that twitch the connoisseurs, declares that they could never have deceived an experienced judge, and reprobates such kinds of ingenuity, played off at the cost of the venerable brotherhood of the cognoscenti!

The same thing was however done by Goltzius, who being disgusted at the preference given to the works of Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, and others of that school, and having attempted to introduce a better taste, which was not immediately relished, he published what was afterwards called his *master-pieces*. These are six prints in the style of these masters, merely to prove that Goltzius could imitate their works, if he thought proper. One of these, the Circumcision, he had painted on soiled paper, and to give it the brown tint of antiquity, had carefully smoked it, by which means it was sold as a curious performance, and deceived some of the most capital connoisseurs of the day, one of whom bought it as one of the finest engravings of Albert Durer. Even Strutt acknowledges the merit of Goltzius's *master-pieces*.

To these instances of artists I will add others of celebrated authors. Muretus rendered Joseph Scaliger, a great stickler for the ancients, highly ridiculous by an artifice which he practised. He sent some verses which he pretended were copied from an old manuscript. The verses were excellent, and Scaliger was credulous. After having read them, he exclaimed they were admirable, and affirmed that they were written by an old comic poet, Trabeus. He quoted them in his commentary on Varo *de Re Rustica*, as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity. It was then, when he had fixed his foot firmly in the trap, that Muretus informed the world of the little dependence to be placed on the critical sagacity of one so prejudiced in favour of the ancients, and who considered his judgment as infallible.

The Abbé Regneir Desmarais, having written an ode, or, as the Italians call it, Canzone, sent it to the Abbé Strozzi at Florence, who used it to impose on three or four academicians of Della Crusca. He gave out that Leo Allatius, librarian of the Vatican, in examining carefully the mss of Petrarch preserved there, had found two pages slightly glued, which having separated, he had discovered this ode. The fact was not at first easily credited; but

afterwards the similarity of style and manner rendered it highly probable. When Strozzi undeceived the public, it procured the Abbé Regnier a place in the academy, as an honourable testimony of his ingenuity.

Pere Commire, when Louis XIV resolved on the conquest of Holland, composed a Latin fable, entitled 'The Sun and the Frogs,' in which he assumed with such felicity the style and character of Phædrus, that the learned German critic Wolfius was deceived, and innocently inserted it in his edition of that fabulist.

Faminius Strada would have deceived most of the critics of his age, if he had given as the remains of antiquity the different pieces of history and poetry which he composed on the model of the ancients, in his *Prelusiones Academicæ*. To preserve probability he might have given out that he had drawn them from some old and neglected library; he had then only to have added a good commentary, tending to display the conformity of the style and manner of these fragments with the works of those authors to whom he ascribed them.

Sigonius was a great master of the style of Cicero, and ventured to publish a treatise *de consolatione*, as a composition of Cicero recently discovered; many were deceived by the counterfeit, which was performed with great dexterity, and was long received as genuine; but he could not deceive Lipsius, who, after reading only ten lines, threw it away, exclaiming, '*Vah! non est Ciceronis!*' The late Mr Burke succeeded more skilfully in his 'Vindication of Natural Society,' which for a long time passed as the composition of Lord Bolingbroke: so perfect is this ingenious imposture of the spirit, manner, and course of thinking, of the noble author. I believe it was written for a wager, and fairly won.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Our Edward the Fourth was a gay and voluptuous prince; and probably owed his crown to his handsomeness, his enormous debts, and passion for the fair sex. He had many Jane Shores. Honest Philip de Comines, his contemporary, says, 'That what greatly contributed to his entering London as soon as he appeared at its gates, was the great debts this Prince had contracted, which made his creditors gladly assist him; and the high favour in which he was held by the *Bourgeoises*, into whose good graces he had frequently glided, and who gained over to him their husbands, who, I suppose, for the tranquillity of their lives, were glad to depose, or to raise monarchs.—Many ladies and rich citizens' wives, of whom formerly he had great privacies and familiar acquaintance, gained over to him their husbands and relations.'

This is the description of his voluptuous life; we must recollect, that the writer had been an eye witness, and was an honest man; while modern historians only view objects through the colouring medium of their imagination.

'He had been during the last twelve years more accustomed to his ease and pleasure than any other prince who lived in his time. He had nothing in his thoughts but *les dames*, and of them more than was *reasonable*; and hunting-matches, good eating, and great care of his person. When he went in their seasons to these hunting-matches, he always had carried with him great pavilions for *les dames*, and at the same time gave splendid entertainments; so that it is not surprising that his person was as jolly as any one I ever saw. He was then young, and as handsome as any man of his age; but he has since become enormously fat.'

Since I have got old Philip in my hand, the reader will not, perhaps, be displeased, if he attends to a little more of his *naiveté*, which will appear in the form of a *conversazione* of the times. He relates what passed between Edward and the king of France:

'When the ceremony of the oath was concluded, our king, who was desirous of being friendly, began to say to the king of England, in a laughing way, that he must come to Paris, and be jovial amongst our ladies; and that he would give him the Cardinal de Bourbon for his confessor, who would very willingly absolve him of any *sin* which perchance he might commit. The king of England seemed well pleased at the invitation, and laughed heartily; for he knew that the said cardinal was *un fort bon compagnon*. When the king was returning, he spoke on the road to me; and said, that he did not like to find the king of England so much inclined to come to Paris. "He is," said he, "a very *handsome* king: he likes the women too much. He may probably find one at Paris that may make him like to come too often, or stay too long. His predecessors have already been too much at Paris and in Normandy;" and that "his company was not agreeable *this side of the sea*; but that, beyond the sea, he wished to be *bon frere et amy*."'

I have called Philip de Comines *honest*. The old writers, from the simplicity of their style, usually receive this honourable epithet; but sometimes they deserve it as little as most modern memoir-writers. No enemy is indeed so terrible as a man of genius. Comines' violent enmity to the Duke of Burgundy, which appears in these Memoirs, has been traced by the minute researchers of anecdotes; and the cause is not honourable to the memoir-writer, whose resentment was implacable. De Comines was born a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, and for seven years had been a favorite; but one day returning from hunting with the Duke, then Count de Charolois, in familiar jocularity he sat himself down before the prince, ordering the prince to pull off his boots. The count laughed and did this, but in return for Comines's princely amusement, dashed the boot in his face, and gave Comines a bloody nose. From that time he was mortified in the court of Burgundy by the nickname of the *bosted head*. Comines long felt a rankling wound in his mind; and after this family quarrel, for it was nothing more, he went over to the king of France, and wrote off his bile against the Duke of Burgundy in those 'Memoirs,' which give posterity a caricature likeness of that prince, whom he is ever censuring for presumption, obstinacy, pride, and cruelty. This Duke of Burgundy however, it is said, with many virtues, had but one great vice, the vice of sovereigns, that of ambition!

The impertinence of Comines had not been chastised with great severity; but the nickname was never forgiven: unfortunately for the duke, Comines was a man of genius. When we are versed in the history of the times, we shall often discover that memoir-writers have some secret poison in their hearts. Many, like Comines, have had the boot dashed on their nose. Personal rancour wonderfully enlivens the style of Lord Oxford and Cardinal de Retz. Memoirs are often dictated by its fiercest spirit; and then histories are composed from memoirs. Where is truth? Not always in histories and memoirs!

ELIZABETH.

This great queen, says Marville, passionately admired handsome persons, and he was already far advanced in her favour who approached her with beauty and grace. She had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence.

When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c, in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her fastidious sensations.

There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasure subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasion the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that even to the present day their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded, love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *Love*, in which its chains and its slavery are liked!"

The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the queen's graces, was by an act of gallantry. Raleigh spoiled a new plush cloak, while the queen stepping cautiously on it, shot forth a smile, in which he read promotion. Captain Raleigh soon became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favour.

Hume has furnished us with ample proofs of the *passion* which her courtiers feigned for her, and which, with others I shall give, confirm the opinion of Vigneul Marville, who did not know probably the *reason* why her amours were never discovered; which, indeed, never went further at the highest than boisterous or extreme gallantry. Hume has preserved in his notes a letter written by Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous composition. After having exerted his poetic talents to exalt *her charms*, and *his affection*, he concludes, by comparing her majesty, who was then *sixty*, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this style. Even in her old age she affected

a strange fondness for music and dancing, and a kind of childish drollery, by which however her court seemed a court of love, and she the sovereign. A curious anecdote in a letter of the times has reached us. Secretary Cecil, the youngest son of Lord Burleigh, seems to have perfectly entered into her character. Lady Derby wore about her neck and in her bosom a portrait; the queen espying it, inquired about it, but her ladyship was anxious to conceal it. The queen insisted on having it, and discovering it to be the portrait of young Cecil, she snatched it away, and tying it upon her shoe, walked long with it; afterwards she pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there. Secretary Cecil hearing of this composed some verses and got them set to music; this music the queen insisted on hearing. In his verses Cecil sung that he repined not, though her majesty was pleased to grace others; he contented himself with the favour she had given him, by wearing his portrait on her feet and her elbow! The writer of the letter adds, "All these things are very secret.' In this manner' she contrived to lay the fastest hold on her able servants, and her servants on her.

Those who are intimately acquainted with the private anecdotes of those times, know what encouragement this royal coquette gave to most who were near her person. Dodd, in his Church History, says, that the Earls of Arran and Arundel, and Sir William Pickering, 'were not out of hopes of gaining Queen Elizabeth's affections in a matrimonial way.

She encouraged every person of eminence: she even went so far on the anniversary of her coronation, as publicly to take a ring from her finger, and put it on the Duke of Alengon's hand. She also ranked among her suitors, Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great.

She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language: and when Henry IV sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable pride of this great queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state.

'This queen,' writes Du Maurier, in the *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire de Hollande*, 'who displayed so many heroic accomplishments, had this foible, of wishing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard from my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white.'

Another anecdote, not less curious, relates to the affair of the Duke of Anjou and our Elizabeth, and one more proof of her partiality for handsome men. The writer was Lewis Guyon, a contemporary of the times he notices.

'Francis Duke of Anjou being desirous of marrying a crowned head, caused proposals of marriage to be made to Elizabeth queen of England. Letters passed betwixt them, and their portraits were exchanged. At length her majesty informed him, that she would never contract a marriage with any one who sought her, if she did not first *see his person*. If he would not come, nothing more should be said on the subject. This prince, over-pressed by his young friends, (who were as little able of judging as himself,) paid no attention to the counsels of men of maturer judgment. He passed over to England without a splendid train. The said lady contemplated his *person*; she found him *ugly*, disfigured by deep scars of the *small-pox*, and that he had also an *ill-shaped nose*, with *swellings in the neck!* All these were so many reasons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces.'

Puttenham, in his very rare book of the 'Art of Poesie,' p. 248, notices the grace and majesty of Elizabeth's demeanour, 'Her stately manner of walk, with a certaine granditie rather than gravitie, marching with leysure, which our sovereign ladye and mistresse is accustomed to doe generally, unless it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to patch her a heate in the cold mornings.'

By the following extract from a letter from one of her gentleman, we discover that her usual habits, though studious, were not of the gentlest kind, and that the service she exacted from her attendants was not borne without concealed murmurs. The writer groans in secrecy to his friend. Sir John Stanhope writes to Sir Robert Cecil in 1598, 'I was all the afternowne with her majestie, *at my booke*, and then thinking to rest me, went in agayne with your letter. She was pleased with the Filosofer's stone, and hath been *all this daye reasonably quyett*. Mr Grevell is absent, and I am tyed so as I cannot styrr, but shall be *at the wourse* for yt, these two dayes!'

Puttenham, p. 249, has also recorded an honourable anecdote of Elizabeth, and characteristic of that high majesty which was in her thoughts, as well as in her actions. When she came to the crown, a knight of the realm who had insolently behaved to her when Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, suspecting to be sent to the Tower; she replied mildly, 'Do you not know that we are descended of the *lion*, whose nature is not to harme or prey upon the mouse, or any other such small vermin?'

Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated *Roger Ascham*. Her writing is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be seen by examining a little manuscript book of prayers, preserved in the British Museum. I have seen her first writing-book preserved at Oxford in the Bodleian Library; the gradual improvement of her majesty's hand-writing, is very honourable to her dilligence; but the most curious thing is the paper on which she tried her pens; this she usually did by writing the name of her beloved brother Edward; a proof the early and ardent attachment she formed to that amiable prince.

The education of Elizabeth had been severely classical; she thought, and she wrote in all the spirit of the great characters of antiquity; and her speeches and her letters are studded with apophthegms, and a terseness of ideas and language, that give an exalted idea of her mind. In her evasive answers to the commons, in reply to their petition to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word: 'Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an *answer*, answerless!'

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

The Chinese language is like no other on the globe; it is said to contain not more than about 330 words, but it is by no means monotonous, for it has four accents, the even, the raised, the lessened, and the returning, which multiply every word into four; as difficult, says Mr Astle, for an European to understand, as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French E. In fact they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different *tones* which they give them, that the same character differently accented, signifies sometimes ten or more different things.

From the twenty-ninth volume of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* I take the present critically humourous account of this language.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted, after ten months, residence at Pekin, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father. 'God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you, this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all that in our declensions distinguishes the gender, and the number of things we would speak; adieu, in the verbs to all which might explain the active person, how and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others: in a word, with the Chinese the same word is the substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, &c. It is the person who hears who must arrange the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all: the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so that to know the language after having learnt the words, we must learn every particular phrase: the least inversion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

'I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chou* signifies a *book*: so that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the subject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a *tree*. Now I was to recollect, *chou* was a *book* or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing: *chou*, I found, expressed also *great heats*; *chou* is to *relate*: *chou* is the *Aurora*; *chou* means to be *accustomed*; *chou* expresses the *loss of a wager*, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all its significations.

'Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books, I should not complain. But this is impossible! Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an insurmountable difficulty to every European, is the pronounciation: every word may be pronounced in five different tones; yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpractised ear can easily distinguish it.

These monosyllables fly with amazing rapidity: then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave any thing of two monosyllables. From an aspirated tone, you must pass immediately to an even one; from a whistling note to an inward one; sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate; sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant, before I spoke it in public; and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that, of the ten parts of the sermon, (as the Chinese express themselves,) they hardly understood three. Fortunately the Chinese are wonderfully patient; and they are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language.'

It is not less curious to be informed, as Dr Hager tells us in his Elementary Characters of the Chinese, that 'Satires are often composed in China, which, if you attend to the *characters*, their import is pure and sublime; but if you regard the *tone* only, they contain a meaning ludicrous or obscene.' He adds, 'In the Chinese *one word* sometimes corresponds to three or four thousand characters; a property quite opposite to that of our language, in which *myriads* of different *words* are expressed by the *same letters*.'

MEDICAL MUSIC.

In the Philosophical Magazine for May 1806, we find that several of the medical literati on the continent are at present engaged in making inquiries and experiments upon the *influence of music in the cure of diseases*. The learned Dusaux is said to lead the band of this new tribe of *amateurs* and *cognoscenti*.

The subject having excited my curiosity, though I since have found that it is no new discovery, the reader ought to receive indulgently the profit of my discoveries; all which I do not wish to pass on him for more than they are worth.

There is a curious article in Dr Burney's History of Music, 'On the Medicinal Powers attributed to Music by the Ancients,' which he derived from the learned labours of a modern physician, M. Burette, who doubtless could play a tune to, as well as prescribe one to his patient. He conceives that music can relieve the pains of the sciatica, and that independent of the greater or less skill of the musician; by flattering the ear and diverting the attention, and occasioning certain vibrations of the nerves, it can remove those obstructions which occasion this disorder. M. Burette, and many modern physicians and philosophers, have believed that music has the power of affecting the mind, and the whole nervous system, so as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a radical cure. Dr Mairan, Bianchini, and other respectable names, have pursued the same career. But the ancients record miracles!

Some years ago, the Rev. Dr Mitchell of Brighthelmstone wrote a dissertation. '*De Arte Medendi apud Priscos Musices ope atque Carminum*,' printed for J. Nichols, 1783. He writes under the assumed name of Michael Gaspar; but whether this learned dissertator be grave or jocular, more than one critic has not been able to resolve me. I suspect it to be a satire on the parade of learning of certain German *eruditi*, who prove any point by the weakest analogies and the most fanciful conceits. The following summary will convey an idea of this dissertation.

Amongst barbarous or half-civilized nations, diseases have been generally attributed to the influence of evil spirits. The depression of mind which is generally attendant on sickness, and the delirium accompanying certain stages of disease seem to have been considered as especially denoting the immediate influence of a demon. The effect of music in raising the energies of the mind, or what we commonly call animal spirits, was obvious to early observation. Its power of attracting strong attention, may in some cases have appeared to effect even those who laboured under a considerable degree of mental disorder. The accompanying depression of mind was considered as a part of the disease, perhaps rightly enough, and music was prescribed as a remedy to remove the symptom: when experience had not ascertained the probable cause. Homer, whose heroes exhibit high passions, but not refined manners, represents the Grecian Army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appear not to have been much further advanced in civilization; accordingly we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental derangement of Saul by his harp. The method of cure was suggested as a common one in those days, by Saul's servants; and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Pindar, with poetic license, speaks of Æsculapius healing acute disorders with soothing songs; but Æsculapius, whether man or deity, or between both, is a physician of the days of barbarism and fable. Pliny scouts the idea that music should affect real bodily injury, but quotes Homer on the subject; mentions Theophrastus as suggesting a tune for the cure of the hip gout, and Cato, as entertaining a fancy that it had a good effect when limbs were out of joint, and, that Varro thought it good for the gout Aulus Gellius cites a work of Theophrastus, which recommends music as a specific for the bite of a viper. Boyle and Shakspeare mention the effects of music supervesicam. Kircher's 'Musurgia,' and Swinburne's Travels, relate the effects of music on those who are bitten by the tarantula. Sir W. Temple seems to have given credit to the stories of the power of music over diseases.

The ancients indeed record miracles; at least none in 'the golden legend' appear to be more so than the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever is removed by a song, and deafness is cured by a trumpet, and the pestilence is chased away by the sweetness of an harmonious lyre. That deaf people can hear best in a great noise, is a fact alleged by some moderns, in favour of the ancient story of curing deafness by a trumpet. Dr Willis tells us, says Dr Burney, of a lady who could hear only while *a drum was beating*, insomuch that her husband, the account says, hired a drummer as her servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation.

Music and the sounds of instruments, says the lively Vigneul de Marville, contribute to the health of the body and the mind, they assist the circulation of the blood, they dissipate vapours, and open the vessels so that the action of perspiration is freer. He tells a story of a person of distinction, who assured him, that once being suddenly seized by violent illness, instead of a consultation of physicians, he immediately called a band of musicians, and their violins played so well in his inside, that his bowels became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours were harmoniously becalmed. I once heard a story of Farinelli the famous singer, who was sent for to Madrid to try the effect of his magical voice on the King of Spain. His majesty was buried in the profoundest melancholy, nothing could raise an emotion in him; he lived in a total oblivion of life; he sat in a darkened chamber, entirely given up to the most distressing kind of madness. The physicians ordered Farinelli at first to sing in an outer room; and for the first day or two this was done, without any effect on the royal patient. At length it was observed, the king, awaking from his stupor, seemed to listen; on the next day tears were seen starting in his eyes; the day after he ordered the door of his chamber to be left open—and at length the perturbed spirit entirely left our modern Saul, and the *medicinal voice* of Farinelli effected what no other medicine could.

I now prepare to give the reader some *facts*, which he may consider as a trial of credulity—their authorities are however not contemptible.—Naturalists assert that animals and birds, as well as 'knotted oaks,' as Congreve informs us, are sensible to the charms of music. This may serve as an instance:—An officer was confined in the Bastile. He begged the governor to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued playing his soul-subduing instrument. His surprise was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment; when having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to

touch his instrument. At length, having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and in the course of farther time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred *musical amateurs*. Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

The Abbé Olivet has described an amusement of Pelisson during his confinement in the Bastile, which consisted in feeding a spider, which he discovered forming its web in the corner of the small window. For some time he placed his flies at the edge, while his valet, who was with him, played on a bag-pipe: little by little, the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and issued from its hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and placing the flies at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, to drill the spider by regular exercise, so that it at length never failed appearing at the first sound to seize on the fly provided for it, even on the knees of the prisoner.

Marville has given us the following curious anecdote on this subject. He says, that doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country I inquired into the truth; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected, and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time; the horse stopped short from time to time before the window, raising his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing, as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trump marine.

A modern traveller assures us, that he has repeatedly observed in the island of Madeira, that the lizards are attracted by the notes of music, and that he has assembled a number of them by the powers of his instrument. He tells us also, that when the negroes catch them, for food, they accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers towards them. Stedman, in his expedition to Surinam, describes certain sibyls among the negroes, who among several singular practices, can charm or conjure down from the tree certain serpents, who will wreath about the arms, neck, and breast of the pretended sorceress, listening to her voice. The sacred writers speak of the charming of adders and serpents; and nothing, says he, is more notorious than that the eastern Indians will rid the houses of the most venomous snakes, by charming them with the sound of a flute, which calls them out of their holes. These anecdotes, which may startle some, seem to be fully confirmed by Sir William Jones, in his curious dissertation on the musical modes of the Hindoos.

After food, when the operations of digestion and absorption give so much employment to the vessels, that a temporary state of mental repose must be found, especially in hot climates, essential to health, it seems reasonable to believe that a few agreeable airs, either heard or played without effort, must have all the good effects of sleep, and none of its disadvantages; *putting the soul in tune*, as Milton says, for any subsequent exertion; an experiment, often successfully made by myself. I have been assured by a credible eye-witness, that two wild antelopes used often to come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Sirajuddaulah, entertained himself with concerts, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure, till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them to display his archery. A learned native told me, that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing tunes on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight. An intelligent Persian declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated lutenist, surnamed Bulbul, (i. e. the nightingale,) was playing to a large company, in a grove near Schiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales try to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode.'

Jackson of Exeter, in reply to the question of Dryden, 'What passion cannot music raise or quell?' sarcastically returns, 'What passion *can* music raise or quell?' Would not a savage, who had never listened to a musical instrument, feel certain emotions at listening to one for the first time? But civilized man is, no doubt, particularly affected by *association of ideas*, as all pieces of national music evidently prove.

The Rans des Vaches, mentioned by Rousseau, in his Dictionary of Music, though without any thing striking in the composition, has such a powerful influence over the Swiss, and impresses them with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments, in the French service, on pain of death. There is also a Scotch tune, which has the same effect on some of our North Britons. In one of our battles in Calabria, a bag-piper of the 78th Highland regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on their right, and remained in his solitary situation during the whole of the battle, encouraging the men with a famous Highland charging-tune; and actually upon the retreat and complete rout of the French changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland upon the retreat of and victory over an enemy. His next-hand neighbour guarded him so well that he escaped unhurt. This was the spirit of the 'Last Minstrel,' who infused courage among his countrymen, by possessing it in so animated a degree and in so venerable a character.

MINUTE WRITING.

The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be enclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country: where this minute writing has equalled any on record. Peter Bales, a celebrated calligraphist in the reign of Elizabeth, astonished the eyes of beholders by showing them what they could not see; for in the Harleian MSS, 530, we have a narrative of 'a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Enlishman, and a clerk of the chancery;' it seems by the description to have been the whole Bible 'in an English walnut not bigger than a hen's egg. The nut holdeth the book: there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he has written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible.' We are told that this wonderful unreadable copy of the Bible was seen by many thousands.' There is a drawing of the head of Charles I, in the library of St John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's prayer. In the British Museum we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand.

On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which the librarian assures the marvelling spectator, includes the entire contents of a thin *folio*, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

On this subject it may be worth noticing, that the learned Huet asserts that he, like the rest of the world, for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have enclosed the Iliad in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible.

One day in company at the Dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7500 verses, and the reverse as much; the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if on any occasion paper should be most excessively rare, it may be useful to know, that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf.

NUMERAL FIGURES.

The learned, after many contests, have at length agreed, that the numeral figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, usually called *Arabic*, are of *Indian* origin. The Arabians do not pretend to have been the inventors of them, but borrowed them from the Indian nations. The numeral characters of the Brahmins, the Persians, and the Arabians, and other eastern nations, are similar. They appear afterwards to have been introduced into several European nations, by their respective travellers, who returned from the east. They were admitted into calendars and chronicles, but they were not introduced into charters, says Mr Astle, before the sixteenth century. The Spaniards, no doubt, derived their use from the Moors who invaded them. In 1240, the Alphonsean astronomical tables were made by the order of Alphonsus X, by a Jew, and an Arabian; they used these numerals, from whence the Spaniards contend that they were first introduced by them.

They were not generally used in Germany until the beginning of the fourteenth century; but in general the forms of the cyphers were not permanently fixed there till after the year 1531. The Russians were strangers to them, before Peter the Great had finished his travels in the beginning of the present century.

The origin of these useful characters with the Indians and Arabians, is attributed to their great skill in the arts of astronomy and of arithmetic, which required more convenient characters than alphabetic letters, for the expressing of numbers.

Before the introduction into Europe of these Arabic numerals, they used alphabetical characters, or *Roman numerals*. The learned authors of the Nouveau Traité Diplomatique, the most valuable work on every thing concerning the arts and progress of writing, have given some curious notices on the origin of the Roman numerals. They say, that originally men counted by their fingers; thus to mark the first four numbers they used an I, which naturally represents them. To mark the fifth, they chose a V, which is made out by bending inwards the three middle fingers, and stretching out only the thumb and the little finger; and for the tenth they used an X, which is a double V, one placed topsy-turvy under the other. From this the progression of these numbers is always from one to five, and from five to ten. The hundred was signified by the capital letter of that word in Latin C— centum. The other letter D for 500, and M for 1000, were afterwards added. They subsequently abreviated their characters, by placing one of these figures before another: and the figure of less value before a higher number, denotes that so much may be deducted from the greater number; for instance, IV signifies five less one, that is four; IX ten less one, that is nine; but these abbreviations are not found amongst the most ancient monuments. These numerical letters are still continued by us, in recording accounts in our exchequere.

That men counted originally by their fingers, is no improbable supposition; it is still naturally practised by the vulgar of the most enlightened nations. In more uncivilised states, small stones have been used, and the etymologists derive the words *calculate*, and *calculation* which *calculus*, which is the Latin terms for a pebble-stone, and by which they denominated their counters used for arithmetical computations.

Professor Ward, in a learned dissertation on this subject in the Philosophical Transactions, concludes, that it is easier to falsify the Arabic cyphers than the Roman alphabetical numerals; when 1375 is dated in Arabic cyphers, if the 3 is only changed, three centuries are taken away; if the 3 is made into a 9 and take away the 1, four hundred years are added. Such accidents have assuredly produced much confusion among our ancient manuscripts, and still do in our printed books; which is the reason that Dr Robertson in his histories has always preferred writing his dates in *words*, rather than confide them to the care of a negligent printer. Gibbon observes, that some remarkable mistakes have happened by the word *mil.* in mss, which is an abbreviation for *soldiers* or *thousands*; and to this blunder he attributes the incredible numbers of martyrdoms, which cannot otherwise be accounted for by historical records.

ENGLISH ASTROLOGERS.

A belief in judicial astrology can only exist in the people, who may be said to have no belief at all; for mere traditional sentiments can hardly be said to amount to a *belief*. But a faith in this ridiculous system in our country is of late existence; it was a favourite superstition with the learned, and as the ingenious Tenhove observes, whenever an idea germinates in a learned head, it shoots with additional luxuriance.

When Charles the First was confined, Lilly the astrologer was consulted for the hour which would favour his escape.

A story, which strongly proves how greatly Charles the Second was bigoted to judicial astrology, and whose mind certainly not unenlightened, is recorded in Burnet's History of his Own Times.

The most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Elias Ashmole, Dr Grew, and others, were members of an astrological club. Congreve's character of Foresight, in Love for Love, was then no uncommon person, though the humour now is scarcely intelligible.

Dryden cast the nativities of his sons; and what is remarkable, his prediction relating to his son Charles took place. This incident is of so late a date, one might hope it would have been cleared up; but if it is a fact, we must allow it affords a rational exultation to its irrational adepts.

In 1670, the passion for horoscopes and expounding the stars prevailed in France among the first rank. The newborn child was usually presented naked to the astrologer, who read the first lineaments in its forehead, and the transverse lines in its hand, and thence wrote down its future destiny. Catherine de Medicis brought Henry IV then a child, to old Nostradamus, whom antiquaries esteem more for his chronicle of Provence, than his vaticinating powder. The sight of the reverend seer, with a beard which 'streamed like a meteor in the air,' terrified the future hero, who dreaded a whipping from so great a personage. Will it be credited that one of these magicians having assured Charles IX that he would live as many days as he should turn about on his heels in an hour, standing on one leg, that his majesty every morning performed that solemn exercise for an hour. The principal officers of the court, the judges, the chancellors, and generals, likewise, in compliment, standing on one leg and turning round!

It has been reported of several famous for their astrological skill, that they have suffered a voluntary death merely to verify their own predictions; this has been said of *Cardan*, and *Burton* the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy.

It is curious to observe the shifts to which astrologers are put when their predictions are not verified. Great *winds* were predicted, by a famous adept, about the year 1586. No unusual storms however happened. Bodin, to save the reputation of the art, applied it as a *figure* to some *revolutions* in the *state*; and of which there were instances enough at that moment. Among their lucky and unlucky days, they pretend to give those of various illustrious persons and of families. One is very striking.—Thursday was the unlucky day of our Henry VIII. He, his son Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, all died on a Thursday! This fact had, no doubt, great

weight in this controversy of the astrologers with their adversaries.

The life of Lilly the astrologer, written by himself, is a curious work. He is the Sidrophel of Butler. It contains so much artless narrative, and at the same time so much palpable imposture, that it is difficult to know when he is speaking what he really believes to be the truth. In a sketch of the state of astrology in his day, those adepts, whose characters he has drawn, were the lowest miscreants of the town. They all speak of each other as rogues and impostors. Such were Booker, George Wharton, Gadbury, who gained a livelihood by practising on the credulity of even men of learning so late as in 1650, to the eighteenth century. In Ashmoles Life an account of these artful impostures may be found. Most of them had taken the air in the pillory, and others had conjured themselves up to the gallows. This seems a true statement of facts. But Lilly informs us, that in his various conferences with *angels*, their voice resembled that of the *Irish!*

The work is curious for the anecdotes of the times it contains. The amours of Lilly with his mistress are characteristic. He was a very artful man, by his own accounts; and admirably managed matters which required deception and invention.

Astrology greatly flourished in the time of the civil wars. The royalists and the rebels had their *astrologers*, as well as their *soldiers!* and the predictions of the former had a great influence over the latter.

On this subject, it may gratify curiosity to notice three or four works, which bear an excessive price. The price cannot entirely be occasioned by their rarity, and I am induced to suppose that we have still adepts, whose faith must be strong, or whose scepticism weak.

These Chaldean sages were nearly put to the rout by a quarto park of artillery, fired on them by Mr John Chamber in 1691. Apollo did not use Marsyas more inhumanly than his scourging pen this mystical race, and his personalities made them feel more sore. However, a Norwich knight, the very Quixote of astrology, arrayed in the enchanted armour of his occult authors, encountered this pagan in a most stately carousal. He came forth with 'A Defence of Judiciall Astrologye, in answer to a treatise lately published by Mr John Chamber. By Sir Christopher Heydon, Knight, printed at Cambridge 1603.' This is a handsome quarto of about 500 pages. Sir Christopher is a learned and lively writer, and a knight worthy to defend a better cause. But his Dulcinea had wrought most wonderfully on his imagination. This defence of this fanciful science, if science it may be called, demonstrates nothing, while it defends every thing. It confutes, according to the knight's own ideas: it alleges a few scattered facts in favour of astrological predictions, which may be picked up in that immensity of fabling which disgraces history. He strenuously denies, or ridicules, what the greatest writers have said against this fanciful art, while he lays great stress on some passages from obscure authors, or what is worse, from authors of no authority. The most pleasant part is at the close, where he defends the art from the objections of Mr Chamber by recrimination. Chamber had enriched himself by medical practice, and when he charges the astrologers with merely aiming to gain a few beggarly pence, Sir Christopher catches fire, and shows by his quotations, that if we are to despise an art, by its professors attempting to subsist on it, or for the objections which may be raised against its vital principles, we ought by this argument most heartily to despise the medical science and medical men! He gives here all he can collect against physic and physicians, and from the confessions of Hippocrates and Galen, Aviconna, and Agrippa, medicine appears to be a vainer science than even astrology! Sir Christopher is a shrewd and ingenious adversary; but when he says he means only to give Mr Chamber oil for his vinegar, he has totally mistaken its quality.

This defence was answered by Thomas Vicars in his 'Madnesse of Astrologers.'

But the great work is by Lilly; and entirely devoted to the adepts. He defends nothing; for this oracle delivers his dictum, and details every event as matters not questionable. He sits on the tripod; and every page is embellished by a horoscope, which he explains with the utmost facility. This voluminous monument of the folly of the age, is a quarto valued at some guineas! It is entitled, 'Christian Astrology, modestly treated of in three books, by William Lilly, student in Astrology, 2d edition, 1659.' The most curious part of this work is 'a Catalogue of most astrological authors.' There is also a portrait of this arch rogue, and astrologer! an admirable illustration for Lavater!

Lilly's opinions, and his pretended science, were such favourites with the age, that the learned Gataker wrote professedly against this popular delusion. Lilly, at the head of his star-expounding friends, not only formally replied to, but persecuted Gataker annually in his predictions, and even struck at his ghost, when beyond the grave. Gataker died in July, 1654, and Lilly having written in his almanac of that year for the month of August this barbarous Latin verse:—

Hoc in tumbo, jacet presbyter et nebulo

Here in this tomb lies a presbyter and knave!

he had the impudence to assert that he had predicted Gataker's death! But the truth is, it was an epitaph like lodgings to let: it stood empty ready for the first passenger to inhabit. Had any other of that party of any eminence died in that month, it would have been as appositely applied to him. But Lilly was an exquisite rogue, and never at a fault. Having prophesied in his almanac for 1650, that the parliament stood upon a tottering foundation, when taken up by a messenger, during the night he contrived to cancel the page, printed off another, and showed his copies before the committee, assuring them that the others were none of his own, but forged by his enemies.

ALCHYMY.

I have seen an advertisement in a newspaper, from a pretender of the hermetic art. With the assistance of 'a *little money*,' he could '*positively*' assure the lover of this science, that he would repay him '*a thousand-fold!* This science, if it merits to be distinguished by the name, has doubtless been an imposition, which, striking on the feeblest part of the human mind, has so frequently been successful in carrying on its delusions.

Mrs Thomas, the Corinna of Dryden, in her life has recorded one of these delusions of alchymy. From the circumstances it is very probable the sage was not less deceived than his patroness.

An infatuated lover of this delusive art met with one who pretended to have the power of transmuting lead to gold: that is, in their language, the *imperfect* metals to the *perfect one*. This hermetic philosopher required only the materials, and time, to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country residence of his patroness. A long laboratory was built, and, that his labours might not be impeded by any disturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn on a pivot; so that, unseen, and unseeing, his meals were conveyed to him, without distracting the sublime contemplations of the sage.

During a residence of two years, he never condescended to speak but two or three times in the year to his infatuated patroness. When she was admitted into the laboratory, she saw, with pleasing astonishment, stills, immense cauldrons, long flues, and three or four Vulcanian fires blazing at different corners of this magical mine; nor did she behold with less reverence the venerable figure of the dusty philosopher. Pale and emaciated with daily operations and nightly vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon, his progresses; and having sometimes condescended to explain the mysteries of the arcana, she beheld, or seemed to behold, streams of fluid, and heaps of solid ore, scattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he required a new still, and sometimes vast quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune in supplying the demands of the philosopher. She began now to lower her imagination to the standard of reason. Two years had now elapsed, vast quantities of lead had gone in, and nothing but lead had come out. She disclosed her sentiments to the philosopher. He candidly confessed he was himself surprised at his tardy processes; but that now he would exert himself to the utmost, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation, which hitherto he had hoped not to have been necessitated to employ. His patroness retired, and the golden visions of expectation resumed all their lustre.

One day as they sat at dinner, a terrible shriek, and one crack followed by another, loud as the report of cannon,

assailed their ears. They hastened to the laboratory; two of the greatest stills had burst, and one part of the laboratory and the house were in flames. We are told that after another adventure of this kind, this victim to alchymy, after ruining another patron, in despair swallowed poison.

Even more recently we have a history of an alchymist in the life of Romney, the painter. This alchymist, after bestowing much time and money on preparations for the grand projection, and being near the decisive hour, was induced, by the too earnest request of his wife, to quit his furnace one evening, to attend some of her company at the tea-table. While the projector was attending the ladies his furnace blew up! In consequence of this event, he conceived such an antipathy against his wife, that he could not endure the idea of living with her again.

Henry VI was so reduced by his extravagances, that Evelyn observes in his Numismata, he endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by *alchymy*. The *record* of this singular proposition contains 'The most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the *philosopher's stone*, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary.' This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by Mr Selden, to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the Alchymist.

After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king's expectations so effectually (the same writer adds) that the next year he published *another patent*; wherein he tells his subjects, that the *happy* hour was drawing nigh, and by means of the stone, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the nation, in real *gold and silver*. The persons picked out for his new operators were as remarkable as the patent itself, being a most 'miscellaneous rabble' of friars, grocers, mercers, and fishmongers!

This patent was likewise granted *authoritate parliamenti*.

Prynne, who has given this patent in his *Aurum Reginæ*, p. 135, concludes with this sarcastic observation:—'A project never so seasonable and necessary as now!' And this we repeat, and our successors will no doubt imitate us!'

Alchymists were formerly called *multipliers*; as appears from a statute of Henry IV repealed in the preceding record. The statute being extremely short, I give it for the reader's satisfaction.

'None from henceforth shall use to *multiply* gold or silver, or use the *craft of multiplication*: and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony.'

Every philosophical mind must be convinced that alchymy is not an art, which some have fancifully traced to the *remotest times*; it may be rather regarded, when opposed to such a distance of time, as a modern imposture. Cæsar commanded the treatises of alchymy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions: Cæsar, who is not less to be admired as a philosopher than as a monarch.

Mr Gibbon has this succinct passage relative to alchymy: 'The ancient books of alchymy, so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or the abuse of chemistry. In that immense register, where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutations of metals; and the persecution of Dioclesian is the first authentic event in the history of alchymy. The conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness and equal success. The darkness of the middle ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts to deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchymy; and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry.'

Elias Ashmole writes in his diary—'May 13, 1753. My father Bachouse (an astrologer who had adopted him for his son—a common practice with these men) lying sick in Fleet-street, over against Saint Dunstan's church, and not knowing whether he should live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me in *syllables* the true matter of the *philosopher's stone*, which he bequeathed to me as a *legacy*.' By this we learn that a miserable wretch knew the art of *making gold*, yet always lived a beggar; and that Ashmole really imagined he was in possession of the *syllables of a secret!* he has however built a curious monument of the learned follies of the last age, in his 'Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum.' Though Ashmole is rather the historian of this vain science, than an adept, it may amuse literary leisure to turn over this quarto volume, in which he has collected the works of several English alchymists, subjoining his commentary. It affords a curious specimen of Rosicrucian mysteries; and Ashmole relates stories, which vie for the miraculous, with the wildest fancies of Arabian invention. Of the philosopher's stone he says, he knows enough to hold his tongue, but not enough to speak. This stone has not only the power of transmuting any imperfect earthy matter into its utmost degree of perfection, and can convert the basest metals into gold, flints into stone, &c, but it has still more occult virtues, when the arcana have been entered into, by the choice fathers of hermetic mysteries. The vegetable stone has power over the natures of man, beast, fowls, fishes, and all kinds of trees and plants, to make them flourish and bear fruit at any time. The magical stone discovers any person wherever he is concealed; while the angelical stone gives the apparitions of angels, and a power of conversing with them. These great mysteries are supported by occasional facts, and illustrated by prints of the most divine and incomprehensible designs, which we would hope were intelligible to the initiated. It may be worth showing, however, how liable even the latter were to blunder on these mysterious hieroglyphics. Ashmole, in one of his chemical works, prefixed a frontispiece, which, in several compartments, exhibited Phœbus on a lion, and opposite to him a lady, who represented Diana, with the moon in one hand and an arrow in the other, sitting on a crab; Mercury on a tripod, with the scheme of the heavens in one hand, and his caduceus in the other. These were intended to express the materials of the stone, and the season for the process. Upon the altar is the bust of a man, his head covered by an astrological scheme dropped from the clouds; and on the altar are these words, Mercuriophilus Anglicus, i. e. the English lover of hermetic philosophy. There is a tree, and a little creature gnawing the root, a pillar adorned with musical and mathematical instruments, and another with military ensigns. This strange composition created great inquiry among the chemical sages. Deep mysteries were conjectured to be veiled by it. Verses were written in the highest strain of the Rosicrucian language. *Ashmole* confessed he meant nothing more than a kind of *pun* on his own name, for the tree was the *ash*, and the creature was a *mole*. One pillar tells his love of music and free-masonry, and the other his military preferment, and astrological studies! He afterwards regretted that no one added a second volume to his work, from which he himself had been hindered, for the honour of the family of Hermes, and 'to show the world what excellent men we had once of our nation, famous for this kind of philosophy, and masters of so transcendant a secret.

Modern chemistry is not without a *hope*, not to say a *certainty*, of verifying the golden visions of the alchymist. Dr Girianger, of Gottingen, has lately adventured the following prophecy; 'In the *nineteenth century* the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will *make gold*: kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even of gold, which will contribute more than anything else to *prolong life*, poisoned at present by the oxides of copper, lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food.' Phil. Mag. Vol. VI, p. 383. This sublime chemist, though he does not venture to predict that universal *elixer*, which is to prolong life at pleasure, yet approximates to it. A chemical friend writes to me, that 'The *metals* seem to be *composite bodies*, which nature is perpetually preparing: and it may be reserved for the future researches of science to trace, and perhaps, to imitate, some of these curious operations.'

TITLES OF BOOKS.

If it were inquired of an ingenious writer what page of his work had occasioned him most perplexity, he would often point to the *title* page. That curiosity which we would excite, is most fastidious to gratify. Yet such is

the perversity of man, that a modest simplicity will fail to attract; we are only to be allured by paint and patches, and yet we complain that we are duped!

Among those who appear to have felt this irksome situation, are most of our periodical writers. The 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator' enjoying priority of conception, have adopted titles with characteristic felicity; but perhaps the invention of the authors begins to fail in the 'Reader,' the 'Lover,' and the 'Theatre!' Succeeding writers were as unfortunate in their titles, as their works; such are the 'Universal Spectator,' and the 'Lay Monastery.' The copious mind of Johnson could not discover an appropriate title, and indeed, in the first 'Idler,' acknowledged his despair. The 'Rambler' was so little understood, at the time of its appearance, that a French Journalist has translated it '*Le Chevalier Errant*,' and when it was corrected to *L'Errant*, a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day, by innocently addressing him by the appellation of Mr Vagabond! The 'Adventurer' cannot be considered as a fortunate title; it is not appropriate to those pleasing miscellanies, for any writer is an adventurer. The 'Lounger,' the 'Mirror,' and even the 'Connoisseur,' if examined accurately, present nothing in the titles descriptive of the works. As for the 'World,' it could only have been given by the fashionable egotism of its authors, who considered the world as merely a little circuit round Saint James's Street. When the celebrated father of all reviews, *Les Journal des Sçavans*, was first published, the very title repulsed the public. The author was obliged in his succeeding volumes to soften it down, by explaining its general tendency. He there assures the curious, that not only men of learning and taste, but the humblest mechanic may find a profitable amusement. An English novel, published with the title of 'The Champion of Virtue,' could find no readers; it was quaint, formal, and sounded like 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' It afterwards passed through several editions under the happier invitation of 'The Old English Baron.' 'The Concubine,' a poem by Mickle, could never find purchasers, till it assumed the more delicate title of 'Sir Martyn.'

As a subject of literary curiosity, some amusement may be gathered from a glance at what has been doing in the world, concerning this important portion of every book.

Baillet in his 'Decisions of the Learned,' has made very extensive researches, for the matter was important to a student of Baillet's character.

The Jewish and many oriental authors were fond of allegorical titles, which always indicate the most puerile age of taste. The titles were usually adapted to their obscure works. It might exercise an able enigmatist to explain their allusions; for we must understand by 'The Heart of Aaron,' that it is a commentary on several of the prophets. 'The Bones of Joseph' is an introduction to the Talmud. 'The Garden of Nuts,' and 'The Golden Apples,' are theological questions, and 'The Pomegranate with its Flower,' is a treatise of ceremonies, not any more practised. Jortin gives a title, which he says of all the fantastical titles he can recollect, is one of the prettiest. A rabbin published a catalogue of rabbinical writers, and called it *Labia Dormientium*, from Cantic. vii, 9, 'Like the best wine of my beloved that goeth down sweetly, causing *the lips of those that are asleep to speak*.' It hath a double meaning, of which he was not aware, for most of his rabbinical brethren talk very much like *men in their sleep*.

Almost all their works bear such titles as bread—gold—silver—roses—eyes—&c, in a word, any thing that signifies nothing.

Affected title-pages were not peculiar to the orientalists: the Greeks and the Romans have shown a finer taste. They had their Cornucopias or horns of abundance.—Limones or meadows—Pinakidions or tablets—Pancarpes or all sorts of fruit; titles not unhappily adapted for the miscellanists. The nine books of Herodotus, and the nine epistles of Æschines, were respectively honoured by the name of a Muse; and three orations of the latter, by those of the Graces.

The modern fanatics have had a most barbarous taste for titles. We could produce numbers from abroad and at home. Some works have been called, 'Matches lighted by the divine Fire,'—and one 'The Gun of Penitence; a collection of passages from the fathers, is called 'The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary;' we have 'The Bank of Faith,' and 'The Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit:' one of these works bears the following elaborate title; 'Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation.' Sometimes their quaintness has some humour. One Sir Humphrey Lind, a zealous puritan, published a work which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled 'A pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind.' The doughty knight retorted, by a 'Case for Sir Humphrey Lind's Spectacles.'

Some of these obscure titles have an entertaining absurdity; as 'The three Daughters of Job,' which is a treatise on the three virtues of patience, fortitude, and pain. 'The Innocent Love, or the holy Knight,' is a description of the ardours of a saint for the Virgin. 'The Sound of the Trumpet,' is a work on the day of judgment; and 'A Fan to drive away Flies,' is a theological treatise on purgatory.

We must not write to the utter neglect of our title; and a fair author should have the literary piety of ever having 'the fear of his title-page before his eyes.' The following are improper titles. Don Matthews, chief huntsman to Philip IV of Spain, entitled his book 'The Origin and Dignity of the Royal House,' but the entire work relates only to hunting. De Chanterene composed several moral essays, which being at a loss how to entitle, he called 'The Education of a Prince.' He would persuade the reader in his preface, that though they were not composed with a view to this subject, they should not, however, be censured for the title, as they partly related to the education of a prince. The world were too sagacious to be duped; and the author in his second edition acknowledges the absurdity, drops 'the magnificent title,' and calls his work 'Moral Essays.' Montaigne's immortal history of his own mind, for such are his 'Essays,' have assumed perhaps too modest a title, and not sufficiently discriminative. Sorlin equivocally entitled a collection of essays, 'The Walks of Richelieu,' because they were composed at that place; 'the Attic Nights' of Aulus Gellius were so called, because they were written in Attica. Mr Tooke in his grammatical 'Diversions of Purley,' must have deceived many.

A rhodomontade title page was a great favourite in the last century. There was a time when the republic of letters was over-built with 'Palaces of Pleasure,' 'Palaces of Honour,' and 'Palaces of Eloquence;' with 'Temples of Memory,' and 'Theatres of Human Life,' and 'Amphitheatres of Providence;' 'Pharoses, Gardens, Pictures, Treasures.' The epistles of Guevara dazzled the public eye with their splendid title, for they were called 'Golden Epistles;' and the 'Golden Legend' of Voraigne had been more appropriately entitled leaden.

They were once so fond of novelty, that every book recommended itself by such titles as 'A new Method; new Elements of Geometry; the new Letter Writer, and the new Art of Cookery.' The title which George Gascoigne, who had great merit in his day, has given to his collection, may be considered as a specimen of the titles of his times. They were printed in 1576. He calls his 'A hundred sundrie flowres bounde vp in one small poesie; gathered partly by translation in the fyne and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partly by invention out of our own fruitefull orchardes in Englande; yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragicall, comicall, and morall discourses, both pleasaunt and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers.'

To excite the curiosity of the pious, some writers employed artifices of a very ludicrous nature. Some made their titles rhyming echoes; as this one of a father who has given his works under the title of *Scalæ Alæ animi;* and *Jesus eius novus Orbis, &c.* Some have distributed them according to the measure of time, as one Father Nadasi, the greater part of whose works are *years, months, weeks, days*, and *hours*. Some have borrowed their titles from the parts of the human body; and others have used quaint expressions, such as, *Think before you leap—We must all die—Compel them to enter*, &c. Some of our pious authors appear not to have been aware that they were burlesquing religion. One Massieu having written a moral explanation of the solemn anthems sung in Advent, which begin with the letter O, published this work under the punning title of *La douce Moelle, et la Sausse friande des os Savoureux de L'Avent*.

The Marquis of Carraccioli, a religious writer, not long ago published a book with the ambiguous title of *La Jouissance de soi meme*. Seduced by the epicurean title

page, the sale of the work was continual with the libertines, who, however, found nothing but very tedious essays on religion and morality. In the sixth edition the marquis greatly exults in his successful contrivance; by which means he had punished the vicious curiosity of certain persons, and perhaps had persuaded some, whom otherwise his book might never have reached.

It is not an injudicious observation of Baillet, that if a title be obscure, it raises a prejudice against the author; we are apt to suppose that an ambiguous title is the effect of an intricate or confused mind. He censures the following one: the Ocean Macro-micro-cosmick of one Sachs. To understand this title, a grammarian would send an inquirer to a geographer, and he to a natural philosopher; neither would probably think of recurring to a physician, to inform one that this ambiguous title signifies the connexion which exists between the motion of the waters, with that of the blood. He also censures Leo Allatius for a title which appears to me not inelegantly conceived. This writer has entitled one of his books the *Urban Bees;* it is an account of those illustrious writers who flourished during the pontificate of one of the Barberinis. To connect the illusion, we must recollect that the *bees were* the arms of this family, and Urban VIII, the Pope designed.

The false idea which a title conveys is alike prejudicial to the author and the reader. Titles are generally too prodigal of their promises, and their authors are contemned; but the works of modest authors, though they present more than they promise, may fail of attracting notice by their extreme simplicity. In either case, a collector of books is prejudiced; he is induced to collect what merits no attention, or he passes over those valuable works whose titles may not happen to be interesting. It is related of Pinelli, the celebrated collector of books, that the booksellers permitted him to remain hours, and sometimes days, in their shops to examine books before he bought them. He was desirous of not injuring his precious collection by useless acquisitions; but he confessed that he sometimes could not help suffering himself to be dazzled by magnificent titles, nor to be deceived by the simplicity of others, which the modesty of their authors had given to them. After all, it is not improbable, that many authors are really neither so vain, nor so honest, as they appear; and that magnificent, or simple titles, have been given from the difficulty of forming any others.

It is too often with the Titles of Books, as with those painted representations exhibited by the keepers of wild beasts; where, in general, the picture itself is more curious and interesting than the inclosed animal.

LITERARY FOLLIES.

The Greeks composed lypogrammatic works; works in which one letter of the alphabet is ommitted. A lypogrammatist is a letter-dropper. In this manner Tryphiodorus wrote his Odyssey: he had not *a* in his first book, nor *β* in his second; and so on with the subsequent letters one after another. This Odyssey was an imitation of the lypogrammatic Iliad of Nestor. Among other works of this kind, Athenæus mentions an ode by Pindar, in which he had purposely omitted the letter S; so that this inept ingenuity appears to have been one of those literary fashions which are sometimes encouraged even by those who should first oppose such progresses into the realms of nonsense.

There is in Latin a little prose work of Fulgentius, which the author divides into twenty-three chapters, according, to the order of the twenty-three letters of the Latin alphabet. From A to O are still remaining. The first chapter is without A; the second without B; the third without C: and so with the rest. Du Chat, in the Ducatiana, says, there are five novels in prose of Lopes de Vega; the first without A, the second without E, the third without I, &c. Who will attempt to examine them?

The Orientalists are not without this literary folly. A Persian poet read to the celebrated Jami a gazel of his own composition, which Jami did not like; but the writer replied it was notwithstanding a very curious sonnet, for the *letter Aliff* was not to be found in any one of the words! Jami sarcastically replied, 'You can do a better thing yet; take away *all the letters* from every word you have written.

To these works may be added the *Ecloga de Calvis*, by Hugbald the Monk. All the words of this silly work begin with a C. It is printed in Dornavius. *Pugna Porcorum*, all the words beginning with a P, in the Nugæ Venales. *Canum cum cattis certamen;* the words beginning with a C: a performance of the same kind in the same work. Gregorio Leti presented a discourse to the Academy of the Humorists at Rome, throughout which he had purposely omitted the letter R, and he entitled it the exiled R. A friend having requested a copy, as a literary curiosity, for so he considered this idle performance, Leti, to show it was not so difficult a matter, replied by a copious answer of seven pages, in which he had observed the same severe ostracism against the letter R! Lord North, one of the finest gentlemen in the court of James I, has written a set of Sonnets, each of which begins with a successive letter of the alphabet. The Earl of Rivers in the reign of Edward IV, translated the Moral Proverbs of Christiana of Pisa, a poem of about two hundred lines, the greatest part of which he contrived to conclude with the letter E; an instance of his lordship's hard application, and the bad taste of an age which, Lord Orford observes, had witticisms and whims to struggle with, as well as ignorance.

It has been well observed of these minute triflers that extreme exactness is the sublime of fools, whose labours may be well called, in the language of Dryden,

> 'Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.'

And Martial says,

> Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
> Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

> 'Tis a folly to sweat o'er a difficult trifle,
> And for silly devices invention to rifle.

I shall not dwell on wits who composed verses in the forms of hearts, wings, altars, and true love-knots; or as Ben Jonson describes their grotesque shapes,

> A pair of scissors and a comb in verse.'

Tom Nash, who loved to push the ludicrous to its extreme, in his amusing invective against the classical Gabriel Harvey, tells us that 'he had writ verses in all kinds; in form of a pair of gloves, a pair of spectacles, and a pair of pot-hooks, &c.' They are not less absurd, who expose to public ridicule the name of their mistress by employing it to form their acrostics. I have seen some of the latter, where *both sides* and *cross-ways*, the name of the mistress or the patron has been sent down to posterity with eternal torture. The great difficulty where *one name* is made out *four times* in the same acrostic, must have been to have found words by which the letters forming the name should be forced to stand in their particular places. It might be incredible that so great a genius as Boccaccio could havelent himself to these literary fashions; yet one of the most gigantic of acrostics may be seen in his works; it is a poem of fifty cantos; of which Guinguené has preserved a specimen in his Literary History of Italy, vol. iii, p. 54. Puttenham, in that very scarce book, 'The Art of Poesie,' p. 75, gives several odd specimens of poems in the forms of lozenges, rhomboids, pillars, &c. Some of them from Oriental poems communicated by a traveller. Puttenham is a very lively writer, and has contrived to form a defence for describing and making such trifling devices. He has done more: he has erected two pillars himself to the honour of Queen Elizabeth; every pillar consists of a base of eight syllables, the shaft or middle, of four, and the capital is equal with the base. The only difference between the two pillars, consists in this; in the one 'ye must read upwards,' and in the other the reverse. These pillars, notwithstanding this fortunate device and variation, may be fixed as two columns in the porch of the vast temple of literary folly.

It was at this period when *words* or *verses* were tortured into such fantastic forms, that the trees in gardens were twisted and sheared into obelisks and giants, peacocks or flower-pots. In a copy of verses 'To a hair of my mistress's eye-lash,' the merit next to the choice of the subject, must have been the arrangement or the disarrangement of the whole poem into the form of a heart. With a pair of wings many a sonnet fluttered, and a sacred hymn was expressed by the mystical triangle. *Acrostics* are formed from the initial letters of every verse; but a different conceit regulated *chronograms*, which were used to describe *dates*—the *numeral letters* in whatever part of the word they stood were distinguished from other letters by being written in capitals. In the following chronogram from Horace,

> — fortiam sidera vertice,

by a strange elevation of capitals the *chronogrammatist* compels even Horace to give the year of our Lord thus.

—feriaM siDera VertIce. MDVI.

The Acrostic and the Chronogram are both ingeniously described in the mock Epic of the Scribleriad. The *initial letters* of the acrostics are thus alluded to in the literary wars:

Firm and compact, in three fair columns wove
O'er the smooth plain, the bold acrostics move;
High o'er the rest, the Towering Leaders rise
With limbs gigantic, and superior size.

But the looser character of the *chronogram*, and the disorder in which they are found, are ingeniously sung thus:

Not thus the looser chronograms prepare,
Careless their troops, undisciplined to war;
With rank irregular, confused they stand,
The chieftains mingling with the vulgar band.

He afterwards adds others of the illegitimate races of wit:

To join these squadrons, o'er the champion came
A numerous race of no ignoble name;
Riddle, and Rebus, Riddle's dearest son,
And false Conundrum and insidious Pun.
Fustian, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground,
And Rondeau, wheeling in repeated round,
On their fair standards by the wind display'd,
Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes were pourtray'd.

I find in the origin of *Bouts-rimés*, or 'Rhiming Ends,' in Goujet's Bib. fr. xvi, p. 181. One Dulot a foolish poet, when sonnets were in demand, had a singular custom of preparing the rhymes of these poems to be filled up at his leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting most the loss of three hundred sonnets: his friends were astonished that he had written so many which they had never heard. 'They were *blank sonnets*,' he replied; and explained the mystery by describing his *Bouts-rimés*. The idea appeared ridiculously amusing; and it soon became fashionable to collect the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines.

The *Charade* is of such recent birth, that it has not yet opened its mystical conceits; nor can I discover the origin of this species of logogriphes: it was not known in France so late as in 1771, in the last edition of the great Dictionnaire de Trevoux, where the term appears as the name of an Indian sect of a military character, and has no connexion with our charades.

Anagrams were another whimsical invention; with the *letters* of any *name* they contrived to make out some entire word, descriptive of the character of the person who bore the name. These anagrams, therefore, were either injurious or complimentary. When in fashion, lovers made use of them continually: I have read of one, whose mistress's name was Magdalen, for whom he composed, not only an Epic under that name, but as a proof of his passion, one day he sent her three dozen of anagrams only on her lovely name. Sciopius imagined himself fortunate that his adversary *Scaliger* was perfectly *Sacrilege* in all the oblique cases of the Latin language; on this principle Sir John *Wiat* was made out, to his own satisfaction,—*a wit*. They were not always correct when a great compliment was required; the poet *John Cleveland* was strained hard to make *Heliconian dew*. This literary trifle has, however, in our own times, been brought to singular perfection; and several, equally ingenious and caustic, will readily occur to the reader.

Verses of grotesque shapes have sometimes been contrived to convey ingenious thoughts. Pannard, a modern French poet, has tortured his agreeable vein of poetry into such forms. He has made some of his Bacchanalian songs take the figures of *bottles* and others of *glasses*. These objects are perfectly drawn by the various measures of the verses which form the songs. He has also introduced an *echo* in his verses, which he contrives so as not to injure their sense. This was practised by the old French bards in the age of Marot, and this poetical whim is ridiculed by Butler in his Hudibras, Part I, Canto 3, Verse 190. I give an example of these poetical echoes. The following ones are ingenious, lively, and satirical.

Pour nous plaire, un plumet
Met
Tout en usage:
Mais on trouve souvent
Vent
Dans son language.
On y voit des Commis
Mis
Comme des Princes,
Après être venus
Nuds
De leurs Provinces.

I must notice the poetical whim of Cretin, a great poet in his day: he died in 1525. He brought into fashion punning or equivocal rhymes, such as the following which Marot addressed to him, and which, indulging the same rhyming folly as his own, are superior for a glimpse of sense, though very unworthy of their author:

L'homme sotart, et non sçavant
Comme un Rotisseur, qui lave oye,
La faute d'autrui, nonce avant
Qu'il la cognoisse, ou qu'il la voye, &c.

In the following nonsensical lines of Du Bartas, this poet imagined that he imitated the harmonious notes of the lark;

La gentille alouette, avec son tirelire,
Tirelire à lire, et tireliran tire,
Vers la voute du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu,
Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.

The French have an ingenious kind of Nonsense Verses called *Amphigouri*. This word is composed of a Greek adverb signifying *about*, and of a substantive signifying a *circle*. The following is a specimen: it is elegant in the selection of words, and what the French called richly rhymed—in fact it is fine poetry, but it has no meaning whatever! Pope's Stanzas, said to be written by a *person of quality*, to ridicule the tuneful nonsense of certain Bards, and which Gilbert Wakefield mistook for a serious composition, and wrote two pages of Commentary to prove this song was disjointed, obscure, and absurd, is an excellent specimen of these *Amphigouries*.

AMPHIGOURIE.

Qui'l est heureux de se defendre
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu!
Mais qu'il est facheux de se rendre
Quand le bonheur est suspendu?
Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
Egarez un cœur eperdu;
Souvent par un mal-entendu
L'amant adroit se fait, entendre.

IMITATED.

How happy to defend our heart
When love has never thrown a dart!
But ah! unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bliss suspends!
Sweet in a wild disordered strain,
A lost and wandering heart to gain!
Oft in mistaken language wooed
The skilful lover's understood.

These verses have such a resemblance to meaning, that Fontenelle having listened to the song imagined he had a glimpse of sense, and requested to have it repeated. 'Don't you perceive,' said Madame Tencin 'that they are *Nonsense Verses?*' The malicious wit, never without a retort, replied 'They are so much like the fine verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should be for once mistaken!

In the 'Scribleriad' we find a good account of *the Cento*. A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly composed of verses, or passages promiscuously taken from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing *Centos*. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several; and the verses may be either taken entire or divided into two: one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere; but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeable to these rules he has made a pleasant nuptial *Cento* from Virgil.

The Empress Eudoxia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer; Proba Falconia from Virgil. Among these grave triflers may be mentioned Alexander Ross, who published 'Virgilius Evangelizans, sive historia Domini et Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi Virgilianis verbis et versibus descripta.' It was republished in 1769.

A more difficult whim is that of '*Reciprocal Verses*,' which give the same words whether read backwards or forwards. The following lines by Sidoneus Apollinaris were once infinitely admired:

'Signa te signa temere me tangis et angis.'
'Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.'

The reader has only to take the pains of reading the

lines backwards, and he will find himself just where he was after all his fatigue.

Capitaine Lasphrise, a French self-taught poet, whose work preceded Malherbe's, boasts of his inventions; among other singularities, one has at least the merit of *la difficulté vaincue*, and might by ingenious hands be turned to some account. He asserts that this novelty is entirely his own; it consists in the last word of every verse forming the first word of the following verse:

> Falloit-il que le ciel me rendit amoureux,
> Amoureux, jouissant d'une beauté craintive,
> Craintive à recevoir la douceur excessive,
> Excessive au plaisir qui rend l'amant heureux?
> Heureux si nous avions quelques paisibles lieux
> Lieux ou plus surement l'ami fidelle arrive,
> Arrive sans soupcon de quelque ami attentive,
> Attentive à vouloir nous surprendre tous deux.—

Francis Colonna, an Italian Monk, is the author of a singular book entitled 'The Dream of Poliphilus,' in which he relates his amours with a lady of the name of Polia. It was considered improper to prefix his name to the work; but being desirous of marking it by some peculiarity, that he might claim it at any distant day, he contrived that the initial letters of every chapter should be formed of those of his name and of the subjects he treats. This odd invention was not discovered till many years afterwards: when the wits employed themselves in decyphering it, unfortunately it became a source of literary altercation, being susceptible of various readings. The most correct appears thus: Poliam Frater Franciscus Columna peramavit. Brother Francis Colonna passionately loved Polia.' This gallant monk, like another Petrarch, made the name of his mistress the subject of his amatorial meditation; and as the first called his Laura, his Laurel, this called his Polia, his Polita.

A few years afterwards Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus employed a similar artifice in his Zodiacus Vitæ, The Zodiac of Life;' the initial letters of the first twenty-nine verses of the first books of this poem forming his name, which curious particular is not noticed by Warton in his account of this work. The performance is divided into twelve books, but has no reference to astronomy, which we might naturally expect. He distinguished his twelve books by the twelve names of the celestial signs, and probably extended or confined them purposely to that number, to humour his fancy. Warton however observes, 'this strange pedantic title is not totally without a *conceit*, as the author was born at *Stellada* or *Stellata*, a province of Ferrara, and from whence he called himself Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus.' The work itself is a curious satire on the Pope and the Church of Rome. It occasioned Bayle to commit a remarkable *literary blunder*, which I shall record in its place. Of Italian conceit in those times, of which Petrarch was the father, with his perpetual play on words and on his *Laurel*, or his mistress *Laura*, he has himself afforded a remarkable example. Our poet lost his mother, who died in her thirty-eighth year: he has commemorated her death by a sonnet composed of thirty-eight lines. He seems to have conceived that the exactness of the number was equally natural and tender.

Are we not to class among *literary follies* the strange researches, which writers, even at the present day, have made in *Antediluvian* times? Forgeries of the grossest nature have been alluded to, or quoted as authorities. A *book of Enoch* once attracted considerable attention; this curious forgery has been recently translated: the Sabeans pretend they possess a work written by *Adam!* and this work has been *recently* appealed to in favour of a visionary theory! Astle gravely observes, that 'with respect to *Writings* attributed to the *Antediluvians*, it seems not only decent but rational to say that we know nothing concerning them.' Without alluding to living writers, Dr Parsons, in his erudite 'Remains of Japhet,' tracing the origin of the alphabetical character, supposes that *letters* were known to *Adam!* Some too have noticed astronomical libraries in the Ark of Noah! Such historical memorials are the deliriums of learning, or are founded on forgeries.

Hugh Broughton, a writer of controversy in the reign of James the First, shows us in a tedious discussion on Scripture chronology, that Rahab was a harlot at *ten* years of age; and enters into many grave discussions concerning the *colour* of Aaron's *Ephod*, the language which *Eve* first spoke, and other classical erudition. The writer is ridiculed in Ben Jonson's Comedies:—he is not without rivals even in the present day. Covarruvias, after others of his school, discovers that when male children are born they cry out with an A, being the first vowel of the word *Adam*, while the female infants prefer the letter E, in allusion to *Eve*; and we may add that, by the pinch of a negligent nurse, they may probably learn all their vowels. Of the pedantic triflings of commentators, a controversy among the Portuguese on the works of Camoens is not the least. Some of these profound critics who affected great delicacy in the laws of Epic poetry, pretended to be doubtful whether the poet had fixed on the right time for a *king's dream*; whether, said they, a king should have a propitious dream on *his first going to bed* or at the *dawn of the following morning?* No one seemed to be quite certain; they puzzled each other till the controversy closed in this felicitous manner, and satisfied both the night and the dawn critics. Barreto discovered that an *accent* on one of the words alluded to in the controversy would answer the purpose, and by making king Manuel's dream to take place at the dawn would restore Camoens to their good opinion, and preserve the dignity of the poet.

Chevreau begins his History of the World in these words: 'Several learned men have examined in *what season* God created the world, though there could hardly be any season then, since there was no sun, no moon, nor stars. But as the world must have been created in one of the four seasons, this question has exercised the talents of the most curious, and opinions are various. Some say it was in the month of *Nisan*, that is, in the spring: others maintain that it was in the month of *Tisri*, which begins the civil year of the Jews, and that it was on the *sixth day* of this month, which answers to our *September*, that *Adam* and *Eve* were created, and that it was on a *Friday*, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon!' This is according to the Rabbinical notion of the eve of the Sabbath.

The Irish antiquaries mention *public libraries* that were before the flood; and Paul Christian Ilaker, with profounder erudition, has given an exact catalogue of *Adam's*. Messieurs O'Flaherty, O'Connor, and O'Halloran, have most gravely recorded as authentic narrations the wildest legendary traditions; and more recently, to make confusion doubly confounded, others have built up what they call theoretical histories on these nursery tales. By which species of black art they contrive to prove that an Irishman is an Indian, and a Peruvian may be a Welshman, from certain emigrations which took place many centuries before Christ, and some about two centuries after the flood! Keating, in his 'History of Ireland,' starts a favourite hero in the giant Partholanus, who was descended from Japhet, and landed on the coast of Munster, 14th May, in the year of the world 1978. This giant succeeded in his enterprise, but a domestic misfortune attended him among his Irish friends:—his wife exposed him to their laughter by her loose behaviour, and provoked him to such a degree that he killed two favourite greyhounds; and this the learned historian assures us was the *first* instance of female infidelity ever known in Ireland!

The learned, not contented with Homer's poetical pre-eminence, make him the most authentic historian and most accurate geographer of antiquity, besides endowing him with all the arts and sciences to be found in our Encyclopædia. Even in surgery a treatise has been written to show by the variety of the *wounds* of his heroes, that he was a most scientific anatomist; and a military scholar has lately told us that from him is derived all the science of the modern adjutant and quarter-master-general; all the knowledge of *tactics* which we now possess; and that Xenophon, Epaminondas, Philip, and Alexander, owed all their warlike reputation to Homer!

To return to pleasanter follies. Des Fontaines, the journalist, who had wit and malice, inserted the fragment of a letter which the poet Rousseau wrote to the younger Racine whilst he was at the Hague. These were the words: 'I enjoy the conversation within these few days of my associates in Parnassus. Mr Piron is an excellent antidote against melancholy; *but*'—&c. Des Fontaines maliciously stopped at this *but*. In the letter of Rousseau it was, 'but unfortunately he departs soon.' Piron was very sensibly affected at this equivocal *but*, and resolved to revenge himself by composing one hundred epigrams against the malignant critic. He had written sixty before Des Fontaines died: but of those only two attracted any notice.

Towards the conclusion of the fifteenth century, Antonio Cornezano wrote a hundred different sonnets on one

subject; 'the eyes of his mistress!' to which possibly Shakspeare may allude, when Jaques describes a lover with his

'Woful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.'

Not inferior to this ingenious trifler is Nicholas Franco, well known in Italian literature, who employed himself in writing two hundred and eighteen satiric sonnets, chiefly on the famous Peter Aretin. This lampooner had the honour of being hanged at Rome for his defamatory publications. In the same class are to be placed two other writers. Brebeuf, who wrote one hundred and fifty epigrams against a painted lady. Another wit, desirous of emulating him, and for a literary bravado, *continued* the same subject, and pointed at this unfortunate fair three hundred more, without once repeating the thoughts of Brebeuf! There is a collection of poems called '*La* PUCE *des grand jours de Poitiers*.' The FLEA of the carnival of Poitiers. These poems were all written by the learned Pasquier upon a FLEA which he found one morning in the bosom of the famous Catherine des Roches!

Not long ago, a Mr and Mrs Bilderdik, in Flanders published poems under the singular title of 'White and Red.'—His own poems were called white, from the colour of his hair, and those of his lady red, in allusion to the colour of the rose. The idea must be Flemish!

Gildon, in his 'Laws of Poetry,' commenting on this line of the Duke of Buckingham's 'Essay on Poetry,'

Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:'

very profoundly informs his readers 'That what is here said has not the least regard to the *penmanship*, that is, to the fairness or badness of the hand-writing, &c, and proceeds throughout a whole page, with a panegyric on a *fine hand-writing!* Dull men seem to have at times great claims to originality!

Littleton, the author of the Latin and English Dictionary, seems to have indulged his favourite propensity to punning so far as even to introduce a pun in the grave and elaborate work of a Lexicon. A story has been raised to account for it, and it has been ascribed to the impatient interjection of the lexicographer to his scribe, who, taking no offence at the peevishness of his master, put it down in the Dictionary. The article alluded to is, 'CONCURRO, to run with others; to run together; to come together; to fall foul on one another; to Concur, to Condog.'

Mr Todd, in his Dictionary, has laboured to show 'the inaccuracy of this pretended narrative.' Yet a similar blunder appears to have happened to Ash. Johnson, while composing his Dictionary, sent a note to the Gentleman's Magazine to inquire the etymology of the word *curmudgeon*. Having obtained the information, he records in his work the obligation to an anonymous letter-writer. 'Curmudgeon, a vitious way of pronouncing *cœur mechant*. An unknown correspondent.' Ash copied the word into his Dictionary in this manner: 'Curmudgeon: from the French *cœur*, unknown; and *mechant*, a correspondent.' This singular negligence ought to be placed in the class of our *literary blunders*; but these form a pair of lexicographical anecdotes.

Two singular literary follies have been practised on Milton. There is a *prose version* of his 'Paradise Lost,' which was innocently *translated* from the French version of his Epic! One Green published a specimen of a *new version* of the 'Paradise Lost' into *blank verse!* For this purpose he has utterly ruined the harmony of Milton's cadences, by what he conceived to be 'bringing that amazing work somewhat *nearer the summit of perfection*.'

A French author, when his book had been received by the French Academy, had the portrait of Cardinal Richelieu engraved on his title page, encircled by a crown of *forty rays*, in each of which was written the name of the celebrated *forty academicians*.

The self-exultations of authors, frequently employed by injudicious writers, place them in ridiculous attitudes. A writer of a bad dictionary, which he intended for a Cyclopædia, formed such an opinion of its extensive sale, that he put on the title-page the words '*first edition*,' a hint to the gentle reader that it would not be the last. Desmarest was so delighted with his 'Clovis,' an Epic Poem, that he solemnly concludes his preface with a thanksgiving to God, to whom he attributes all his glory! This is like that conceited member of a French Parliament, who was overheard, after his tedious harangue, muttering most devoutly to himself, '*Non nobis Domine*.'

Several works have been produced from some odd coincidence with the *name of their authors*. Thus De Saussay has written a folio volume, consisting of panegyrics of persons of eminence, whose christian names were *Andrew*; because *Andrew* was his own name. Two Jesuits made a similar collection of illustrious men whose christian names were *Theophilus* and *Philip*, being their own. *Anthony Sanderus* has also composed a treatise of illustrious *Anthonies!* And we have one *Buchanan*, who has written the lives of those persons who were so fortunate as to have been his namesakes.

Several forgotten writers have frequently been intruded on the public eye, merely through such trifling coincidences as being members of some particular society, or natives of some particular country. Cordeliers have stood forward to revive the writings of Duns Scotus, because he had been a Cordelier; and a Jesuit compiled a folio on the antiquities of a country, merely from the circumstance that the founder of his order, Ignatius Loyola, had been born there. Several of the classics are violently extolled above others, merely from the accidental circumstance o. their editors having collected a vast number of notes, which they resolved to discharge on the public. County histories have been frequently compiled, and provincial writers have received a temporary existence, from the accident of some obscure individual being an inhabitant of some obscure town.

On such literary follies Malebranche has made this refined observation. The *critics*, standing in some way connected with *the author*, their *self-love* inspires them, and abundantly furnishes eulogiums which the author never merited, that they may thus obliquely reflect some praise on themselves. This is made so adroitly, so delicately, and so concealed, that it is not perceived.

The following are strange inventions, originating in the wilful bad taste of the authors. Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, is the designer of *Le Theatre moral de la Vie Humaine*. In this emblematical history of human life, he has taken his subjects from Horace; but certainly his conceptions are not Horatian. He takes every image in a *literal* sense. If Horace says, '*Misce stultitiam* consiliis brevem,' behold Venius takes *brevis* personally, and represents folly as a *little short child!* of not above three or four years old! In the emblem which answers Horace's '*Raro antecedentem scelestum deseruit* pede pœna claudo,' we find Punishment with *a wooden leg*.—And for 'pulvis et umbra sumus,' we have a dark burying vault, with *dust* sprinkled about the floor, and a *shadow* walking upright between two ranges of urns. For '*Virtus est vitium fugere et sapientia prima stultitia caruisse*,' most flatly he gives seven or eight Vices pursuing Virtue, and Folly just at the heels of Wisdom. I saw in an English Bible printed in Holland, an instance of the same taste: the artist, to illustrate 'Thou seest the *mote* in thy neighbour's eye, but not the *beam* in thine own,' has actually placed an immense beam which projects from the eye of the caviller to the ground!

As a contrast to the too obvious taste of Venius, may be placed Cesare di Ripa, who is the author of an Italian work, translated into most European languages, the *Iconologia*; the favourite book of the age, and the fertile parent of the most absurd offspring which Taste has known. Ripa is as darkly subtile as Venius is obvious; and as far-fetched in his conceits as the other is literal. Ripa represents Beauty by a naked lady, with her head in a cloud; because the true idea of beauty is hard to be conceived! Flattery, by a lady with a flute in her hand, and a stag at her feet, because stags are said to love music so much, that they suffer themselves to be taken, if you play to them on a flute. Fraud, with two hearts in one hand, and a mask in the other:—his collection is too numerous to point out more instances. Ripa also describes how the allegorical figures are to be coloured; Hope is to have a sky-blue robe, because she always looks towards heaven, Enough of these *Capriccios!*

LITERARY CONTROVERSY.

In the article Milton, in the preceding volume, I had occasion to give some strictures on the asperity of literary controversy: the specimens I brought forward were drawn from his own and Salmasius's writings. If to some the subject has appeared exceptionable, to me, I confess, it seems useful, and I shall therefore add some other particulars; for this topic has many branches. Of the following specimens, the grossness and malignity are extreme;

yet they were employed by the first scholars in Europe.

Martin Luther was not destitute of genius, of learning, or of eloquence; but his violence disfigured his works with invectives and singularities of abuse. The great reformer of superstition had himself all the vulgar ones of his day; he believed that flies were devils; and that he had had a buffeting with Satan when his left ear felt the prodigious beating. Hear him express himself on the Catholic divines: 'The papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you choose boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses.'

Gentle and moderate, compared with a salute of his Holiness.—'The Pope was born out of the Devil's posteriors. He is full of devils, lies, blasphemies, and idolatries; he is anti-Christ; the robber of churches; the ravisher of virgins; the greatest of pimps; the governor of Sodom, &c. If the Turks lay hold of us, then we shall be in the hands of the Devil; but if we remain with the Pope, we shall be in hell.—What a pleasing sight would it be to see the Pope and the Cardinals hanging on one gallows, in exact order, like the seals which dangle from the bulls of the Pope! What an excellent council would they hold under the gallows!'

Sometimes desirous of catching the attention of the vulgar, Luther attempts to enliven his style by the grossest buffooneries: 'Take care, my little Pope! my little ass! go on slowly: the times are slippery: this year is dangerous: if thou fallest, they will exclaim, See! how our little Pope is spoilt.' It was fortunate for the cause of the Reformation that the violence of Luther was softened in a considerable degree at times by the meek Melancthon: he often poured honey on the sting inflicted by the angry bee. Luther was no respecter of kings; he was so fortunate, indeed, as to find among his antagonists a crowned head; a great good fortune for an obscure controversialist, and the very *punctum saliens* of controversy. Our Henry VIII wrote his book against the new doctrine: then warm from scholastic studies, Henry presented Leo X with a work highly creditable to his abilities, and no inferior performance according to the genius of the age. Collier, in his Ecclesiastical History, has analysed the book, and does not ill describe its spirit: 'Henry seems superior to his adversary in the vigour and propriety of his style, in the force of his reasoning, and the learning of his citations. It is true he leans *too much* upon his character, argues in his *garter-robes*, and writes as it were with his *sceptre*.' But Luther in reply abandons his pen to all kinds of railing and abuse. He addresses Henry VIII in the following style: 'It is hard to say if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This rotten worm of the earth having blasphemed the majesty of my king, I have a just right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. This Henry has lied.' Some of his original expressions to our Henry VIII are these: 'Stulta, ridicula, et verissime *Henriciani*, et *Thomistica* sunt hæc—Regem Angliæ Henricum istum plane mentiri, &c.—Hoc agit inquietus Satan, ut nos a Scripturis avocet per *sceleratos Henricos*, &c.'—He was repaid with capital and interest by an anonymous reply, said to have been written by Sir Thomas More, who concludes his arguments by leaving Luther in language not necessary to translate; 'cum suis furiis et furoribus, cum suis merdis et stercoribus cacantem cacantmque.' Such were the vigorous elegancies of a controversy on the Seven Sacraments! Long after, the court of Rome had not lost the taste of these 'bitter herbs;' for in the bull of the canonization of Ignatius Loyola in August, 1623, Luther is called *monstrum teterrimum, et detestabilis pestis*.

Calvin was less tolerable, for he had no Melancthon! His adversaries are never others than knaves, lunatics, drunkards, and assassins! Sometimes they are characterized by the familiar appellatives of bulls, asses, cats and hogs! By him Catholic and Lutheran are alike hated. Yet, after having given vent to this virulent humour, he frequently boasts of his mildness. When he reads over his writings, he tells us, that he is astonished at his forbearance; but this, he adds, is the duty of every Christian! at the same time, he generally finishes a period with—'Do you hear, you dog? Do you hear, madman?'

Beza, the disciple of Calvin, sometimes imitates the luxuriant abuse of his master. When he writes against Tilleman, a Lutheran minister, he bestows on him the following titles of honour: 'Polyphemus; an ape; a great ass who is distinguished from other asses by wearing a hat; an ass on two feet; a monster composed of part of an ape and wild ass; a villain who merits hanging on the first tree we find.' And Beza was, no doubt desirous of the office of executioner!

The Catholic party is by no means inferior in the felicities of their style. The Jesuit Raynaud calls Erasmus 'the Batavian buffoon,' and accuses him of nourishing the egg which Luther hatched. These men were alike supposed by their friends to be the inspired regulators of Religion!

Bishop Bedell, a great and good man, respected even by his adversaries, in an address to his clergy, observes, 'Our calling is to deal with errors, not to disgrace the man with scolding words. It is said of Alexander, I think, when he overheard one of his soldiers railing lustily against Darius his enemy, that he reproved him, and added, "Friend, I entertain thee to fight against Darius, not to revile him;" 'and my sentiments of treating the Catholics,' concludes Bedell, 'are not conformable to the practice of Luther and Calvin: but they were but men, and perhaps we must confess they suffered themselves to yield to the violence of passion.'

The Fathers of the church were proficients in the art of abuse, and very ingeniously defended it. St Austin affirms that the keenest personality may produce a wonderful effect, in opening a man's eyes to his own follies. He illustrates his position with a story, given with great simplicity, of his mother Saint Monica with her maid. Saint Monica certainly would have been a confirmed drunkard, had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. The story will amuse.—'My mother had by little and little accustomed herself to relish wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family: she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine, and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself, and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults insensibly increase, she at length liked wine, and drank bumpers. But one day being alone with her maid who usually attended her to the cellar, they quarrelled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a *drunkard!* That *single word* struck her so poignantly that it opened her understanding; and reflecting on the deformity of the vice, she desisted for ever from its use.'

To jeer and play droll, or, in his own words, *de bouffonner*, was a mode of controversy the great Arnauld defended as permitted by the writings of the holy fathers. It is still more singular, when he not only brings forward as an example of this ribaldry, Elijah *mocking* at the false divinities, but *God* himself *bantering* the first man after his fall. He justifies the injurious epithets which he has so liberally bestowed on his adversaries by the example of Jesus Christ and the apostles! It was on these grounds also that the celebrated Pascal apologized for the invectives with which he has occasionally disfigured his Provincial Letters. A Jesuit, famous for twenty folios which contain his works, has collected 'An Alphabetical Catalogue of the Names of *Beasts* by which the Fathers characterized the Heretics.' It may be found in *Evstemata de malis ac bonis Libris*, p. 93, 4to, 1653, of Father Raynaud. This list of brutes and insects, among which are a vast variety of serpents, is accompanied by the names of the heretics designated!

Ware in his Irish Writers, informs us of one Henry Fitzsermon, an Irish Jesuit, who was imprisoned for his papistical designs and seditious preaching. During his confinement he proved himself to be a great amateur of controversy. He said 'he felt like a *bear* tied to a stake, and wanted somebody to *bait* him.' A kind office, zealously undertaken by the learned *Usher* then a young man. He *engaged* to *dispute* with him *once a week* on the subject of *antichrist!* They met several times. It appears that *our bear* was out-worried, and declined any further *dog-baiting*. This spread an universal joy through the Protestants in Dublin. Such was the spirit of those times, which appears to have been very different from our own. Dr Disney gives an anecdote of a modern bishop who was just advanced to a mitre; his bookseller begged to republish a popular theological tract of his against another bishop, because he might now meet him on equal terms. My lord answered—'Mr * * * no more controversy now'

Our good bishop resembled Baldwin, who, from a simple monk, arrived to the honour of the see of Canterbury. The successive honours successively changed his manners. Urban the Second inscribed his brief to him in this concise description—*Baldwino Monastico ferventissimo, Abbate calido, Episcopo tepido, Archiepiscopo remisso!*

On the subject of literary controversies we cannot pass over the various sects of the scholastics; a volume might easily be compiled of their ferocious wars, which in more than one instance were accompanied by stones and daggers. The most memorable, on account of the extent, the violence, and duration of their contests, are those of the Nominalists and the Realists.

It was a most subtile question assuredly, and the world thought for a long while that their happiness depended on deciding, whether universals, that is *genera*, have a real essence, and exist independent of particulars, that is *species*:—whether, for instance, we could form an idea of asses, prior to individual asses? Rosseline, in the eleventh century, adopted the opinion that universals have no real existences, either before or in individuals, but are mere names and words by which the kind of individuals, is expressed. A tenet propagated by Abelard, which produced the sect of the *Nominalists*. But the *Realists* asserted that universals existed independent of individuals,—though they were somewhat divided between the various opinions of Plato and Aristotle. Of the Realists the most famous were Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. The cause of the Nominalists was almost desperate, till Occam in the fourteenth century revived the dying embers. Louis XI adopted the Nominalists, and the Nominalists flourished at large in France and Germany; but unfortunately Pope John XXIII patronized the Realists, and throughout Italy it was dangerous for a Nominalist to open his lips. The French king wavered, and the Pope triumphed; his majesty published an edict in 1474, in which he silenced for ever the Nominalists, and ordered their books to be fastened up in their libraries with iron chains, that they might not be read by young students! The leaders of that sect fled into England and Germany, where they united their forces with Luther and the first Reformers.

Nothing could exceed the violence with which these disputes were conducted. Vives himself, who witnessed the contests, says that 'when the contending parties had exhausted their stock of verbal abuse, they often came to blows; and it was not uncommon in these quarrels about *universals*, to see the combatants engaging not only with their fists, but with clubs and swords, so that many have been wounded and some killed.'

I add a curious extract from John of Salisbury, on this war of words, which Mosheim has given in his Ecclesiastical History. He observes on all this terrifying nonsense, 'that there had been more time consumed in it, than the Cæsars had employed in making themselves masters of the world; that the riches of Crœsus were inferior to the treasures that had been exhausted in this controversy; and that the contending parties, after having spent their whole lives on this single point, had neither been so happy as to determine it to their satisfaction, nor to make in the labyrinths of science where they had been groping, any discovery that was worth the pains they had taken.' It may be added that Ramus having attacked Aristotle, for 'teaching us chimeras,' all his scholars revolted; the parliament put a stop to his lectures, and at length having brought the matter into a law-court, he was declared to be 'insolent and daring'—the king proscribed his works, he was ridiculed on the stage, and hissed at by his scholars. When at length, during the plague, he opened again his schools, he drew on himself a fresh storm by reforming the pronunciation of the letter Q, which they then pronounced like K—Kiskis for Quisquis, and Kamkam for Quamquam. This innovation was once more laid to his charge: a new rebellion! and a new ejection of the Anti-Aristotelian! The brother of that Gabriel Harvey who was the friend of Spenser, and with Gabriel had been the whetstone of the town-wits of his time, distinguished himself by his wrath against the Stagyrite. After having with Gabriel predicted an earthquake, and alarmed the kingdom, which never took place, (that is the earthquake, not the alarm) the wits buffeted him. Nash says of him that 'Tarlton at the theatre made jests of him, and Elderton consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing, in bear-baiting him with whole bundles of ballads.' Marlow declared him to be 'an ass fit only to preach of the iron age.' Stung to madness by this lively nests of hornets, he avenged himself in a very cowardly manner—Aristotle himself! for he set *Aristotle* with *words* on the school gates at Cambridge, and *ears* on his head!

But this controversy concerning Aristotle and the school divinity was even prolonged so late as in the last century. Father de Benedictis, a Jesuit, and professor in the college at Naples, published in 1668 four volumes of peripatetic philosophy, to establish the principles of Aristotle. The work was exploded, and he wrote an abusive treatise under the *Nom de guerre* of Benedetto Aletino. A man of letters, Constantino Grimaldi, replied. Aletino rejoined; he wrote letters, an apology for the letters, and would have written more for Aristotle than Aristotle himself perhaps would have done. However, Grimaldi was no ordinary antagonist, and not to be outwearied. He had not only the best of the argument but he was resolved to tell the world so, as long as the world would listen. Whether he killed off Father Benedictis is not affirmed; but the latter died during the controversy. Grimaldi however afterwards pursued his ghost, and buffeted the father in his grave. This enraged the University of Naples; and the Jesuits, to a man, denounced Grimaldi to Pope Benedict XIII and Cardinal D'Althan, the Viceroy of Naples. On this the Pope issued a bull prohibiting the reading of Grimaldi's works, or keeping them, under pain of excommunication; and the cardinal, more active than the bull, caused all the copies which were found in the author's house to be thrown *into the sea!* The author with tears in his eyes beheld them expatriated, and hardly hoped their voyage would have been successful. However, all the little family of the Grimaldis were not drowned—for a storm arose, and happily drove ashore many of the floating copies, and these falling into good and charitable hands, the heretical opinions of poor Grimaldi against Aristotle and school divinity were still read by those who were not out-terrified by the Pope's bulls. The *salted* passages were still at hand, and quoted with a double zest against the Jesuits!

We now turn to writers whose controversy was kindled only by subjects of polite literature. The particulars form a curious picture of the taste and character of the age.

'There is,' says Joseph Scaliger, that great critic and reviler, 'an art of abuse or slandering, of which those tha are ignorant may be said to defame others much less than they show a willingness to defame.'

'Literary wars,' says Bayle, 'are sometimes as lasting as they are terrible.' A disputation between two great scholars was so interminably violent, that it lasted thirty years! He humourously compares its duration to the German war which lasted as long.

Baillet, when he refuted the sentiments of a certain author, always did it without naming him; but when he found any observation which he deemed commendable, he quoted his name. Bayle observes, that 'this is an excess of politeness, prejudicial to that freedom which should ever exist in the republic of letters; that it should be allowed always to name those whom we refute; and that it is sufficient for this purpose that we banish asperity, malice, and indecency.'

After these preliminary observations, I shall bring forward various examples where this excellent advice is by no means regarded.

Erasmus produced a dialogue, in which he ridiculed those scholars who were servile imitators of Cicero; so servile that they would employ no expression but what was found in the works of that writer; every thing with them was Ciceronianized. This dialogue is written with great humour. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, the father, who was then unknown to the world, had been long looking for some occasion to distinguish himself: he now wrote a defence of Cicero, but which in fact was one continued invective against Erasmus: he there treats the latter as illiterate, a drunkard, an imposter, an apostate, a hangman, a demon hot from hell! The same Scaliger, acting on the same principle of distinguishing himself at the cost of others, attacked Cardan's best work *De Subtilitate*: his criticism did not appear till seven years after the first edition of the work, and then he obstinately stuck to that edition, though Carden had corrected it in subsequent ones; but this Scaliger chose, that he might have a wider field for his attack. After this, a rumour spread that Cardan had died of vexation from our Julius Cæsar's invincible pen; then Scaliger pretended to feel all the regret possible for a man he had killed, and whom he now praised: however, his regret

had as little foundation as his triumph; for Cardan outlived Scaliger many years, and valued his criticisms too cheaply to have suffered them to have disturbed his quiet. All this does not exceed the *invectives* of Poggius, who has thus entitled several literary libels composed against some of his adversaries, Laurentius Valla, Philelphus, &c, who returned the poisoned chalice to his own lips; declamations of scurrility, obscenity, and calumny, which are noticed in Mr. Shepherd's Life of Poggius.

Scioppius was a worthy successor of the Scaligers; his favourite expression was, that he had trodden down his adversary.

Scioppius was a critic, as skilful as Salmasius or Scaliger, but still more learned in the language of abuse. He was regarded as the Atilla of authors. He boasted that he had occasioned the deaths of Casaubon and Scaliger; and such was the impudence of this cynic, that he attacked with repeated satires our James the First, who, as Arthur Wilson informs us, condemned his writings to be burnt in London. Detested and dreaded as the public scourge, Scioppius, at the close of his life, was fearful he should find no retreat in which he might be secure.

The great Casaubon employs the dialect of St. Giles's in his furious attacks on the learned Dalechamps, the Latin translator of Athenæus. To this great physician he stood more deeply indebted than he chose to confess; and to conceal the claims of this literary creditor, he called out *Vesanum! Insanum! Tiresiam!* &c. It was the fashion of that day with the redoubtable and ferocious heroes of the literary republic, to overwhelm each other with invective; and to consider their own grandeur to consist in the bulk of their books, and their triumphs in reducing their brother giants into puny dwarfs. In science, Linnæus had a dread of controversy; conqueror or conquered we cannot escape without disgrace! Mathiolus would have been the great man of his day, had he not meddled with such matters. Who is gratified by 'the mad Cornarus,' or 'the flayed Fox?' titles which Fuchsius and Cornarus, two eminent botanists, have bestowed on each other. Some who were too fond of controversy, as they grew wiser, have refused to take up the gauntlet.

The heat and acrimony of verbal critics have exceeded description. Their stigmas and anathemas have been long known to bear no proportion against the offences to which they have been directed. 'God confound you,' cried one grammarian to another, 'for your theory of impersonal verbs!' There was a long and terrible controversy formerly, whether the Florentine dialect was to prevail over the others. The academy was put to great trouble, and the Anticruscans were often on the point of annulling this supremacy; *una mordace scritura* was applied to one of these literary canons; and in a letter of those times the following paragraph appears: 'Pescetti is preparing to give a second answer to Beni, which will not please him; I now believe the prophecy of Cavalier Tedeschi will be verified, and that this controversy, begun with pens, will end with poniards!'

Fabretti, an Italian, wrote furiously against Gronovius, whom he calls *Grunnovius:* he compared him to all those animals whose voice was expressed by the word *Grunnire, to grunt.* Gronovius was so malevolent a critic, that he was distinguished by the title of the 'Grammatical Cur.'

When critics venture to attack the person as well as the performance of an author, I recommend the salutary proceedings of Huberus, the writer of an esteemed Universal History. He had been so roughly handled by Perizonius, that he obliged him to make the *amende honourable* in a court of justice.

Certain authors may be distinguished by the title of Literary Bobadils, or fighting authors. It is said of one of our own celebrated writers, that he drew his sword on a reviewer; and another, when his farce was condemned, offered to fight any one of the audience who hissed. Scudery, brother of the celebrated Mademoiselle Scudery, was a true Parnassian bully. The first publication which brought him into notice was his edition of the works of his friend Theophile. He concludes the preface with these singular expressions;—'I do not hesitate to declare, that amongst all the dead, and all the living, there is no person who has any thing to show that approaches the force of this vigorous genius; but if, amongst the latter, any one were so extravagant as to consider that I detract from his imaginary glory to show him, that I fear as little as I esteem him, this is to inform him, that my name is

DE SCUDERY.'

A similar rhodomontade is that of Claude Trellon, a poetical Soldier, who begins his poems by challenging the critics; assuring them that if any one attempts to censure him, he will only condescend to answer sword in hand. Father Macedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, having written against Cardinal Norris, on the monkery of St Austin, it was deemed necessary to silence both parties. Macedo, compelled to relinquish the pen, sent his adversary a challenge, and according to the laws of chivalry, appointed a place for meeting in the woods of Boulogne. Another edict to forbid the duel! Macedo then murmured at his hard fate, which would not suffer him, for the sake of St Austin, for whom he had a particular regard, to spill neither his *ink* nor his *blood*.

Anti, prefixed to the name of the person attacked, was once a favourite title to books of literary controversy. With a critical review of such books Baillot has filled a quarto volume; yet, such was the abundant harvest, that he left considerable gleanings for posterior industry.

Anti-Gronovius was a book published against Gronovius, by Kuster. Perizonius, another pugilist of literature, entered into this dispute on the subject of the Æs grave of the ancients, to which Kuster had just adverted at the close of his volume. What was the consequence? Dreadful!—Answers and rejoinders from both, in which they bespattered each other with the foulest abuse. A journalist pleasantly blames this acrimonious controversy. He says, 'To read the pamphlets of a Perizonius, and a Kuster on the Æs grave of the ancients, who would not renounce all commerce with antiquity? It seems as if an Agamemnon and an Achilles were railing at each other. Who can refrain from laughter, when one of these commentators even points his attacks at the very name of his adversary? According to Kuster, the name of Perizonius signifies a *certain part* of the human body. How is it possible, that with such a name he could be right concerning the Æs grave? But does that of Kuster promise a better thing, since it signifies a beadle; a man who drives dogs out of churches?—What madness is this!'

Corneille, like our Dryden, felt the acrimony of literary irritation. To the critical strictures of D'aubignac it is acknowledged he paid the greatest attention, for, after this critic's *Pratique du Theatre* appeared, his tragedies were more artfully conducted. But instead of mentioning the critic with due praise, he preserved an ungrateful silence. This occasioned a quarrel between the poet and the critic, in which the former exhaled his bile in several abusive epigrams, which have, fortunately for his credit, not been preserved in his works.

The lively Voltaire could not resist the charm of abusing his adversaries. We may smile when he calls a blockhead, a blockhead; a dotard, a dotard; but when he attacks, for a difference of opinion, the *morals* of another man, our sensibility is alarmed. A higher tribunal than that of criticisms is to decide on the *actions* of men.

There is a certain disguised malice, which some writers have most unfairly employed in characterising a contemporary. Burnet called Prior, *one Prior*. In Bishop Parker's History of his own Times, an innocent reader may start at seeing the celebrated Marvell described as an outcast of society; an infamous libeller; and one whose talents were even more despicable than his person. To such lengths did the hatred of party, united with personal rancour, carry this bishop, who was himself the worst of time-servers. He was, however, amply repaid by the keen wit of Marvell in 'The Rehearsal transposed,' which may still be read with delight, as an admirable effusion of banter, wit, and satire. Le Clerc, a cool ponderous Greek critic, quarrelled with Boileau about a passage in Longinus, and several years afterwards, in revising Moreri's Dictionary, gave a short sarcastic notice of the poet's brother; in which he calls him the elder brother of *him who has written the book entitled 'Satires of Mr Boileau D'Espreaux!'*—the works of the modern Horace, which were then delighting Europe, he calls, with simple impudence, a book entitled Satires!

The works of Homer produced a controversy, both long and virulent, amongst the wits of France. This literary quarrel is of some note in the annals of literature, since it has produced two valuable books; La Motte's 'Reflexions sur la Critique,' and Madame Dacier's 'Des Causes de la Corruption de Gout.' Of the rival works it has been said that La Motte wrote with feminine delicacy, and Madame Dacier like an University pedant. 'At length,' as the author of *Querelles Litteraires* informs us, 'by the

efforts of Valincour, the friend of art, of artists, and of peace, the contest was terminated.' Both parties were formidable in number, and to each he made remonstrances, and applied reproaches. La Motte and Madame Dacier, the opposite leaders, were convinced by his arguments, made reciprocal concessions, and concluded a piece. The treaty was formally ratified at a dinner, given on the occasion by a Madame De Stael, who represented 'Neutrality.' Libations were poured to the memory of old Homer, and the parties were reconciled.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

When Dante published his 'Inferno,' the simplicity of the age accepted it as a true narrative of his descent into hell.

When the Utopia of Sir Thomas More was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect, but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been newly-discovered in America. 'As this was the age of discovery, says Granger, 'the learned Budæus, and others, took it for a genuine history; and considered it as highly expedient, that missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity.'

It was a long while after publication that many readers were convinced that Gulliver's Travels were fictitious.

But the most singular blunder was produced by the ingenious 'Hermippus Redivivus' of Dr Campbell a curious banter on the hermetic philosophy and the universal medicine; but the grave irony is so closely kept up throughout this admirable treatise, that it deceived for a length of time the most learned of that day. His notion of the art of prolonging life, by inhaling the breath of young women, was eagerly credited. A physician who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies. The late Mr Thicknesse seriously adopted the project. Dr Kippis acknowledges that after he read the work in his youth, the reasonings and the facts left him several days in a kind of fairy land. I have a copy with manuscript notes by a learned physician, who seems to have had no doubts of its veracity. After all, the intention of the work was long doubtful; till Dr Campbell informed a friend it was a mere jeu d'esprit; that Bayle was considered as standing without a rival in the art of treating at large a difficult subject, without discovering to which side his own sentiments leaned; and Dr Campbell had likewise read more uncommon books than most men; he wished to rival Bayle, and at the same time to give to the world much unknown matter. He has admirably succeeded, and with this key the whole mystery is unlocked.

Palavicini, in his History of the Council of Trent, to confer an honour on M. Lansac, ambassador of Charles IX to that council, bestows on him a collar of the order of Saint Esprit; but which order was not instituted till several years afterwards, by Henry III. A similar voluntary blunder is that of Surita, in his *Annales de la Corona de Aragon*. This writer represents, in the battles he describes, many persons who were not present; and this, merely to confer honour on some particular families.

A book was written in praise of Ciampini by Ferdinand Fabiani, who, quoting a French narrative of travels in Italy, took for the name of the author the following words, found at the end of the title-page, *Enrichi de deux Listes*; that is, 'Enriched with two Lists;' on this he observes, 'that Mr Enriched with two lists has not failed to do that justice to Ciampini which he merited.' The abridgers of Gesner's Bibliotheca ascribe the romance of Amadis to one *Acuerdo Olvido*; Remembrance, Oblivion. Not knowing that these two words placed on the title-page of the French version of that book, formed the translator's Spanish motto!

D'Aquin, the French king's physician, in his Memoir on the Preparation of Bark, takes *Mantissa*, which is the title of the Appendix to the History of Plants by Johnstone, for the name of an author, and who, he says, is so extremely rare, that he only knows him by name.

Lord Bolingbroke imagined, that in those famous verses, beginning with *Excudent alii, &c*, Virgil attributed to the Romans the glory of having surpassed the Greeks in historical composition: according to his idea, those Roman historians whom Virgil preferred to the Grecians, were Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus. But Virgil died before Livy had written his history, or Tacitus was born.

An honest friar, who compiled a church history, has placed in the class of ecclesiastical writers, Guarini, the Italian poet; this arose from a most risible blunder: on the faith of the title of his celebrated amorous pastoral, *Il Pastor fido*, 'The Faithful Shepherd,' our good father imagined that the character of a curate, vicar, or bishop, was represented in this work.

A blunder has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough to happen when their ignorance was so dense. A rector of a parish going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority from St Peter—*Paveant illi, non paveam ego;* which he construed, *They are to pave the church, not I.* This was allowed to be good law by a judge, himself an ecclesiastic too!

One of the grossest literary blunders of modern times is that of the late Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope. He there takes the well known 'Song by a Person of Quality,' which is a piece of ridicule on the glittering tuneful nonsense of certain poets, as a serious composition. In a most copious commentary, he fatigues himself to prove that every line seems unconnected with its brothers, and that the whole reflects disgrace on its author, &c. A circumstance which too evidently shows how necessary the knowledge of modern literary history is to a modern commentator, and that those who are profound in verbal Greek are not the best critics on English writers.

Prosper Marchand has recorded a pleasant mistake of Abbé Bizot, the author of the medallic history of Holland. Having met with a medal, struck when Philip II set forth his *invincible Armada*, on which was represented the King of Spain, the Emperor, the Pope, Electors, Cardinals, &c, with their eyes covered with a bandage and bearing for inscription this fine verse of Lucretius:

O cæcas hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!

prepossessed with the false prejudice, that a nation persecuted by the pope and his adherents could not represent them without some insult, he did not examine with sufficient care the ends of the bandages which covered the eyes and waved about the heads of the personages represented on this medal; he rashly took them for *asses. ears*, and as such they are engraved!

Mabillon has preserved a curious literary blunder of some pious Spaniards, who applied to the Pope for consecrating a day in honour of *Saint Viar*. His holiness, in the voluminous catalogue of his saints, was ignorant of this one. The only proof brought forwards for his existence was this inscription:

S. VIAR.

An antiquary, however, hindered one more festival in the Catholic calendar, by convincing them that these letters were only the remains of an inscription erected for an ancient surveyor of the roads; and he read their saintship thus;

PRÆFECTUS VIARUM.

Maffei, in his comparison between Medals and Inscriptions, detects a literary blunder in Spon, who, meeting with this inscription,

Maximo VI. Consule.

takes the letters VI for numerals, which occasions a strange anachronism. They are only contractions of *Viro Illustri*—VI.

As absurd a blunder was this of Dr Stukeley on the coins of Carausius; finding a battered one with a defaced inscription of

FORTUNA AVG.

he read it

ORIVNA AVG.

And sagaciously interpreting this to be the *wife* of Carausius, makes a new personage start up in history: he contrives even to give some *theoretical Memoirs* of the *August Oriuna!*

In the Valeriana we find, that it was the opinion of Father Sirmond, that St Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins were all created out of a blunder. In some ancient MS they found *St Ursula et Undecimilla V. M.* meaning St Ursula and Undecimilla with the *V.* and *M* which followed was an abreviation for *Undecem Millia Martyrum Virginum*, made out of *Two Virgins* the whole *Eleven Thousand!*

Pope, in a note on Measure for Measure, informs us, that its story was taken from Cinthio's Novels, *Dec.* 8, *Nov.* 5. That is, *Decade* 8, *Novel* 5. The critical Warburton, in his edition of Shakspeare (as the author of Canons of criticism observes) puts the words in full length thus, *December* 8, *November* 5.

Voltaire has given in his Philosophical Dictionary, article *Abus des Mots*, a literary anecdote of a singular nature; a complete *qui pro quo*. When the fragments of Petronius made a great noise in the literary world, Meibomius, an erudit of Lubeck, read in a letter from another learned scholar of Bologna, 'We have here *an entire Petronius*; I saw it with mine own eyes, and with admiration.' Meibomius in post-haste travels to Italy, arrives at Bologna, and immediately inquires for the librarian Capponi. He asks him if it was true that they had at Bologna *an entire Petronius*. Capponi assures him that it was a thing which had long been public. Can I see this Petronius? Have the kindness to let me examine it. Certainly, replies Capponi. He leads our erudit of Lubeck to the church where reposes *the body of Saint Petronius*. Meibomius bites his lip, calls for his chaise, and takes his flight.

A French translator, when he came to [illegible] of Swift, in which it is said that the Duke of Marlborough *broke* an officer; not being acquainted with this Anglicism, he translated it *roué*, broke on a wheel!

Cibber's play of '*Love's last Shift*' was entitled '*La Derniere Chemise de l' Amour*.' A French writer of Congreve's life has taken his *Mourning* for a *Morning* Bride, and translated it *L' Espouse du Matin*.

Sir John Pringle mentions his having cured a soldier by the use of two quarts of *Dog and Duck water* daily; a French translator specifies it as an excellent *broth* made of a duck and a dog! In a recent catalogue compiled by a French writer of *Works on Natural History*, he has inserted the well-known 'Essay on *Irish Bulls*' by the Edgeworths. The proof, if it required any, that a Frenchman cannot understand the idiomatic style of Shakspeare appears in a French translator, who prided himself on giving a verbal translation of our great poet, not approving of Le Tourneur's paraphrastical version. He found in the celebrated speech of Northumberland in Henry IV.

> Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so wo-begone—

which he renders '*Ainsi, douleur! va-t'en!*'

A remarkable literary blunder has been recently committed by the Abbé Gregoire; who affords another striking proof of the errors to which foreigners are liable when they decide on the *language* and *customs* of another country. The abbé, in the excess of his philanthropy, to show to what dishonourable offices human nature is degraded, acquaints us that at London he observed a sign-board proclaiming the master as *tuer des punaises de sa majesté!* Bug-destroyer to his majesty! This is no doubt the honest Mr Tiffin, in the Strand; and the idea which must have occurred to the good abbé was, that his majesty's bugs were hunted by the said destroyer, and taken by hand—and thus human nature was degraded!

A French writer translates the Latin title of a treatise of Philo-Judæus, *Omnis bonus liber est*, Every good man is a free man, by *Tout livre est bon*. It was well for him, observes Jortin, that he did not live within the reach of the Inquisition, which might have taken this as a reflection on the *Index Expurgatorius*.

An English translator turned 'Dieu *défend* l' adultere,' into 'God *defends* adultery.' Guthrie, in his translation of Du Halde, has 'the twenty-sixth day of the *new* moon.' The whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days. The blunder arose from his mistaking the word *neuvieme* (nine) for *nouvelle* or *neuve* (new.)

The facetious Tom Browne committed a strange blunder in his translation of Gelli's Circe. When he came to the word *Starne*, not aware of its signification, he boldly rendered it *stares*, probably from the similitude of sound; the succeeding translator more correctly discovered *Starne* to be red-legged partridges!

In Charles II's reign a new collect was drawn, in which a new epithet was added to the king's title, that gave, says Burnet, great offence, and occasioned great raillery. He was styled *our most religious king*. Whatever the signification of *religious* might be in the *Latin* word as importing the sacredness of the king's person, yet in the *English language* it bore a signification that was no way applicable to the king. And he was asked by his familiar courtiers, what must the nation think when they heard him prayed for as their *most religious king?*—Literary blunders of this nature are frequently discovered in the versions of good classical scholars, who would make the *English* servilely bend to the Latin and Greek; however its genius will not bear the yoke their unskilful hands put on its neck. Milton has been justly censured for his free use of Latinisms and Grecisms.

The blunders of modern antiquaries on sepulchral monuments are numerous. One mistakes a *lion* at a knight's feet for a *water curled dog*; another could not distinguish *censers* in the hands of angels from *fishing-nets*; *two angels* at a lady's feet were counted as her two cherub-like *babes*; and another has mistaken a *leopard* and a *hedge-hog* for a *cat* and a *rat!* In some of these cases are the antiquaries or the sculptors most to be blamed?

A literary blunder of Thomas Warton is a specimen of the manner in which a man of genius may continue to blunder with infinite ingenuity. In an old romance he finds these lines, describing the duel of Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion:

> A Faucon brode in hande he bare,
> For he thought he wolde thare
> Have slayne Richard.

He imagines this *Faucon brode* means a *falcon bird*, or a hawk, and that Saladin is represented with this bird on his fist to express his contempt of his adversary. He supports his conjecture by noticing a Gothic picture, supposed to be the subject of this duel, and also some old tapestry of heroes on horseback with hawks on their fists; he plunges into feudal times where no gentleman appeared on horseback without his hawk. After all this curious erudition, the rough but skilful Ritson inhumanly triumphed by dissolving the magical fancies of the more elegant Warton, by explaining, a *Faucon brode* to be nothing more than a *broad faulchion*, which was certainly more useful than a *bird*, in a duel.

Bayle supposes that Marcellus Palingenius, who wrote a poem entiled the *Zodiac*; the twelve books bearing the names of the signs; assumed, from this circumstance, the title of *Poeta Stellatus*. But it appears, that this writer was an Italian and a native of *Stellada*, a town in the Ferrarese. It is probable that his birth-place produced the conceit of the title of his poem: it is a curious instance how a critical conjecture may be led astray by its own ingenuity, when ignorant of the real fact.

A LITERARY WIFE.

> Marriage is such a rabble rout,
> That those that are out would fain get in;
> And those that are in would fain get out.
>
> Chaucer.

Having examined some *literary blunders*, we will now proceed to the subject of a *literary wife*, which may happen to prove one. A learned lady is to the taste of few. It is however matter of surprise, that several literary men should have felt such a want of taste in respect to 'their soul's far dearer part,' as Hector calls his Andromache. The wives of many men of letters have been dissolute, ill-humoured, slatternly, and have run into all the frivolities of the age. The wife of the learned Budæus was of a different character.

How delightful is it when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband! It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! His wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she compared passages, and transcribed quotations; the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardour for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side and ever assiduous; ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus shared in the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters, he represents himself as married to two *ladies*; one of whom gave him

sons and girls, the other was Philosophy, who produced books. He says, that in his twelve first years, Philosphy had been less fruitful than Marriage; he had produced less books than children; he had laboured more corporally than intellectually; but he hoped to make more books than children. 'The soul (says he) will be productive in its turn; it will rise on the ruins of the body; a prolific virtue is not given at the same time to the bodily organs and the pen.'

The lady of Evelyn designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Lucretius. She felt the same passion in her own breast as animated her husband's, who has written with such various ingenuity. Of Baron Haller it is recorded that he inspired his wife and family with a taste for his different pursuits. They were usually employed in assisting his literary occupations; they transcribed manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered plants and designed and coloured under his eye. What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters.—See Melmoth's translation, Book iv, xix. Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says, 'Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured.'

On the subject of a literary wife, I must introduce to the acquaintance of the reader, Margaret duchess of Newcastle. She is known at least by her name, as a voluminous writer! for she extended her literary productions to the number of twelve folio volumes.

Her labours have been ridiculed by some wits; but had her studies been regulated she would have displayed no ordinary genius. The *Connoisseur* has quoted her poems, and the verses have been imitated by Milton.

The duke, her husband, was also an author; his book on horsemanship still preserves his name. He has likewise written comedies, of which Langbaine, in his account of our poets, speaks well; and his contemporaries have not been penurious in their eulogiums. It is true he was a duke. Shadwell says of him, 'That he was the greatest master of wit, the most exact observer of mankind, and the most accurate judge of humour that ever he knew.' The life of the duke is written (to employ the language of Langbaine) 'by the hand of his incomparable duchess.' It was published in his lifetime. This curious piece of biography is a folio of 197 pages, and is entitled 'The Life of the Thrice Noble, High, and Puissant Prince, William Cavendish.' His titles then follow:—'Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and excellent Princess, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, his Wife. London 1667.' This Life is dedicated to Charles the Second; and there is also prefixed a copious epistle to her husband the duke.

In this epistle the character of our Literary Wife is described, with all its peculiarities; and no apology will be required for extracting what relates to our noble authoress. The reader will be amused while he forms a more correct idea of a literary lady, with whose name he must be acquainted.

She writes: 'Certainly, my lord, you have had as many enemies and as many friends as ever any one particular person had; nor do I so much wonder at it, since I, a woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues, which they cast upon my poor writings, some denying me to be the true authoress of them; for your grace remembers well, that those books I put out first to the judgment of this censorious age were accounted not to be written by a woman, but that somebody else had written and published them in my name; by which your lordship was moved to prefix an epistle before one of them in my vindication, wherein you assure the world, upon your honour, that what was written and printed in my name was my own; and I have also made known that your lordship was my sole author in declaring to me what you had found and observed by your own experience; for I being young when your lordship married me could not have much knowledge of the world; but it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endue me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my birth; for I did write some books in that kind before I was twelve years of age, which, for want of good method and order I would never divulge. But though the world would not believe that those conceptions and fancies which I writ were my own, but transcended my capacity, yet they found fault, that they were defective for want of learning; and on the other side, they said I had pluckt feathers out of the universities, which was a very preposterous judgment. Truly, my lord, I confess that for want of scholarship, I could not express myself so well as otherwise I might have done in those philosophical writings I published first; but after I was returned with your lordship into my native country, and led a retired country life, I applied myself to the reading of philosophical authors, on purpose to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools; which at first were so hard to me, that I could not understand them, but was fain to guess at the sense of them by the whole context, and so writ them down as I found them in those authors; at which my readers did wonder, and thought it impossible that a woman could have so much learning and understanding in terms of art and scholastical expressions; so that I and my books are like the old apologue mentioned in Æsop, of a father and his son who rid on an ass.' Here follows a long narrative of this fable, which she applies to herself in these words—'The old man seeing he could not please mankind in any manner, and having received so many blemishes and aspersions for the sake of his ass, was at last resolved to drown him when he came to the next bridge. But I am not so passionate to burn my writings for the various humours of mankind, and for their finding fault; since there is nothing in this world, be it the noblest and most commendable action whatsoever, that shall escape blameless. As for my being the true and only authoress of them your lordship knows best; and my attending servants are witness that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations, to assist me; and as soon as I set them down I send them to those that are to transcribe them, and fit them for the press; whereof, since there have been several, and amongst them such as only could write a good hand, but neither understood orthography, nor had any learning (I being then in banishment, with your lordship, and not able to maintain learned secretaries) which hath been a great disadvantage to my poor works, and the cause that they have been printed so false and so full of errors; for besides that I want also skill in scholarship and true writing, I did many times not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should disturb my following conceptions; by which neglect, as I said, many errors are slipt into my works, which yet I hope learned and impartial readers will soon rectify, and look more upon the sense than carp on words. I have been a student even from my childhood; and since I have been your lordship's wife I have lived for the most part a strict and retired life, as is best known to your lordship; and therefore my censurers cannot know much of me, since they have little or no acquaintance with me. 'Tis true I have been a traveller both before and after I was married to your lordship, and sometimes show myself at your lordship's command in public places or assemblies, but yet I converse with few. Indeed, my lord, I matter not the censures of this age, but am rather proud of them; for it shows that my actions are more than ordinary, and, according to the old proverb, It is better to be envied than pitied; for I know well that it is merely out of spite and malice, whereof this present age is so full that none can escape them, and they 'll make no doubt to stain even your lordship's loyal, noble, and heroic actions, as well as they do mine; though yours have been of war and fighting, mine of contemplating and writing: yours were performed publicly in the field, mine privately in my closet; your's had many thousand eye-witnesses, mine none but my waiting maids. But the great God, that hitherto bless'd both your grace and me, will, I question not, preserve both our fames to after-ages.

Your grace's honest wife,
and humble servant,
M. Newcastle.'

The last portion of this life, which consists of the observations and good things which she had gathered from the conversations of her husband, forms an excellent Ana; and shows that when Lord Orford, in his 'Catalogue of Noble

Authors,' says, that 'this stately poetic couple was a picture of foolish nobility,' he writes, as he does too often, with extreme levity. But we must now attend to the reverse of our medal.

Many chagrins may corrode the nuptial state of literary men. Females who, prompted by vanity, but not by taste, unite themselves to scholars, must ever complain of neglect. The inexhaustible occupations of a library will only present to such a most dreary solitude. Such a lady declared of her learned husband, that she was more jealous of his books than his mistresses. It was probable while Glover was composing his 'Leonidas,' that his lady avenged herself for his *Homeric* inattention to her, and took her flight with a lover. It was peculiar to the learned Dacier to be united to a woman, his equal in erudition and his superior in taste. When she wrote in the album of a German traveller a verse from Sophocles as an apology for her unwillingness to place herself among his learned friends, that 'Silence is the female's ornament,' it was a remarkable trait of her modesty. The learned Pasquier was coupled to a female of a different character, since he tells us in his Epigrams that to manage the vociferations of his lady, he was compelled himself to become a vociferator. —'Unfortunate wretch that I am, I who am a lover of universal peace! But to have peace I am obliged ever to be at war.'

Sir Thomas More was united to a woman of the harshest temper and the most sordid manners. To soften the moroseness of her disposition, 'he persuaded her to play on the lute, viol, and other instruments, every day.' Whether it was that she had no ear for music, she herself never became harmonious as the instrument she touched. All these ladies may be considered as rather too alert in thought, and too spirited in action; but a tame cuckoo bird who is always repeating the same tone, must be very fatiguing. The lady of Samuel Clarke, the great compiler of books in 1680, whose name was anagrammatised to '*suck all cream*,' alluding to his indefatigable labours in sucking all the cream of every other author without having any cream himself, is described by her husband as having the most sublime conceptions of his illustrious compilations. This appears by her behaviour. He says, 'that she never rose from table without making him a courtesy, nor drank to him without bowing, and that his word was a law to her.'

I was much surprised in looking over a correspondence of the times, that in 1590 the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry writing to the earl of Shrewsbury on the subject of his living separate from his countess, uses as one of his arguments for their union the following curious one, which surely shows the gross and cynicial feeling which the fair sex excited even among the higher classes of society. The language of this good bishop is neither that of truth, we hope, nor certainly that of religion.

'But some will say in your Lordship's behalfe that the Countesse is a sharp and bitter shrewe, and therefore lieke enough to shorten your lief, if shee should kepe yow company. Indeede, my good Lord, I have heard some say so; but if shrewdnesse or sharpnesse may be a juste cause of separation between a man and wiefe, I thinck fewe men in Englande would keepe their wives longe; for it is a common jeste, yet trewe in some sense, that there is but one shrewe in all the worlde, and everee man hath her: and so everee man must be ridd of his wiefe that wolde be ridd of a shrewe.' It is wonderful this good bishop did not use another argument as cogent, and which would in those times be allowed as something; the name of his lordship *Shrewsbury*, would have afforded a consolatory *pun!*

The entertaining Marville says that the generality of ladies married to literary men are so vain of the abilities and merit of their husbands, that they are frequently unsufferable.

The wife of Barclay, author of 'The Argenis,' considered herself as the wife of a demigod. This appeared glaringly after his death: for Cardinal Barberini having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor, next to the tomb of Barclay, Mrs. Barclay was so irritated at this that she demolished his monument, brought home his bust, and declared that the ashes of so great a genius as her husband should never be placed beside so villanous a pedagogue.

Salmasius's wife was a termagant; and Christina said she admired his patience more than his erudition, married to such a shrew. Mrs. Salmasius indeed considered herself as the queen of science, because her husband was acknowledged as sovereign among the critics. She boasted she had for her husband the most learned of all the nobles, and the most noble of all the learned. Our good lady always joined the learned conferences which he held in his study. She spoke loud, and decided with a tone of majesty. Salmasius was mild in conversation, but the reverse in his writings, for our proud Xantippe considered him as acting beneath himself if he did not majesterially call every one names!

The wife of Rohault, when her husband gave lectures on the philosophy of Descartes, used to seat herself on these days at the door, and refused admittance to every one shabbily dressed, or who did not discover a gentee air. So convinced was she that, to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her husband, it was proper to appear fashionable. In vain our good lecturer exhausted himself in telling her that fortune does not always give fine clothes to philosophers.

The ladies of Albert Durer and Berghem were both shrews. The wife of Durer compelled that great genius to do the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion: in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone; she wheedled him back, and not long afterwards this great artist fell a victim to her furious disposition. Berghem's wife would never allow that excellent artist to quit his occupations: and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The artist worked in a room above her; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a long stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs Berghem that he was not napping

Ælian had an aversion to the marriage state. Sigonius, a learned and well known scholar, would never marry, and alleged no inelegant reason; that 'Minerva and Venus could not live together.'

Matrimony has been considered by some writers as a condition not so well suited to the circumstances of philosophers and men of learning. There is a little tract which professes to investigate the subject. It has for title, *De Matrimonio Literati, an celibem esse, an vero uxorem ducere conveniat*, i. e. of the Marriage of a Man of Letters, with an inquiry whether it is most proper for him to continue a Bachelor, or to marry.

'The author alleges the great merit of some women; particularly that of Gonzaga the consort of Montefeltro, duke of Urbino; a lady of such distinguished accomplishments, that Peter Bembus said, none but a stupid man would not prefer one of her conversations to all the formal meetings and disputations of the philosophers.

'The ladies perhaps will be surprised to find that it is a question among the learned, *Whether they ought to marry?* and will think it an unaccountable property of learning that it should lay the professors of it under an obligation to disregard the sex. But whatever opinion these gentlemen may have of that amiable part of the species, it is very questionable whether, in return for this want of complaisance in them, the generality of ladies would not prefer the beau and the man of fashion to the man of sense and learning. However, if the latter be considered as valuable in the eyes of any of them, let there be Gonzagas, and I dare pronounce that this question will be soon determined in *their favour*, and they will find converts enough to their charms.'

The sentiments of Sir Thomas Browne, on the consequences of marriage, are very curious, in the second part of his Religio Medici, Sect. 9. When he wrote that work, he said 'I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions, who never marry twice.' He calls woman 'the rib, and crooked piece of man.' He adds, 'I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to procreate the world without this trivial and vulgar way.' He means the union of sexes, which he declares 'is the foolishest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed.' He afterwards declares he is not averse to that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful; 'I could look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of a horse.' He afterwards disserts very profoundly on the music there is in beauty, 'and the silent note which Cupid strikes is far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.' Such were his sentiments when youthful, and residing at Leyden: Dutch philosophy had at first chilled his passion; it is probable that passion afterwards

inflamed his philosophy—for he married and had four daughters!

Dr Cocchi, a modern Italian writer, but apparently a cynic as old as Diogenes, has taken the pains of composing a treatise on the present subject—enough to terrify the boldest *Bachelor* of Arts! he has conjured up every chimera against the marriage of a literary man. He seems however to have drawn his disgusting portrait from his own country; and the chaste beauty of Britain only looks the more lovely beside this Florentine wife.

I shall not retain the cynicism which has coloured such revolting features. When at length the doctor finds a woman as all women ought to be, he opens a new spring of misfortunes which must attend her husband. He dreads one of the probable consequences of matrimony,—progeny, in which we must maintain the children we beget! He thinks the father gains nothing in his old age from the tender offices administered by his own children: he asserts these are much better performed by menials and strangers! The more children he has, the less he can afford to have servants! The maintenance of his children will greatly diminish his property! Another alarming object in marriage is that, by affinity, you become connected with the relations of the wife. The envious and ill-bred insinuations of the mother, the family quarrels, their poverty or their pride, all disturb the unhappy sage, who falls into the trap of connubial felicity! But if a sage has resolved to marry, he impresses on him the prudential principle of increasing his fortune by it, and to remember his 'additional expenses!' Dr Cocchi seems to have thought that a human being is only to live for himself; he had neither a heart to feel, a head to conceive, nor a pen that could have written one harmonious period, or one beautiful image! Bayle, in his article *Raphelengius*, note B, gives a singular specimen of logical subtilty, in 'a reflection on the consequences of marriage.' This learned man was imagined to have died of grief for having lost his wife, and passed three years in protracted despair. What therefore must we think of an unhappy marriage, since a happy one is exposed to such evils? He then shows that an unhappy marriage is attended by beneficial consequences to the survivor. In this dilemma, in the one case, the husband lives afraid his wife will die, in the other that she will not! If you love her, you will always be afraid of losing her; if you do not love her, you will always be afraid of not losing her. Our satirical *Celebataire* is gored by the horns of the dilemma he has conjured up.

James Petiver, a famous botanist, then a bachelor, the friend of Sir Hans Sloane, in an album which I have seen, signs his name, with this designation:

'From the Goat tavern in the Strand, London, Nov. 27. In the 34th year of my *freedom*. A. D. 1697.'

DEDICATIONS.

Some authors excelled in this species of literary artifice. The Italian Doni dedicated each of his letters, in a book called *La Libraria*, to persons whose names began with the first letter of the epistle; and dedicated the whole collection in another epistle; so that the book, which only consisted of forty-five pages, was dedicated to above twenty persons. This is carrying literary mendicity pretty high. Politi, the editor of the *Martyrologium Romanum*, published at Rome in 1751, has improved on the idea of Doni; for to the 365 days of the year of this Martyrology he has prefixed to each an epistle dedicatory. It is fortunate to have a large circle of acquaintance, though not worthy of being saints. Galland, the translator of the Arabian Nights, prefixed a dedication to each tale which he gave; had he finished the 'one thousand and one,' he would have surpassed even the Martyrologist.

Mademoiselle Scudery tells a remarkable expedient of an ingenious trader in this line—One Rangouze made a collection of Letters, which he printed without numbering them. By this means the book-binder put that letter which the author ordered him first; so that all the persons to whom he presented this book, seeing their names at the head, considered themselves under a particular obligation. There was likewise an Italian physician, who having wrote on Hippocrates' Aphorisms, dedicated each book of his Commentaries to one of his friends, and the index to another!

More than one of our own authors have dedications in the same spirit. It was an expedient to procure dedicatory fees; for publishing books by subscription was an art then undiscovered. One prefixed a different dedication to a certain number of printed copies, and addressed them to every great man he knew, who he thought relished a morsel of flattery, and would pay handsomely for a coarse luxury. Sir Balthazar Gerbier, in his 'Counsel to Builders,' has made up half the work with forty-two Dedications, which he excuses by the example of Antonio Perez; yet in these dedications he scatters a heap of curious things, for he was a very universal genius. Perez, once secretary of state to Philip II of Spain, dedicates his 'Obras,' first to 'Nuestro sanctissimo Padre', and 'Al Sacro Collegio,' then follows one to 'Henry IV, and then one still more embracing, 'A Todos.' Fuller, in his 'Church History,' has with admirable contrivance introduced twelve title-pages, besides the general one, and as many particular dedications, and no less than fifty or sixty of those by inscriptions and which are addressed to his benefactors; a circumstance which Heylin in his severity did not overlook: for 'making his work bigger by forty sheets at the least; and he was so ambitious of the number of his patrons that having but four leaves at the end of his History, he discovers a particular benefactress to inscribe them to!' This unlucky lady, the patroness of four leaves, Heylin compares to Roscius Regulus, who accepted the consular dignity for that part of the day on which Cecina by a decree of the senate was degraded from it, which occasioned Regulus to be ridiculed by the people all his life after, as the consul of half a day.

The price for the dedication of a play was at length fixed, from five to ten guineas from the Revolution to the time of George I, when it rose to twenty, but sometimes a bargain was to be struck when the author and the play were alike indifferent. Sometimes the party haggled about the price, or the statue while stepping into his niche could turn round on the author to assist his invention. A patron of Peter Motteux dissatisfied with Peter's cold temperament, actually composed the superlative dedication to himself, and completed the misery of the apparent author by subscribing it with his name. This circumstance was so notorious at the time, that it occasioned a satirical dialogue between Motteux and his patron Heveningham. The patron, in his zeal to omit no possible distinction that might attach to him, had given one circumstance which no one but himself could have known.

PATRON.

I must confess I was to blame
That one particular to name;
The rest could never have been known,
I made the style so like thy own.

POET.

I beg your pardon sir for that

PATRON.

Why d——e what would you be at?
I writ below myself you sot!
Avoiding figures, tropes, what not,
For fear I should my fancy raise
Above the level of thy plays!

Warton notices the common practice, about the reign of Elizabeth, of our authors dedicating a work at once to a number of the nobility. Chapman's Translation of Homer has sixteen sonnets addressed to lords and ladies. Henry Lock, in a collection of two hundred religious sonnets, mingles with such heavenly works the terrestrial composition of a number of sonnets to his noble patrons, and not to multiply more instances, our great poet Spenser, in compliance with this disgraceful custom, or rather in obedience to the established tyranny of patronage, has prefixed to the Fairy Queen fifteen of these adulatory pieces, which, in every respect, are the meanest of his compositions. At this period all men, as well as writers, looked up to peers, as on beings on whose smiles or frowns all sublunary good and evil depended. At a much later period, Elkanah Settle sent copies round to the chief party, for he wrote for both parties, accompanied by addresses, to extort pecuniary presents in return. He had latterly one standard *Elegy*, and one *Epithalamium*, printed off with blanks, which by ingenuously filling up with the printed names of any great person who died or was married, no one who was going out of life or was entering into it, could pass scot free.

One of the most singular anecdotes respecting Dedications in English bibliography, is that of the Polyglot bible of Dr Castell. Cromwell, much to his honour, patronised that great labour, and allowed the paper to be imported free of all duties, both of excise and custom. It was pub-

lished under the protectorate, but many copies had not been disposed of ere Charles II ascended the throne. Dr Castell had dedicated the work gratefully to Oliver, by mentioning him with peculiar respect in the preface, but he wavered with Richard Cromwell. At the restoration, he cancelled the two last leaves, and supplied their places with three others, which softened down the republican strains, and blotted Oliver's name out of the book of life! The differences in what are now called the *republican* and the *loyal* copies have amused the curious collectors; and the former being very scarce are most sought after. I have seen the republican. In the *loyal* copies the patrons of the work are mentioned, but their *titles* are essentially changed; *Serenissimus*, *Illustrissimus*, and *Honorattissimus*, were epithets that dared not show themselves under the *levelling* influence of the great fanatic republican.

It is a curious literary folly, not of an individual, but of the Spanish nation, who, when the laws of Castile were reduced into a code under the reign of Alfonso X, surnamed the Wise, divided the work mto *seven volumes*; that they might be dedicated to the *seven letters* which formed the name of his majesty!

Never was a gigantic baby of adulation so crammed with the soft pap of *Dedications* as Cardinal Richelieu. French flattery even exceeded itself.—Among the vast number of very extraordinary dedications to this man, in which the divinity itself is disrobed of its attributes to bestow them on this miserable creature of vanity, I suspect that even the following one is not the most blasphemous he received. 'Who has seen your face without being seized by those softened terrors which made the prophets shudder when God showed the beams of his glory? But as he whom they dared not to approach in the burning bush, and in the noise of thunders, appeared to them sometimes in the freshness of the zephyrs, so the softness of your august countenance dissipates at the same time, and changes into dew, the small vapours which cover its majesty.' One of these herd of dedicators, after the death of Richelieu, suppressed in a second edition his hyperbolical panegyric, and as a punishment he inflicted on himself, dedicated the work to Jesus Christ!

The same taste characterises our own dedications in the reigns of Charles II and James II. The great Dryden has carried it to an excessive height; and nothing is more usual than to compare the *patron* with the *Divinity*—and at times a fair inference may be drawn that the former was more in the author's mind than God himself! A Welsh bishop made an *apology* to James I, for *preferring* the Deity——to his Majesty! Burke has admirably observed on Dryden's extravagant dedications, that they were the vices of the time more than of the man; they were loaded with flattery, and no disgrace was annexed to such an exercise of men's talents; the contest being who should go farthest in the most graceful way, and with the best turns of expression.

An ingenious dedication was contrived by Sir Simon Degge, who dedicated 'the Parson's Counsellor' to Woods, Bishop of Lichfield, with this intention. Degge highly complimented the Bishop on having most nobly restored the church, which had been demolished in the civil wars, and was rebuilt but left unfinished by Bishop Hacket. At the time he wrote the dedication, Woods had not turned a single stone, and it is said, that much against his will he did something from having been so publicly reminded of it by this ironical dedication.

PHILOSOPHICAL DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

The botanic garden once appeared to open a new route through the trodden groves of Parnassus. The poet, with a prodigality of imagination, united all the minute accuracy of Science. It is a highly repolished labour, and was in the mind and in the hand of its author for twenty years before its first publication. The excessive polish of the verse has appeared too high to be endured throughout a long composition; it is certain that, in poems of length, a versification, which is not too florid for lyrical composition, will weary by its brilliancy. Darwin, inasmuch as a rich philosophical fancy constitutes a poet, possesses the entire art of poetry; no one has carried the curious mechanism of verse and the artificial magic of poetical diction to higher perfection. His volcanic head flamed with imagination, but his torpid heart slept unawakened by passion. His standard of poetry is by much too limited; he supposes that the essence of poetry is something of which a painter can make a picture. A picturesque verse was with him a verse completely poetical. But the language of the passions has no connexion with this principle; in truth, what he delineates as poetry itself, is but one of its provinces. Deceived by his illusive standard, he has composed a poem which is perpetually fancy, and never passion. Hence his processional splendour fatigues, and his descriptive ingenuity comes at length to be deficient in novelty, and all the miracles of art cannot supply us with one touch of nature.

Descriptive poetry should be relieved by a skilful intermixture of passages addressed to the heart as well as to the imagination: uniform description satiates; and has been considered as one of the inferior branches of poetry. Of this both Thomson and Goldsmith were sensible. In their beautiful descriptive poems they knew the art of animating the pictures of Fancy with the glow of Sentiment.

Whatever may be thought of the originality of this poem, it has been preceded by others of a congenial disposition. Brookes' poem on 'Universal Beauty,' published about 1735, presents us with the very model of Darwin's versification; and the Latin poem of De la Croix, in 1727, intitled '*Connubia Florum*,' with his subject. There also exists a race of poems which have hitherto been confined to *one object*, which the poet selected from the works of nature, to embellish with all the splendour of poetic imagination. I have collected some titles.

Perhaps it is Homer, in his Battle of the *Frogs and Mice*, and Virgil in the poem on a *Gnat*, attributed to him, who have given birth to these luxury poems. The Jesuits, particularly when they composed in Latin verse, were partial to such subjects. There is a little poem on *Gold*, by P. Le Fevre, distinguished for its elegance; and Brumoy has given the *Art of making Glass*; in which he has described its various productions with equal felicity and knowledge. P. Vaniere has written on *Pigeons*, Du Cerceau on *Butterflies*. The success which attended these productions produced numerous imitations, of which several were favourably received. Vaniere composed three on the *Grape*, the *Vintage*, and the *Kitchen Garden*. Another poet selected *Oranges* for his theme; others have chosen for their subjects, *Paper*, *Birds*, and fresh-water *Fish*. Tarillon has inflamed his imagination with *Gunpowder*; a milder genius, delighted with the oaten pipe, sang of *Sheep*; one who was more pleased with another kind of pipe, has written on *Tobacco*; and a droll genius wrote a poem on *Asses*. Two writers have formed didactic poems on the *Art of Enigmas*, and on *Ships*.

Others have written on moral subjects. Brumoy has painted the *Passions*, with a variety of imagery and vivacity of description; P. Meyer has dissected on *Anger*; Tarillon, like our Stillingfleet, on the *Art of Conversation*; and a lively writer has discussed the subjects of *Humour and Wit*.

Giannetazzi, an Italian Jesuit, celebrated for his Latin poetry, has composed two volumes of poems on *Fishing* and *Navigation*. Fracastor has written delicately on an indelicate subject, his *Syphilis*. Le Brun wrote a delectable poem on *Sweetmeats*; another writer on *Mineral Waters*, and a third on *Printing*. Vida pleases with his *Silk-worms* and his *Chess*; Buchanan is ingenious with his *Sphere*. Malapert has aspired to catch the *Winds*; the philosophic Huet amused himself with *Salt*, and again with *Tea*. The *Gardens* of Rapin is a finer poem than critics generally can write; Quillet's *Callipedia*, or Art of getting handsome Children, has been translated by Rowe; and Du Fresnoy at length gratifies the connoisseur with his poem on *Painting*, by the embellishments which his verses have received from the poetic diction of Mason, and the commentary of Reynolds.

This list might be augmented with a few of our own poets, and there still remain some virgin themes which only require to be touched by the hand of a true poet. In the 'Memoirs of Trevoux' they observe, in their review of the poem on *Gold*, 'That poems of this kind have the advantage of instructing us very agreeably. All that has been most remarkably said on the subject is united, compressed in a luminous order and dressed in all the agreeable graces of poetry. Such writers have no little difficulties to encounter: the style and expression cost dear; and still more to give to an arid topic an agreeable form, and to elevate the subject without falling into another extreme.—In the other kinds of poetry the matter assists and prompts genius; here we must possess an abundance to display it.'

PAMPHLETS.

Myles Davies' 'Icon Libellorum, or a Critical History of Pamphlets,' affords some curious information; and as this is a *pamphlet*-reading age, I shall give a sketch of its contents.

The author is at once serious and humourous in his preface. He there observes: 'From Pamphlets may be learned the genius of the age, the debates of the learned, the follies of the ignorant, the *bévues* of government, and the mistakes of the courtiers. Pamphlets furnish beaus with their airs, coquets with their charms. Pamphlets are as modish ornaments to gentlewomen's toilets as to gentlemen's pockets; they carry reputation of wit and learning to all that make them their companions; the poor find their account in stall-keeping and in hawking them; the rich find in them their shortest way to the secrets of church and state. There is scarce any class of people but may think themselves interested enough to be concerned with what is published in pamphlets, either as to their private instruction, curiosity, and reputation, or to the public advantage and credit; with all which both ancient and modern pamphlets are too often over familiar and free.—In short, with pamphlets the booksellers and stationers adorn the gaiety of shop-gazing. Hence accrues to grocers, apothecaries, and chandlers, good-furniture, and supplies to necessary retreats and natural occasions. In pamphlets lawyers will meet with their chicanery, physicians with their cant, divines with their Shiboleth. Pamphlets become more and more daily amusements to the curious, idle, and inquisitive; pastime to gallants and coquets; chat to the talkative; catch-words to informers; fuel to the envious; poison to the unfortunate; balsam to the wounded; employment to the lazy; and fabulous materials to romancers and novelists.'

This author sketches the origin and rise of pamphlets. He deduces them from the short writings published by the Jewish Rabbins; various little pieces at the time of the first propagation of Christianity; and notices a certain pamphlet which was pretended to have been the composition of Jesus Christ, thrown from heaven, and picked up by the archangel Michael at the entrance of Jerusalem. It was copied by the priest Leora, and sent about from priest to priest, till Pope Zachary ventured to pronounce it a *forgery!* He notices several such extraordinary publications, many of which produced as extraordinary effects.

He proceeds in noticing the first Arian and Popish pamphlets, or rather *libels*, i. e. little books, as he distinguishes them. He relates a curious anecdote respecting the forgeries of the monks. Archbishop Usher detected in a manuscript of St Patrick's life, pretended to have been found at Louvain, as an original of a very remote date, several passages taken, with little alteration, from his own writings.

The following notice of our immortal Pope I cannot pass over: 'Another class of pamphlets writ by Roman Catholics is that of *Poems*, written chiefly by a *Pope* himself, a gentleman of that name. He passed always amongst most of his acquaintance for what is commonly called a Whig; for it seems the Roman politics are divided as well as Popish missionaries. However one *Esdras*, an apothecary, as he qualifies himself, has published a piping-hot pamphlet against Mr Pope's '*Rape of the Lock*,' which he entitles '*A Key to the Lock*,' wherewith he pretends to unlock nothing less than a *Plot* carried on by Mr. Pope in that poem against the last and this present ministry and government.

He observes on *Sermons*,—''Tis not much to be questioned, but of all modern pamphlets what or wheresoever, the *English stitched Sermons* be the most edifying, useful, and instructive, yet they could not escape the critical Mr Bayle's sarcasm.' He says, 'Republique des Lettres,' March 1710, in his article *London*, 'We see here sermons swarms daily from the press. Our eyes only behold manna: are you not desirous of knowing the reason? It is, that the ministers being allowed to *read* their sermons in the pulpit, *buy all they meet with*, and take no other trouble than to read them, and thus pass for very able scholars at a very cheap rate!'

He now begins more directly the history of pamphlets, which he branches out from four different etymologies. He says, 'however foreign the word *Pamphlet* may appear, it is a genuine English word, rarely known or adopted in any other language: its pedigree cannot well be traced higher than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In its first state wretched must have been its appearance, since the great linguist John Minshew, in his '*Guide into Tongues*,' printed in 1617, gives it the most miserable character of which any libel can be capable. Mr Minshew says (and his words were quoted by Lord Chief Justice Holt,) 'A pamphlet, that is *Opusculum Stolidorum*, the diminutive performance of fools; from πᾶν all, and σιλήθω. I *fill*, to wit, *all* places. According to the vulgar saying, all things are full of fools, or foolish things; for such multitudes of pamphlets, unworthy of the very name of libels, being more vile than common shores and the filth of beggars, and being flying papers daubed over and besmeared with the foam of drunkards, are tossed far and near into the mouths and hands of scoundrels; neither will the sham oracles of Apollo be esteemed so mercenary as a pamphlet.'

Those who will have the word to be derived from Pam, the famous knave of Loo, do not differ much from Minshew; for the derivation of the word *Pam* is in all probability from πᾶν, *all*; or the *whole* or the *chief* of the game.

Under this *first* etymological notion of Pamphlets, may be comprehended the *vulgar stories* of the Nine Worthies of the World, of the Seven Champions of Christendom, Tom Thumb, Valentine and Orson, &c, as also most of apocryphal lucubrations. The greatest collection of this first sort of Pamphlets are the Rabbinic traditions in the Talmud, consisting of fourteen volumes in folio, and the Popish legends of the Lives of the Saints, which, though not finished, form fifty folio volumes, all which tracts were originally in pamphlet forms.

The *second* idea of the *radix* of the word *Pamphlet* is, that it takes it derivations from πᾶν, *all*, and φίλεω, *I love*, signifying a thing beloved by all; for a pamphlet being of a small portable bulk, and of no great price, is adapted to every one's understanding and reading. In this class may be placed all stitched books on serious subjects, the best of which fugitive pieces have been generally preserved, and even reprinted in collections of some tracts, miscellanies, sermons, poems, &c; and, on the contrary, bulky volumes have been reduced, for the convenience of the public, into the familiar shapes of stitched pamphlets. Both these methods have been thus censured by the majority of the lower house of convocation 1711. These abuses are thus represented: 'They have re-published, and collected into volumes, pieces written long ago on the side of infidelity. They have reprinted together in the most contracted manner, many loose and licentious pieces, in order to their being purchased more cheaply, and dispersed more easily.'

The *third* original interpretation of the word Pamphlet may be that of the learned Dr Skinner, in his *Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ*, that it is derived from the Belgic word *Pampier*, signifying a little paper, or libel. To this third set of Pamphlets may be reduced all sorts of printed single sheets, or half sheets, or any other quantity of single paper prints, such as Declarations, Remonstrances, Proclamations, Edicts, Orders, Injunctions, Memorials, Addresses, News-papers, &c.

The *fourth* radical signification of the word Pamphlet is that homogeneal acceptation of it, viz as it imports any little book, or small volume whatever, whether stitched or bound, whether good or bad, whether serious or ludicrous. The only proper Latin term for a Pamphlet is *Libellus*, or little book. This word indeed signifies in English an *abusive* paper or little book, and is generally taken in the worst sense.

After all this display of curious literature, the reader may smile at the guesses of Etymologists; particularly when he is reminded that the derivation of *Pamphlet* is drawn from quite another meaning to any of the present, by Johnson, which I shall give for his immediate gratification.

Pamphlet [*par un fillet*, Fr. Whence this word is written anciently, and by Caxton, *pawnflet*] a small book; properly a book sold unbound, and only stitched.

The French have borrowed the word *Pamphlet* from us, and have the goodness of not disfiguring its orthography. *Roast Beef* is also in the same predicament. I conclude that *Pamphlets* and *Roast Beef* have therefore their origin in our country.

I am favoured by Mr Pinkerton with the following curious notice concerning pamphlets:

Of the etymon of *pamphlet* I know nothing; but that the word is far more ancient than is commonly believed, take the following proof from the celebrated *Philobiblion*, ascribed to Richard de Buri, Bishop of Durham, but written

by Robert Holkot, at his desire, as Fabricius says, about the year 1344, (Fabr Bibl Medii ævi, Vol I;) it is in the eighth chapter.

'Sed revera libros non libras maluimus; codicesque plus diliximus quam florenos: ac pamfletos exiguos phaleratis prætulimus palescedis.'

'But, indeed, we prefer books to pounds; and we love manuscripts better than florins; and we prefer small *pamphlets* to war-horses.'

This word is as old as Lydgate's time: among his works, quoted by Thomas Warton, is a poem 'translated from a *pamflete* in Frenache.'

LITTLE BOOKS.

Myles Davies has given an opinion of the advantages of Little Books with some wit and humour.

'The smallness of the size of a book was always its own commendation; as, on the contrary, the largeness of a book is its own disadvantage, as well as terror of learning. In short, a big book is a scare-crow to the head and pocket of the author, student, buyer, and seller, as well as a harbour of ignorance; hence the inaccessible masteries of the inexpugnable ignorance and superstition of the ancient heathens, degenerate Jews, and of the popish scholasters and canonists entrenched under the frightful bulk of huge, vast, and innumerable volumes; such as the great folio that the Jewish rabbins fancied in a dream was given by the angel Raziel to his pupil Adam, containing all the celestial sciences. And the volumes writ by Zoroaster, entitled The Similitude, which is said to have taken up no more space than 1,260 hides of cattle: as also the 25,000, or as some say, 36,000 volumes, besides 525 lesser MSS of his. The grossness and multitude of Aristotle and Varro's books were both a prejudice to the authors, and an hindrance to learning, and an occasion of the greatest part of them being lost. The largeness of Plutarch's treatises is a great cause of his being neglected, while Longinus and Epictetus, in their pamphlet Remains, are every one's companions. Origen's 6,000 volumes (as Epiphanius will have it) were not only the occasion of his venting more numerous errors, but also for the most part of their perdition.——Were it not for Euclid's Elements, Hippocrates's Aphorisms, Justinian's Institutes, and Littleton's Tenures in small pamphlet volumes, young mathematicians, fresh-water physicians, civilian novices, and *les apprentices en ley d'Angleterre*, would be at a loss and stand, and total disencouragement. One of the greatest advantages the *Dispensary* has over *King Arthur* is its pamphlet size. So Boileau's Lutrin, and his other pamphlet poems, in respect of Perrault's and Chapelain's St Paulin and la Pucelle. *These* seem to pay a deference to the reader's quick and great understanding; *those* to mistrust his capacity, and to confine his time as well as his intellect.'

Notwithstanding so much may be alleged in favour of books of a small size, yet the scholars of a former age regarded them with contempt. Scaliger, says Baillet, cavils with Drusius for the smallness of his books; and one of the great printers of the time, (Moret, the successor of Plantin) complaining to the learned Puteanus, who was considered as the rival of Lipsius, that his books were too small for sale, and that purchasers turned away frightened at their diminutive size; Puteanus referred him to Plutarch, whose works consist of small treatises; but the printer took fire at the comparison, and turned him out of his shop, for his vanity at pretending that he wrote in any manner like Plutarch! a specimen this of the politeness and reverence of the early printers for their learned authors! Jurieu reproaches Colomies that he is a *great author of little books!*

At least, if a man is the author only of little books, he will escape the sarcastic observation of Cicero on a voluminous writer—that 'his body might be burned with his writings,'—of which we have had several, eminent for the worthlessness and magnitude of their labours.

It was the literary humour of a certain Mæcenas, who cheered the lustre of his patronage with the streams of a good dinner, to place his guests according to the size and thickness of the books they had printed. At the head of the table sat those who had published in *folio Foliissimo;* next the authors in *quarto;* then those in *octavo*. At that table Blackmore would have had the precedence of Gray. Addison, who found this anecdote in one of the Anas, has seized this idea, and applied it with his felicity of humour in No 529 of the Spectator.

Montaigne's works have been called by a Cardinal, 'The Breviary of Idlers.' It is therefore the book for many men. Francis Osborne has a ludicrous image in favour of such opuscula. 'Huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew fair, many proclaim plenty of labour, but afford less of what is *delicate, savoury*, and *well-concocted*, than SMALLER PIECES.'

In the list of titles of minor works, which Aulus Gellius has preserved, the lightness and beauty of such compositions are charmingly expressed. Among these we find—a Basket of Flowers; an embroidered Mantle; and a Variegated Meadow.

A CATHOLIC'S REFUTATION.

In a religious book published by a fellow of the society of Jesus, entitled, 'The Faith of a Catholic,' the author examines what concerns the incredulous Jews and other infidels. He would show that Jesus Christ, author of the religion which bears his name, did not impose on or deceive the Apostles whom he taught; that the Apostles who preached it did not deceive those who were converted; and that those who were converted did not deceive us. In improving these three not difficult propositions he says, he confounds 'the *Atheist*, who does not believe in God; the *Pagan*, who adores several; the *Deist*, who believes in one God, but who rejects a particular Providence; the *Freethinker*, who presumes to serve God according to his fancy, without being attached to any religion; the *Philosopher*, who takes reason and not revelation for the rule of his belief; the *Gentile*, who never having regarded the Jewish people as a chosen nation, does not believe God promised them a Messiah; and finally, the *Jew*, who refuses to adore the Messiah in the person of Christ.

I have given this sketch, as it serves for a singular Catalogue of *Heretics*.

It is rather singular that so late as in the year 1765, a work should have appeared in Paris, which bears the title I translate, 'The Christain Religion *proved* by a *single fact;* or a dissertation in which is shown that those *Catholics* of whom Huneric, King of the Vandals, cut the tongues, *spoke miraculous* all the remainder of their days; from whence is deducted the *consequences of this miracle* against the Arians, the Socinians, and the Deists, and particularly against the author of Emilius, by solving their difficulties.' It bears this Epigraph; *Ecce Ego admirationem faciam populo huic, miraculo grandi et stupendo.*' There needs no farther account of this book than the title.

The cause of religion is hurt by stupid advocates.

THE GOOD ADVICE OF AN OLD LITERARY SINNER.

Authors of moderate capacity have unceasingly harrassed the public; and have at length been remembered only by the number of wretched volumes their unhappy industry has produced. Such as an author was the Abbé de Marolles, the subject of this article, otherwise a most estimable and ingenious man, and the father of print-collectors.

This Abbé was a most egregious scribbler; and so tormented with violent fits of printing, that he even printed lists and catalogues of his friends. I have even seen at the end of one of his works a list of names of those persons who had given him books. He printed his works at his own expense, as the booksellers had unanimously decreed this. Menage used to say of his works, 'The reason why I esteem the productions of the Abbé is, for the singular neatness of their bindings; he embellishes them so beautifully, that the eye finds pleasure in them.' On a book of his versions of the Epigrams of Martial, this Critic wrote, *Epigrams against Martial*. Latterly, for want of employment, our Abbé began a translation of the Bible; but having inserted the notes of the visionary Isaac de la Peyrere, the work was burnt by order of the ecclesiastical court. He was also an abundant writer in verse, and exultingly told a poet, that his verses cost him little: 'They cost you what they are worth,' replied the sarcastic critic. De Marolles in his *Memoirs* bitterly complains of the injustice done to him by his contemporaries; and says, that in spite of the little favours shown to him by the public, he has nevertheless published, by an accurate calculation, one hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-four verses! Yet this was not the heaviest of his literary sins. He is a proof that a translator may perfectly understand the language of his orignal, and yet produce an execrable translation.

In the early part of his life this unlucky author had not been without ambition; it was only when disappointed in

his political projects that he resolved to devote himself to literature. As he was incapable of attempting original composition, he became known by his detestable versions. He wrote above eighty volumes, which have never found favour in the eyes of the critics; yet his translations are not without their use, though they never retain by any chance a single passage of the spirit of their originals.

The most remarkable anecdote respecting these translations is, that whenever this honest translator came to a difficult passage, he wrote in the margin 'I have not translated this passage, because it is very difficult, and in truth I could never understand it.' He persisted to the last in his uninterrupted amusement of printing books, and his readers having long ceased, he was compelled to present them to his friends, who, probably, were not his readers. After a literary existence of forty years, he gave the public a work not destitute of entertainment in his own Memoirs, which he dedicated to his relations and all his illustrious friends. The singular postscript to his Epistle Dedicatory contains excellent advice for authors.

'I have omitted to tell you, that I do not advise any one of my relatives or friends to apply himself as I have done to study, and particularly to the composition of books, if he thinks that will add to his fame or fortune. I am persuaded that of all persons in the kingdom, none are more neglected than those who devote themselves entirely to literature. The small number of successful persons in that class (at present I do not recollect more than two or three) should not impose on one's understanding, nor any consequence from them be drawn in favour of others. I know how it is by my own experience, and by that of several amongst you, as well as by many who are now no more, and with whom I was acquainted. Believe me, gentlemen! to pretend to the favours of fortune it is only necessary to render one's self useful, and to be supple and obsequious to those who are in possession of credit and authority; to be handsome in one's person; to adulate the powerful; to smile, while you suffer from them every kind of ridicule and contempt whenever they shall do you the honour to amuse themselves with you; never to be frightened at a thousand obstacles which may be opposed to one; have a face of brass and a heart of stone; insult worthy men who are persecuted; rarely venture to speak the truth; appear devout, with every nice scruple of religion, while at the same time every duty must be abandoned when it clashes with your interest. After these any other accomplishment is indeed superfluous.'

MYSTERIES, MORALITIES, FARCES, AND SOTTIES.

The origin of the theatrical representations of the ancients has been traced back to a Grecian stroller in a cart singing to the honour of Bacchus. Our European exhibitions, perhaps as rude in their commencement, were likewise for a long time devoted to pious purposes, under the titles of Mysteries and Moralities, &c. Of these primeval compositions of the drama of modern Europe, I have collected some anecdotes and some specimens.

It appears that pilgrims introduced these devout spectacles. Those who returned from the Holy Land or other consecrated places composed canticles of their travels, and amused their religious fancies by interweaving scenes of which Christ, the Apostles, and other objects of devotion, served as the themes. Menestrier informs us that these pilgrims travelled in troops, and stood in the public streets, where they recited their poems, with their staff in hand: while their chaplets and cloaks, covered with shells and images of various colours, formed a picturesque exhibition which at length excited the piety of the citizens to erect occasionally a stage on an extensive spot of ground. These spectacles served as the amusement and instruction of the people. So attractive were these gross exhibiitons in the dark ages, that they formed one of the principal ornaments of the reception which was given to princes when they entered towns.

When the Mysteries were performed at a more improved period, the actors were distinguished characters, and frequently consisted of the ecclesiastics of the neighbouring villages, who incorporated themselves under the title of *Confreres de la Passion*. Their productions were divided, not into acts, but into different days of performance, and they were performed in the open plain. This was at least conformable to the critical precept of that mad knight whose opinion is noticed by Pope. It appears by a ms in the Harleian library quoted by Warton, that they were thought to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people, that one of the Popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably to the plays performed in the Whitsun-week at Chester, beginning with the 'Creation,' and ending with the 'General Judgment.' These were performed at the expense of the different corporations of that city, and the reader may smile at these ludicrous combinations. 'The Creation' was performed by the Drapers: the 'Deluge' by the Dyers; 'Abraham, Melchisedek, and Lot,' by the Barbers: 'The Purification,' by the Blacksmiths: 'The Last Supper' by the Bakers: the 'Resurrection' by the Skinners; and the 'Ascension' by the Tailors. In these pieces the actors represented the person of the Almighty without being sensible of the gross impiety. So unskilful were they in this infancy of the theatrical art, that very serious consequences were produced by their ridiculous blunders and ill managed machinery. In the 'History of the French Theatre,' vol. ii, p. 285, the following singular anecdotes are preserved, concerning a Mystery which took up several days in the performance.

'In the year 1437, when Conrad Bayer, bishop of Metz, caused the Mystery of "The Passion" to be represented on the plain of Veximel near that city, *God was an old gentleman*, named Mr Nicholas Neufchatel of Touraine, curate of Saint Victory of Metz, and who was very near expiring on the cross had he not been timely assisted. He was so enfeebled that it was agreed another priest should be placed on the cross the next day, to finish the representation of the person crucified, and which was done; at the same time the said Mr Nicholas undertook to perform "The Resurrection," which being a less difficult task, he did it admirably well.'—Another priest, whose name was Mr John de Nicey, curate of Metrange, personated Judas, and he had like to have been stifled while he hung on the tree, for his neck slipped; this being at length luckily perceived, he was quickly cut down and recovered.

John Bouchet, in his 'Annales d'Aquitaine,' a work which contains many curious circumstances of the times, written with that agreeable simplicity which characterises the old writers, informs us, that in 1486 he saw played and exhibited in Mysteries by persons of Poitiers, 'The Nativity, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ,' in great triumph and splendour; there were assembled on this occasion most of the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbouring counties.

We will now examine the Mysteries themselves. I prefer for this purpose to give a specimen from the French, which are livelier than our own. It is necessary to premise to the reader, that my versions being in prose will probably lose much of that quaint expression and vulgar *naiveté* which prevail through the originals, written in octosyllabic verses.

One of these Mysteries has for its subject the election of an Apostle to supply the place of the traitor Judas. A dignity so awful is conferred in the meanest manner it is possible to conceive; it is done by drawing two straws, of which he who gets the longest becomes the Apostle. Louis Chocquet was a favorite composer of these religious performances; when he attempts the pathetic he has constantly recourse to devils; but, as these characters are sustained with little propriety, his pathos succeeds in raising a laugh. In the following dialogue Anne and Caiaphas are introduced conversing about Saint Peter and Saint John:—

'ANNE.

'I remember them once very honest people They have often brought their fish to my house to sell.

'CAIAPHAS.

'Is this true?

'ANNE.

'By God it is true; my servants remember them very well. To live more at their ease they have left off business; or perhaps they were in want of customers. Since that time they have followed Jesus, that wicked heretic, who has taught them magic; the fellow understands necromancy, and is the greatest magician alive, as far as Rome itself.'

Saint John attacked by the satellites of Domitian, amongst whom the author has placed Longinus and Patrochus, gives regular answers to their insulting interrogatories. Some of these I shall transcribe, but leave to the reader's conjectures the replies of the Saint, which are not difficult to anticipate.

'PARTHEMIA.

'You tell us strange things, in say there is but one God in three persons.

'LONGINUS.

'Is it any where said that we must believe your old prophets (with whom your memory seems overburdened) to be more perfect than our Gods?

'PATROCLUS.

'You must be very cunning to maintain impossibilities. Now listen to me: Is it possible that a virgin can bring forth a child without ceasing to be a virgin?

'DOMITIAN.

'Will you not change these foolish sentiments? Would you pervert us? Will you not convert yourself? Lords! you perceive now very clearly what an obstinate fellow this is! Therefore let him be stript and put into a great caldron of boiling oil. Let him die at the Latin Gate.

'PESART.

'The great devil of hell fetch me if I don't Latinise him well. Never shall they hear at the Latin Gate any one sing so well as he shall sing.

'TORNEAU.

'I dare venture to say he won't complain of being frozen.

'PATROCLUS.

'Frita, run quick; bring wood and coals, and make the caldron ready.

'FRITA.

'I promise him, if he has the gout or the itch, he will soon get rid of them.'

St John dies a perfect martyr, resigned to the boiling oil and gross jests of Patroclus and Longinus. One is astonished in the present times at the excessive absurdity and indeed blasphemy which the writers of these moralities permitted themselves, and, what is more extraordinary, were permitted by an audience consisting of a whole town. An extract from the 'Mystery of Saint Dennis' is in the Duke de la Valliere's 'Bibliotheque du Theatre Francois depuis son origine. Dresde 1768.'

The emperor Domitian, irritated against the Christians, persecutes them and thus addresses one of his courtiers:

'Seigneurs Romains, j'ai entendu	Roman lords. I understand
Que d'un crucifix, d'un pendu,	That of a crucified hanged man
On fait un Dieu par notre empire	They make a God in our kingdom,
Sans ce qu'on le nous daigne dire.'	Without even deigning to ask our permission.

He then orders an officer to seize on Dennis in France. When this officer arrives at Paris the inhabitants acquaint him of the rapid and grotesque progress of this future saint:—

'Sire, il preche un Dieu a Paris	Sir, he preaches a God at Paris
Qui fait tous les moulx et les vaulx.	Who has made mountain and valley.
Il va à cheval sans chevaulx.	He goes a horseback without horses,
Il fait et defait tout ensemble.	He does and undoes at once.
Il vit, il meurt, il sue, il tremble	He lives, he dies, he sweats, he trembles.
Il pleure, il rit, il veille, et dort.	He weeps, he laughs, he wakes and sleeps.
Il est jeune et vieux, foible et fort.	He is young and old, weak and strong.
Il fait d'un coq une poulette.	He turns a cock into a hen.
Il jeue des arts de roulette	He knows how to conjure with cup and ball,
Ou je ne scais que ce peut estre.'	Or I do not know who this can be.

Another of these admirers says, evidently alluding to the right of baptism,—

'Sire, oyez que fait ce fol prestre:	Sir, hear what this mad priest does:
Il prend de l'yaue en une escuele,	He takes water out of a ladle,
Et gets aux gens sur la cervele,	And, throwing it at people's heads,
Et dit que partant sont sauvés!'	He says that when they depart they are saved!

This piece then proceeds to entertain the spectators with the tortures of Saint Dennis, and at length, when more than dead, they mercifully behead him:—the Saint, after his decapitation, rises very quietly, takes his head under his arm, and walks off the stage in all the dignity of martyrdom.

It is justly observed by Bayle on these wretched representations, that while they prohibited the people from meditating on the sacred history in the book which contains it in all its purity and truth, they permitted them to see it on the theatre sullied with a thousand gross inventions, which were expressed in the most vulgar manner and in a farcical style. Warton, with his usual elegance, observes,—'To those who are accustomed to contemplate the great picture of human follies which the unpolished ages of Europe hold up to our view, it will not appear surprising that the people who were forbidden to read the events of the sacred history in the Bible, in which they are faithfully and beautifully related, should at the same time be permitted to see them represented on the stage disgraced with the grossest improprieties, corrupted with inventions and additions of the most ridiculous kind, sullied with impurities, and expressed in the language and gesticulations of the lowest farce.' Elsewhere he philosophically observes, that, however, they had their use, 'not only in teaching the great truths of scripture to men who could not read the Bible, but in abolishing the barbarous attachment to military games and the bloody contentions of the tournament, which had so long prevailed as the sole species of popular amusement. Rude, and even ridiculous as they were, they softened the manners of the people by diverting the public attention to spectacles in which the mind was concerned, and by creating a regard for other arts than those of bodily strength and savage valour.'

Mysteries are to be distinguished from *Moralities*, and *Farces*, and *Sotties*. *Moralities* are dialogues where the interlocutors represented feigned or allegorical personages. *Farces* were more exactly what their title indicates: obscene, gross, and dissolute representations, where both the actions and words are alike reprehensible.

The *Sotties* were more farcical than farce, and frequently had the licentiousness of pasquinades. I shall give an ingenious specimen of one of the moralities. This morality is entitled 'The Condemnation of Feasts, to the Praise of Diet and Sobriety for the Benefit of the Human Body.'

The perils of gorging form the present subject. Towards the close is a trial between *Feasting* and *Supper*. They are summoned before *Experience*, the Lord Chief Justice! *Feasting* and *Supper* are accused of having murdered four persons by force of gorging them. *Experience* condemns *Feasting* to the gallows; and his executioner is *Diet*. *Feasting* asks for a father confessor, and makes a public confession of so many crimes, such numerous convulsions, apoplexies, head-aches, stomach-qualms, &c, which he has occasioned, that his executioner *Diet* in a rage stops his mouth, puts the cord about his neck, and strangles him. *Supper* is only condemned to load his hands with a certain quantity of lead, to hinder him from putting too many dishes on table:—he is also bound over not to approach *Dinner* too near, and to be placed at the distance of six hours' walking under pain of death. *Supper* felicitates himself on his escape, and swears to observe with scrupulous exactness the mitigated sentence.

The Moralities were allegorical dramas, whose tediousness seems to have delighted a barbarous people not yet accustomed to perceive that what was obvious might be omitted to great advantage: like children, every thing must be told in such an age: their own unexercised imagination cannot supply any thing.

Of the farces the licentiousness is extreme, but their pleasantry and their humour are not contemptible. The 'Village Lawyer,' which is never exhibited on our stage without producing the broadest mirth, originates among these ancient drolleries. The humorous incident of the shepherd, who, having stolen his master's sheep, is advised by his lawyer only to reply to his judge by mimicking the bleating of a sheep, and when the lawyer in return claims his fee pays him by no other coin, is discovered in these ancient farces. Brueys got up the ancient farce of the '*Pateiin*' in 1702, and we borrowed it from him.

They had another species of drama still broader than Farce, and more strongly featured by the grossness, the severity, and personality of satire:—these were called *Sotties*, of which the following one I find in the Duke de la Valliere's 'Bibliotheque du Theatre Francois.'

The actors come on the stage with their fools'-caps each wanting the right ear, and begin with stringing satirical proverbs, till after drinking freely, they discover that their fools'-caps want the right ear. They call on their old grandmother *Sottie* (or Folly,) who advises them to take up some trade. She introduces this progeny of her fools to the *World*, who takes them into his service. The *World* tries their skill, and is much displeased with their work. The *Cobler*-fool pinches his feet by making the shoes too small; the *Taylor*-fool hangs his coats too

loose or too tight about him; the *Priest*-fool says his masses either too short or too tedious. They all agree that the *World* does not know what he wants, and must be sick, and prevail on him to get some advice from a physician. The *World* obligingly sends what is required to an Urine-doctor, who instantly pronounces that 'the *World* is as mad as a March hare!' He comes to visit his patient, and puts a great many questions on his unhappy state. The *World* replies, 'that what most troubles his head is the idea of a new deluge by fire, which must one day consume him to powder; on which the Physician gives this answer:—

'Et te troubles-tu pour cela?	And you really trouble yourself about this?
Monde, tu ne te troubles pas	Oh World! you do not trouble yourself about
Devoir ce larrons attrapars	Seeing those impudent rascals
Vendre et acheter benefices;	Selling and buying livings;
Les enfans en bras des Nourices	Children in the arms of their nurses
Estre Abbés, Eveques, Prieurs,	Made Abbots, Bishops, and Priors,
Chevaucher tres bien les deux sœurs,	Intriguing with girls,
Tuer les gens pour leurs plaisirs,	Killing people for their pleasures,
Jouer le leur, l'autrui saisir,	Minding their own interests, and seizing on what belongs to another,
Donner aux flatteurs audience,	Lending their ears to flatterers,
Faire la guerre à toute outrance	Making war, exterminating war,
Pour un rien entre les chrestiens:'	For a bubble among christians!

The *World* takes leave of his physician, but retains his advice: and to cure his fits of melancholy gives himself up entirely to the direction of his fools. In a word, the *World* dresses himself in the coat and cap of *Folly*, and he becomes as gay and as ridiculous as the rest of the fools.

This *Sottie* was represented in the year 1524.

Such was the rage for mysteries, that René D'Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, and Count of Provence, had them represented with all possible magnificence, and made them a very serious occupation. Being in Provence, and having received letters from his son the Prince of Calabria, who asked him for an immediate aid of men, he replied, that he had a very different matter in hand, for he was fully employed in settling the order of a mystery—*in honour of God*.

Mr Strutt in his 'Manners and Customs of the English,' has given a description of the stage in England when mysteries were the only theatrical performances. Vol. iii, p 130.

'In the early dawn of literature, and when the sacred mysteries were the only theatrical performances, what is now called the stage did then consist of three several platforms, or stages raised one above another. On the uppermost sat the *Pater Cælestis*, surrounded with his Angels; on the second appeared the Holy Saints, and glorified men; and the last and lowest was occupied by mere men who had not yet passed from this transitory life to the regions of eternity. On one side of this lowest platform was the resemblance of a dark pitchy cavern from whence issued appearance of fire and flames: and when it was necessary, the audience were treated with hideous yellings and noises as imitative of the howlings and cries of the wretched souls tormented by the relentless demons. From this yawning cave the devils themselves constantly ascended to delight and to instruct the spectators:—to delight, because they were usually the greatest jesters and buffoons that then appeared; and to instruct, for that they treated the wretched mortals who were delivered to them with the utmost cruelty, warning thereby all men carefully to avoid the falling into the clutches of such hardened and remorseless spirits.' An anecdote relating to an English mystery presents a curious specimen of the manners of our country, which then could admit of such a representation; the simplicity, if not the libertinism of the age was great. 'A play was acted in one of the principal cities of England, under the direction of the trading companies of that city, before a numerous assembly of both sexes, wherein *Adam* and *Eve* appeared on the stage entirely naked, performed their whole part in the representation of Eden, to the serpent's temptation, to the eating of the forbidden fruit, the perceiving of, and conversing about their nakedness, and to the supplying of fig-leaves to cover it.' Warton observes they had the authority of scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of Genesis. The following article will afford the reader a specimen of an *Elegant Morality*.

LOVE AND FOLLY, IN ANCIENT MORALITY.

One of the most elegant Moralities was composed by Louise L'Abé; the Aspasia of Lyons in 1550, adored by her contemporaries. With no extraordinary beauty, she however displayed the fascination of classical learning, and a vein of vernacular poetry refined and fanciful.—To accomplishments so various she added the singular one of distinguishing herself by a military spirit, and was nicknamed Captain Louise. She was a fine rider and a fine lutanist. She presided in the assemblies of persons of literature and distinction: married to a rope-manufacturer, she was called *La belle Cordiere*, and her name is still perpetuated by that of the street she lived in. Her anagram was *Belle a Soy*,—But she was *belle* also for others. Her *Morals* in one point were not correct, but her taste was never gross: the ashes of her perishable graces may preserve themselves sacred from our severity; but the productions of her genius may still delight.

Her Morality entitled 'Debat de Folie et d'Amour—The contest of *Love and Folly*,' is divided into five parts, and contains six mythological or allegorical personages.—This division resembles our five acts, which soon after the publication of this Morality, became generally practised.

In the first part, *Love* and *Folly* arrive at the same moment at the gate of Jupiter's palace, to a festival to which he had invited the Gods. *Folly* observing *Love* just going to step in at the hall of the festival, pushed him away and entered in first. *Love* is enraged, but *Folly* insists on her precedency. *Love*, perceiving there was no reasoning with *Folly*, bends his bow and shoots an arrow; but she baffled his attempt by rendering herself invisible. She in her turn becomes furious, falls on the boy, tearing out his eyes, and then covers them with a bandage which could not be taken off.

In the second part, *Love*, in despair for having lost his sight, implores the assistance of his mother; she tries in vain to undo the magic fillet; the knots are never to be united!

In the third part, Venus presents herself at the foot of the throne of Jupiter to complain of the outrage committed by *Folly* on her son. Jupiter commands *Folly* to appear. She replies, that though she has reasons to justify herself, she will not venture to plead her cause, as she is apt to speak too much, or omit what was material. *Folly* asks for a counsellor, and chooses Mercury; Apollo is selected by Venus. The fourth part consists of a long dissertation between Jupiter and *Love*, on the manner of loving. *Love* advises Jupiter, if he wishes to taste of truest happiness, to descend on earth, to lay down all his majesty and pomp; and, in the figure of a mere mortal, to seek to give pleasure to some beautiful maiden: 'Then wilt thou feel quite another contentment than that thou hast hitherto enjoyed: instead of a single pleasure it will be doubled': for there is as much pleasure to be loved as to love.' Jupiter agrees that this may be true, but he thinks that to attain to this requires too much time, too much trouble, too many attentions,—and that after all it is not worth them!

In the fifth part, Apollo, the advocate for Venus, in a long pleading demands justice against *Folly*. The Gods, seduced by his eloquence, show by their indignation that they would condemn *Folly* without hearing her advocate Mercury. But Jupiter commands silence, and Mercury replies. His pleading is as long as the adverse party's, and his arguments in favour of *Folly* are so plausible, that when he concludes his address, the gods are divided in opinion; some espouse the cause of *Love*, and some that of *Folly*. Jupiter, after trying in vain to make them agree together, pronounces this award:—

'On account of the difficulty and importance of your disputes and the diversity of your opinions, we have suspended your contest from this day to three times seven times nine centuries. In the mean time we command you to live amicably together, without injuring one another.

Folly shall lead *Love*, and take him whithersoever he pleases; and when restored to his sight, after consulting the Fates, sentence shall be pronounced.'.

Many beautiful conceptions are scattered in this elegant morality. It has given birth to subsequent imitations; it was too original and playful an idea not to be appropriated by the poets. To this morality we perhaps owe the panegyric of *Folly* by Erasmus, and the *Love* and *Folly* of La Fontaine.

RELIGIOUS NOUVELLETTES.

I shall notice a class of very singular works, in which the spirit of romance has been called in to render religion more attractive to certain heated imaginations.

In the fifteenth century was published a little book of *prayers*, accompanied by *figures*, both of a very uncommon nature for a religious publication. It offers too curious objects to pass over in silence. It is entitled *Hortulus Animæ cum Oratiunculis aliquibus superadditis quæ in prioribus Libris non habentur*.

It is a small octavo *en lettres Gothiques* printed by John Grunninger, 1500. 'A garden,' says the author, 'which abounds with flowers for the pleasure of the soul;' but Marchand tells us they are full of poison.

In spite of his fine promises, the chief part of these meditations are as puerile as they are superstitious. This we might excuse, because the ignorance and superstition of the times allowed such things; but the *figures* which accompany the work are to be condemned in all ages; one represents Saint Ursula and some of her eleven thousand virgins, with all the licentious inventions of an Aretine. What strikes the ear does not so much irritate the senses, observes the sage Horace, as what is presented in all its nudity to the eye. One of these designs is only ridiculous: David is represented as examining Bathsheba bathing, while Cupid hovering round him throws his dart, and with a malicious smile triumphs in his success: we have had many gross and strange designs like this. There is a laughable picture in a village in Holland, in which Abraham appears ready to sacrifice his son Isaac by a loaded blunderbuss; but his pious intention is entirely frustrated by an angel urining in the pan. Something similar is the design of another painting, in which the Virgin receives the annunciation of the angel Gabriel with a huge chaplet of beads tied round her waist, reading her own offices, and kneeling before a crucifix; or, like another happy invention to be seen on an altar-piece at Worms, in which the Virgin throws Jesus in the hopper of a mill, while from the other side he issues, changed into little morsels of bread with which the priests feast the people. Matthison, a modern traveller, describes a picture in a church at Constance, called the Conception of the holy Virgin. An old man lies on a cloud, whence he darts out a vast beam, which passes through a dove hovering just below; at the end of a beam appears a large transparent egg, in which egg is seen a child in swaddling clothes with a glory round it. Mary sits leaning in an arm chair, and opens her mouth to receive the egg.

I must not pass unnoticed in this article a production as extravagant in its design, in which the author prided himself on discussing three thousand questions concerning his favourite lady Mary.

The publication now adverted to was not presented to the world in a barbarous age and in a barbarous country, but printed at Paris in 1668. It bears for title, *Devote Salutation des Membres sacres du Corps de la Glorieuse Vierge, Mere de Dieu*. That is, 'A Devout Salutation of the Holy Members of the Body of the Glorious Virgin of the Mother of God.' It was printed and published with an approbation and privilege! which is more strange than the work itself. Valois reprobates it in these just terms: 'What would Innocent XI have done, after having abolished the shameful *Office of the Conception, Indulgences*, &c, if he had seen a volume in which the impertinent devotion of that visionary monk caused to be printed, with permission of his superiors, Meditations on all the Parts of the Body of the Holy Virgin? Religion, decency, and good sense, are they not alike wounded by such an extravagance?' In the Journal des Scavans, for December 1703, I find a specimen of these *salutations*. They have preserved the most decent ones, in which this fanatic salutes the *hair* and the *ears* of the holy Virgin.

Salutation to the Hair

'I salute you, charming hair of Maria! Rays of the mystical sun! Lines of the centre and circumference of all created perfection! Veins of gold of the mine of love! Chains of the prison of God! Roots of the tree of life! Rivulets of the fountain of Paradise! Strings of the bow of charity! Nets that caught Jesus, and shall be used in the hunting-day of souls!'

Salutation to the Ears.

'I salute ye, intelligent ears of Maria! ye presidents of the princes of the poor! Tribunal for their petitions; salvation at the audience of the miserable! University of all divine wisdom! Receivers general of all wards! Ye are pierced with the rings of our chains; ye are impearled with our necessities!'

The images, prints, and miniatures, with which the catholic religion has occasion to decorate its splendid ceremonies, have frequently been consecrated to the purposes of love: they have been so many votive offerings worthy to have been suspended in the temple of Idalia. Pope Alexander VI had the images of the Virgin made to represent some of his mistresses; the famous Vanozza, his favourite, was placed on the altar of Santa Maria del Popolo; and Julia Farnese furnished a subject for another Virgin. The same genius of pious gallantry also visited our country. The statuaries made the queen of Henry III a model for the face of the Virgin Mary. Hearne elsewhere affirms, that the Virgin Mary was generally made to bear a resemblance to the queens of the age, which, no doubt produced some real devotion in the courtiers.

The prayer-books of certain pious libertines were decorated with the portraits of their favourite minions and ladies in the characters of saints, and even of the Virgin and Jesus. This scandalous practice was particularly prevalent in that reign of debauchery in France, when Henry III held the reins of government with a loose hand. In a missal once appertaining to the queen of Lewis XII may be seen a mitred ape, giving its benediction to a man prostrate before it; a keen reproach to the clergy of that day. Charles V, however pious that emperor affected to be, had a missal painted for his mistress by the great Albert Durer, the borders of which are crowded with extravagant grotesques, consisting of apes, who were sometimes elegantly sportive, giving clysters to one another, and in many much more offensive attitudes, not adapted to heighten the piety of the Royal Mistress. This missal has two French verses written by the Emperor himself, who does not seem to have been ashamed of his present. The Italians carried this taste to excess. The manners of our country were more rarely tainted with this deplorable licentiousness, although I have observed an innocent tendency towards it, by examining the illuminated manuscripts of our ancient metrical romances: while we admire the vivid colouring of these splendid manuscripts, the curious observer will perceive that almost every heroine is represented in a state which appears incompatible with her reputation for chastity. Most of these works are, I believe, of French origin.

A good supplement might be formed to religious indecencies from the Golden Legend, which abounds in them. Henry Stephens's Apology for Herodotus might be likewise consulted with effect for the same purpose. There is a story of St Mary the Egyptian, who was perhaps a looser liver than Mary Magdalen; for not being able to pay for her passage to Jerusalem, whether she was going to adore the holy cross and sepulchre, in despair she thought of an expedient in lieu of payment to the ferryman, which required at least going twice, instead of once, to Jerusalem as a penitential pilgrimage. This anecdote presents the genuine character of certain *devotees*, who would have formed accomplished methodists.

Melchior Inchoffer, a jesuit published a book to vindicate the miracle of a *Letter* which the Virgin Mary had addressed to the citizens of Messina: when Naudé brought him positive proofs of its evident forgery, Inchoffer ingenuously confessed that he knew it was an imposture, but that he had done it by the *orders of* his *superiors*.

This same *letter* of the Virgin Mary was like a *donation* made to her by Louis the eleventh of *the whole county* of Boulogne, retaining, however, for *his own use the revenues!* This solemn act bears the date of the year 1478, and is entitled 'Conveyance of Louis the eleventh to the Virgin of Boulogne of the right and title of the fief and homage of the county of Boulogne, which is held by the Count of Saint Pol, to render a faithful account before the image of the said lady.'

Maria Agreda, a religious visionary, wrote *the Life of the Virgin*. She informs us that she resisted the com-

mands of God and the holy Mary till the year 1637, when she began to compose this curious rhapsody. When she had finished this *original* production, her confessor advised her to *burn* it; she obeyed. Her friends, however, who did not think her less inspired than she informed them she was, advised her to re-write the work. When printed it spread rapidly from country to country: new editions appeared at Lisbon, Madrid, Perpignan, and Antwerp. It was the rose of Sharon for those climates. There are so many pious absurdities in this book which were found to give such pleasure to the devout, that it was solemnly honoured with the censure of the Sorbonne; and it spread the more!

The head of this lady was quite turned by her religion. In the first six chapters she relates the visions of the Virgin, which induced her to write her own life. She begins the history *ab ovo*, as it may be expressed; for she has formed a narrative of what passed during the nine months in which the Virgin was confined in the womb of her mother St Anne. After the birth of Mary she received an augmentation of angelic guards: we have several conversations which God held with the Virgin during the first eighteen months after her birth. And it is in this manner she formed *a circulating novel*, which delighted the female devotees of the seventeenth century.

The worship paid to the Virgin Mary in Spain and Italy exceeds that which is given to the Son or the Father. When they pray to Mary, their imagination pictures a beautiful woman, they really feel a *passion*; while Jesus is only regarded as a *Bambino*, or infant at the breast, and the *Father* is hardly ever recollected; but the *Madona, la Senhora, la Maria Santa*, while she inspires their religious inclinations, is a mistress to those who have none.

Of similar works there exists an entire race, and the libraries of the curious may yet preserve a shelf of these religious *nouvellettes*. The Jesuits were the usual authors of these rhapsodies. I find an account of a book which pretends to describe what passes in Paradise. A Spanish Jesuit published at Salamanca a volume in folio, 1652, entitled *Empyreologia*. He dwells with great complaisency upon the joys of the celestial abode; there always will be music in heaven with material instruments as our ears are already accustomed to; otherwise he thinks the celestial music would not be music for us!—But another Jesuit is more particular in his accounts. He positively assures us that we shall experience a supreme pleasure in kissing and embracing the bodies of the blessed; they will bathe in the presence of each other, and for this purpose there are most agreeable baths in which we shall swim like fish; that we shall all warble as sweetly as larks and nightingales; that the angels will dress themselves in female habits, their hair curled; wearing petticoats and fardingales, and with the finest linen; that men and women will amuse themselves in masquerades, feasts and balls.—Women will sing more agreeably than men to exalt these entertainments, and at the resurrection will have more luxuriant tresses, ornamented with ribbons and head-dresses as in this life!

Such were the books once so devoutly studied, and which doutless were often literally understood. How very bold must the minds of the Jesuits have been, and how very humble those of their readers, that such extravagances should ever be published! And yet, even to the time in which I am now writing,—even at this day,—the same picturesque and impassioned pencil is employed by the modern Apostles of Mysticism—the Swedenburghians,—the Moravians, the Methodists!

I find an account of another book of this class, ridiculous enough to be noticed. It has for title, 'The Spiritual Kalendar, composed of as many Madrigals or sonnets and Epigrams as there are days in the year; written for the consolation of the pious and the curious. By father G. Cortade, Austin Preacher at Bayonne, 1665.' To give a notion of this singular collection take an Epigram addressed to a Jesuit, who young as he was, used to *put spurs under his shirt* to mortify the outer-man! The Kalendar-poet thus gives a point to these spurs:

Il ne pourra donc plus ni ruer ni hennir
Sous le rude Eperon dont tu fais son supplice;
Qui vit jamais tel artifice,
De piquer un cheval pour le mieux retenir!

HUMBLY IMITATED.

Your body no more will neigh and will kick,
The point of the spur must eternally prick;
Whoever contrived a thing with such skill;
To keep spurring a horse to make him stand still!

One of the most extravagant works projected on the subject of the Virgin Mary appears to be the following one. The prior of a convent in Paris had reiteratedly intreated Varillas the historian to examine a work composed by one of his monks; and of which—not being himself addicted to letters—he wished to be governed by his opinion. Varillas at length yielded to the entreaties of the prior: and to regale the critic, they laid on two tables for his inspection seven enormous volumes in folio!

This rather disheartened our reviewer: but greater was his astonishment, when, having opened the first volume, he found its title to be *Summa Dei-paræ;* and as Saint Thomas had made a *Sum*, or System of Theology, so our monk had formed a *System* of the *Virgin!* He immediately comprehended the design of our good father, who had laboured on this work full thirty years, and who boasted he had treated the *Three Thousand* Questions concerning the Virgin; of which he flattered himself not a single one had ever yet been imagined by any one but himself!

Perhaps a more extraordinary design was never known. Varillas, pressed to give his judgment on this work, advised the prior with great prudence and good nature to amuse the honest old monk with the hope of printing these seven folios, but always to start some new difficulties; for it would be inhuman to give so deep a chagrin to a man who had reached his 74th year, as to inform him of the nature of his favourite occupations; and that after his death, he should throw the seven folios into the fire.

'CRITICAL SAGACITY,' AND 'HAPPY CONJECTURE;' OR, BENTLEY'S MILTON.

—— Bentley, long to wrangling schools confined,
And but by books acquainted with mankind ——
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write, what never poet writ.

Dr Bentley's edition of our English Homer is sufficiently known by name. As it stands a terryfying beacon to conjectural criticism, I shall just notice some of those violations which the learned critic ventures to commit with all the arrogance of a Scaliger. This man so deeply versed in ancient learning it will appear was destitute of taste and genius in his native language.

It was an unfortunate ingenuity in our critic, when, to persuade the world of the necessity of his edition, he imagined a fictitious editor of Milton's Poems: for it was this ingenuity which produced all his absurdities. As it is certain that the blind bard employed an amanuensis, it was not improbable that many words of similar sound, but very different signification, might have disfigured the poem; but our Docter was bold enough to conjecture that this amanuensis *interpolated* whole verses of his own composition in the 'Paradise Lost!' Having laid down this fatal position, all the consequences of his folly naturally followed it. Yet if we must conjecture, the more probable one will be, that Milton, who was never careless of his future fame, had his poem *read* to him after it had been published. The first edition appeared in 1667, and the second in 1675 in which all the faults of the former edition are continued. By these *fault* the Doctor means what *he* considers to be such: for we shall soon see that his 'Canons of Criticism' are apocryphal.

Bentley says that he will *supply* the want of manuscripts to collate (to use his own words) by his own 'Sagacity,' and 'happy Conjecture.'

Milton, after the conclusion of Satan's speech to the fallen angels, proceeds thus:

1. He spake: and to confirm his words out flew
2. Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
3. Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze
4. Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
5. Against the Highest; and fierce with grasped arms
6. Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
7. Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of Heaven.

In this passage, which is as perfect as human wit can make, the Doctor alters three words. In the second line he puts *blades* instead of *swords;* in the fifth, he puts *swords* instead of *arms;* and in the last line he prefers *walls to vault*. All these changes are so many defeodations of the poem. The word *swords* is far more poetical than *blades*, which may as well be understood of *knives* as *swords*. The word *arms*, the generic for the specific term, is still stronger and nobler than *swords;* and the beautiful conception of *vault*, which is always indefinite to the eye, while the solidity of *walls* would but meanly describe the highest

Heaven, gives an idea of grandeur and majesty.

Milton writes, book i, v. 63,

> No light, but rather darkness visible
> Served only to discover sights of wo

Perhaps borrowed from Spenser:

> A little glooming light, much like a shade.
> Faery Queen, B. i, C. i, St 14.

This fine expression of 'darkness visible' the Doctor's critical sagacity has thus rendered clearer:—

> 'No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.'

Again our learned critic distinguishes the 74th line of the first book—

> As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole,

as 'a vicious verse,' and therefore with 'happy conjecture,' and no taste, thrusts in an entire verse of his own composition—

> 'Distance which to express all measure fails.'

Milton *writes*,

> Our torments also may in length of time
> Become our elements.
> B. ii, ver 274.

Bentley CORRECTS,

> 'Then, as was well observ'd, our torments may
> Become our elements.

A curious instance how the insertion of a single prosaic expression turns a fine verse into something worse than the vilest prose.

To conclude with one more instance of critical emendation: Milton says, with an agreeable turn of expression—

> So parted they; the angel up to heaven,
> From the thick shade; and Adam to his bower.

Bentley 'conjectures' these two verses to be inaccurate, and in lieu of the last writes—

> 'Adam to ruminate on past discourse.'

And then our erudite critic reasons! as thus:

After the conversation between the angel and Adam in the bower, it may be well presumed that our first parent waited on his heavenly guest at his departure to some little distance from it, till he began to take his flight towards heaven; and therefore 'sagaciously' thinks that the poet could not with propriety say that the angel parted from the *thick shade*, that is, the *bower*, to go to heaven. But if Adam attended the angel no farther than the door or entrance of the bower, then he shrewdly asks 'How Adam could return to his bower if he was never out of it?'

Our editor has made above a thousand similar corrections in this edition of Milton! Some have suspected that the same kind intention which prompted Dryden to persuade Creech to undertake a translation of Horace influenced those who encouraged our Doctor, in thus exercising his 'sagacity' and 'happy conjecture' on the epic of Milton. He is one of those learned critics who have happily 'elucidated their author into obscurity;' and comes nearest to that 'true conjectural critic' whose practice a Portuguese satirist so greatly admired; by which means if he be only followed up by future editors, we might have that immaculate edition, in which little or nothing should be found of the original!

I have collected these few instances as not uninteresting to men of taste; they may convince us that a scholar may be familiarised to Greek and Latin, though a stranger to his vernacular literature; and that a verbal critic may sometimes be successful in his attempts on a *single word*, though he may be incapable of tasting an *entire sentence*. Let it also remain as a gibbet on the high roads of literature; that 'conjectural critics' as they pass may not forget the foolish fate of Bentley.

The following epigram appeared on this occasion:—

ON MILTON'S EXECUTIONER.

> Did Milton's prose, O Charles! thy death defend?
> A furious foe, unconscious, proves a friend;
> On Milton's verse does Bentley comment? know,
> A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
> While he would seem his author's fame to further,
> The murderous critic has aveng'd thy murder.

It is acknowledged, that the classical learning of Dr Bentley was singular and acute. But the profound erudition of words is frequently found not to be allied to the sensibility of taste, and far removed from the ardour of genius.

A JANSENIST DICTIONARY.

When L'Advocat published his concise Biographical Dictionary, the Jansenists, the Methodists of France, considered it as having been written with a view to depreciate the merit of their friends. It must be acknowleged there was little foundation for this complaint; but the spirit of party is soon alarmed. The Abbé Barral undertook a dictionary devoted to their cause. In this labour he indulged, assisted by his good friends the Jansenists, all the impetuosity and acerbity of a splenetic adversary. The abbé was, however, an able writer; his anecdotes are numerous and well chosen; and his style is rapid and glowing. The work bears for title 'Dictionnaire Historique, Litteraire, et Critique des Hommes Celebres,' 6 vols. 8 vo. 1759. It is no unuseful speculation to observe in what manner a faction represents those who have not been its favourites; for this purpose I select the characters of Fenelon, Cranmer, and Luther.

In their article of Fenelon they write,—'He composed for the instruction of the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berry, several works, amongst others the Telemachus. A singular book, which partakes at once of the character of a romance, and of a poem, and which substitutes a prosaic cadence for versification. But several luscious pictures would not lead us to suspect that this book issued from the pen of a sacred minister for the education of a prince; and what we are told by a famous poet is not improbable, that Fenelon did not compose it at court, but that it is the fruits of his retreat in his diocese. And indeed the amours of Calypso and Eucharis should not be the first lessons that a minister should give his scholars; and besides, the fine moral maxims which the author attributes to the Pagan divinities are not well placed in their mouth. Is not this rendering homage to the demons of the great truths which we receive from the Gospel, and to despoil J. C. to render respectable the annihilated gods of paganism?—This prelate was a wretched divine, more familiar with the light of profane authors than with that of the fathers of the church. Phelipeaux has given us in his narrative of 'Quietism,' the portrait of the friend of Madame Guyon. This archbishop has a lively genius, artful, and supple, which can flatter and dissimulate if ever any could. Seduced by a woman, he was solicitous to spread his seduction. He joined to the politeness and elegance of conversation a modest air, which rendered him amiable. He spoke of spirituality with the expression and the enthusiasm of a prophet; with such talents he flattered himself that every thing would yield to him.'

In this work the Protestants, particularly the first reformers, find no quarter; and thus virulently their rabid catholicism exults over the unhappy end of Thomas Cranmer, the first protestant archbishop.

'Thomas Cranmer married the sister of Osiander. As Henry VIII detested married priests, Cranmer kept this second marriage in profound secrecy. This action serves to show the character of this great reformer, who is the hero of Burnet, whose history is so much esteemed in England. What blindness to suppose him an Athanasius who was at once a Lutheran secretly married, a consecrated archbishop under the Roman pontiff, whose power he detested, saying the mass in which he did not believe, and granting a power to say it! The divine vengeance burst on this sycophantic courtier, who had always prostituted his conscience to his fortune.'

Their character of Luther is quite Lutheran in one sense, for Luther was himself a stranger to moderate strictures.

'The furious Luther, perceiving himself assisted by the credit of several princes, broke loose against the church with the most inveterate rage, and rung the most terrible alarm against the pope. According to him we should have set fire to every thing, and reduced to one heap of ashes the pope and the princes who supported him. Nothing equals the rage of this phrenetic man, who was not satisfied with exhaling his fury in horrid declamations, but who was for putting all in practice. He raised his excesses to the height by inveighing against the vow of chastity, and in marrying publicly Catherine de Bore, a nun, whom he enticed with eight others from their convents. He had prepared the minds of the people for this infamous proceeding by a treatise which he entitled 'Examples of the Papist-

cal Doctrine and Theology,' in which he condemns the praises which all the saints had given to continence. He died at length quietly enough, in 1546, at Isleben, his country-place:—God reserving the terrible effects of his vengeance to another life.'

Cranmer, who perished at the stake, these fanatic religionists proclaim as an example of 'divine vengeance;' but Luther, the true parent of the Reformation, 'died quietly enough at Isleben:' this must have puzzled their mode of reasoning; but they extricate themselves out of the dilemma by the usual way. Their curses are never what the lawyers call 'lapsed legacies.'

MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS.

It would be no uninteresting literary speculation to describe the difficulties which some of our most favourite works encountered in their manuscript state, and even after they had passed through the press. Sterne, when he had finished his first and second volumes of Tristram Shandy, offered them to a bookseller at York for fifty pounds; but was refused: he came to town with his MSS; and he and Robert Dodsley agreed in a manner of which neither repented.

The Rosciade, with all its merit, lay for a considerable time in a dormant state, till Churchill and his publisher became impatient, and almost hopeless of success.—Burn's Justice was disposed of by its author, who was weary of soliciting booksellers to purchase the MS for a trifle, and which now yields an annual income. Collins burnt his odes before the door of his publisher.—The publication of Dr Blair's Sermons was refused by Strahan, and the 'Essay on the Immutability of Truth,' by Dr Beattie, could find no publisher, and was printed by two friends of the author, at their joint expense.

'The sermon in Tristam Sandy' (says Sterne, in his preface to his Sermons) 'was printed by itself some years ago, but could find neither purchasers nor readers.' When it was inserted in his eccentric work, it met with a most favourable reception, and occasioned the others to be collected.

Joseph Warton writes, 'When Gray published his exquisite Ode on Eton College, his first publication, little notice was taken of it.' The Polyeucte of Corneille, which is now accounted to be his master-piece, when he read it to the literary assembly held at the Hotel de Rambouillet, was not approved. Voiture came the next day, and in gentle terms acquainted him with the unfavourable opinion of the critics. Such ill judges were then the most fashionable wits of France.

It was with great difficulty that Mrs Centlivre could get her 'Busy Body' performed. Wilks threw down his part with an oath of detestation: our comic authoress fell on her knees and wept.—Her tears, and not her wit, prevailed.

A pamphlet published in the year 1738, entitled 'A letter to the Society of Booksellers, on the Method of forming a true Judgment of the Manuscripts of Authors,' contains some curious literary intelligence, and is as follows:—

'We have known books,' says our writer, 'that in the MS have been damned, as well as others which seemed to be so, since, after their appearance in the world, they have often lain by neglected. Witness the "Paradise Lost" of the famous Milton, and the Optics of Sir Isaac Newton, which last, 'tis said, had no character or credit here till noticed in France. "The Historical Connection of the Old and New Testament," by Shuckford, is also reported, to have been seldom inquired after for about a twelvemonth's time; however it made a shift, though not without some difficulty, to creep up to a second edition, and afterwards even to a third. And, which is another remarkable instance, the manuscript of Dr Prideaux's "Connection" is well known to have been bandied about from hand to hand, among several, at least five or six of the most eminent booksellers, during the space of at least two years, to no purpose, none of them undertaking to print that excellent work. It lay in obscurity, till Archdeacon Echard, the author's friend, strongly recommended it to Tonson. It was purchased, and the publication was very successful. Robinson Crusoe's manuscript also ran through the whole trade, nor would any one print it, though the writer, De Foe, was in good repute as an author. One bookseller at last not remarkable for his discernment, but for his speculative turn, engaged in this publication. *This* bookseller got above a thousand guineas by it; and the booksellers are accumulating money every hour by editions of this work in all shapes. The undertaker of the translation of Rapin, after a very considerable part of the work had been published, was not a little dubious of its success, and was strongly inclined to drop the design. It proved at last to be a most profitable literary adventure. It is, perhaps, useful to record, that while the fine compositions of genius and the elaborate labours of erudition are doomed to encounter these obstacles to fame, and never are but slightly remunerated, works of another description are rewarded in the most princely manner; at the recent sale of a bookseller, the copyright of 'Vyse's Spelling-book' was sold at the enormous price of *l.*2,200; with an annuity of 50 guineas to the author!

THE TURKISH SPY.

Whatever may be the defects of the 'Turkish Spy,' the author has shown one uncommon merit, by having opened a new species of composition, which has been pursued by other writers with inferior success, if we except the charming 'Persian Letters' of Montesquieu. The 'Turkish Spy' is a book which has delighted us in our childhood, and to which we can still recur with pleasure. But its ingenious author is unknown to three parts of his admirers.

In Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' is this dialogue concerning the writer of the 'Turkish Spy.' 'B. Pray, Sir, is the "Turkish Spy" a genuine book? J. No, Sir. Mrs Manley in her "Life" says, that *her father wrote the two first volumes;* and in another book—"Dunton's Life and Errours," we find that the rest was *written* by *one Sault* at two guineas a sheet, under the direction of Dr Midgeley.'

I do not know on what authority Mrs Manley advances that her father was the author; but this lady was never nice in detailing facts. Dunton, indeed, gives some information in a very loose manner. He tells us, p. 242, that it is probable, by reasons which he insinuates, that *one Bradshaw*, a hackney author, was the writer of the 'Turkish Spy.' This man probably was engaged by Dr Midgeley to translate the volumes as they appeared at the rate of 40*s* per sheet. On the whole, all this proves, at least, how little the author was known while the volumes were publishing, and that he is as little known at present by the extract from Boswell.

The ingenious writer of the Turkish Spy is John Paul Marana, an Italian: so that the Turkish Spy is just as real a personage as Cid Hamet, from whom Cervantes says he had his 'History of Don Quixote.' Marana had been imprisoned for a political conspiracy; after his release he retired to Monaco, where he wrote the 'History of the Plot,' which is said to be valuable for many curious particulars. Marana was at once a man of letters and of the world. He had long wished to reside at Paris; in that assemblage of taste and luxury his talents procured him patrons. It was during his residence there that he produced his 'Turkish Spy.' By this ingenious contrivance he gave the history of the last age. He discovers a rich memory, and a lively imagination; but critics have said that he touches every thing, and penetrates nothing. His first three volumes greatly pleased: the rest are inferior. Plutarch, Seneca, and Pliny, were his favourite authors. He lived in a philosophical mediocrity; and in the last years of his life retired to his native country, where he died in 1693.

Charpentier gave the first particulars of this ingenious man. Even in his time the volumes were read as they came out, while its author remained unknown. Charpentier's proof of the author is indisputable; for he preserved the following curious certificate, written in Marana's own hand-writing.

'I, the under-written John Paul Marana, author of a manuscript Italian volume, intituled, '*L'Esploratore Turco, tomo terzo,*' acknowledge that Mr Charpentier, appointed by the Lord Chancellor to revise the said manuscript, has not granted me his certificate for printing the said manuscript, but on condition to rescind four passages. The first beginning, &c. By this I promise to suppress from the said manuscript the places above marked, so that there shall remain no vestige; since, without agreeing to this, the said certificate would not have been granted to me by the said Mr Charpentier; and for surety of the above, which I acknowledge to be true, and which I promise punctually to execute, I have signed the present writing. Paris, 28th September, 1686.

JOHN PAUL MARANA.'

This paper serves as a curious instance in what manner the censors of books clipped the wings of genius when it was found too daring or excursive.

These rescindings of the Censor appear to be marked by Marana in the printed work. We find more than once, chasms with these words: 'the beginning of *this* letter is wanting in the Italian translation; the *original* paper *being* torn.'

No one has yet taken the pains to observe the dates of the first editions of the French and the English Turkish Spies, which would settle the disputed origin. It appears by the document before us, to have been originally *written* in Italian, but probably was first *published* in French. Does the English Turkish Spy differ from the French one?

SPENSER, JONSON, AND SHAKSPEARE.

The characters of these three great masters of English poetry are sketched by Fuller, in his 'Worthies of England.' It is a literary morsel that must not be passed by. The criticisms of those who lived in or near the times when authors flourished merit our observation. They sometimes elicit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

He observes on Spenser—'the many *Chaucerisms* used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be *blemishes*, known by the learned to be *beauties*, to his book; which, notwithstanding, had been more *saleable*, if more conformed to our modern language.'

On Jonson.—'His parts were not so ready *to run of themselves*, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own industry.—He would *sit silent* in learned company, and suck in (*besides wine*) their several humours into his observation. What was *ore* in *others*, he was able to *refine* himself.

'He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *Volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity), and took not so well at the *first stroke* as at the *rebound*, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his latter be not so spriteful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all who desire to be old should excuse him therein.

On Shakspeare.—'He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit, sed nascitur*; one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his *learning* was but very little; so that as *Cornish diamonds* are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed, even as they are taken out of the earth, so *Nature* itself was all the *art* which was used upon him.

'Many were the *wit-combats* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a *Spanish great galleon*, and an *English man-of-war*. Master *Jonson* (like the former) was built far higher in learning; *solid*, but *slow* in his performances. *Shakspeare*, with an English man-of-war, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in *sailing*, could *turn with all tides*, and take advantage of *all winds*, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'

Had these 'Wit-combats,' between Shakspeare and Jonson, which Fuller notices, been chronicled by some faithful *Boswell* of the age, our literary history would have received an interesting accession. A letter has been published by Dr Berkenhout relating to an evening's conversation between our great rival bards, and Alleyn the actor. Peele, a dramatic poet, writes to his friend Marlow, another poet. The Doctor unfortunately in giving this copy did not recollect his authority.

'Friend Marlow,

'I never longed for thy companye more than last night: we were all very merrye at the Globe, where Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affirme pleasantly to thy friend Will, that he had stolen his speeche about the qualityes of an actor's excellencye in Hamlet his Tragedye, from conversations manyfold which had passed between them, and opinyons given by Alleyn touchinge this subject. Shakspeare did not take this talk in good sorte; but Jonson put an end to the strife, by wittylie remarking:—this affaire needeth no contention: you stole it from Ned no doubt; do not marvel; have you not seen him act times out of number?'

This letter is not genuine, but one of those ingenious forgeries which the late George Steevens practised on the literary antiquary; they were not always of this innocent cast. It has been frequently quoted as an original document. I have preserved it as an example of *Literary Forgeries*, and the danger which literary historians incur by such dangerous practices.

BEN JONSON, FELTHAM, AND RANDOLPH.

Ben Jonson, like most celebrated wits, was very unfortunate in conciliating the affections of his brother writers. He certainly possessed a great share of arrogance, and was desirous of ruling the realms of Parnassus with a despotic sceptre. That he was not always successful in his theatrical compositions, is evident from his abusing, in their title-page, the actors and the public. In this he has been imitated by Fielding. I have collected the following three satiric odes, written when the reception of his '*New-Inn*, or *The Light Heart*,' warmly exasperated the irritable disposition of our poet.

He printed the title in the following manner:

'*New Inn*, or *The Light Heart*, a Comedy never acted, but most negligently played by some, the King's servants; and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others, the King's subjects, 1629. Now at last set at liberty to the readers, his Majesty's servants and subjects, to be judged, 1631.'

At the end of the play he published the following Ode, in which he threatens to quit the stage for ever; and turn at once a Horace, an Anacreon, and a Pindar.

'The just indignation the author took at the vulgar censure of his play, begat this following Ode to himself:

'Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence (in fashion knit)
Usurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vaine
Commission of braine
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee,—less thou for them.

'Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat:
'Twere simply fury, still, thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them graines their fill,
Husks, draff, to drink and swill.
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not their palate with the swine.

'No doubt some mouldy tale
Like Pericles,* and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish-
Scraps, out of every dish
Thrown forth, and rak't into the common-tub,
May keep up the play-club;
There sweepings do as well
As the best order'd meale.
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

'And much good do't you then,
Brave plush and velvet men
Can feed on oats, and safe in your stage clothes,
Dare quit, upon your oathes,
The stagers, and the stage-wrights too (your peers),
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic socks,
Wrought upon twenty blocks:
Which, if they're torn, and turn'd, and patch'd enough,
The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuff.

'Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcæick lute,
Or thyne own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire;
And, tho' thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat;
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.†

* This play, Langbaine says, is written by Shakspeare.
† He had the palsy at that time

'But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy King,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
They may blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
As they shall cry like ours,
In sound of peace, or wars,
No harp ere hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet raign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his wain.'

This Magisterial Ode, as Langbaine calls it, was answered by *Owen Feltham*, author of the admirable 'Resolves,' who has written with great satiric acerbity the retort courteous. His character of this poet should be attended to:—

'*An Answer to the Ode, Come leave the loathed Stage, &c.*

'Come leave this sawcy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the sight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit
That a sale poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus his own.
I wonder by what dower,
Or patent, you had power
From all to rape a judgment. Let 't suffice,
Had you been modest, y' ad been granted wise.

''Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell
As a translator; but when things require
A genius, and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by other pains,
As oft y'ave wanted brains
And art to strike the white,
As you have levell'd right:
Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,
You bellow, rave, and spatter round your gall.

Jug, Pierce, Peek, Fly,* and all
Your jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able brain,
As they do throw a stain
Thro' all th' unlikely plot, and to displease
As deep as Pericles,
Where yet there is not laid
Before a chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd,† as might have serv'd of old
For schools, when they of love and valour told.

'Why rage, then? when the show
Should judgment be, and know-‡
ledge, there are plush who scorn to drudge
For stages, yet can judge
Not only poets' looser lines, but wits,
And all their perquisits;
A gift as rich as high
Is noble poesie;
Yet, tho' in sport it be for King's a play,
'Tis next mechanicks' when it works for pay.

'Alcæus lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon
E'er taught so bold assuming of the bays
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation
Is new to your's alone:
And prospers not: for know,
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her shall gather scorn,—not love.

'Leave then, this humour vain,
And this more humourous strain,
Where self-conceit, and choler of the blood
Eclipse what else is good:
Then, if you please those raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much:
And but forbear your crown
Till the world puts it on:
No doubt, from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw.'

* The names of several of Jonson's Dramatis Personæ.
† 'New Inn,' Act iii, Scene 2.—Act iv, Scene 4.
‡ This break was purposely designed by the poet, to expose that awkward one in Ben's third stanza.

To console dejected Ben for this just reprimand, Randolph, one of the adopted poetical sons of Jonson, addressed him with all that warmth of grateful affection which a man of genius should have felt on the occasion.

'*An Answer to Mr Ben Jonson's Ode, to persuade him not to leave the stage.*

I.

'Ben, do not leave the stage
Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee; Stand high, as in thy cause;
Their hiss is thy applause:
More just were thy disdain,
Had they approved thy vein:
So thou for them, and they for thee were born,
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

II.

'Wilt thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon-brains had such a taste
As more delight in mast:
No! set them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best muse can cull;
Whilst they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell itself devise,
Than to be willing thus to tantalize?

III.

Thou canst not find them stuff,
That will be bad enough
To please their palates: let 'em them refuse,
For some pye-corner muse;
She is too fair an hostess, 'twere a sin
For them to like thine Inn:
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain;
Yet, if they will have any of the store,
Give them some scraps, and send them from thy dore.

IV.

'And let those things in plush
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Broom* swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to cloaths, but brains:
But thy great spleen doth rise,
'Cause moles will have no eyes:
This only in my Ben I faulty find,
He's angry they'll not see him that are blind.

V.

'Why shou'd the scene be mute
'Cause thou canst touch the lute
And string thy Horace? Let each Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say, th'art mine.
''Twere fond, to let all other flames expire,
To sit by Pindar's fire:
For by so strange neglect
I should myself suspect
Thy palsy† were as well thy brain's disease,
If they could shake thy muse which way they please.

VI.

'And tho' thou well canst sing,
The glories of thy King,

* His man, Richard Broome, wrote with success several comedies. He had been the amanuensis or attendant of Jonson. The epigram made against Pope for the assistance W. Broome gave him, appears to have been borrowed from this pun. Jonson has inserted it in 'Broome's Life.'
† He had the palsy at that time.

And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
To heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise
To please him, as to praise.
I would not have thee chuse
Only a treble muse;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.'

ARIOSTO AND TASSO.

It surprises one to find among the literary Italians the merits of Ariosto most keenly disputed: slaves to classical authority they bend down to the majestic regularity of Tasso. Yet the father of Tasso, before his son had rivalled the romantic Ariosto, describes in a letter the effect of the 'Orlando' on the people:—'There is no man of learning, no mechanic, no lad, no girl, no old man, who are satisfied to read the "Orlando Furioso" once. This poem serves as the solace of the traveller, who fatigued on his journey deceives his lassitude by chaunting some octaves of this poem. You may hear them sing these stanzas in the streets and in the fields every day.' One would have expected that Ariosto would have been the favourite of the people, and Tasso of the critics. But in Venice the gondoliers and others, sing passages which are generally taken from Tasso, and rarely from Ariosto. A different fate, I imagined, would have attended the poet who has been distinguished by the epithet of '*The Divine*.' I have been told by an Italian man of letters, that this circumstance arose from the relation which Tasso's poem bears to Turkish affairs; as many of the common people have passed into Turkey, either by chance or by war. Besides that the long antipathy existing between the Venitians and the Turks, gave additional force to the patriotic poetry of Tasso. We cannot boast of any similar poems. Thus it was that the people of Greece and Ionia sung the poems of Homer.

The Academia della Crusca gave a public preference to Ariosto. This irritated certain critics, and none more than Chapelain, who could *taste* the regularity of Tasso, but not *feel* the 'brave disorder' of Ariosto. He could not approve of those writers,

'Who snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

'I thank you,' he writes, 'for the sonnet which your indignation dictated, at the Academy's preference of Ariosto to Tasso. This judgment is overthrown by the confessions of many of the *Cruscanti*, my associates. It would be tedious to enter into its discussion; but it was passion and not equity that prompted that decision. We confess, that as to what concerns invention and purity of language, Ariosto has eminently the advantage over Tasso; but majesty, pomp, numbers, and a style truly sublime, united to a regularity of design, raise the latter so much above the other that no comparison can fairly exist.

What Chapelain says is perhaps just; though I did not know that Ariosto's language was purer than Tasso's.

Dr Cocchi, the great Italian critic, compared 'Ariosto's poem to the richer kind of Harlequin's habit, made up of pieces of the very best silks and of the liveliest colours. The parts of it are many of them *more beautiful* than in Tasso's poem, but the whole in Tasso is without comparison more of a piece and better made.' The critic was extricating himself as safely as he could out of this critical dilemma; for the disputes were then so violent, that I think one of the disputants took to his bed, and was said to have died of Ariosto and Tasso.

It is the conceit of an Italian to give the name of *April* to *Ariosto*, because it is the season of *flowers*; and that of *September* to *Tasso*, which is that of *fruits*. Tiraboschi judiciously observes, that no comparison ought to be made between these great rivals. It is comparing 'Ovid's Metamorphoses' with 'Virgil's Æneid;' they are quite different things. In his characters of the two poets, he distinguishes between a romantic poem and a regular epic. Their designs required distinct perfections. But an English reader is not enabled by the wretched versions of Hoole, to echo the verse of La Fontaine, 'Je cheris L'Arioste et J'estime Le Tasse.

Boileau, some time before his death, was asked by a critic, if he had repented of his celebrated decision concerning the merits of Tasso, whom some Italians had compared with those of Virgil; this had awakened the vengeance of Boileau, who hurled his bolts at the violators of classical majesty. It is supposed that he was ignorant of the Italian language, but by some expressions in his following answer, we may be led to think that Boileau was not ignorant of Italian.

I have so little changed my opinion, that on a *re-perusal* lately of Tasso, I was sorry that I had not more amply explained myself on this subject in some of my reflections on "Longinus." I should have begun by acknowledging that Tasso had a sublime genius, of great compass, with happy dispositions for the higher poetry. But when I came to the use he made of his talents, I should have shown that judicious discernment rarely prevailed in his works. That in the greater part of his narrations he attached himself to the agreeable oftener than to the just. That his descriptions are almost always overcharged with superfluous ornaments. That in painting the strongest passions, and in the midst of the agitation they excite, frequently he degenerates into witticisms, which abruptly destroy the pathetic. That he abounds with images of too florid a kind; affected turns; conceits and frivolous thoughts; which, far from being adapted to his Jerusalem, could hardly be supportable in his 'Aminta." So that all this, opposed to the gravity, the sobriety, the majesty of Virgil, what is it but tinsel compared with gold?'

It must be acknowledged that this passage, which is to be found in the Histoire de l'Academie, t. ii, p. 276, may serve as an excellent commentary on our poet's well-known censure. The merits of Tasso are exactly discriminated, and this particular criticism must be valuable to the lovers of poetry. The errors of Tasso, were, however, national.

An anonymous gentleman has greatly obliged me with an account of the recitation of these two poets by the gondoliers of Venice, extracted from his travelling pocket-book.

VENICE.

In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline:—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. Goldoni in his life, however, notices the gondolier returning with him to the city: 'he turned the prow of the gondola towards the city, singing all the way the twenty-sixth stanza of the sixteenth canto of the Jerusalem Delivered.' The late Mr Barry once chanted to me a passage of Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the Gondoliers. But Lord Byron has recently told us, that with the independence of Venice the song of the gondoliers has died away.

'In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more.'

There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the canto fermo and the canto figurato; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

I entered a gondola by moonlight: one singer placed himself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St Georgio. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject-matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe, as the object of the poem altered.

On the whole, however, their sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude and uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing in the force of their voice: one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs, and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola,) I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hun-

dred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who has to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene, and amidst all these circumstances it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare: the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and as all is still around, he is as it were in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers: a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers: he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue; the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organised person, said quite unexpectedly: è singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto piu quando lo cantano meglio.

I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagouns, particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocua and Palestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a great distance.

How much more delightful and more appropriate does this song show itself here, than the call of a solitary person uttered far and wide, till another equally disposed shall hear and answer him! It is the expression of a vehement and hearty longing, which is yet every moment nearer to the happiness of satisfaction.

BAYLE.

Few philosophers were more deserving of the title than Bayle. His last hour exhibits the Socratic intrepidity with which he encountered the formidable approach of death. I have seen the original letter of the bookseller Leers, where he describes the death of our philosopher. 'On the evening preceding his decease, having studied all day, he gave my corrector some copy of his 'Answer to Jacquelot," and told him that he was very bad. At nine in the morning his laundress entered his chamber; he asked her, with a dying voice, if his fire was kindled? and a few moments after he died.' His disease was an hereditary consumption, and his decline must have been gradual; speaking had become with him a great pain; but he laboured with the same tranquillity of mind to his last hour; and, with Bayle, it was death alone which could interrupt the printer.

The irritability of genius is forcibly characterised by this circumstance in his literary life. When a close friendship had united him to Jurieu, he lavished on him the most flattering eulogiums. He is the hero of his 'Republic of Letters.' Enmity succeeded to friendship; Jurieu is then continually quoted in his 'Critical Dictionary,' whenever an occasion offers to give instances of gross blunders, palpable contradictions, and inconclusive arguments. These inconsistent opinions may be sanctioned by the similar conduct of a *Saint!* St Jerome praised Rufinus as the most learned man of his age, while his friend; but when the same Rufinus joined his adversary, Origen, he called him one of the most ignorant!

As a logician Bayle had no superior: the best logician will, however, frequently deceive himself. Bayle made long and close arguments to show that La Motte le Vayer never could have been a preceptor to the king; but all his reasonings are overturned by the fact being given in the history of the Academy, by Pelisson.

Basnage said of Bayle, that *he read much by his fingers.* He meant that he ran over a book more than he read it; and that he had the art of always falling upon that which was most essential and curious in the book he examined.

There are heavy hours in which the mind of a man of letters is unhinged; when the intellectual faculties lose all their elasticity, and when nothing but the simplest actions are adapted to their enfeebled state. At such hours it is recorded of the Jewish Socrates, Moses Mendelshon, that he would stand at his window, and count the tiles of his neighbour's house. An anonymous writer has told of Bayle, that he would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to places where mountebanks resorted; and that this was one of his chief amusements. He is surprised that so great a philosopher should delight in so trifling an object. This observation is not injurious to the character of Bayle; it only proves that the writer himself was no philosopher.

The Monthly Reviewer, in noticing this article, has continued the speculation, by giving two interesting anecdotes. 'The observation concerning "heavy hours," and the want of elasticity in the intellectual faculties of men of letters, when the mind is fatigued, and the attention blunted by incessant labour, reminds us of what is related by persons who were acquainted with the late sagacious magistrate Sir John Fielding; who, when fatigued with attending to complicated cases, and perplexed with discordant depositions, used to retire to a little closet in a remote and tranquil part of the house, to rest his mental powers, and sharpen perception. He told a great physician, now living who complained of the distance of places, as caused by the great extension of London, that "he (the physician) would not have been able to visit so many patients to any purpose, if they had resided nearer to each other; as he could have had no tin e either to think, or to rest his mind."'

Our excellent logician was little accustomed to a mixed society; his life was passed in study. He had such an infantine simplicity in his nature, that he would speak on anatomical subjects before the ladies with as much freedom as before surgeons. When they inclined their eyes to the ground, and while some even blushed, he would then inquire if what he spoke was indecent? and, when told so, he smiled and stopped. His habits of life were, however, extremely pure; he probably left himself little leisure '*to fall into temptation.*'

Bayle knew nothing of geometry, and as Le Clerc informs us, acknowledged that he could never comprehend the demonstration of the first problem in Euclid. Le Clerc, however, was a rival to Bayle; with greater industry and more accurate learning, but with very inferior powers of reasoning and philosophy. Both of these great scholars, like our Locke, were destitute of fine taste, and poetical discernment.

When Fagon, an eminent physician, was consulted on the illness of our student, he only prescribed a particular regimen, without the use of medicine. He closed his consultation by a compliment remarkable for its felicity. 'I ardently wish one could spare this great man all this constraint, and that it were possible to find a remedy as singular, as the merit of him for whom it is asked.'

Voltaire has said that Bayle confessed he would not have made his Dictionary exceed a folio volume, had he written only for himself and not for the booksellers. This Dictionary, with all its human faults, is a stupendous work, which must last with literature itself.

His other productions have claims on our attention: is it possible to read his '*Thoughts on Comets,*' and complain of lassitude? His '*Nouvelles de la Republique des Let-*

tres,' are a model of periodical criticism, lively, neat, and full of that attic salt which gives a piquancy to the disquisitions of criticism. The mind of Bayle is always acute; but, what is still more engaging, it communicates entertainment. His sceptre of criticism is embellished by followers.

CERVANTES.

I find in the Segraisiana, this authentic anecdote concerning the inimitable Cervantes.

Mr du Boulay accompanied the French ambassador to Spain, when Cervantes was yet alive. He has told me, that the ambassador one day complimented Cervantes on the great reputation he had acquired by his Don Quixote: and that Cervantes whispered in his ear, 'Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book much more entertaining.'

Cervantes, at the battle of Lepanto, was wounded and enslaved. He has given his own history in Don Quixote. He was known at the court of Spain, but he did not receive those favours which might have been expected; he was neglected. His first volume is the finest; and his design was to have finished there; but he could not resist the importunities of his friends, who engaged him to make a second, which has not the same force, although it has many splendid passages.

We have lost many good things of Cervantes and other writers, because of the tribunal of religion and dulness.—One Aonius Palearius was sensible of this: and said, 'that the Inquisition was a poniard aimed at the throat of literature.' The image is striking, and the observation just; but the ingenious observer was in consequence immediately led to the stake.

MAGLIABECHI.

Anthony Magliabechi, who died at the age of eighty, was celebrated for his great knowledge of books. He has been called the *Helluo*, or the Glutton of Literature, as Peter *Comestor* received this nick-name from his amazing voracity for food he could never digest; which appeared when having fallen sick of so much false learning, he threw it all up in his '*Sea of Histories*,' which proved to be the history of all things, and a bad history of every thing. Magliabechi's character is singular; for though his life was wholly passed in libraries, being librarian to the duke of Tuscany, he never *wrote* himself. There is a medal which represents him sitting, with a book in one hand, and with a great number of books scattered on the ground. The candid inscription signifies, that 'it is not sufficient to become learned to have read much, if we read without reflection.' This is the only remains we have of his own composition that can be of service to posterity.—A simple truth, which may however be inscribed in the study of every man of letters.

His habits of life were uniform. Ever among his books, he troubled himself with no other concern whatever; and the only interest he appeared to take for any living thing was his spiders; for whom, while sitting among his literary piles, he affected great sympathy; and perhaps contemptuously, to those whose curiosity appeared impertinent, he frequently cried out, 'to take care not to hurt his spiders!' Although he lost no time in writing himself, he gave considerable assistance to authors who consulted him. He was himself an universal index to all authors. He had one book among many others, dedicated to him, and this dedication consisted of a collection of titles of works which he had had at different times dedicated to him, with all the eulogiums addressed to him in prose and verse.—When he died, he left his vast collection of books for the public use; they now compose the public library of Florence.

Heyman, a celebrated Dutch professor, visited this erudite librarian, who was considered as the ornament of Florence. He found him amongst his books, of which the number was prodigious. Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with them, not only along their sides, but piled in heaps on the floor; so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived, indeed, so that by walking sideways, you might extricate yourself from one room to another. This was not all; the passage below stairs was full of books, and the staircase from the top to the bottom was lined with them. When you reached the second story, you saw with astonishment three rooms, similar to those below, equally full, so crowded, that two good beds in these chambers were also crammed with books.

This apparent confusion did not, however, hinder Magliabechi from immediately finding the books he wanted. He knew them all so well, that even to the least of them it was sufficient to see its outside, to say what it was; and indeed he read them day and night, and never lost sight of any. He eat on his books, he slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible. During his whole life he only went twice from Florence; once to see Fiesoli, which is not above two leagues distant, and once ten miles further by order of the Grand Duke. Nothing could be more simple than his mode of life; a few eggs, a little bread, and some water, were his ordinary food. A drawer of his desk being open, Mr Heyman saw there several eggs, and some money which Magliabechi had placed there for his daily use. But as this drawer was generally open, it frequently happened that the servants of his friends, or strangers who came to see him, pilfered some of these things; the money or the eggs.

His dress was as cynical as his repasts. A black doublet, which descended to his knees; large and long breeches; an old patched black cloak; an amorphous hat, very much worn, and the edges ragged; a large neckcloth of coarse cloth, begrimed with snuff; a dirty shirt, which he always wore as long as it lasted, and which the broken elbows of his doublet did not conceal; and, to finish this inventory, a pair of ruffles which did not belong to the shirt. Such was the brilliant dress of our learned Florentine; and in such did he appear in the public streets, as well as in his own house. Let me not forget another circumstance, to warm his hands, he generally had a stove with fire fastened to his arms, so that his clothes were generally singed and burnt, and his hands scorched. He had nothing otherwise remarkable about him. To literary men he was extremely affable, and a cynic only to the eye; anecdotes almost incredible are related of his memory. It is somewhat uncommon that as he was so fond of literary *food*, he did not occasionally dress some dishes of his own invention, or at least some sandwiches to his own relish. He indeed should have written CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. He was a living Cyclopedia, though a dark lantern.

Of such reading men, Hobbes entertained a very contemptible, if not a rash opinion. His own reading was inconsiderable, and he used to say, that if he had spent as much time in *reading* as other men of learning, he should have been as *ignorant* as they. He put little value on a *large library*, for he considered all *books* to be merely *extracts* and *copies*, for that most authors were like sheep, never deviating from the beaten path. History he treated lightly, and thought there were more lies than truths in it. But let us recollect after all this, that Hobbes was a mere metaphysician, idolising his own vain and empty hypotheses. It is true enough that weak heads carrying in them too much reading may be staggered. Le Clerc observes of two learned men, De Marcily and Barthius, that they would have composed more useful works had they *read* less numerous authors, and digested the better writers.

ABRIDGERS.

The present article presents the history of Abridgers, a kind of literary men to whom the indolence of modern readers, and indeed the multiplicity of authors, gives ample employment.

It would be difficult, observe the learned Benedictines, the authors of the Literary History of France, to relate all the unhappy consequences which ignorance introduced, and the causes which produced that ignorance. But we must not forget to place in this number the mode of reducing, by way of abridgment, what the ancients had written in bulky volumes. Examples of this practice may be observed in preceding centuries, but in the fifth century it began to be in general use. As the number of students and readers diminished, authors neglected literature, and were disgusted with composition; for to write is seldom done, but when the writer entertains the hope of finding readers. Instead of original authors, there suddenly arose numbers of Abridgers. These men, amidst the prevailing disgust for literature, imagined they should gratify the public by introducing a mode of reading works in a few hours, which otherwise could not be done in many months; and, observing that the bulky volumes of the ancients lay buried in dust, without any one condescending to examine them, necessity inspired them, with an invention that

might bring those works and themselves into public notice, by the care they took of renovating them. This they imagined to effect by forming abridgments of these ponderous volumes.

All these Abridgers, however, did not follow the same mode. Some contented themselves with making a mere abridgment of their authors, by employing their own expressions, or by inconsiderable alterations. Others formed abridgments in drawing them from various authors, but from whose works they only took what appeared to them most worthy of observation, and embellished them in their own style. Others again, having before them several authors who wrote on the same subject, took passages from each, united them, and thus formed a new work; they executed their design by digesting in common-places, and under various titles, the most valuable parts they could collect, from the best authors they read. To these last ingenious scholars we owe the rescue of many valuable fragments of antiquity. They fortunately preserved the best maxims, characters, descriptions, and curious matters which they had found interesting in their studies.

Some learned men have censured these Abridgers as the cause of our having lost so many excellent entire works of the ancients; for posterity becoming less studious was satisfied with these extracts, and neglected to preserve the originals, whose voluminous size was less attractive. Others, on the contrary, say that these Abridgers have not been so prejudicial to literature; and that had it not been for their care, which snatched many a perishable fragment from that shipwreck of letters which the barbarians occasioned, we should, perhaps, have had no works of the ancients remaining. Many voluminous works have been greatly improved by their Abridgers. The vast history of Trogus Pompeius was soon forgotten and finally perished, after the excellent epitome of it by Justin, who winnowed the abundant chaff from the grain.

Bayle gives very excellent advice to an Abridger, when he shows that Xiphilin, in his 'Abridgment of Dion,' takes no notice of a circumstance very material for entering into the character of Domitian:—the recalling the empress Domitia after having turned her away for her intrigues with a player. By omitting this fact in the abridgment, and which is discovered through Suetonius, Xiphilin has evinced, he says, a deficient judgment; for Domitian's ill qualities are much better exposed, when it is known that he was mean-spirited enough to restore to the dignity of empress the prostitute of a player.

Abridgers, Compilers, and Translators, are now alike regarded with contempt; yet to form their works with skill requires an exertion of judgment, and frequently of taste, of which their contemners appear to have no due conception. Such literary labours it is thought the learned will not be found to want; and the unlearned cannot discern the value. But to such Abridgers as Monsieur Le Grand, in his 'Tales of the Minstrels,' and Mr Ellis, in his 'English Metrical Romances,' we owe much; and such writers must bring to their task a congeniality of genius, and even more taste, than their originals possessed. I must compare such to fine etchers after great masters:—very few give the feeling touches in the right place.

It is an uncommon circumstance to quote the Scriptures on subjects of *modern literature;* but on the present topic the elegant writer of the books of the Maccabees has delivered in a kind of preface to that history, very pleasing and useful instruction to an *Abridger*. I shall transcribe the passages, being concise, from Book ii, Chap ii, v. 23, that the reader may have it at hand.—

'All these things, I say, being declared by Jason, of Cyrene, in *five books*, we will assay to *abridge* in one volume. We will be careful that they that will read may have *delight*, and that they that are desirous to commit to memory might have *ease*, and that all into whose hands it comes might have *profit*.' How concise and Horatian! He then describes his literary labours with no insensibility:—'To us that have taken upon us this painful labour of *abridging*, it was not easy, but a matter of *sweat* and *watching*.'—And the writer employs an elegant illustration: 'Even as it is no ease unto him that prepareth a banquet, and seeketh the benefit of others; yet for the pleasuring of many, we will undertake gladly this great pain; leaving to the author the exact handling of every particular, and labouring to follow *the rules of an abridgment*.' He now embellishes his critical account with a sublime metaphor to distinguish the original from the copier:—'For as the master builder of a new house must care for the whole building; but he that undertaketh to set it out, and point it, must seek out fit things to the adorning thereof; even so I think it is with us. To stand upon *every point*, and *go over things at large*, and to be *curious* in *particulars*, belongeth to the *first author* of the story; but to use *brevity*, and avoid *much labouring* of the work, is to be granted to him that will make an Abridgment.'

Quintilian has not a passage more elegantly composed, nor more judiciously conceived.

PROFESSORS OF PLAGIARISM AND OBSCURITY.

Among the most singular characters in literature may be ranked those who do not blush to profess publicly its most dishonourable practices. The first vender of printed sermons imitating manuscript was, I think, Dr Trusler. He to whom the following anecdotes relate had superior ingenuity. Like the famous orator Henley, he formed a school of his own. The present lecturer openly taught not to *imitate* the best authors, but to *steal* from them.

Richesource, a miserable declaimer, called himself 'Moderator of the Academy of Philosophical Orators.' He taught in what manner a person destitute of literary talents might become eminent for literature. He published the principles of his art under the title of 'The Mask of Orators; or the manner of disguising with ease all kinds of composition; briefs, sermons, panegyrics, funeral orations, dedications, speeches, letters, passages, &c.' I will give a notion of the work.—

The author very truly observes, that all who apply themselves to polite literature do not always find from their own funds a sufficient supply to ensure success. For such he labours; and teaches to gather, in the gardens of others, those fruits of which their own sterile grounds are destitute; but so artfully to gather, that the public shall not perceive their depredations. He dignifies this fine art by the title of Plagianism, and he thus explains it:—

'The Plagianism of orators is the art, or an ingenious and easy mode, which some adroitly employ to change, or disguise, all sorts of speeches of their own composition or of that of other authors, for their pleasure, or their utility; in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognise his own work, his own genius, and his own style, so skilfully shall the whole be disguised.'

Our professor proceeds to inform us in what manner we are to manage the whole economy of the piece which is to be copied or disguised: and which consists in giving a new order to the parts, changing the phrases, words &c. An orator, for instance, having said that a plenipotentiary should possess three qualities,—*probity*, *capacity* and *courage;* the plagiarist, on the contrary, may employ *courage*, *capacity*, and *probity*. This is only for a general rule, for it is too simple to practise frequently. To render the part perfect we must make it more complex, by changing the whole of the expressions. The plagiarist in place of *courage* will put *force*, *constancy*, or *vigour*. For *probity* he may say *religion*, *virtue* or *sincerity*. Instead of *capacity*, he may substitute *erudition*, *ability* or *science*. Or he may disguise the whole by saying, that the *plenipotentiary should be firm*, *virtuous*, and *able*.

The rest of this uncommon work is composed of passages, extracted from celebrated writers, which are turned into a new manner by the plagiarist; their beauties, however, are never improved by their dress. Several celebrated writers when young, particularly the famous Flechier, who addressed verses to him, frequented the lectures of this professor!

Richesource became so zealous in the cause of literature, that he published a volume, entitled 'The Art of Writing and Speaking; or a method of composing all sorts of letters, and holding a polite conversation.' He concludes his preface by advertising his readers, that authors who may be in want of essays, sermons, letters of all kinds, written pleadings and verses, may be accommodated on application to him.

Our professor was extremely fond of copious title-pages; which I suppose to be very attractive to certain readers; for it is a custom which the Richesources of the day fail not to employ. Are there persons who value *books* by the *length* of their *titles*; as formerly the ability of a *physician* was judged by the *size of his wig?*

To this article may be added an account of another singular school, where the professor taught *obscurity* in literary composition!

I do not believe, says Charpentier, that those who are

unintelligible are very intelligent. Quintilian has justly observed that the obscurity of a writer is generally in proportion to his incapacity. However, as there is hardly a defect which does not find partisans, the same author informs us of a Rhetorician, who was so great an admirer of obscurity, that he always exhorted his scholars to preserve it; and made them correct, as blemishes, those passages of their works which appeared to him too intelligible. Quintilian adds, that the greatest panegyric they could give to a composition in that school was to declare, 'I understand nothing of this piece.' Lycophron possessed this taste, and he protested that he would hang himself if he found a person who should understand his poem, called the 'Prophesy of Cassandra.' He succeeded so well, that this piece has been the stumbling block of all the grammarians, scholiasts, and commentators; and remains inexplicable to the present day. Such works Charpentier admirably compares to those subterraneous places, where the air is so thick and suffocating that it extinguishes all torches. A most sophistical dilemma, on the subject of *obscurity*, was made by Thomas Anglus, or White, an English Catholic priest, the friend of Sir Kenelm Digby. This learned man frequently wandered in the mazes of metaphysical subtilties; and became perfectly unintelligible to his readers. When accused of this obscurity, he replied, 'Either the learned understand me or they do not. If they understand me, and find me in an error, it is easy for them to refute me; if they do not understand me, it is very unreasonable for them to exclaim against my doctrines.'

This is saying all that the wit of man can suggest in favour of *obscurity!* Many, however, will agree with an observation made by Gravina on the over-refinement of modern composition, 'that we do not think we have attained genius, till others must possess as much themselves to understand us.' Fontenelle, in France, followed by Marivaux, Thomas, and others, first introduced that subtilised manner of writing, which tastes more natural and simple reject; the source of such bitter complaints of obscurity.

LITERARY DUTCH.

Pere Bouhours seriously asks if a German *can be a* BEL ESPRIT? This concise query was answered by Kramer, in a ponderous volume, which bears for title, *Vindiciæ nominis Germanici*. This mode of refutation does not prove that the question was *then* so ridiculous as it was considered. The Germans of the present day, although greatly superior to their ancestors, are still distant from that *acmé* of taste which characterises the finished compositions of the French and the English authors. Nations display *genius* before they form *taste*; and in some of the productions of the modern Germans, it will be allowed that their imaginations are fertile and fervid; but perhaps the simple question of Bouhours still exists in its full force.

It was once the mode with English and French writers to dishonour them with the epithets of heavy, dull, and phlegmatic compilers, without taste, spirit, or genius; genuine descendants of the ancient Boetians,

Crassoque sub aere nati.

Many ingenious performances have lately shown that this censure has now become unjust; and much more forcibly answer the sarcastic question of Bouhours than the thick quarto of Kramer.

Churchill finely says of genius, that it is independent of situation,

'And may hereafter even in Holland rise.'

Vondel, whom, as Marchand observes, the Dutch regard as their Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, has a strange defective taste; the poet himself knew none of these originals, but he wrote on some patriotic subject, the sure way to obtain popularity. The greater part of his tragedies is drawn from the Scriptures; all badly chosen and unhappily executed. In his *Deliverance of the Children of Israel* one of his principal characters is the *Divinity!* In his *Jerusalem destroyed* we are disgusted with a tedious oration by the Angel Gabriel, who proves theologically, and his proofs extend through nine closely printed pages in quarto, that this destruction had been predicted by the prophets. And in the *Lucifer* of the same author, the subject is grossly scandalized by this haughty spirit becoming stupidly in love with Eve, and it is for her he causes the rebellion of the evil angels, and the fall of our first parents. Poor Vondel kept a hosier's shop, which he left to the care of his wife, while he indulged his poetical genius. His stocking shop failed, and his poems produced him more chagrin than glory; for in Holland even a patriotic poet if a bankrupt, would, no doubt, be accounted by his fellow-citizens as a madman. Vondel had no other master but his genius, which, with his uncongenial situation, occasioned all his errors.

Another Dutch poet is even less tolerable. Having written a long rhapsody concerning Pyramus and Thisbe, he concludes it by a ridiculous parallel between the death of these unfortunate victims of love, and the passion of Jesus Christ. He says,

Om t'concluderem van onsen begrypt,
Dees Historie moraliserende,
Is in den verstande wel accorderende,
By der Passie van Christus gebenedyt.

And upon this, after having turned Pyramus into the son of God, and Thisbe into the Christian soul, he proceeds with a number of comparisons; the latter always more impertinent than the former.

I believe it is well known that the actors on the Dutch theatre are generally tradesmen, who quit their aprons at the hour of public representation. This was the fact when I was in Holland forty years ago. Their comedies are offensive by the grossness of their buffooneries. One of their comic incidents was a miller appearing in distress for want of wind to turn his mill; he had recourse to the novel scheme of placing his back against it, and, by certain imitative sounds behind the scenes, the mill is soon set a-going. It is hard to rival such a depravity of taste.

I saw two of their most celebrated tragedies. The one was Gysbert Van Amstel, by Vondel; that is Gysbrecht of Amsterdam, a warrior, who in the civil wars preserved this city by his heroism. It is a patriotic historical play, and never fails to crowd the theatre towards Christmas, when it is usually performed successively. One of the acts concludes with a scene of a convent; the sound of warlike instruments is heard; the abbey is stormed; the nuns and fathers are slaughtered; with the aid of 'blunderbuss and thunder,' every Dutchman appears sensible of the pathos of the poet. But it does not here conclude. After this terrible slaughter, the conquerors and the vanquished remain for *ten minutes* on the stage, silent and motionless, in the attitudes in which they happened to fall! and this pantomimic pathos is received with loud bursts of applause from the audience.

The other was the Ahasuerus of Schubart, or the Fall of Haman. In the triumphal entry the Batavian Mordecai was mounted on a genuine Flander's mare, that, fortunately, quietly received *her* applause with a lumpish majesty resembling her rider. I have seen an English ass once introduced on our stage which did not act with this decorum. Our late actors have frequently been beasts;—a Dutch taste!

Some few specimens of the best Dutch poetry which we have had yield no evidence in favour of the national poetical taste. The Dutch poet Katz has a poem on the 'Games of Children,' where all the games are moralized; I suspect the taste of the poet as well as his subject is puerile. When a nation has produced no works above mediocrity, with them a certain mediocrity is excellence, and their master-pieces, with a people who have made a greater progress in refinement, are but the works of a pupil.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF THE MIND NOT SEIZABLE BY CREDITORS.

When Crebillon, the French tragic poet, published his Catilina, it was attended with an honour to literature, which, though it is probably forgotten (for it was only registered, I think, as the news of the day,) it becomes a collector zealous in the cause of literature to preserve. I shall give the circumstance, the petition and the decree.

At the time Catilina was given to the public, the creditors of the poet had the cruelty to attach the produce of this piece, as well at the bookseller's, who had printed the tragedy, as at the theatre where it was performed. The poet, much irritated at these proceedings, addressed a petition to the king, in which he showed that it was a thing yet unknown, that it should be allowed to class amongst seizable effects the productions of the human mind; that if such a practice was permitted, those who had consecrated their vigils to the studies of literature, and who have made the greatest efforts to render themselves, by this means, useful to their country, would see themselves in the cruel predicament of not daring to publish works, often precious and interesting to the state; that the greater

part of those who devote themselves to literature require for the necessaries of life those succours which they have a right to expect from their labours; and that it never has been suffered in France to seize the fees of lawyers, and other persons of liberal professions.

In answer to this petition, a decree immediately issued from the King's council, commanding a replevy of the arrests and seizures, of which the petitioner complained. This honourable decree was dated 21st May, 1749, and bore the following title: 'Decree of the Council of his Majesty, in favour of Mr Crebillon, author of the tragedy of Catilina, which declares that the productions of the mind are not amongst seizable effects.'

Louis XV exhibits the noble example of bestowing a mark of consideration to the remains of a man of letters. This king not only testified his esteem of Crebillon by having his works printed at the Louvre, but also by consecrating to his glory a tomb of marble.

CRITICS.

Writers who have been unsuccessful in original composition have their other productions immediately decried, whatever merit they might once have been allowed to possess. Yet this is very unjust; an author who has given a wrong direction to his literary powers may perceive at length where he can more securely point them. Experience is as excellent a mistress in the school of literature, as in the school of human life. Blackmore's epics are insufferable; yet neither Addison nor Johnson erred when they considered his philosophical poem as a valuable composition. An indifferent poet may exert the art of criticism in a very high degree; and if he cannot himself produce an original work, he may yet be of great service in regulating the happier genius of another. This observation I shall illustrate by the characters of two French critics; the one is the Abbé d'Aubignac, and the other Chapelain.

Boileau opens his Art of Poetry by a precept which though it be common is always important; this critical poet declares, that 'It is in vain a daring author thinks of attaining to the height of Parnassus if he does not feel the secret influence of heaven, and if his natal star has not formed him to be a poet.' This observation he founded on the character of our Abbé, who had excellently written on the economy of dramatic composition. His *Pratique du Theatre* gained him an extensive reputation. When he produced a tragedy, the world expected a finished piece; it was acted, and reprobated. The author, however did not acutely feel its bad reception; he every where boasted that he, of all the dramatists, had most scrupulously observed the *rules* of Aristotle. The Prince de Guemené, famous for his repartees, sarcastically observed, 'I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Aubignac for having so closely followed the precepts of Aristotle; but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle, that occasioned the Abbé d'Aubignac to write so wretched a tragedy.'

The *Pratique du Theatre* is not, however, to be despised, because the *Tragedy* of its author is despicable.

Chapelain's unfortunate epic has rendered him notorious. He had gained, and not undeservedly, great reputation for his critical powers. After a retention of above thirty years, his *Pucelle* appeared. He immediately became the butt of every unfledged wit, and his former works were eternally condemned! Insomuch that when Camusat published, after the death of our author, a little volume of extracts from his manuscript letters, it is curious to observe the awkward situation in which he finds himself. In his preface he seems afraid that the very name of Chapelain will be sufficient to repel the reader.

Camusat observes of Chapelain, that 'He found flatterers who assured him his *Pucelle* ranked above the Æneid; and this Chapelain but feebly denied. However this may be, it would be difficult to make the bad taste which reigns throughout this poem agree with that sound and exact criticism with which he decided on the works of others. So true is it, that *genius* is very superior to a justness of mind which is *sufficient to judge* and to advise others.' Chapelain was ordered to draw up a critical list of the chief living authors and men of letters in France, for the king. It is extremely impartial, and performed with an analytical skill of their literary characters which could not have been surpassed by an Aristotle or a Boileau.

The *talent of judging* may exist separately from the *power of execution*. An amateur may not be an artist, though an artist should be an amateur. And it is for this reason that young authors are not to contemn the precepts of such critics as even the Abbé d'Aubignac, and Chapelain. It is to Walsh, a miserable versifier, that Pope stands indebted for the hint of our poetry then being deficient in correctness and polish; and it is from this fortunate hint that Pope derived his poetical excellence. Dionysius Halicarnassensis has composed a lifeless history; yet, as Gibbon, observes, how admirably has *he* judged the masters, and defined the rules of historical composition; Gravina, with great taste and spirit, has written on poetry and poets, but he composed tragedies which gave him no title to be ranked among them.

ANECDOTES OF AUTHORS CENSURED.

It is an ingenious observation made by a journalist of Trevoux, on perusing a criticism not ill written, which pretended to detect several faults in the compositions of Bruyere, that in ancient Rome the great men who triumphed amidst the applauses of those who celebrated their virtues, were at the same time compelled to listen to those who reproached them with their vices. This custom is not less necessary to the republic of letters than it was formerly to the republic of Rome. Without this it is probable that authors would be intoxicated with success, and would then relax in their accustomed vigour; and the multitude who took them for models would, for want of judgment, imitate their defects.

Sterne and Churchill were continually abusing the Reviewers, because they honestly told the one that obscenity was not wit, and obscurity was not sense; and the other, that dissonance in poetry did not excel harmony, and that his rhymes were frequently prose lines of ten syllables cut into verse. They applauded their happier efforts. Notwithstanding all this, it is certain that so little discernment exists amongst common writers, and common readers, that the obscenity and flippancy of Sterne, and the bald verse and prosaic poetry of Churchill, were precisely the portions which they selected for imitation: the blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes, but they are unfortunately, the easiest parts for imitation.

Yet criticism may be too rigorous, and genius too sensible to its fairest attacks. Racine acknowledged that one of the severe criticisms he received had occasioned him more vexation than the greatest applauses had afforded him pleasure. Sir John Marsham, having published the first part of his 'Chronology,' suffered so much chagrin at the endless controversies which it raised (and some of his critics went so far as to affirm it was designed to be detrimental to Revelation,) that he burned the second part, which was ready for the press. Pope was observed to writhe with anguish in his chair, on hearing mentioned the letter of Cibber, with other temporary attacks; and it is said of Montesquieu, that he was so much affected by the criticisms, true and false, which he daily experienced, that they contributed to hasten his death. Ritson's extreme irritability closed in lunacy, while his ignorant reviewers, in the shapes of assassins, were haunting his death-bed. In the preface to his 'Metrical Romances' he says—'brought to an end in ill health and low spirits—certain to be insulted by a base and prostitute gang of lurking assassins who stab in the dark, and whose poisoned daggers he has already experienced.' Scott, of Amwell, never recovered from a ludicrous criticism, which I discovered had been written by a physician who never pretended to poetical taste.

Pelisson has recorded, in his History of the French Academy, a literary anecdote, which forcibly shows the danger of caustic criticism. A young man from a remote province came to Paris with a play, which he considered as a master-piece. M. L'Etoille was more than just in his merciless criticism. He showed the youthful bard a thousand glaring defects in his chief d'œuvre. The humbled country author burnt his tragedy, returned home, took to his chamber, and died of vexation and grief. Of all unfortunate men, one of the unhappiest is a middling author endowed with too lively a sensibility for criticism. Athenæus, in his tenth book, has given us a lively portrait of this melancholy being. Anaxandrides appeared one day on horseback in the public assembly at Athens, to recite a dithyrambic poem, of which he read a portion. He was a man of fine stature, and wore a purple robe edged with golden fringe. But his complexion was saturnine and melancholy, which was the cause that he never spared his own writings. Whenever he was vanquished by a rival, he immediately gave his compositions to the druggists to

be cut into pieces, to wrap their articles in, without ever caring to revise his writings. It is owing to this that he destroyed a number of pleasing compositions; age increased his sourness, and every day he became more and more dissatisfied at the awards of his auditors. Hence his 'Tereus,' because it failed to obtain the prize, has not reached us, which, with other of his productions, deserved preservation, though not to have been publicly crowned.

Batteux having been chosen by the French government for the compilation of elementary books for the Military School, is said to have felt their unfavourable reception so acutely, that he became a prey to excessive grief. It is believed that the lamentable death of Dr Hawkesworth was occasioned by a similar circumstance. Government had consigned to his care the compilation of the voyages that pass under his name:—how he succeeded is well known. He felt the public reception so sensibly, that he preferred the oblivion of death to the mortifying recollections of life.

On this interesting subject Fontenelle, in his 'Eloge on Newton,' has made the following observation:—'Newton was more desirous of remaining unknown, than of having the calm of life disturbed by those literary storms which genius and science attract about those who rise to eminence. In one of his letters we learn that his Treatise on Optics being ready for the press, several premature objections which appeared, made him abandon its publication. —'I should reproach myself (he said) for my imprudence, if I were to lose a thing so real as my ease to run after a shadow.' But this shadow he did not miss: it did not cost him the ease he so much loved, and it had for him as much reality as ease itself. I refer to Bayle, in his curious article 'Hipponax,' note F. To these instances we may add the fate of the Abbé Cassagne, a man of learning, and not destitute of talents. He was intended for one of the preachers at court; but he had hardly made himself known in the pulpit, when he was struck by the lightning of Boileau's muse. He felt so acutely the caustic verses, that they rendered him almost incapable of literary labour; in the prime of life he became melancholy, and shortly afterwards died insane. A modern painter, it is known, never recovered from the biting ridicule of a popular, but malignant wit. Cummyns, a celebrated quaker, confessed he died of an anonymous letter in a public paper, which, said he, 'fastened on my heart, and threw me into this slow fever.' Racine, who died of his extreme sensibility to a rebuke, confessed that the pain which one severe criticism inflicted outweighed all the applause he could receive. The feathered arrow of an epigram has sometimes been wet with the heart's blood of its victim. Fortune has been lost, reputation destroyed, and every charity of life extinguished, by the inhumanity of inconsiderate wit.

Literary history records the fate of several who may be said to have *died of Criticism*. But there is more sense and infinite humour in the mode which Phædrus adopted to answer the cavillers of his age. When he first published his fables, the taste for conciseness and simplicity was so much on the decline, that they were both objected to him as faults. He used his critics as they deserved. To those who objected against the *conciseness* of his style, he tells a long *tedious story* (Lib. iii, Fab. 10, ver. 59,) and treats those who condemn the *simplicity* of his style with a run of *bombast verses*, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom—this in Lib. iv, Fab. 6.

VIRGINITY.

The writings of the Fathers once formed the studies of the learned. These labours abound with that subtilty of argument which will repay the industry of the inquisitive, and the antiquary may turn them over for pictures of the manners of the age. A favourite subject with Saint Ambrose was that of Virginity, on which he has several works; and perhaps he wished to revive the order of the vestals of ancient Rome, which afterwards produced the institution of Nuns. His 'Treatise on Virgins' is in three volumes. We learn from this work of the fourth century, the lively impressions his exhortations had made on the minds and hearts of girls, not less in the most distant provinces, than in the neighbourhood of Milan where he resided. The virgins of Bologna, amounting only, it appears, to the number of twenty, performed all kinds of needlework, not merely to gain their livelihood, but also to be enabled to perform acts of liberality, and exerted their industry to allure other girls to join the holy profession of Virginity. He exhorts daughters, in spite of their parents, and even their lovers, to consecrate themselves. 'I do not blame marriage,' he says; 'I only show the advantages of Virginity.'

He composed this book in so florid a style, that he considered it required some apology. A Religious of the Benedictines published a translation in 1689.

So sensible was Saint Ambrose of the *rarity* of the profession he would establish, that he thus combats his adversaries: 'They complain that human nature will be exhausted; but I ask who has ever sought to marry without finding women enough from amongst whom he might choose? What murder, or what war, has ever been occasioned for a virgin? It is one of the consequences of marriage to kill the adulterer, and to war with the ravisher.'

He wrote another treatise *On the perpetual Virginity of the Mother of God*. He attacks Bonosus on this subject, and defends her virginity, which was indeed greatly suspected by Bonosius, who, however, got nothing by this bold suspicion, but the dreadful name of *Heretic*. A third treatise was entitled *Exhortation to Virginity*; a fourth, *On the Fate of a Virgin*, is more curious. He relates the misfortunes of one *Susannah*, who was by no means a companion for her namesake; for, having made a vow of virginity, and taken the veil, she afterwards endeavoured to conceal her shame, but the precaution only tended to render her more culpable. Her behaviour, indeed, had long afforded ample food for the sarcasms of the Jews and the Pagans. Saint Ambrose compelled her to perform public penance, and after having declaimed on her double crime, gave her hopes of pardon, if, like 'Sœur Jeanne,' this early nun would sincerely repent; to complete her chastisement, he ordered her every day to recite the fiftieth psalm.

A GLANCE INTO THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

In the republic of Letters the establishment of an academy has been a favourite project; yet perhaps it is little more than an Utopian scheme. The united efforts of men of letters in Academies have produced little. It would seem that no man likes to bestow his great labours on a small community, for whose members he himself does not feel, probably, the most flattering partiality. The French Academy made a splendid appearance in Europe: yet when this society published their Dictionary, that of Furetiere's became a formidable rival; and Johnson did as much as the *forty* themselves. Voltaire confesses that the great characters of the literary republic were formed without the aid of academies.—'For what then,' he asks, 'are they necessary?—To preserve and nourish the fire which great geniuses have kindled. By observing the *Junto* at their meetings we may form some opinion of the indolent manner in which they trifled away their time. We are fortunately enabled to do this, by a letter in which Patru describes, in a very amusing manner the visit which Christina of Sweden took a sudden fancy to pay to the academy.

The Queen of Sweden having resolved to visit the French Academy, gave so short a notice of her design, that it was impossible to inform the majority of the members of her intention. About four o'clock fifteen or sixteen academicians were assembled. Mr Gombaut, one of the members who did not know of the intended royal visit, and who had never forgiven her majesty because she did not relish his verses, thought proper to show his resentment by quitting the assembly.

She was received in a spacious hall. In the middle was a table covered with rich blue velvet, ornamented with a broad border of gold and silver. At its head was placed an arm-chair of black velvet embroidered with gold, and round the table were placed chairs with tapestry backs. The Chancellor had forgotten to hang in the hall the portrait of the queen, which she had presented to the Academy, and which was considered as a great omission. About five, a footman belonging to the Queen inquired if the company were assembled. Soon after, a servant of the king informed the chancellor that the queen was at the end of the street; and immediately her carriage drew up in the court-yard. The chancellor, followed by the rest of the members, went to receive her as she stepped out of her chariot; but the crowd was so great, that few of them could reach her majesty. Accompanied by the chancellor, she passed through the first hall, followed by one of her

ladies, the captain of her guards, and one or two of her suite.

When she entered the Academy she approached the fire, and spoke in a low voice to the chancellor. She then asked why Mr Menage was not there? and when she was told that he did not belong to the Academy, she asked why he did not? She was answered, that however he might merit the honour, he had rendered himself unworthy of it by several disputes he had had with its members. She then inquired aside of the chancellor whether the academicians were to sit or stand before her? On this the chancellor consulted with a member, who observed that in the time of Ronsard, there was held an assembly of men of letters before Charles IX several times, and that they were always seated. The queen conversed with M. Bourdelot; and suddenly turning to Madame de Bregis, told her that she believed she must not be present at the assembly; but it was agreed that this lady deserved the honour. As the queen was talking with a member she abruptly quitted him, as was her custom, and in her quick way sat down in the arm-chair; and at the same time the members seated themselves. The queen observing that they did not, out of respect to her, approach the table, desired them to come near; and they accordingly approached it.

During these ceremonious preparations, several officers of state had entered the hall, and stood behind the academicians. The chancellor sat at the queen's left hand by the fire-side; and at the right was placed M. de la Chambre, the director; then Boisrobert, Patru, Pelisson, Cotin, the Abbé Tallemant, and others. M. de Mezeray sat at the bottom of the table facing the queen, with an inkstand, paper, and the portfolio of the company lying before him; he occupied the place of secretary. When they were all seated the director rose, and the academicians followed him, all but the chancellor, who remained in his seat. The director made his complimentary address in a low voice, his body was quite bent, and no person but the queen and the chancellor could hear him. She received his address with great satisfaction.

All compliments concluded, they returned to their seats. The director then told the queen that he had composed a treatise on Pain, to add to his character of the Passions, and if it was agreeable to her majesty, he would read the first chapter.—Very willingly, she answered.—Having read it, he said to her majesty, that he would read no more lest he should fatigue her. Not at all, she replied, for I suppose what follows resembles what I have heard.

Afterwards Mr Mezeray mentioned that Mr Cotin had some verses, which her majesty would doubtless find beautiful and if it was agreeable they should be read. Mr Cotin read them: they were versions of two passages from Lucretius; the one in which he attacks a Providence, and the other, where he gives the origin of the world according to the Epicurean system: to these he added twenty lines of his own, in which he maintained the existence of a Providence. This done, an abbé rose, and without being desiredor dered,read two sonnets,which by courtesy were allowed to be tolerable. It is remarkable that both the *poets* read their verses standing, while the rest read their compositions seated.

After these readings, the director informed the queen that the ordinary exercises of the company was to labour on the dictionary; and that if her majesty should not find it disagreeable, they would read a *cahier* or stitched MS. Very willingly, she answered. Mr de Mezeray then read what related to the word *Jeu; Game.* Amongst other proverbial expressions was this: *Game of Princes, which only please the players;* to express a malicious violence committed by one in power. At this the queen laughed heartily; and they continued reading all that was fairly written. This lasted about an hour, when the queen observing that nothing more remained, arose, made a bow to the company, and returned in the manner she entered.

Furetiere, who was himself an academician, has described the miserable manner in which time was consumed at their assemblies. I confess he was a satirist, and had quarrelled with the academy; there must have been, notwithstanding, sufficient resemblance for the following picture, however it may be overcharged. He has been blamed for thus exposing the Eleusinian mysteries of literature to the unitiated.

'He who is most clamorous, is he whom they suppose has most reason. They all have the art of making long orations upon a trifle. The second repeats like an echo what the first said; but generally three or four speak together. When there is a bench of five or six members, one reads, another decides, two converse, one sleeps, and another amuses himself with reading some dictionary which happens to lie before him. When a second member is to deliver his opinion, they are obliged to read again the article,which at the first perusal he had been too much engaged to hear. This is a happy manner of finishing their work. They can hardly get over two lines without long digressions; without some one telling a pleasant story, or the news of the day; or talking of affairs of state and reforming the government.'

That the French Academy were generally frivolously employed appears also from an epistle to Balzac, by Boisrobert, the amusing companion of Cardinal Richelieu.—'Every one separately,' says he, 'promises great things, when they meet they do nothing. They have been *six years* employed on the letter F; and I should be happy if I were certain of living till they got through G.'

The following anecdote concerns the *forty arm-chairs* of the academicians. Those cardinals who were academicians for a long time had not attended the meetings of the academy, because they thought that *arm-chairs* were indispensible to their dignity, and the academy had then only common chairs. These cardinals were desirous of being present at the election of Mr Monnoie, that they might give him a distinguished mark of their esteem.—'The king,' says D'Alembert, 'to satisfy at once the delicacy of their friendship, and that of their cardinalship, and to preserve at the same time that academical equality, of which this enlightened monarch,(Louis XIV,) well knew the advantage, sent to the academy forty arm-chairs for the forty academicians; the same chairs which we now occupy: and the motive to which we owe them is sufficient to render the memory of Louis XIV precious to the republic of letters, to whom it owes so many more important obligations!'

POETICAL AND GRAMMATICAL DEATHS.

It will appear by the following anecdotes, that some men may be said to have died *poetically* and even *grammatically*.

There may be some attraction existing in poetry which is not merely fictitious, for often have its genuine votaries felt all its power on the most trying occasions. They have displayed the energy of their mind by composing or repeating verses, even with death on their lips.

The Emperor Adrian, dying, made that celebrated address to his soul, which is so happily translated by Pope. Lucan, when he had his veins opened by order of Nero, expired reciting a passage from his Pharsalia, in which he had described the wound of a dying soldier. Petronius did the same thing on the same occasion.

Patris, a poet of Caen, perceiving himself expiring, composed some verses which are justly admired. In this little poem he relates a dream, in which he appeared to be placed next to a beggar, when having addressed him in the haughty strain he would probably have employed on this side of the grave, he receives the following reprimand:

> Ici tous sont egaux: je ne te dois plus rien;
> Je suis sur mon fumier comme toi sur le tien
>
> Here all are equal! now thy lot is mine!
> I on my dunghill, as thou art on thine.

Des Barreaux, it is said, wrote on his death-bed that well-known sonnet which is translated in the 'Spectator.'

Margaret of Austria, when she was nearly perishing in a storm at sea, composed her epitaph in verse. Had she perished, what would have become of the epitaph? And if she escaped, of what use was it? She should rather have said her prayers. The verses however have all the *naiveté* of the times. They are—

> Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle,
> Qu'eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.
>
> Beneath this tomb is high-born Margaret laid,
> Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid.

She was betrothed to Charles VIII of France, who forsook her; and being next intended for the Spanish infant, in her voyage to Spain, she wrote these lines in a storm.

Mademoiselle de Serment was surnamed the philosopher. She was celebrated for her knowledge and taste in polite literature. She died of a cancer in her breast, and suffered her misfortune with exemplary patience. She

expired in finishing these verses, which she addressed to Death.

Nectare clausa suo,
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum.

It was after Cervantes had received extreme unction that he wrote the dedication to his Persiles.

Roscommon, at the moment he expired, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, uttered two lines of his own version of 'Dies Irae!' Waller, in his last moments, repeated some lines from Virgil; and Chaucer seems to have taken his farewell of all human vanities by a moral ode, entitled 'A Balade made by Geffrey Chaucyer upon his dethe-bedde lying in his grete anguysse.'

Cornelius de Wit fell an innocent victim to popular prejudice. His death is thus noticed by Hume: 'This man, who had bravely served his country in war, and who had been invested with the highest dignities, was delivered into the hands of the executioner, and torn in pieces by the most inhuman torments. Amidst the severe agonies which he endured he frequently repeated an ode of Horace, which contained sentiments suited to his deplorable condition.' It was the third ode of the third book which this illustrious philosopher and statesman then repeated.

I add another instance in the death of that delightful poet Metastasio. After having received the sacrament, a very short time before his last moments, he broke out with all the enthusiasm of poetry and religion into the following stanzas:

T'offro il tuo proprio figlio,
Che già d'amore in pegno,
Racchiuso in picciol segno
Si volle a noi donar.
A lui rivolgi il ciglio.
Guardo chi t'offro, e poi
Lasci, Signor, se vuoi,
Lascia di perdonar.

'I offer to thee, O Lord, thy own son, who already has given the pledge of love, inclosed in this thin emblem; turn on him thine eyes; ah! behold whom I offer to thee and then desist, O Lord! if thou canst desist from mercy.'

'The muse that has attended my course (says the dying Gleim in a letter to Klopstock) still hovers round my steps to the very verge of the grave.' A collection of lyrical poems, entitled 'Last Hours,' composed by old Gleim on his death-bed, were intended to be published. The death of Klopstock was one of the most poetical: in this poet's 'Messiah,' he had made the death of Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, a picture of the death of the just; and on his own death-bed he was heard repeating, with an expiring voice, his own verses on Mary; he was exhorting himself to die by the accents of his own harp, the sublimities of his own muse! The same song of Mary, says Madame de Stael, was read at the public funeral of Klopstock.

Chatellard, a French gentleman, beheaded in Scotland for having loved the queen, and even for having attempted her honour, Brantome says, would not have any other viaticum than a poem of Ronsard. When he ascended the scaffold he took the hymns of this poet, and for his consolation read that on death, which he says is well adapted to conquer its fear.

The Marquis of Montrose, when he was condemned by his judges to have his limbs nailed to the gates of four cities, the brave soldier said, that 'he was sorry he had not limbs sufficient to be nailed to all the gates of the cities in Europe, as monuments of his loyalty.' As he proceeded to his execution, he put this thought into beautiful verse.

Philip Strozzi, when imprisoned by Cosmo the First, great Duke of Tuscany, was apprehensive of the danger to which he might expose his friends who had joined in his conspiracy against the duke, from the confessions which the rack might extort from him. Having attempted every exertion for the liberty of his country, he considered it as no crime therefore to die. He resolved on suicide. With the point of the sword, with which he killed himself, he cut out on the mantle-piece of the chimney this verse of Virgil:

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

Rise, some avenger, from our blood!

I can never repeat without a strong emotion the following stanzas, begun by André Chenier, in the dreadful period of the French revolution. He was waiting for his turn to be dragged to the guillotine, when he commenced this poem:

Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier zephyre
Anime la fin d'un beau jour;
Au pied de l'echafaud j'essaie encor ma lyre,
Peut-etre est ce bientot mon tour;

Peut-etre avant que l'heure en cercle promenée
Ait posé sur l'email brillant
Dans les soixante pas ou sa route est bornée
Son pied sonore et vigilant.

Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupiere——

Here, at this pathetic line, was André Chenier summoned to the guillotine! Never was a more beautiful effusion of grief interrupted by a more affecting incident!

Several men of science have died in a scientific manner. Haller, the poet, philosopher, and physician, beheld his end approach with the utmost composure. He kept feeling his pulse to the last moment, and when he found that life was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician, observing, 'My friend, the artery ceases to beat,'—and almost instantly expired. The same remarkable circumstance had occurred to the great Harvey; he kept making observations on the state of his pulse, when life was drawing to its close; 'as if,' says Dr Wilson in the oration spoken a few days after the event, 'that he who had taught us the beginning of life might himself, at his departing from it, become acquainted with those of death.'

De Lagny, who was intended by his friends for the study of the law, having fallen on an Euclid, found it so congenial to his dispositions, that he devoted himself to mathematics. In his last moments, when he retained no farther recollection of the friends who surrounded his bed, one of them, perhaps to make a philosophical experiment, thought proper to ask him the square of 12; our dying mathematician instantly, and perhaps without knowing that he answered, replied, '144.'

The following anecdotes are of a different complexion, and may excite a smile.

Pere Bouhours was a French grammarian, who had been justly accused of paying too scrupulous an attention to the minutiæ of letters. He was more solicitous of his *words* than his *thoughts*. It is said, that when he was dying, he called out to his friends (a correct grammarian to the last,) '*Je* VAS, *ou je* VAIS *mourir; l'un ou l'autre se dit!*

When Malherbe was dying, he reprimanded his nurse for making use of a solecism in her language! And when his confessor represented to him the felicities of a future state in low and trite expressions, the dying critic interrupted him:—'Hold your tongue,' he said, your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them!'

The favourite studies and amusements of the learned La Mothe le Vayer consisted in accounts of the most distant countries. He gave a striking proof of the influence of this master-passion, when death hung upon his lips. Bernier, the celebrated traveller, entering and drawing the curtains of his bed to take his eternal farewell, the dying man turning to him, with a faint voice inquired, 'Well, my friend, what news from the Great Mogul?'

SCARRON.

Scarron, as a burlesque poet (but no other comparison exists,) had his merit, but is now little read; for the uniformity of the burlesque style is as intolerable as the uniformity of the serious. From various sources we may collect some uncommon anecdotes, although he was a mere author.

Few are born with more flattering hopes than was Scarron. His father, a counsellor, with an income of 25,000 livres, married a second wife, and the lively Scarron soon became the object of her hatred. He studied, and travelled, and took the clerical tonsure; but discovered dispositions more suitable to the pleasures of his age than to the gravity of his profession. He formed an acquaintance with the wits of the times; and in the carnival of 1638 committed a youthful extravagance, for which his remaining days formed a continual punishment. He disguised himself as a savage; the singularity of a naked man attracted crowds. After having been hunted by the mob, he was forced to escape from his pursuers, and concealed himself in a marsh. A freezing cold seized him, and threw him, at the age of 27 years, into a kind of palsy; a cruel disorder which tormented him all his life. 'It was thus,' he says, 'that pleasure deprived me suddenly of legs which had

danced with elegance, and of hands which could manage the pencil and the lute.'

Goujet, in his Bibliotheque Franqoise, vol. xvi, p. 307, without stating this anecdote describes his disorder as an acrid humour, distilling itself on his nerves, and baffling the skill of his physicians; the sciatica, rheumatism, in a word, a complication of maladies attacked him, sometimes successively, sometimes together, and made of our poor Abbé a sad spectacle. He thus describes himself in one of his letters; and who could be in better humour?

'I have lived to thirty: if I reach forty, I shall only add many miseries t those which I have endured these last eight or nine years. My person was well made, though short; my disorder has shortened it still more by a foot. My head is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough for my body to appear very meagre! I have hair enough to render a wig unnecessary; I have got many white hairs, in spite of the proverb. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now of the colour of wood, and will soon be of slate. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral angle, and, at length, an acute one. My thighs and my body form another: and my head, always dropping on my breast, makes me not ill represent a Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgment of human miseries.'

It is said in the Segraisiana, p. 87, that he had the free use of nothing but his tongue and his hands; and that he wrote on a portfolio, which was placed on his knees.

Balzac said of Scarron, that he had gone further in insensibility than the Stoics, who were satisfied in appearing insensible to pain; but Scarron was gay, and amused all the world with his sufferings.

He portrays himself thus humorously in his address to the queen:

Je ne regarde plus qu'en bas,
Je suis torticolis, j'ai la tete penchante:
Ma mine devient si plaisante,
Que quand on en riroit, je ne m'en plaindrois pas.

'I can only see under me; I am wry-necked; my head hangs down; my appearance is so droll, that if people laugh I shall not complain.'

He says elsewhere,

Parmi les torticolis
Je passe pour des plus jolis.

'Among your wry-necked people I pass for one of the handsomest.'

After having suffered this distortion of shape, and these acute pains for four years, he quitted his usual residence, the quarter du Marais, for the baths of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain. He took leave of his friends, by addressing some verses to them, entitled, *Adieux aux Marais;* in this piece he highly praises many celebrated persons. When he was brought into the street in a chair, the pleasure of seeing himself there once more overcame the pains which the motion occasioned, and he has celebrated the transport by an ode, which has for title, 'The Way from le Marais to the Fauxbourg Saint Germain.'

These and other baths which he tried had no effect on his miserable disorder. But a new affliction was added to the catalogue of his griefs.

His father, who had hitherto contributed to his necessities, having joined a party against Cardinal Richelieu, was exiled. This affair was rendered still more unfortunate by his mother-in-law with her children at Paris, in the absence of her husband, appropriating the money of the family to her own use.

Hitherto Scarron had had no connexion with Cardinal Richelieu. The behaviour of his father had even rendered his name disagreeable to the minister, who was by no means prone to forgiveness. Scarron, however, when he thought his passion softened, ventured to present a petition; and which is considered by the critics as one of his happiest productions. Richelieu permitted it to be read to him, and acknowledged that it afforded him much pleasure, and that it was *pleasantly dated.* This *pleasant date* is thus given by Scarron:

Fait a Paris dernier jour d'Octobre,
Par moi, Scarron, qui malgré mois suis sobre,
L'an que l'on prit le fameux Perpignan,
Et, sans canon, la ville de Sedan.

At Paris done, the last day of October,
By me, Scarron, who wanting wine, am sober,
The year they took fam'd Perpignan,
And, without cannon-ball, Sedan.

This was flattering the minister adroitly in two points very agreeably to him. The poet augured well of the dispositions of the cardinal, and lost no time to return to the charge, by addressing an ode to him, to which he gave the title of Thanks, as if he had already received the favours which he hoped he should receive! But all was lost by the death of the cardinal. In this ode I think he has caught the leading idea from a hymn of Ronsard. Catherine of Medicis was prodigal of her *promises*, and for this reason Ronsard dedicated to her the hymn to Promise.

When Scarron's father died he brought his mother-in-law into court; and, to complete his misfortunes, lost his suit. The cases which he drew up for the occasion were so extremely burlesque, that the world could not easily conceive how a man could amuse himself so pleasantly on a subject on which his existence depended.

The successor of Richelieu, the Cardinal Mazarin, was insensible to his applications. He did nothing for him, although the poet dedicated to him his *Typhon*, a burlesque poem, in which the author describes the wars of the giants with the gods. Our bard was so irritated at this neglect, that he suppressed a sonnet he had written in his favour, and aimed at him several satirical bullets. Scarron, however, consoled himself for this kind of disgrace with those select friends who were not inconstant in their visits to him. The Bishop of Mans, also, solicited by a friend, gave him a living in his diocese. When Scarron had taken possession of it, he began his *Roman Comique*, ill translated into English by *Comical Romance*. He made friends by his dedications. Such resources were indeed necessary, for he not only lived well, but had made his house an asylum for his two sisters, who there found refuge from an unfeeling step-mother.

It was about this time that the beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle D'Aubigné, afterwards so well known by the name of Madame de Maintenon, she who was to be one day the mistress, if not the queen of France, formed with Scarron the most romantic connexion. She united herself in marriage with one whom she well knew might be a lover, but could not be a husband. It was indeed amidst that literary society she formed her taste, and embellished with her presence his little residence, where the most polished courtiers and some of the finest geniuses of Paris, the party formed against Mazarin, called *La Fronde*, met. Such was the influence this marriage had over Scarron, that after this period his writings became more correct and more agreeable than those which he had previously composed. Scarron, on his side, gave a proof of his attachment to Madame de Maintenon; for by marrying her he lost his living of Mans. But though without wealth, we are told in the Segraisiana, that he was accustomed to say, that 'his wife and he would not live uncomfortably by the produce of his estate and the *Marquisate of Quinet*.' Thus he called the revenue which his compositions produced, and *Quinet* was his bookseller.

Scarron addressed one of his dedications to his dog, to ridicule those writers who dedicate their works indiscriminately, though no author has been more liberal of dedications than himself; but, as he confessed, he made dedication a kind of business. When he was low in cash he always dedicated to some lord, whom he praised as warmly as his dog, but whom probably he did not esteem so much.

Segrais informs us, that when Scarron was visited, previous to general conversation his friends were taxed with a perusal of whatever he had written since he saw them before. One day Segrais and a friend calling on him, 'Take a chair,' said our author, 'and let me *try on you* my Roman Comique.' He took his manuscript, read several pages, and when he observed that they laughed, he said, 'Good, this goes well; my book can't fail of success, since it obliges such able persons as yourselves to laugh;' and then remained silent to receive their compliments. He used to call this *trying on his romance*, as a tailor *tries* his *coat*. He was agreeable and diverting in all things, even in his complaints and passions. Whatever he conceived he immediately too freely expressed; but his amiable lady corrected him of this in three months after marriage!

He petitioned the Queen, in his droll manner, to be permitted the honour of being her *patient* by right of office.* These verses form a part of his address to her majesty:—

* A friend would translate, 'malade de la reine, the queen's sick man.' I think there is more humour in supposing her majesty to be his physician; in which light Scarron might consider her for a pension of 800 crowns

Scarron, par la grace de Dieu,
Malade indigne de la reine,
Homme n'ayant ni feu, ni lieu,
Mais bien du mal et de la peine;
Hopital allant et venant,
Des jambes d'autrui cheminant,
Des siennes n'ayant plus l'usage,
Souffrant beaucoup, dormant bien peu,
Et pourtant faisant par courage
Bonne mine et fort mauvais jeu.

'Scarron, by the grace of God, an unworthy patient of the Queen; a man without a house, though a moving hospital of disorders; walking only with other people's legs, with great sufferings, but little sleep; and yet, in spite of all, very courageously showing a hearty countenance, though indeed he plays a losing game'

She smiled, granted the title, and, what was better, added a small pension, which losing, by lampooning the minister Mazarin, Fouquet generously granted him a more considerable one.

The termination of the miseries of this facetious genius was now approaching. To one of his friends, who was taking leave of him for some time, Scarron said, 'I shall soon die; the only regret I have in dying is not to be enabled to leave some property to my wife, who is possessed of infinite merit, and whom I have every reason imaginable to admire and to praise.'

One day he was seized with so violent a fit of the hiccough, that his friends now considered his prediction would soon be verified. When it was over, 'if ever I recover,' cried Scarron, 'I will write a bitter satire against the hiccough.' The satire, however, was never written, for he died soon after. A little before his death, when he observed his relatio s and domestics weeping and groaning, he was not much affected, but humorously told them, 'My children, you will never weep for me so much as I have made you laugh.' A few moments before he died, he said, that 'he never thought it was so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death.'

The burlesque compositions of Scarron are now neglected by the French. This species of writing was much in vogue till attacked by the critical Boileau, who annihilated such puny writers as D'Assoucy and Dulot, with their stupid admirers. It is said he spared Scarron because his merit, though it appeared but at intervals, was uncommon. Yet so much were burlesque verses the fashion after Scarron's works, that the booksellers would not publish poems, but with the word 'Burlesque' in the title page. In 1689 appeared a poem, which shocked the pious, entitled 'The Passion of our Lord, in *burlesque verses*.'

Swift, in his dotage, appears to have been gratified by such puerilities as Scarron frequently wrote. An ode which Swift calls 'A Lilliputian Ode,' consisting of verses of three syllables, probably originated in a long epistle in verses of three syllables, which Scarron addressed to Sarrazin. It is pleasant, and the following lines will serve as a specimen.

Epitre a Mr Sarrazin.

Sarrazin
Mon voisin,
Cher ami,
Qu'a demi,
Je ne voi,
Dont ma foi
J'ai depit
Un petit.
N'es-tu pas
Barrabas,
Busiris,
Phalaris,
Ganelon,
Le Felon?

He describes himself

Un pauvret,
Tres malgret,
Au col tors,
Dont le corps
Tout tortu,
Tout bossu.
Suranné,
Decharné,
Est reduit,
Jour et nuit,
A souffrir
Sans guerir
Des tourmens
Vehemens.

He complains of Sarrazin's not visiting him; threatens to reduce him into powder if he comes not quickly; and concludes,

Mais pourtant
Repentant
Si tu viens
Et te tiens
Seulement
Un moment
Avec nous
Mon courroux
Finira,
Et Cætera.

The Roman Comique of our author is well known, and abounds with pleasantry, with wit and character. His 'Virgile Travestie' it is impossible to read long: this we likewise feel in 'Cotton's Virgil travestied,' which has notwithstanding considerable merit. Buffoonery after a certain time exhausts our patience. It is the chaste actor only who can keep the attention awake for a length of time. It is said that Scarron intended to write a tragedy; this perhaps would not have been the least facetious of his burlesques.

PETER CORNEILLE.

Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Pope.

The great Corneille having finished his studies, devoted himself to the bar; but this was not the stage on which his abilities were to be displayed. He followed the occupation of a lawyer for some time, without taste and without success. A trifling circumstance discovered to the world and to himself a different genius. A young man who was in love with a girl of the same town, having solicited him to be his companion in one of those secret visits which he paid to the lady, it happened that the stranger pleased infinitely more than his introducer. The pleasure arising from this adventure excited in Corneille a talent which had hitherto been unknown to him, and he attempted, as if it were by inspiration, dramatic poetry. On this little subject, he wrote his comedy of Melite, in 1625. At that moment the French Drama was at a low ebb; the most favourable ideas were formed of our juvenile poet, and comedy, it was expected, would now reach its perfection. After the tumult of approbation had ceased, the critics thought that Melite was too simple and barren of incident. Angered by this criticism, our poet wrote his Clitandre, and in that piece has scattered incidents and adventures with such a licentious profusion, that the critics say, he wrote it rather to expose the public taste than to accommodate himself to it. In this piece the persons combat on the theatre; there are murders and assassinations; heroines fight; officers appear in search of murderers, and women are disguised as men. There is matter sufficient for a romance of ten volumes; 'And yet (says a French critic) nothing can be more cold and tiresome.' He afterwards indulged his natural genius in various other performances; but began to display more forcibly his tragic powers in Medea. A comedy which he afterwards wrote was a very indifferent composition. He regained his full lustre in the famous Cid, a tragedy, of which he preserved in his closet translations in all the European languages, except the Sclavonian and the Turkish. He pursued his poetical career with uncommon splendour in the Horaces, Cinna, and at length in Polieuctes; which productions (the French critics say) can never be surpassed.

At length the tragedy of 'Partharite' appeared, and proved unsuccessful. This so much disgusted our veteran bard, that, like Ben Jonson, he could not conceal his chagrin in the preface. There the poet tells us that he renounces the theatre for ever! and indeed this *eternity* lasted for *several years*.

Disgusted by the fate of his unfortunate tragedy, he directed his poetical pursuits to a different species of composition. He now finished his translation, in verse, of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas a Kempis.' This work, perhaps from the singularity of its dramatic author becoming a religious writer, was attended with astonishing success. Yet Fontenelle did not find in this translation the prevailing charm of the original, which consists in that simplicity and *naiveté*, which are lost in the pomp of versification so natural to Corneille. 'This book,' he continues, 'the finest that ever proceeded from the hand of man (since the gospel does not come from man) would not go so direct to the heart, and would not seize on it with

such force, if it had not a natural and tender air, to which even that negligence which prevails in the style greatly contributes.' Voltaire appears to confirm the opinion of our critic, in respect to the translation: 'It is reported that Corneille's translation of the Imitation of Jesus Christ has been printed thirty-two times; it is as difficult to believe this as it is to *read the book once!*'

Corneille seems not to have been ignorant of the truth of this criticism. In his dedication of it to the pope, he says, 'The translation which I have chosen, by the simplicity of its style, precludes all the rich ornaments of poetry, and far from increasing my reputation, must be considered rather as a sacrifice made to the glory of the Sovereign Author of all which I may have acquired by my poetical productions.' This is an excellent elucidation of the truth of that precept of Johnson which respects religious poetry; but of which the author of 'Calvary' seems not to have been sensible. The merit of religious compositions appears, like this 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' to consist in a simplicity inimical to the higher poetical embellishments; these are too human!

When Racine, the son, published a long poem on 'Grace' taken in its holy sense, a most unhappy subject at least for poetry, it was said that he had written on *Grace* without *grace*.

During the space of six years Corneille rigorously kept his promise of not writing for the theatre. At length, overpowered by the persuasions of his friends, and probably by his own inclinations, he once more directed his studies to the drama. He recommenced in 1659, and finished in 1675. During this time he wrote ten new pieces, and published a variety of little religious poems, which, although they do not attract the attention of posterity, were then read with delight, and probably preferred to the finest tragedies by the good catholics of the day.

In 1675 he terminated his career. In the last year of his life his mind became so enfeebled as to be incapable of thinking; and he died in extreme poverty. It is true that his uncommon genius had been amply rewarded; but amongst his talents we cannot count that of preserving those favours of fortune which he had acquired.

Fontenelle, his nephew, presents a minute and interesting description of this great man. I must first observe, what Marville says, that when he saw Corneille he had the appearance of a country tradesman, and that he could not conceive how a man of so rustic an appearance could put into the mouths of his Romans such heroic sentiments. Corneille was sufficiently large and full in his person; his air simple and vulgar; always negligent; and very little solicitous of pleasing by his exterior. His face had something agreeable, his nose large, his mouth not unhandsome, his eyes full of fire, his physiognomy lively, with strong features, well adapted to be transmitted to posterity on a medal or bust. His pronunciation was not very distinct: and he read his verses with force, but without grace.

He was acquainted with polite literature, with history and politics; but he generally knew them best as they related to the stage. For other knowledge he had neither leisure, curiosity, nor much esteem. He spoke little, even on subjects which he perfectly understood. He did not embellish what he said, and to discover the great Corneille it became necessary to read him.

He was of a melancholy disposition, had something blunt in his manner, and sometimes he appeared rude; but in fact he was no disagreeable companion, and made a good father and husband. He was tender, and his soul was very susceptible of friendship. His constitution was very favourable to love, but never to debauchery, and rarely to violent attachments. His soul was fierce and independent: it could never be managed, for it would never bend. This indeed rendered him very capable of pourtraying Roman virtue, but incapable of improving his fortune. Nothing equalled his incapacity for business but his aversion: the slightest troubles of this kind occasioned him alarm and terror. He was never satiated with praise, although he was continually receiving it; but if he was sensible of fame, he was far removed from vanity.

What Fontenelle observes of Corneille's love of fame is strongly proved by our great poet himself, in an epistle to a friend, in which we find the following remarkable description of himself; an instance that what the world calls vanity, at least interests in a great genius.

Nous nous aimons un peu, c'est notre foible à tous;
Le prix que nous valons qui le sçait mieux que nous?
Et puis la mode en est, et la cour l'autorise,
Tous parlons de nous même avec tout franchise,
La fausse humilité ne met plus en credit.
Je sçais ce que je vaux, et crois ce qu'on m'en dit,
Pour me faire admirer je ne fais point de ligue;
Jai peu de voix pour moi, mais je les ai sans brigue;
Et mon ambition, pour faire plus de bruit
Ne les va point queter de reduit en reduit
Mon travail sans appui monte sur le theatre,
Chacun en liberté l'y blame ou l'idolatre;
Là, sans que amis prechent leur sentimens,
J'arrache quelquefois leurs applaudissemens,
Là, content du succes que le merite donne,
Par d'illustres avis je n'eblouis personne;
Je satisfais ensemble et peuple et courtisans;
Et mes vers en tous lieux sont mes seuls partisans;
Par leur seule beauté ma plume est estimée,
Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée;
Et pense toutefois n'avoir point de rival,
A qui je fasse tort, en le traitant d'egal.

I give his sentiments in English verse with more faithfulness than elegance. To write with his energetic expression, one must feel oneself in a similar situation, which only one or two living writers can experience.

Self-love prevails too much in every state;
Who, like ourselves, our secret worth can rate?
Since 'tis a fashion authorised at court,
Frankly our merits we ourselves report.
A proud humility will not deceive;
I know my worth; what others say, believe.
To be admired I form no petty league:
Few are my friends, but gain'd without intrigue.
My bold ambition, destitute of grace,
Scorns still to beg their votes from place to place.
On the fair stage my scenic toils I raise,
While each is free to censure or to praise:
And there, unaided by inferior arts,
I snatch the applause that rushes from their hearts.
Content by Merit still to win the crown,
With no illustrious names I cheat the town.
The galleries thunder, and the pit commends;
My verses, every where, my only friends!
'Tis from their charms alone my praise I claim;
'Tis to myself alone, I owe my fame;
And know no rival whom I fear to meet,
Or injure, when I grant an equal seat.

Voltaire censures Corneille for making his heroes say continually they are great men. But in drawing the character of an hero he draws his own. All his heroes are only so many Corneilles in different situations.

Thomas Corneille attempted the same career as his brother: perhaps his name was unfortunate, for it naturally excited a comparison which could not be favourable to him. Gagon, the Dennis of his day, wrote the following smart impromptu under his portrait:

Voyant le portrait de Corneille,
Gardez vous de crier merveille!
Et dans vos transports n'allez pas,
Prendre ici Pierre pour Thomas.

POETS.

In all ages there has existed an anti-poetical party. This faction consists of those frigid intellects incapable of that glowing expansion so necessary to feel the charms of an art, which only addresses itself to the imagination: or of writers who having proved unsuccessful in their court to the muses, revenge themselves by reviling them; and also of those religious minds who consider the ardent effusions of poetry as dangerous to the morals and peace of society.

Plato, amongst the ancients, is the model of those moderns who profess themselves to be anti-poetical. This writer, in his ideal republic, characterises a man who occupies himself with composing verses as a very dangerous member of society, from the inflammatory tendency of his writings. It is by arguing from its abuse, that he decries this enchanting talent. At the same time it is to be recollected, that no head was more finely organized for the visions of the muse than Plato's: he was a true poet, and had addicted himself in his prime of life to the cultivation of the art, but perceiving that he could not surpass his inimitable original, Homer, he employed this insidious manner of depreciating his works. In the Phædrus he describes the feelings of a genuine Poet. To become such, he says, it will never be sufficient to be guided by the rules of art, unless we also feel the ecstasies of that *furor*, almost divine, which in this kind of composition is the most palpable and least ambiguous character of a true inspiration. Cold minds, ever tranquil and ever in possession of themselves, are incapable of producing exalted poetry;

their verses must always be feeble, diffusive, and leave no impression; the verses of those who are endowed with a strong and lively imagination, and who, like Homer's personification of Discord, have their heads incessantly in the skies, and their feet on the earth, will agitate you, burn in your heart, and drag you along with them; breaking like an impetuous torrent, and swelling your breast with that enthusiasm, which they are themselves possessed.

Such is the character of a *poet* in a *poetical age!*—The tuneful race have many corporate bodies of mechanics; Pontipool manfacturers, inlayers, burnishers, gilders and filers!

Men of taste are sometimes disgusted in turning over the works of the anti-poetical, by meeting with gross railleries and false judgments concerning poetry and poets.—Locke has expressed a marked contempt of poets; but we see what ideas he formed of poetry by his warm panegyric of one of Blackmore's epics! and besides he was himself a most unhappy poet! Selden, a scholar of profound erudition, has given us *his* opinion concerning poets. 'It is ridiculous for a *lord* to print verses; he may make them to please himself. If a man in a private chamber twirls his band-strings, or plays with a rush to please himself, it is well enough; but if he should go into Fleet-street, and sit upon a stall and twirl a band-string, or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him.'—As if 'the sublime and the beautiful are to be compared to the twirling of a band-string or playing with a rush!—A poet, related to an illustrious family, and who did not write unpoetically, entertained a far different notion concerning poets. So persuaded was he that to be a true poet required an elevated mind, that it was a maxim with him, that no writer could be an excellent poet who was not descended from a noble family. This opinion is as absurd as that of Selden's:—but when one party will not grant enough, the other always assumes too much. The great Pascal, whose extraordinary genius was discovered in the sciences, knew little of the nature of poetical beauty. He said 'poetry has no settled object.' This was the decision of a geometrician, not of a poet. 'Why should he speak of what he did not understand?' asked the lively Voltaire. Poetry is not an object which comes under the cognizance of philosophy or wit.

Longuerue had profound erudition; but he decided on poetry in the same manner as those learned men. Nothing so strongly characterises such literary men as the following observations in the Longuerana, p. 170.

'There are two *books on Homer*, which I prefer to *Homer himself*. The first is *Atiquitates Homericæ* of Feithius, where he has extracted every thing relative to the usages and customs of the Greeks; the other is *Homer Gnomologia per Duportum*, printed at Cambridge. In these two books is found every thing valuable in Homer, without being obliged to get through his *Contes a dormir debout!*—Thus men of *science* decide on men of *taste!* There are who study Homer and Virgil as the blind travel through a fine country, merely to get to the end of their journey.—It was observed at the death of Longuerue that in his immense library not a volume of poetry was to be found. He had formerly read poetry, for indeed he had read every thing. Racine tells us, that when young he paid him a visit; the conversation turned on *poets*; our *erudit* reviewed them all with the most ineffable contempt of the poetical talent, from which he said we learn nothing. He seemed a little charitable towards Ariosto.—'As for that *Madman*, (said he) he has amused me sometimes.' Dacier, a poetical pedant after all, was asked who was the greater poet, Homer or Virgil? he honestly answered, 'Homer by a thousand years!'

But it is mortifying to find among the *anti-poetical* even *poets* themselves! Malherbe, the first poet in France in his day, appears little to have esteemed the art. He used to say, that 'a good poet was not more useful to the state than a skilful player of nine-pins! Malherbe wrote with costive labour. When a poem was shown to him which had been highly commended, he sarcastically asked if it would lower the price of bread?' In these instances he maliciously confounded the *useful* with the *agreeable* arts. Be it remembered that Malherbe had a cynical heart, cold and unfeeling; his character may be traced in his poetry; labour and correctness, without one ray of enthusiasm.

Le Clerc was a scholar not entirely unworthy to be ranked amongst the Lockes, the Seldens, and the Longuerues; and his opinions are as just concerning poets. In the Parrhasiana he has written a treatise on poets in a very unpoetical manner. I shall notice his coarse railleries relating to what he calls 'the personal defects of poets.' In vol. i, p. 33, he says, 'In the Scaligerana we have Joseph Scaliger's opinion concerning poets.—"There never was a man who was a poet, or addicted to the study of poetry, but his heart was puffed up with his greatness."—This is very true. The poetical enthusiasm persuades those gentlemen, that they have something in them superior to others, because they employ a language peculiar to themselves. When the poetic furor seizes them its traces frequently remain on their faces, which make connoisseurs say with Horace,

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

There goes a madman, or a bard!

Their thoughtful air and melancholy gait make them appear insane; for accustomed to versify while they walk, and to bite their nails in apparent agonies, their steps are measured and slow, and they look as if they were reflecting on something of consequence, although they are only thinking, as the phrase runs, of nothing!' He proceeds in the same elegant strain to enumerate other defects. I have only transcribed the above description of our jocular scholar, with an intention of describing those exterior marks of that fine enthusiasm, of which the poet is peculiarly susceptible, and which have exposed many an elevated genius to the ridicule of the vulgar.

I find this admirably defended by Charpentier: 'Men may ridicule as much as they please those gesticulations and contortions which poets are apt to make in the act of composing; it is certain however that they greatly assist in putting the imagination into motion. These kinds of agitation do not always show a mind which labours with its sterility; they frequently proceed from a mind which excites and animates itself. Quintilian has nobly compared them to those lashings of his tail which a lion gives himself when he is preparing to combat. Persius, when he would give us an idea of a cold and languishing oration, says that its author did not strike his desk nor bite his nails.

Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit ungues.'

These exterior marks of enthusiasm may be illustrated by the following curious anecdote:—Domenichino, the painter, was accustomed to act the characters of all the figures he would represent on his canvass, and to speak aloud whatever the passion he meant to describe could prompt. Painting the martyrdom of St Andrew, Carracci one day caught him in a violent passion, speaking in a terrible and menacing tone. He was at that moment employed on a soldier, who was threatening the saint.—When this fit of enthusiastic abstraction had passed, Carracci ran and embraced him, acknowledging that Domenichino had been that day his master; and that he had learnt from him the true manner to succeed in catching the expression; that great pride of the painter's art.

Thus different are the sentiments of the intelligent and the unintelligent on the same subject. A Carracci embraced a kindred genius for what a Le Clerc or a Selden would have ridiculed.

Poets, I confess, frequently indulge *reveries*, which, though they offer no charms to their friends, are too delicious to forego. In the ideal world, peopled with all its fairy inhabitants, and ever open to their contemplation, they travel with an unwearied foot. Crebillon, the celebrated tragic poet, was enamoured of solitude, that he might there indulge, without interruption, in those fine romances with which his imagination teemed. One day when he was in a deep reverie, a friend entered hastily: 'Don't disturb me,' cried the poet, 'I am enjoying a moment of happiness; I am going to hang a villain of a minister and banish another who is an idiot.'

Amongst the anti-poetical may be placed the father of the great monarch of Prussia. George the Second was not more the avowed enemy of the muses. Frederic would not suffer the prince to read verses; and when he was desirous of study, or of the conversation of literary men, he was obliged to do it secretly. Every poet was odious to his majesty. One day, having observed some lines written on one of the doors of the palace, he asked a courtier their signification. They were explained to him; they were latin verses composed by Wachter, a man of letters, then resident at Berlin. The king immediately sent for the

bard, who came warm with the hope of receiving a reward for his ingenuity. He was astonished however to hear the king, in a violent passion, accost him, 'I order you immediately to quit this city and my kingdom.' Wachter took refuge in Hanover. As little indeed was this anti-poetical monarch a friend to philosophers. Two or three such kings might perhaps renovate the ancient barbarism of Europe. Barratier, the celebrated child, was presented to his majesty of Prussia as a progedy of erudition: the king, to mortify our ingenious youth, coldly asked him, 'if he knew the law?' The learned boy was constrained to acknowledge that he knew nothing of law.' 'Go,' was the reply of this Augustus, 'Go, and study it before you give yourself out as a scholar.' Poor Barratier renounces for this pursuit his other studies, and perserved with such ardour, that he became an excellent lawyer at the end of fifteen months; but his exertions cost him at the same time his life!

Every monarch, however, has not proved so destitute of poetic sensibility as this Prussian. Francis I gave repeated marks of his attachment to the favourites of the muses, by composing several occasional sonnets, which are dedicated to their eulogy. Andrelin, a French poet, enjoyed the happy fate of Oppian, to whom the emperor Caracalla counted as many pieces of gold as there were verses in one of his poems; and with great propriety they have been called 'golden verses.' Andrelin when he recited his poem on the conquest of Naples before Charles VIII, received a sack of silver coin, which with difficulty he carried home. Charles IX, says Brantome, loved verses, and recompensed poets, not indeed immediately, but gradually, that they might always be stimulated to excel. He used to say that poets resembled race horses, that must be fed but not fattened, for then they were good for nothing. Marot was so much esteemed by kings, that he was called the poet of princes, and the prince of poets.

In the early state of poetry what honours were paid to its votaries! Ronsard, the French Chaucer, was the first who carried away the prize at the Floral games. This meed of poetic honour was an eglantine composed of silver. The reward did not appear equal to the merit of the work and the reputation of the poet; and on this occasion the city of Toulouse had a Minerva of solid silver struck, of considerable value. This image was sent to Ronsard, accompanied by a decree, in which he was declared, by way of eminence, 'The French poet.'

It is a curious anecdote to add, that when, at a later period, a similar Minerva was adjudged to Maynard for his verses, the Capitouls of Toulouse, who were the executors of the Floral gifts, to their shame, out of covetousness, never obeyed the decision of the poetical judges. This circumstance is noticed by Maynard in an epigram, which bears this title: *On a Minerva of silver, promised but not given.*

The anecdote of Margaret of Scotland (wife of the Dauphin of France,) and Alain the poet, is, perhaps, generally known. Who is not charmed with that fine expression of her poetical sensibility? The person of Alain was repulsive, but his poetry had attracted her affections. Passing through one of the halls of the palace, she saw him sleeping on a bench; she approached and kissed him. Some of her attendants could not conceal their astonishment that she should press with her lips those of a man so frightfully ugly. The amiable princess answered, smiling, 'I did not kiss the man, but the mouth which has uttered so many fine things.'

The great Colbert paid a pretty compliment to Boileau and Racine. This minister, at his villa, was enjoying the conversation of our two poets, when the arrival of a prelate was announced: turning quickly to the servant, he said, 'Let him be shown every thing except myself!'

To such attentions from this great minister, Boileau alludes in these verses:

—Plus d'un grand, m'alma jusques à la tendresse;
Et ma vue à Colbert inspiroit l'allegresse.

Several pious persons have considered it as highly meritable to abstain from the reading of poetry! A good father, in his account of the last hours of Madame Racine, the lady of the celebrated tragic poet, pays high compliments to her religious disposition, which, he says, was so austere, that she would not allow herself to read poetry, as she considered it to be a dangerous pleasure: and he highly commends her for never having read the tragedies of her husband! Arnauld, though so intimately connected with Racine for many years, had not read his compositions. When, at length, he was persuaded to read Phædra, he declared himself to be delighted, but complained that the poet had set a dangerous example, in making the manly Hypolitus dwindle to an effeminate lover. As a critic, Arnauld was right; but Racine had his nation to please. Such persons entertain notions of poetry similar to that of an ancient father, who calls poetry the wine of Satan; or to that of the religious and austere Nicole, who was so ably answered by Racine: he said, that dramatic poets were public poisoners, not of bodies, but of souls.

Poets, it is acknowledged, have foibles peculiar to themselves. They sometimes act in the daily commerce of life, as if every one was concerned in the success of their productions. Poets are too frequently merely poets. Segrais has recorded that the following maxim of Rochefoucault was occasioned by reflecting on the characters of Boileau and Racine. 'It displays,' he writes, 'a great poverty of mind to have only one kind of genius.' On this Segrais observes, and Segrais knew them intimately, that their conversation only turned on poetry; take them from that, and they knew nothing. It was thus with one Du Perrier, a good poet, but very poor. When he was introduced to Pelisson, who wished to be serviceable to him, the minister said, 'In what can he be employed? He is only occupied by his verses.'

All these complaints are not unfounded; yet, perhaps, it is unjust to expect from an excelling artist all the petty accomplishments of frivolous persons, who have studied no art but that of practising on the weaknesses of their friends. The enthusiastic votary, who devotes his days and nights to meditations on his favourite art, will rarely be found that despicable thing, a mere man of the world. Du Bos has justly observed, that men of genius, born for a particular profession, appear inferior to others when they apply themselves to other occupations. That distraction which arises from their continued attention to their ideas renders them awkward in their manners. Such defects are a proof of the activity of genius.

It is a common foible with poets to read their verses to friends. Segrais has ingeniously observed, to use his own words, 'When young I used to please myself in reciting my verses indifferently to all persons; but I perceived when Scarron, who was my intimate friend, used to take his portfolio and read his verses to me, although they were good, I frequently became weary. I then reflected, that those to whom I read mine, and who, for the greater part, had no taste for poetry, must experience the same disagreeable sensation. I resolved for the future to read my verses only to those who entreated me, and to read but a few at a time. We flatter ourselves too much; we conclude that what pleases us must please others. We will have persons indulgent to us, and frequently we will have no indulgence for those who are in want of it.' An excellent hint for young poets, and for those old ones who carry odes and elegies in their pockets, to inflict the pains of the torture on their friends.

The affection which a poet feels for his verses has been frequently extravagant. Bayle, ridiculing that parental tenderness which writers evince for their poetical compositions, tells us, that many have written epitaphs on friends whom they believed on report to have died, could not determine to keep them in their closet, but suffered them to appear in the lifetime of those very friends whose death they celebrated. In another place he says, that such is their infatuation for their productions, that they prefer giving to the public their panegyrics of persons whom afterwards they satirised, rather than suppress the verses which contain those panegyrics. We have many examples of this in the poems, and even in the epistolary correspondence of modern writers. It is customary with most authors, when they quarrel with a person after the first edition of their work, to cancel his eulogies in the next. But poets and letter-writers frequently do not do this; because they are so charmed with the happy turn of their expressions, and other elegancies of composition, that they prefer the praise which they may acquire for their style to the censure which may follow from their inconsistency.

After having given a hint to *young* poets, I shall offer one to *veterans*. It is a common defect with them that they do not know when to quit the muses in their advanced age. Bayle says, 'Poets and orators should be mindful to retire from their occupations, which so peculiarly require the fire of imagination; yet it is but too common to

see them in their career, even in the decline of life. It seems as if they would condemn the public to drink even the lees of their nectar.' Afer and Daurat were both poets who had acquired considerable reputation, but which they overturned when they persisted to write in their old age without vigour and without fancy.

> What crowds of these impenitently bold,
> In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
> They run on poets, in a raging vein,
> E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain:
> Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
> And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
>
> Pope.

It is probable he had Wycherley in his eye when he wrote this. The veteran bard latterly scribbled much indifferent verse; and Pope had freely given his opinion, by which he lost his friendship!

It is still worse when aged poets devote their exhausted talents to *divine poems*, as did Waller; and Milton in his second epic. Such poems, observes Voltaire, are frequently entitled '*sacred poems;*' and *sacred* they are, for no one touches them. From a soil so arid what can be expected but insipid fruits? Corneille told Chevreau several years before his death, that he had taken leave of the theatre, for he had lost his poetical powers with his teeth.

Poets have sometimes displayed an obliquity of taste in their female favourites. As if conscious of the power of ennobling others, some have selected them from the lowest classes, whom having elevated into divinities, they have addressed in the language of poetical devotion. The Chloe of Prior, after all his raptures, was a plump barmaid. Ronsard addressed many of his verses to Miss Cassandra, who followed the same occupation: in one of his sonnets to her, he fills it with a crowd of personages taken from the Iliad, which to the honest girl must have all been extremely mysterious. Colletet, a French bard, married three of his servants. His last lady was called *la belle Claudine*. Ashamed of such menial alliances, he attempted to persuade the world that he had married the tenth muse; and for this purpose published verses in her name. When he died, the vein of Claudine became suddenly dry. She indeed published her 'Adieux to the Muses;' but it was soon discovered that all the verses of this lady, including her 'Adieux,' were the compositions of her husband.

Sometimes, indeed, the ostensible mistresses of poets have no existence; and a slight occasion is sufficient to give birth to one. Racan and Malherbe were one day conversing on their amours; that is, of selecting a lady who should be the object of their verses. Racan named one, and Malherbe another. It happening that both had the same name, Catharine, they passed the whole afternoon in forming it into an anagram. They found three: Arthenice, Eracinthe, and Charinté. The first was preferred; and many a fine ode was written in praise of the beautiful Arthenice!

Poets change their opinions of their own productions wonderfully at different periods of life. Baron Haller was in his youth warmly attached to poetic composition. His house was on fire, and to rescue his poems he rushed through the flames. He was so fortunate as to escape with his beloved manuscripts in his hand. Ten years afterwards he condemned to the flames those very poems which he had ventured his life to preserve.

Satirists, if they escape the scourges of the law, have reason to dread the cane of the satirised. Of this kind we have many anecdotes on record; but none more poignant than the following. Benserade was caned for lampooning the Duke d'Epernon. Some days afterwards he appeared at court, but being still lame from the rough treatment he had received, he was forced to support himself by a cane. A wit, who knew what had passed, whispered the affair to the queen. She, dissembling, asked him if he had the gout? 'Yes, madam,' replied our lame satirist, 'and therefore I make use of a cane.' 'Not so,' interrupted the malignant Bautru, 'Benserade in this imitates those holy martyrs who are always represented with the instrument which occasioned their sufferings.'

ROMANCES.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of Fiction and Love. Men of learning have amused themselves with tracing the epocha of romances; but that erudition is desperate which would fix on the inventor of the first romance: for what originates in nature, who shall hope to detect the shadowy outlines of its beginnings? The Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus appeared in the fourth century; and this elegant prelate was the Grecian Fenelon. It has been prettily said, that posterior romances seem to be the children of the marriage of Theagenes and Chariclea. The Romance of 'The Golden Ass,' by Apuleius, which contains the beautiful tale of 'Cupid and Psyche,' remains unrivalled; while the 'Daphne and Chloe' of Longus, in the old version of Amiot, is inexpressibly delicate, simple, and inartificial, but sometimes offends us, for nature there 'plays her virgin fancies.'

Beautiful as these compositions are, when the imagination of the writer is sufficiently stored with accurate observations on human nature, in their birth, like many of the fine arts, the zealots of an ascetic religion opposed their progress. However Heliodorus may have delighted those who were not insensible to the felicities of a fine imagination, and to the enchanting elegancies of style, he raised himself, among his brother ecclesiastics, enemies, who at length so far prevailed that, in a synod, it was declared that his performance was dangerous to young persons, and that if the author did not suppress it, he must resign his bishoprick. We are told he preferred his romance to his bishoprick. Even so late as in Racine's time it was held a crime to peruse these unhallowed pages. He informs us that the first effusions of his muse were in consequence of studying that ancient romance, which his tutor observing him to devour with the keenness of a famished man, snatched from his hands and flung it in the fire. A second copy experienced the same fate. What could Racine do? He bought a third, and took the precaution of devouring it secretly till he got it by heart; after which he offered it to the pedagogue with a smile, to burn like the others.

The decision of these ascetic bigots was founded in their opinion of the immorality of such works. They alleged that the writers paint too warmly to the imagination, address themselves too forcibly to the passions, and in general, by the freedom of their representations, hover on the borders of indecency. Let it be sufficient, however, to observe, that those who condemned the liberties which these writers take with the imagination, could indulge themselves with the Anacreontic voluptuousness of the wise *Solomon*, when sanctioned by the authority of the church.

The marvellous powers of romance over the human mind is exemplified in this curious anecdote of oriental literature.

Mahomet found they had such an influence over the imaginations of his followers, that he has expressly forbidden them in his Koran; and the reason is given in the following anecdote. An Arabian merchant having long resided in Persia, returned to his own country while the prophet was publishing his Koran. The merchant, among his other riches, had a treasure of romances concerning the Persian heroes. These he related to his delighted countrymen, who considered them to be so excellent, that the legends of the Koran were neglected, and they plainly told the prophet that the 'Persian Tales' were superior to his. Alarmed, he immediately had a visitation from the angel Gabriel, declaring them impious and pernicious, hateful to God and Mahomet. This checked their currency; and all true believers yielded up the exquisite delight of poetic fictions for the insipidity of religious ones. Yet these romances may be said to have outlived the Koran itself; for they have spread into regions which the Koran could never penetrate. Even to this day Colonel Capper, in his travels across the Desert, saw 'Arabians sitting round a fire, listening to their tales with such attention and pleasure, as totally to forget the fatigue and hardship with which an instant before they were entirely overcome.' And Wood, in his journey to Palmyra:—'At night the Arabs sat in a circle drinking coffee, while one of the company diverted the rest by relating a piece of history on the subject of Love or War, or with an extempore tale.'

Mr Ellis has given us 'Specimens of the Early English Metrical Romances,' and Ritson and Weber have printed two collections of them entire, valued by the poetical antiquary. Learned inquirers have traced the origin of romantic fiction to various sources.—From Scandinavia issued forth the giants, dragons, witches, and enchanters. The curious reader will be gratified by 'Illustrations of

Northern Antiquities,' a volume in quarto; where he will find extracts from 'the Book of Heroes' and 'the Nibelungen Lay,' with many other metrical tales from the old German, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic languages. In the East, Arabian fancy bent her Iris of many-softened hues, over a delightful land of fiction; while the Welsh, in their emigration to Britany, are believed to have brought with them their national fables. That subsequent race of minstrels known by the name of *Troubadours* in the South of France, composed their erotic or sentimental poems; and these romancers called *Trouveurs*, or finders in the North of France, culled and compiled their domestic tales or *Fabliaux, Dits, Conte*, or *Lai*. Millot, Sainte Palaye, and Le Grand, have preserved, in their 'Histories of the Troubadours,' their literary compositions. They were a romantic race of ambulatory poets; military and religious subjects their favourite themes; yet bold and satirical on princes, and even on priests: severe moralisers, though libertines in their verse; so refined and chaste in their manners, that few husbands were alarmed at the enthusiastic language they addressed to their wives. The most romantic incidents are told of their loves. But love and its grosser passion were clearly distinguished from each other in their singular intercourse with their 'Dames.' The object of their mind was separated from the object of their senses; the virtuous lady to whom they vowed their hearts was in their language styled '*la dame de ses pensées*,' a very distinct being from their other mistress! Such was the Platonic chimera that charmed in the age of chivalry; the Laura of Petrarch might have been no other than 'the lady of his thoughts.'

From such productions in their improved state poets of all nations have drawn their richest inventions. The agreeable wildness of that fancy which characterised the Eastern nations was often caught by the crusaders. When they returned home, they mingled in their own the customs of each country. The Saracens, being of another religion, brave, desperate, and fighting for their fatherland, were enlarged to their fears, under the tremendous form of *Paynim Giants*, while the reader of that day followed with trembling sympathy the *Red-cross Knight*. Thus fiction embellished religion, and religion invigorated fiction; and such incidents have enlivened the cantos of Ariosto, and adorned the epic of Tasso. Spenser is the child of their creation; and it is certain that we are indebted to them for some of the bold and strong touches of Milton. Our great poet marks his affection for 'these lofty Fables and Romances, among which his young feet wandered.' Collins was bewildered among their magical seductions; and Dr Johnson was enthusiastically delighted by the old Spanish folio romance of 'Felixmarte of Hircania,' and similar works. The most ancient romances were originally composed in verse before they were converted into prose: no wonder that the lacerated members of the poet have been cherished by the sympathy of poetical souls. Don Quixote's was a very agreeable insanity.

The most voluminous of these ancient Romances is Le Roman de Perceforest. I have seen an edition in six small folio volumes, and its author has been called the French Homer by the writers of his age. In the class of romances of chivalry we have several translations in the black-letter. These books are very rare, and their price is as voluminous. It is extraordinary that these writers were so unconscious of their future fame, that not one of their names has travelled down to us. There were eager readers in their days, but not a solitary bibliographer! All these romances now require some indulgence for their prolixity, and their Platonic amours,—but they have not been surpassed in the wildness of their inventions, the ingenuity of their incidents, the simplicity of their style, and their curious manners. Many a Homer lies hid among them; but a celebrated Italian critic suggested to me that many of the fables of Homer are only disguised and degraded in the romances of chivalry. Those who vilify them as only barbarous imitations of classical fancy, condemn them as some do Gothic architecture, as mere corruptions of a purer style: such critics form their decision by preconceived notions; they are but indifferent philosophers, and to us seem to be deficient in magnitude.

As a specimen I select two romantic adventures:—

The title of the extensive romance of Perceforest is, 'The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and delightful history of Perceforest, King of Great Britain, &c.' The most ancient edition is that of 1528. The writers of these Gothic fables, lest they should be considered as mere triflers pretended to an allegorical meaning concealed under the texture of their fable. From the following adventure we learn the power of beauty in making *ten days* appear as *yesterday!* Alexander the great, in search of Perceforest, parts with his knights in an enchanted wood, and each vows they will not remain longer than one night in one place. Alexander, accompanied by a page, arrives at Sebilla's castle, who is a sorceress. He is taken by her witcheries and beauty, and the page, by the lady's maid, falls into the same mistake as his master, who thinks he is there only one night. They enter the castle with deep wounds, and issue perfectly recovered. I transcribe the latter part as a specimen of the manner. When they were once out of the castle, the king said, 'Truly, Floridas, I know not how it has been with me; but certainly Sebilla is a very honourable lady, and very beautiful, and very charming in conversation. Sire, (said Floridas,) it is true; but one thing surprises me:—how is it that our wounds have healed in one night? I thought at least ten or fifteen days were necessary. Truly, said the king, that is astonishing! Now king Alexander met Gadiffer, king of Scotland, and the valiant knight Le Tors. Well, said the king, have ye news of the king of England? Ten days we have hunted him, and cannot find him out. How, said Alexander, did we not separate *yesterday* from each other? In God's name, said Gadiffer, what means your majesty? It is *ten days!* Have a care what you say, cried the king. Sire, replied Gadiffer, it is so; ask Le Tors. On my honour, said Le Tors, the king of Scotland speaks truth. Then, said the king, some of us are enchanted. Floridas, didst thou not think we separated *yesterday?* Truly, truly, your majesty, I thought so! But when I saw our wounds healed in one night, I had some suspicion that we were *enchanted*.'

In the old romance of Melusina, this lovely fairy, though to the world unknown as such, enamoured of Count Raymond, marries him, but first extorts a solemn promise that he will never disturb her on Saturdays. On those days the inferior parts of her body is metamorphosed to that of a mermaid, as a punishment for a former error. Agitated by the malicious insinuations of a friend, his curiosity and his jealousy one day conduct him to the spot she retired to at those times. It was a darkened passage in the dungeon of the fortress. His hand gropes its way till it feels an iron gate oppose it; nor can he discover a single chink, but at length perceives by his touch a loose nail; he places his sword in its head and screws it out. Through this hole he sees Melusina in the horrid form she is compelled to assume. That tender mistress, transformed into a monster bathing in a fount, flashing the spray of the water from a scaly tail! He repents of his fatal curiosity: she reproaches him, and their mutual happiness is for ever lost! The moral design of the tale evidently warns the lover to revere a *Woman's Secret!*

Such are the works which were the favourite amusements of our English court, and which doubtless had a due effect in refining the manners of the age, in diffusing that splendid military genius, and that tender devotion to the fair sex which dazzle us in the reign of Edward III, and through that enchanting labyrinth of History constructed by the gallant Froissart. In one of the revenue rolls of Henry III, there is an entry of 'Silver clasps and studs for his majesty's *great book of Romances*.' Dr Moore observes that the enthusiastic admiration of chivalry which Edward III manifested during the whole course of his reign was probably in some measure owing to his having studied the *clasped book* in his great-grandfather's library.

The Italian romances of the fourteenth century were spread abroad in great numbers. They formed the polite literature of the day. But if it is not permitted to authors freely to express their ideas, and give full play to the imagination, these works must never be placed in the study of the rigid moralist. They, indeed pushed their indelicacy to the verge of grossness, and seemed rather to seek than to avoid scenes, which a modern would blush to describe. They, to employ the expression of one of their authors, were not ashamed to name what God had created. Cinthio, Bandello, and others, but chiefly Boccaccio, rendered libertinism agreeable by the fascinating charms of a polished style and a luxuriant imagination.

This, however, must not be admitted as an apology for immoral works; for poison is not the less poison even when delicious. Such works were, and still continue to be, the favourites of a nation stigmatised for being prone to impure amours. They are still curious in their editions, and are

not parsimonious in their price for what they call an uncastrated copy.* There are many Italians, not literary men, who are in possession of an ample library of these old novelists.

If we pass over the moral irregularities of these romances, we may discover a rich vein of invention, which only requires to be released from that rubbish which disfigures it, to become of an invaluable price. The *Decamerones*, the *Hecatommiti*, and the *Novellas* of these writers, translated into English, made no inconsiderable figure in the little library of our Shakspeare. Chaucer had been a notorious imitator and lover of them. His 'Knight's Tale' is little more than a paraphrase of 'Boccaccio's Teseoide.' Fontaine has caught all their charms with all their licentiousness. From such works, these great poets, and many of their contemporaries, frequently borrowed their plots; not uncommonly kindled at their flame the ardour of their genius; but bending too submissively to the taste of their age, in extracting the ore they have not purified it of the alloy. The origin of these tales must be traced to the inventions of the Trouveurs, who doubtless often adopted them from various nations. Of these tales, Le Grand has printed a curious collection; and of the writers Mr Ellis observes, in his preface to 'Way's Fabliaux,' that the authors of the 'Cento Novelle Antiche,' Boccaccio, Bandello, Chaucer, Gower,—in short, the writers of all Europe, have probably made use of the inventions of the elder fablers. They have borrowed their general outlines, which they have filled up with colours of their own, and have exercised their ingenuity in varying the drapery, in combining the groups, and in forming them into more regular and animated pictures.

We now turn to the French romances of the last century, called heroic, from the circumstance of their authors adopting the name of some hero. The manners are the modern-antique; and the characters are of a sort of beings made out of the old epical, the Arcadian pastoral, and the Parisian sentimentality and affectation of the days of Voiture. The Astrea of D'Urfé greatly contributed to their perfection. As this work is founded on several curious circumstances, it shall be the subject of the following article; for it may be considered as a literary curiosity. The Astrea was followed by the illustrious Bassa, Artamene, or the Great Cyrus, Clelia, &c, which, though not adapted to the present age, once gave celebrity to their authors; and the Great Cyrus, in ten volumes, passed through five or six editions. Their style, as well as that of the Astrea, is diffuse and languid; yet Zaide, and the Princess of Cleves, are master-pieces of the kind. Such works formed the first studies of Rousseau, who, with his father, would sit up all night, till warned by the chirping of the swallows how foolishly they had spent it! Some incidents in his Nouvelle Heloise have been retraced to these sources; and they certainly entered greatly into the formation of his characters.

Such romances at length were regarded as pernicious to good sense, taste, and literature. It was in this light they were considered by Boileau, after he had indulged in them in his youth.

A celebrated Jesuit pronounced an oration against these works. The rhetorician exaggerates, and hurls his thunders on flowers. He entreats the magistrates not to suffer foreign romances to be scattered amongst the people, but to lay on them heavy penalties as on prohibited goods; and represents this prevailing taste as being more pestilential than the plague itself. He has drawn a striking picture of a family devoted to romance reading; he there describes women occupied day and night with their perusal; children just escaped from the lap of their nurse grasping in their little hands the fairy tales; and a country squire seated in an old arm-chair, reading to his family the most wonderful passages of the ancient works of chivalry.

These romances went out of fashion with our square-cocked hats; they had exhausted the patience of the public, and from them sprung Novels. They attempted to allure attention by this inviting title, and reducing their works from ten to two volumes. The name of romance, including imaginary heroes and extravagant passions, disgusted; and they substituted scenes of domestic life, and touched our common feelings by pictures of real nature. Heroes were not now taken from the throne: they were sometimes even sought after amongst the lowest ranks of the people. Scarron seems to allude sarcastically to this degradation of the heroes of Fiction: for in hinting at a new comic history he had projected, he tells us that he gave it up suddenly, because he had 'heard that his hero had just been hanged at Mans.'

Novels, as they were long *manufactured*, form a library of illiterate authors for illiterate readers; but as they are *created* by genius, are precious to the philosopher. They paint the character of an individual or the manners of the age more perfectly than any other species of composition: it is in novels we observe as it were passing under our own eyes the refined frivolity of the French; the gloomy and disordered sensibility of the German; and the petty intrigues of the modern Italian in some Venetian Novels. We have shown the world that we possess writers of the first order in this delightful province of Fiction and of Truth; for every Fiction invented naturally must be true. After the abundant invective poured on this class of books, it is time to settle for ever the controversy, by asserting that these works of fiction are among the most instructive of every polished nation, and must contain all the useful truths of human life, if composed with genius. They are pictures of the passions, useful to our youth to contemplate. That acute philosopher, Adam Smith, has given an opinion most favourable to Novels. 'The poets and romance writers who best paint the refinements and delicacies of love and friendship, and of all other private and domestic affections, Racine and Voltaire, Richardson, Marivaux, and Riccoboni, are in this case much better instructors than Zeno, Chrysippus, or Epictetus.'

The history of romances has been recently given by Mr Dunlop, with many pleasing details; but this work should be accompanied by the learned Lenglet du Fresnoy's Bibliotheque des Romans, published under the name of M. le C. Gordon de Percel; which will be found useful for immediate reference for titles, dates, and a copious catalogue of romances and novels to the year 1734.

THE ASTREA.

I bring the Astrea forwards to point out the ingenious manner by which a fine imagination can veil the common incidents of life, and turn whatever it touches into gold.

Honoré D'Urfé was the descendant of an illustrious family. His brother Anne married Diana of Chateaumorand, the wealthy heiress of another great house. After a marriage of no less duration than twenty-two years, this union was broken by the desire of Anne himself, for a cause which the delicacy of Diana had never revealed. Anne then became an ecclesiastic. Some time afterwards, Honoré, desirous of retaining the great wealth of Diana in the family, addressed this lady, and married her. This union, however, did not prove fortunate. Diana, like the goddess of that name, was a huntress, continually surrounded by her dogs.—They dined with her at table, and slept with her in bed.—This insupportable nuisance could not be patiently endured by the elegant Honoré. He was also disgusted with the barrenness of the huntress Diana, who was only delivered every year of abortions. He separated from her, and retired to Piedmont, where he passed his remaining days in peace, without feeling the thorns of marriage and ambition rankling in his heart. In this retreat he composed his Astrea; a pastoral romance, which was the admiration of Europe during half a century. It forms a striking picture of human life, for the incidents are facts beautifully concealed. They relate the amours and gallantries of the court of Henry IV. The personages in the Astrea display a rich invention; and the work might be still read, were it not for those wire-drawn and languishing conversations, or rather disputations, which they then introduced into romances. In a modern edition of this work, by the Abbé Souchai, he has *curtailed* these tiresome dialogues; the work still consists of ten duodecimo volumes.

Patru, when a youth, visited Honoré in his retirement, and collected from him with some difficulty a few explanations of those circumstances which he had concealed under a veil of fiction.

In this romance, Celidée, to cure the unfortunate Celidon, and to deprive Thamire at the same time of every reason for jealousy, tears her face with a pointed diamond, and disfigures it in so cruel a manner, that she excites horror in the breast of Thamire; who so ardently admires this exertion of virtue, that he loves her, hideous as she is

* Cinthio's Novels, in two very thick volumes 12mo, are commonly sold at the price of five or six guineas. Bandello is equally high; and even in Pope's time it appears by the correspondence of Lady Pomfret, that a copy sold at fifteen guineas.

represented, still more than when she was most beautiful. Heaven, to be just, to these two lovers, restores the beauty of Celidée; which is effected by a sympathetic powder. This romantic incident is thus explained: One of the French princes (Celidon,) when he returned from Italy, treated with coldness his admirable princess (Celidée); this was the effect of his violent passion, which had now become jealousy. The coolness subsisted till the prince was imprisoned, for state affairs, in the woods of Vincennes. The princess, with the permission of the court, followed him into his confinement. This proof of her love soon brought back the wandering heart and affections of the prince. The small-pox seized her; which is the pointed diamond, and the dreadful disfigurement of her face. She was so fortunate as to escape being marked by this disease; which is meant by the sympathetic powder. This trivial incident is happily turned into the marvellous: that a wife should choose to be imprisoned with her husband is not singular; to escape being marked by the small-pox happens every day; but to romance, as he has done, on such common circumstances, is beautiful and ingenious.

D'Urfé, when a boy, is said to have been enamoured of Diana; this indeed has been questioned. D'Urfé, however, was sent to the island of Malta to enter into that order of knighthood; and in his absence Diana was married to Anne. What an affliction for Honoré on his return, to see her married, and to his brother! His affection did not diminish, but he concealed it in respectful silence. He had some knowledge of his brother's unhappiness, and on this probably founded his hopes. After several years, during which the modest Diana had uttered no complaint, Anne declared himself; and shortly afterwards Honoré, as we have noticed, married Diana. A

Our author has described the parties under this false appearance of marriage. He assumes the names of Celadon and Sylvander, and gives Diana those of Astrea and Diana. He is Sylvander and she Astrea while she is married to Anne; and he Celadon and she Diana when the marriage is dissolved. Sylvander is represented always as a lover who sighs secretly; nor does Diana declare her passion till overcome by the long sufferings of her faithful shepherd. For this reason Astrea and Diana, as well as Sylvander and Celadon, go together, prompted by the same despair, to the Fountain of the Truth of Love.

Sylvander is called an unknown shepherd, who has no other wealth than his flock: because our author was the youngest of his family, or rather a knight of Malta, who possessed nothing but honour.

Celadon in despair throws himself into a river; this refers to his voyage to Malta. Under the name of Alexis he displays the friendship of Astrea for him, and all those innocent freedoms which passed between them as relatives; from this circumstance he has contrived a difficulty inimitably delicate.

Something of passion is to be discovered in these expressions of friendship. When Alexis assumes the name of Celadon, he calls that love which Astrea had mistaken for fraternal affection. This was the trying moment. For though she loved him, she is rigorous in her duty and honour. She says, 'what will they think of me if I unite myself to him, after permitting, for so many years, those familiarities which a brother may have taken with a sister, with me, who knew that in fact I remained unmarried?'

How she got over this nice scruple does not appear; it was, however, for a long time a great obstacle to the felicity of our author. There is an incident which shows the purity of this married virgin, who was fearful the liberties she allowed Celadon might be ill construed. Phillis tells the druid Adamas, that Astrea was seen sleeping by the Fountain of the Truth of Love, and that the unicorns which guarded those waters were observed to approach her and lay their heads on her lap. According to fable, it is one of the properties of these animals never to approach any female but a maiden; at this strange difficulty our druid remains surprised; while Astrea has thus given an incontrovertible proof of her purity.

The history of Philander is that of the elder D'Urfé. None but boys disguised as girls, and girls as boys, appear in the history. It was in this manner he concealed, without offending modesty, the defect of his brother. To mark the truth of this history, when Philander is disguised as a woman, while he converses with Astrea of his love, he frequently alludes to his misfortune, although in another sense.

Philander, ready to expire, will die with the glorious name of the husband of Astrea. He entreats her to grant him this favour; she accords it to him, and swears before the gods that she receives him in her heart for her husband. The truth is, he enjoyed nothing but the name. Philander dies too, in combating with a hideous Moor, which is the personification of his conscience, and which at length compelled him to quit so beautiful an object, and one so worthy of being eternally beloved.

The gratitude of Sylvander, on the point of being sacrificed, represents the consent of Honoré's parents to dissolve his vow of celibacy, and unite him to Diana; and the druid Adamas represents the ecclesiastical power. The Fountain of the Truth of Love is that of marriage; the unicorns are the symbols of that purity which should ever guard it; and the flaming eyes of the lions, which are also there, represent those inconveniences attending marriage, but over which a faithful passion easily triumphs.

In this manner has our author disguised his own private history; and blended in his works a number of little amours which passed at the court of Henry the Great. I might proceed in explaining these allegories; but what I have noticed will be sufficient to give an idea of the ingenuity of the author.

Fontenelle, in his introduction to his Eclogues, has made a pretty comparison of this species of pastoral romance with that of chivalry, which turned the brain of Don Quixote. When he reads the inimitable acts of Amadis, so many castles forced, giants hacked, magicians confounded, he does not regret that these are only fables; but he adds, when I read the Astrea, where in a softened repose love occupies the minds of amiable heroes, where love decides on their fate, where wisdom itself preserves so little of its rigid air, that it becomes a zealous partisan of love, even to Adamas, the sovereign druid, I then grieve that it is only a romance!

POETS LAUREAT.

The present article is a sketch of the history of Poets Laureat, from a memoir of the French Academy, by the Abbé Resnel.

The custom of crowning poets is as ancient as poetry itself; it has indeed frequently varied; it existed, however, as late as the reign of Theodosius, when it was abolished as a remain of paganism.

When the barbarians overspread Europe, few appeared to merit this honour, and fewer who could have read their works. It was about the time of Petrarch, that Poetry resumed its ancient lustre; he was publicly honoured with the Laurel Crown. It was in this century (the thirteenth) that the establishment of Bachelor and Doctor, was fixed in the universities. Those who were found worthy of the honour obtained the *laurel of Bachelor*, or *the laurel of Doctor; Laurea Baccalaureatus; Laurea Doctoratus.* At their reception they not only assumed this *title*, but they also had a *crown of laurel* placed on their heads.

To this ceremony the ingenious writer attributes the revival of the custom. The *poets* were not slow in putting in their claims to what they had most right; and their patrons sought to encourage them by these honourable distinctions.

The following *formula* is the exact style of those which are yet employed in the universities to confer the degree of Bachelor and Doctor, and serves to confirm the conjecture of Resnel.

'We, count and senator,' (Count d'Anguillara, who bestowed the laurel on Petrarch) 'for us and our College, declare Francis Petrarch, great poet and historian, and for a special mark of his quality of poet, we have placed with our hands on his head a *crown of laurel*, granting to him, by the tenor of these presents, and by the authority of King Robert, of the senate and the people of Rome, in the poetic, as well as in the historic art, and generally in whatever relates to the said arts, as well in this holy city as elsewhere, the free and entire power of reading, disputing, and interpreting all ancient books, to make new ones, and compose poems, which, God assisting, shall endure from age to age.'

In Italy these honours did not long flourish; although Tasso dignified the laurel crown by his acceptance of it. Many got crowned who were unworthy of the distinction. The laurel was even bestowed on Querno, whose character is given in the Dunciad:

'Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.'
Canto II.

This man was made laureate, for the joke's sake; his poetry was inspired by his cups, a kind of poet who came in with the dessert; and he recited twenty thousand verses. He was rather the *arch-buffoon* than the *arch-poet* to Leo X, though honoured with the latter title. They invented for him a new kind of laureated honour, and in the intermixture of the foliage raised to Apollo, slily inserted the vine and the cabbage leaves, which he evidently deserved, from his extreme dexterity in clearing the pontiff's dishes and emptying his goblets.

Urban VIII had a juster and more elevated idea of the children of Fancy. It appears that he possessed much poetic sensibility. Of him it is recorded, that he wrote a letter to Chiabrera to felicitate him on the success of his poetry: letters written by a pope were then an honour only paid to crowned heads. One is pleased also with another testimony of his elegant dispositions. Charmed with a poem which Bracciolini presented to him, he gave him the surname of DELLE-APE, of the bees; which were the arms of this amiable pope. He, however, never crowned these favourite bards with the laurel, which, probably, he deemed unworthy of them.

In Germany the laureate honours flourished under the reign of Maximilian the First. He founded in 1504 a poetical College at Vienna; reserving to himself and the regent the power of bestowing the laurel. But the institution, notwithstanding this well-concerted scheme, fell into disrepute, owing to a crowd of claimants who were fired with the rage of versifying, and who, though destitute of poetic talents, had the laurel bestowed on them. Thus it became a prostituted honour; and satires were incessantly levelled against the usurpers of the crown of Apollo: it seems, notwithstanding, always to have had charms in the eyes of the Germans, who did not reflect, as the Abbé elegantly expresses himself, that it faded when it passed over so many heads.

The Emperor of Germany retains the laureateship in all its splendour. The select bard is called *Il Poeta Cesareo*. Apostolo Zeno, as celebrated for his erudition as for his poetic powers, was succeeded by that most enchanting poet, Metastasio.

The French never had a *Poet Laureate*, though they had *Regal Poets*; for none were ever solemnly crowned. The Spanish nation, always desirous of titles of honour, seem to have known the *Laureate*; but little information concerning it can be gathered from their authors.

Representing our own country little can be said but what is mentioned by Selden. John Kay, who dedicated a History of Rhodes to Edward IV, takes the title of his *humble Poet Laureate*. Gower and Chaucer were laureates; so was likewise the rhyming Skelton of Henry VIII. In the Acts of Rymer, there is a character of Henry VII with the title of *pro Poeta Laureato*.

It does not appear that our poets were ever solemnly crowned as in other countries. Selden, after all his recondite researches, is satisfied with saying, that some trace of this distinction is to be found in our nation. It is, however, certain that our kings from time immemorial have placed a miserable dependant in their household appointment, who was sometimes called the *King's poet*, and the *King's versificator*. It is probable that at length the selected bard assumed the title of *Poet Laureat*, without receiving the honours of the ceremony; or at the most, the *crown of laurel* was a mere obscure custom practised at our universities, and not attended with great public distinction. It was oftener placed on the skull of a pedant than wreathed on the head of a man of genius.

ANGELO POLITIAN.

Angelo Politian, an Italian, was one of the most polished writers of the fifteenth century. Baillet has placed him amongst his celebrated children; for he was a writer at twelve years of age. The Muses indeed cherished him in his cradle, and the Graces hung round it their most beautiful wreaths. When he became professor of the Greek language, such were the charms of his lectures, that one Chalcondylas, a native of Greece, saw himself abandoned by his pupils, who resorted to the delightful disquisitions of the elegant Politian. Critics of various nations have acknowledged that his poetical versions have frequently excelled the originals. This happy genius was lodged in a most unhappy form; nor were his morals untainted: it is only in his literary compositions that he appears perfect.

Monnoye, in his edition of the Menagiana, as a specimen of his Epistles, gives a translation of the letter, which serves as prefatory and dedicatory; and has accompanied it by a commentary. The letter is replete with literature, though void of pedantry; a barren subject is embellished by its happy turns. It is addressed to his patron Monsignor Pietro de Medicis; and was written about a month before the writer's death. Perhaps no author has so admirably defended himself from the incertitude of criticism and the fastidiousness of critics. His wit and his humour are delicate; and few compositions are sprinkled with such Attic salt.

MY LORD!

You have frequently urged me to collect my letters, to revise and to publish them in a volume. I have now gathered them, that I might not omit any mark of that obedience which I owe to him, on whom I rest all my hopes, and all my prosperity. I have not, however, collected them all, because that would have been a more laborious task, than to have gathered the scattered leaves of the Sibyl. It was never, indeed, with an intention of forming my letters into one body that I wrote them, but merely as occasion prompted, and as the subjects presented themselves without seeking for them. I never retained copies except of a few, which less fortunate, I think, than the others, were thus favoured for the sake of the verses they contained. To form, however a tolerable volume, I have also inserted some written by others, but only those with which several ingenious scholars favoured me, and which, perhaps, may put the reader in good humour with my own.

There is one thing for which some will be inclined to censure me; the style of my letters is very unequal; and, to confess the truth, I did not find myself always in the same humour, and the same modes of expression were not adapted to every person and every topic. They will not fail then to observe, when they read such a diversity of letters (I mean if they do read them) that I have composed not epistles, but (once more) miscellanies.

I hope, my Lord, notwithstanding this, that amongst such a variety of opinions, of those who write letters, and of those who give precepts how letters should be written, I shall find some apology. Some, probably, will deny that they are Ciceronian. I can answer such, and not without good authority, that in epistolary composition we must not regard Cicero as a model. Another perhaps will say, that I imitate Cicero. And him I will answer by observing, that I wish nothing better, than to be capable of grasping something of this great man, were it but his shadow!

Another will wish that I had borrowed a little from the manner of Pliny the orator, because his profound sense and accuracy were greatly esteemed. I shall oppose him by expressing my contempt of all the writers of the age of Pliny. If it should be observed, that I have imitated the manner of Pliny, I shall then screen myself by what Sidonius Apollinaris, an author who is by no means disreputable, says in commendation of his epistolary style.—Do I resemble Symmachus? I shall not be sorry, for they distinguish his openness and conciseness. Am I considered in no wise resembling him? I shall confess that I am not pleased with his dry manner.

Will my letters be condemned for their length? Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, and Cicero, have all written long ones. Will some of them be criticised for their brevity? I allege in my favour the examples of Dion, Brutus Apollonius Philostratus, Marcus Antonius, Alciphron, Julian, Symmachus, and also Lucian, who vulgarly, but falsely, is believed to have been Phalaris.

I shall be censured for having treated of topics which are not generally considered as proper for epistolary composition. I admit this censure, provided while I am condemned, Seneca also shares in the condemnation. Another will not allow of a sententious manner in my letters; I will still justify myself by Seneca. Another, on the contrary, desires abrupt sententious periods; Dyonysius shall answer him for me, who maintains, that pointed sentences should not be admitted into letters.

Is my stylo too perspicuous? It is precisely that which Philostratus admires. Is it obscure? Such is that of Cicero to Atticus. Negligent? An agreeable negligence in letters is more graceful than elaborate ornaments. Laboured? Nothing can be more proper, since we send epistles to our friends as a kind of presents. If they display too nice an arrangement, the Halicarnassian shall vindicate me. If there is none; Artemon says there should be none.

Now as a good and pure Latinity has its peculiar taste, its manners, and (to express myself thus) its Atticisms; if in this sense a letter shall be found not sufficiently Attic, so much the better; for what was Herod the sophist censured? but that having been born an Athenian, he affected too much to appear one in his language. Should a letter seem too Attical; still better, since it was by discovering Theophrastus, who was no Athenian, that a good old woman of Athens laid hold of a word, and shamed him.

Shall one letter be found not sufficiently serious? I love to jest. Or is it too grave? I am pleased with gravity. Is another full of figures? Letters being the images of discourse, figures have the effect of graceful action in conversation. Are they deficient in figures? This is just what characterises a letter, this want of figures! Does it discover the genius of the writer? This frankness is recommended. Does it conceal it? The writer did not think proper to paint himself; and it is one requisite in a letter, that it should be void of ostentation. You express yourself, some one will observe, in common terms on common topics, and in new terms on new topics. The style is thus adapted to the subject. No, no, he will answer; it is in common terms you express new ideas, and in new terms common ideas. Very well! It is because I have not forgotten an ancient Greek precept which expressly recommends this.

It is thus by attempting to be ambidexterous I try to ward off attacks. My critics will however criticise me as they please. It will be sufficient for me, my Lord, to be assured of having satisfied you, by my letters, if they are good; or by my obedience, if they are not so.

Florence, 1494.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the Cottonian Library, Vespasian, F. III, is preserved a letter written by Queen Elizabeth (then Princess) to her sister Queen Mary. It appears, by this epistle, that Mary had desired to have her picture; and in gratifying the wishes of her majesty, Elizabeth accompanies the present with the following elaborate letter. It bears no date of the *year* in which it was written; but her place of residence is marked to be at Hatfield. There she had retired to enjoy the silent pleasures of a studious life, and to be distant from the dangerous politics of the time. When Mary died Elizabeth was as Hatfield; the letter must have been written shortly before this circumstance took place. She was at the time of its composition in habitual intercourse with the most excellent writers of antiquity; her letter displays this in every part of it; it is polished and repolished. It has also the merit of now being first published.

LETTER.

'Like as the riche man that dayly gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a greate sort til it come to infinit, so me thinkes, your Maiestie not beinge suffised with many benefits and gentilnes shewed to me afore this time, dothe now increase them in askinge and desiring wher you may bid and commaunde, requiring a thinge not worthy the desiringe for it selfe, but made worthy for your highness request. My pictur I mene, in wiche if the inward good mynde towarde your grace might as wel be declared as the outwarde face and countenance shal be seen, I wold not haue tarled the comandement but prevent it, nor haue bine the last to graunt but the first to offer it. For the face, I graunt, I mite wel blusche to offer, but the mynde I shal neur be ashamed to present. For thogth from the grace of the pictur, the coulers may fade by time, may giue by wether, may be spotted by chance, yet the other nor time with her swift winges shall ouertake, nor the mistie cloudes with their loweringes may darken, nor chance with her slipery fote may overthrow. Of this althogth yet the profe could not be greate because the occasions hathe bine but smal, notwithstandinge as a dog hathe a day, so may I perchaunce haue time to declare it in dides wher now I do write them but in wordes. And further I shall most humbly beseche your Maiestie that whan you shal loke on my pictur you wil witsafe to thinke that as you haue but the outwarde shadow of the body afore you, so my inward minde wischeth, that the body itselfe wer oftener in your presence; howbeit bicause bothe my so beinge I thinke coulde do your Maiestie litel pleasure thogth my selfe great good, and againe bicause I se as yet not the time ageing thereuto, I shal lerne to folow this sainge of Orace, Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest. And thus I wil (trobliuge your Maiestie I fere) ende with my most humble thankes, besechinge God longe to preserue you to his honour, to your cofort, to the realmes profit, and to my joy. From Hatfilde this 1 day of May.

Your Maiesties most humbly Sistar
and Seruante.

ELIZABETH

ANNE BULLEN.

That minute detail of circumstances frequently found in writers of the history of their own times is more interesting than the elegant and general narratives of later, and probably of more philosophical historians. It is in the artless recitals of memoir-writers, that the imagination is struck with a lively impression, and fastens on petty circumstances which must be passed over by the classical historian. The writings of Brantome, Comines, Froissart, and others, are dictated by their natural feelings: while the passions of modern writers are temperate with dispassionate philosophy, or inflamed by the virulence of faction. History instructs, but Memoirs delight. These prefatory observations may serve as an apology for Anecdotes, which are gathered from obscure corners, on which the dignity of the historian must not dwell.

In Houssaie's *Memoires*, Vol. I, p. 435, a little circumstance is recorded concerning the decapitation of the unfortunate Anne Bullen, which illustrates an observation of Hume. Our historian notices that her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to have uncommon skill; it is probable that the following incident might have been preserved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himself.—Anne Bullen being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying, that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at her execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and mild glances; fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently: while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Bullen.

'The common Executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon.' Shakspeare.

JAMES I.

It was usual, in the reign of James the First, when they compared it with the preceding glorious one, to distinguish him by the title of *Queen James*, and his illustrious predecessor by that of *King Elizabeth!* Sir Anthony Weldon informs us, 'that when James the First sent Sir Roger Aston as his messenger to Elizabeth, Sir Roger was always placed in the lobby: the hangings being turned so that he might see the queen dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master, by her youthful disposition, how likely he was to come to the crown he so much thirsted after;'—and indeed, when at her death this same knight, whose origin was low, and whose language was suitable to that origin, appeared before the English council, he could not conceal his Scottish rapture, for, asked how the king did? he replied, 'even, my lords, like a poore man wandering about forty years in a wildernesse and barren soyle, and now arrived at the *Land of Promise*.' A curious anecdote, respecting the economy of the court in these reigns, is noticed in some manuscript memoirs written in James's reign, preserved

in a family of distinction. The lady, who wrote these memoirs, tells us that a great change had taken place in *cleanliness*, since the last reign; for having rose from her chair, she found, on her departure, that she had the honour of carrying *upon* her some companions who must have been inhabitants of the palace. The court of Elizabeth was celebrated occasionally for its magnificence, and always for its nicety. James was singularly effeminate; he could not behold a drawn sword without shuddering; was much too partial to handsome men; and appears to merit the bitter satire of Churchill. If wanting other proofs, we should only read the second volume of 'Royal Letters,' 6987, in the Harleian collections, which contains Stenie's correspondence with James. The gross familiarity of Buckingham's address is couched in such terms as these: —he calls his majesty 'Dere dad and Gossope!' and concludes his letters with 'your humble slaue and dogge, Stenie.' He was a most weak, but not quite a vicious man; yet his expertness in the art of dissimulation was very great indeed. He called this *King-Craft*. Sir Anthony Weldon gives a lively anecdote of this dissimulation in the king's behaviour to the Earl of Somerset at the very moment he had prepared to disgrace him. The earl accompanied the king to Royston, and, to his apprehension, never parted from him with more seeming affection, though the king well knew he should never see him more. 'The earl when he kissed his hand, the king hung about his neck, slabbering his cheeks, saying—for God's sake, when shall I see thee again? On my soul I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again. The earl told him on Monday (this being on the Friday.) For God's sake let me, said the king:—Shall I, shall I?—then lolled about his neck;—then for God's sake give thy lady this kisse for me, in the same manner at the stayre's head, at the middle of the stayres, and at the stayre's foot. The earl was not in his coach when the king used these very words (in the hearing of four servants, one of whom reported it instantly to the author of this history,) "I shall never see his face more."'

He displayed great imbecility in his amusements, which are characterised by the following one, related by Arthur Wilson.—When James became melancholy in consequence of various disappointments in state matters, Buckingham and his mother used several means of diverting him. Amongst the most ludicrous was the present.—They had a young lady, who brought a pig in the dress of a new-born infant: the countess carried it to the king, wrapped in a rich mantle. One Turpin, on this occasion, was dressed like a bishop in all his pontifical ornaments. He began the rites of baptism with the common prayer-book in his hand; a silver ewer with water was held by another. The marquis stood as godfather. When James turned to look at the infant, the pig squeaked: an animal which he greatly abhorred. At this, highly displeased, he exclaimed,—'Out! Away for shame! What blasphemy is this!'

This ridiculous joke did not accord with the feelings of James at that moment; he was not 'i' the vein.' Yet we may observe, that had not such artful politicians as Buckingham and his mother been strongly persuaded of the success of this puerile fancy, they would not have ventured on such 'blasphemies.' They certainly had witnessed amusements heretofore not less trivial, which had gratified his majesty. The account which Sir Anthony Weldon gives, in his Court of King James, exhibits a curious scene of James's amusements. 'After the king supped, he would come forth to see pastimes and fooleries; in which Sir Ed Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Finit, were the chiefe and master fools, and surely this fooling got them more than any others' wisdome: Zouch's part was to sing bawdy songs, and tell bawdy tales; Finit's to compose these songs: there was a set of fiddlers brought to court on purpose for this fooling, and Goring was master of the game for fooleries, sometimes presenting David Droman and Archee Armstrong, the kinge's foole, on the back of the other fools, to tilt one at another, till they fell together by the eares; sometimes they performed antick dances. But Sir John Millicent (who was never known before) was commended for notable fooling; and was indeed the best *extemporary foole* of them all.' Weldon's 'Court of James' is a scandalous chronicle of the times.

His dispositions were, however, generally grave and studious. He seems to have possessed a real love of letters, but attended with that mediocrity of talent which in a private person had never raised him into notice. 'While there was a chance,' writes the author of the Catalogue of Noble Authors, 'that the dyer's son, Vorstius, might be divinity-professor at Leyden, instead of being burnt, as his majesty hinted *to the Christian prudence* of the Dutch that he deserved to be, our ambassadors could not receive instructions, and consequently could not treat, on any other business. The king, who did not resent the massacre at Amboyna, was on the point of breaking with the States for supporting a man who professed the heresies of Enjedius, Ostodorus, &c, points of extreme consequence to Great Britain! Sir Dudley Carleton was forced to threaten the Dutch, not only with the hatred of King James, but also with his pen.

This royal pedant is forcibly characterised by the following observations of the same writer:

'Among his majesty's works is a small collection of poetry. Like several of his subjects, our royal author has condescended to apologize for its imperfections, as having been written in his youth, and his maturer age being otherwise occupied. So that (to employ his own language) when his ingyne and age could, his affaires and fascherie would not permit him to correct them, scarslie but at stolen moments, he having the leisure to blenk upon any paper.' When James sent a present of his harangues, turned into Latin, to the protestant princes in Europe, it is not unentertaining to observe in their answers of compliments and thanks, how each endeavoured of insinuate that he had read them, without positively asserting it! Buchanan, when asked how he came to make a pedant of his royal pupil, answered, that it was the best he could make of him. Sir George Mackenzie relates a story of his tutelage, which shows Buchanan's humour, and the veneration of others for royalty. 'The young king being one day at play with his fellow pupil, the master of Erskine, Buchanan was reading, and desired them to make less noise. As they disregarded his admonition, he told his majesty, if he did not hold his tongue, he would certainly whip his breech.

The king replied, he would be glad to see who would *bell the cat*, alluding to the fable. Buchanan lost his temper, and throwing his book from him, gave his majesty a sound flogging. The old Countess of Mar rushed into the room, and taking the king in her arms, asked how he dared to lay his hands on the lord's annointed? Madam, replied the elegant and immortal historian, I have whipped his a——, you may kiss it if you please!"

Many years after this was published, I discovered a curious anecdote:—Even so late as when James I was seated on the throne of England, once the appearance of his *frowning tutor in a dream* greatly agitated the king, who in vain attempted to pacify his illustrious pedagogue in this portentous vision. Such was the terror which the remembrance of this inexorable republican tutor had left on the imagination of his royal pupil.*

James I, was suddenly a zealous votary of literature; his wish was sincere, when at viewing the Bodleian Library at Oxford, he exclaimed, 'were I not a king I would be an university man; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would have no other prison than this library, and be chained together with these good authors.'

Hume has informed us, that 'his death was decent.' The following are the minute particulars; I have drawn them from an imperfect manuscript collection, made by the celebrated Sir Thomas Browne:

'The lord keeper, on March 22, received a letter from the court, that it was feared his majesty's sickness was dangerous to death; which fear was more confirmed, for he, meeting Dr Harvey in the road, was told by him that the king used to have a beneficial evacuation of nature, a sweating in his left arm, as helpful to him as any fontainel could be, which of late failed.

'When the lord keeper presented himself before him, he moved to cheerful discourse, but it would not do. He staid by his bed-side until midnight. Upon the consultations of the physicians in the morning he was out of comfort, and by the prince's leave told him, kneeling by his pallet, that his days to come would be but few in this world.—"*I am satisfied*," said the king; but pray you assist me to make me ready for the next world, to go away hence for Christ, whose mercies I call for and hope to find."

'From that time the keeper never left him, or put off his cloaths to go to bed. The king took the communion, and

* See the manuscript letter whence I drew this curious information in 'An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I. p. 61.

professed he died in the bosom of the Church of England, whose doctrine he had defended with his pen, being persuaded it was according to the mind of Christ, as he should shortly answer it before him.

'He staid in the chamber to take notice of every thing the king said, and to repulse those who crept much about the chamber door, and into the chamber; they were for the most addicted to the Church of Rome. Being rid of them, he continued in prayer, while the king lingered on, and at last *shut his eyes with his own hands*.'

Thus in the full powers of his faculties, a timorous prince encountered the horrors of dissolution. *Religion* rendered cheerful the abrupt night of futurity; and what can *philosophy* do more, or rather can philosophy do as much?

I proposed to have examined with some care the works of James I,—but that uninviting task has been now postponed till it is too late. As a writer his works may not be valuable, and are infected with the pedantry and the superstition of the age; yet I *suspect* that James was not that degraded and feeble character in which he ranks by the contagious voice of criticism. He has had more critics than readers. After a great number of acute observations and witty allusions, made extempore, which we find continually recorded of him by contemporary writers, and some not friendly to him, I conclude that he possessed a great promptness of wit, and much solid judgment and acute ingenuity. It requires only a little labour to prove this.

That labour I have since zealously performed. This article, composed *thirty years* ago, displays the effects of first impressions, and popular clamours. About *ten* years I *suspected* that his character was grossly injured, and *lately* I found how it has suffered from a variety of causes. That monarch preserved for us a peace of more than twenty years; and his talents were of a higher order than the calumnies of the party who degraded him have allowed a common inquirer to discover. For the rest I must refer the reader to 'An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I;' where, though I have there introduced a variety of irrelevant topics, the reader may find many correctives for this article.

GENERAL MONK AND HIS WIFE.

From the same MS collection of Sir Thomas Browne, I shall rescue another anecdote, which has a tendency to show that it is not advisable to permit ladies to remain at home, when political plots are to be secretly discussed. And while it displays the treachery of Monk's wife, it will also appear that, like other great revolutionists, it was ambition that first induced him to become the reformer he pretended to be.

'Monk gave fair promises to the Rump, but last agreed with the French Ambassador to take the government on himself; by whom he had a promise from Mazarin of assistance from France. This bargain was struck late at night: but not so secretly but that Monk's wife, who had posted herself conveniently behind the hangings, finding what was resolved upon, sent her brother Clarges away immediately with notice of it to Sir A. A. She had promised to watch her husband, and inform Sir A. how matters went. Sir A. caused the Council of state, whereof he was a member, to be summoned, and charged Monk that he was playing false. The general insisted that he was true to his principles, and firm to what he had promised, and that he was ready to give them all satisfaction. Sir A. told him if he were sincere he might remove all scruples, and should instantly take awake their commissions from such and such men in his army, and appoint others, and that before he left the room. Monk consented; a great part of the commissions of his officers were changed, and Sir Edward Harley, a member of the council, and then present, was made governor of Dunkirk, in the room of Sir William Lockhart; the army ceased to be at Monk's devotion; the Ambassador was recalled, and broke his heart.'

Such were the effects of the infidelity of the wife of General Monk!

PHILIP AND MARY.

Houssaie in his Memoires, vol. i, p. 261, has given the following curious particulars of this singular union:

'The second wife of Philip was Mary Queen of England; a virtuous princess (Houssaie was a good catholic,) but who had neither youth nor beauty. This marriage was as little happy for the one as for the other. The husband did not like his wife, although she doted on him; and the English hated Philip still more than he hated them. Silhon says, that the rigour which he exercised in England against heretics, partly hindered Prince Carlos from succeeding to that crown, and for *which purpose* Mary had invited him in case she died childless!—But no historian speaks of this pretended inclination, and is it probable that Mary ever thought proper to call to the succession of the English throne the son of the Spanish monarch? This marriage had made her nation detest her, and in the last years of her life she could be little satisfied with him from his marked indifference for her. She well knew that the Parliament would never consent to exclude her sister Elizabeth, whom the nobility loved for being more friendly to the new religion, and more hostile to the house of Austria.'

In the Cottonian Library, Vespasian, F. III, is preserved a note of instructions in the hand-writing of Queen Mary, of which the following is a copy. It was, probably, written when Philip was just seated on the English throne.

'Instructions for my lorde Previsel.

'Firste, to tell the Kinge the whole state of this realme, wt all thyngs appartaynyng to the same, as myche as ye knowe to be trewe.

'Seconde, to obey his commandment in all thyngs.'

'Thyrdly, in all things he shall aske your aduyse to declare your opinion as becometh a faythful conceyllour to do. 'Marye the Quene.'

Houssaie proceeds: 'After the death of Mary, Philip sought Elizabeth in marriage; and she, who was yet unfixed at the beginning of her reign, amused him at first with hopes. But as soon as she unmasked herself to the Pope, she laughed at Philip, telling the Duke of Feria, his ambassador, that her conscience would not permit her to marry the husband of her sister.'

This monarch, however, had no such scruples. Incest appears to have had in his eyes peculiar charms; for he offered himself three times to three different sisters-in-law. He seems also to have known the secret of getting quit of his wives when they became inconvenient. In state matters he spared no one whom he feared; to them he sacrificed his only son, his brother, and a great number of princes and ministers.

It is said of Philip, that before he died he advised his son to make peace with England, and war with the other powers. *Pacem cum Anglo, bellum cum reliquis.* Queen Elizabeth, and the ruin of his invincible fleet, physicked his phrensy into health, and taught him to fear and respect that country which he thought he could have made a province of Spain!

On his death-bed he did every thing he could for *salvation*. The following protestation, a curious morsel of bigotry, he sent to his confessor a few days before he died:

'Father confessor! as you occupy the place of God, I protest to you that I will do every thing you shall say to be necessary for my being saved; so that what I omit doing will be placed to your account, as I am ready to acquit myself of all that shall be ordered to me.'

Is there in the records of history a more glaring instance of the idea which a good catholic attaches to the power of a confessor than the present authentic example? The most licentious philosophy seems not more dangerous than a religion whose votary believes that the accumulation of crimes can be dissipated by the breath of a few orisons, and which, considering a venal priest to 'occupy the place of God,' can traffic with the divine power at a very moderate price.

After his death a Spanish grandee wrote with a coal on the chimney-piece of his chamber the following epitaph, which ingeniously paints his character in four verses:

Siendo moco luxurioso,
Siendo hombre, fue cruel;
Siendo viejo, condicioso;
Que se puede esperar del?

In youth he was luxurious;
In manhood he was cruel;
In old age he was avaricious;
What could be hoped from him?

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Of his romantic excursion into Spain for the Infanta, many curious particulars are scattered amongst foreign writers, which display the superstitious prejudices which

prevailed on this occasion, and, perhaps, develope the mysterious politics of the courts of Spain and Rome.

Cardinal Gaetano, who had long been nuncio in Spain, observes, that the people, accustomed to revere the inquisition as the oracle of divinity, abhorred that proposal of marriage of the Infanta with an heretical prince; but that the king's council, and all wise politicians, were desirous of its accomplishment. Gregory XV held a consultation of cardinals, where it was agreed that the just apprehension which the English catholics entertained of being more cruelly persecuted, if this marriage failed, was a sufficient reason to justify the pope. The dispensation was therefore immediately granted, and sent to the nuncio of Spain, with orders to inform the Prince of Wales, in case of rupture, that no impediment of the marriage proceeded from the court of Rome, who, on the contrary, had expedited the dispensation.

The prince's excursion to Madrid was, however, universally blamed, as being inimical to state interests. Nani, author of a history of Venice, which, according to his digressive manner, is the universal history of his times, has noticed this affair. 'The people talked, and the English murmured more than any other nation to see the only son of the king, and heir of his realms, venture on so long a voyage, and present himself rather as a hostage than a husband to a foreign court, which so widely differed in government and religion, to obtain by force of prayer and supplications a woman whom Philip and his ministers made a point of honour and conscience to refuse.'

Houssaie observes, 'The English council were against it, but King James obstinately resolved on it; being overpersuaded by Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, whose facetious humour and lively repartees greatly delighted him. Gondomar persuaded him that the presence of the prince would not fail of accomplishing this union, and also the restitution of the electorate to his son-in-law the palatine. Add to this the Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador extraordinary at the court of Madrid, finding it his interest, wrote repeatedly to his majesty that the success was certain if the prince came there, for that the Infanta would be charmed with his personal appearance and polished manners. It was thus that James, seduced by these two ambassadors, and by his paternal affection for both his children, permitted the Prince of Wales to travel into Spain.' This account differs from Clarendon.

Wicquefort says, that James in all this was the dupe of Gondomar, who well knew the impossibility of this marriage, which was alike inimical to the interests of politics and the inquisition. For a long time he amused his majesty with hopes, and even got money for the household expenses of the future queen. He acted his part so well, that the King of Spain recompensed the knave, on his return, with a seat in the council of state.' There is preserved in the British Museum a considerable series of letters which passed between James I, and the Duke of Buckingham and Charles, during their residence in Spain.

I shall glean some further particulars concerning this mysterious affair from two English contemporaries, Howel and Wilson who wrote from their own observations. Howel had been employed in this projected match, and resided during its negotiation at Madrid.

Howel describes the first interview of Prince Charles and the Infanta. He says, 'The Infanta wore a blue riband about her arm, that the prince might distinguish her, and as soon as she saw the prince her colour rose very high.' Wilson informs us that 'two days after their interview the prince was invited to run at the ring, where his fair mistress was a spectator, and to the glory of his fortune, and the great contentment both of himself and the lookers on, he took the ring the very first course.' Howel, writing from Madrid, says 'The people here do mightily magnify the gallantry of the journey, and cry out that he deserved to have the Infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came.' The people appear, however, some time after to doubt if the English had any religion at all. Again, 'I have seen the prince have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together in a thoughtful speculative posture.' Olivares, who was no friend to this match, coarsely observed that the prince watched her as a cat does a mouse. Charles indeed acted every thing that a lover in one of the old romances could have done. He once leapt over the walls of her garden, and only retired by the entreaties of the old marquis who then guarded her, and who, falling on his knees, solemnly protested that if the prince spoke to her his head would answer for it. He watched hours in the street to meet with her; and Wilson says he gave such liberal presents to the court, as well as Buckingham to the Spanish beauties, that the Lord Treasurer Middlesex complained repeatedly of their wasteful prodigality.

Let us now observe by what mode this match was consented to by the courts of Spain and Rome. Wilson informs us that Charles agreed 'That any one should freely propose to *him* the arguments in favour of the catholic religion, without giving any impediment; but that he would never, directly or indirectly, permit any one to speak to the *Infanta* against the same.' They probably had tampered with Charles concerning his religion. A letter of Gregory XV to him is preserved in Wilson's life. Olivares said to Buckingham, you gave me some assurance and hope of the prince's *turning catholic*. The duke roundly answered that it was false. The Spanish minister, confounded at the bluntness of our English duke, broke from him in a violent rage, and lamented that state matters would not suffer him to do himself justice. This insult was never forgiven: and some time afterwards he attempted to revenge himself on Buckingham, by endeavoring to persuade James that he was at the head of a conspiracy against him.

We hasten to conclude these anecdotes not to be found in the pages of Hume and Smollett. Wilson says that both kingdoms rejoiced. 'Preparations were made in England to entertain the Infanta; a new church was built at St James's, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Spanish ambassador, for the public exercise of her religion; her portrait was multiplied in every corner of the town; such as hoped to flourish under her eye suddenly began to be powerful. In Spain (as Wilson quaintly expresses himself) the substance was as much courted as the shadow here. Indeed the Infanta, Howel tells us, was applying hard to the English language, and was already called the Princess of England. To conclude,—Charles complained of the repeated delays; and he, and the Spanish court, parted with a thousand civilities. The Infanta however observed, that had the prince loved her, he would not have quitted her.'

How shall we dispel those clouds of mystery with which politics have covered this strange transaction? It appears that James had in view the restoration of the Palatinate to his daughter, whom he could not effectually assist; that the court of Rome had speculations of the most dangerous tendency to the Protestant religion; that the marriage was broken off by that personal hatred which existed between Olivares and Buckingham; and that, if there was any sincerity existing between the parties concerned, it rested with the Prince and the Infanta, who were both youthful and romantic, and were but two beautiful ivory balls in the hands of great players.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The Duke of Buckingham, in his bold and familiar manner, appears to have been equally a favourite with James I, and Charles I. He behaved with singular indiscretion both at the courts of France and Spain.

Various anecdotes might be collected from the memoir writers of those countries, to convince us that our court was always little respected by its ill choice of this ambassador. His character is hit off by one master-stroke from the pencil of Hume; 'He had,' says this penetrating observer of men, 'English familiarity and French levity:' so that he was in full possession of two of the most offensive qualities an ambassador can possess.

Sir Henry Wotton has written an interesting life of our duke. At school his character fully discovered itself, even at that early period of life. He would not apply to any serious studies, but excelled in those lighter qualifications adapted to please in the world. He was a graceful horseman, musician, and dancer. His mother withdrew him from school at the early age of thirteen, and he soon became a domestic favourite. Her fondness permitted him to indulge in every caprice, and to cultivate those agreeable talents which were natural to him. His person was beautiful, and his manners insinuating. In a word, he was adapted to become a courtier. The fortunate opportunity soon presented itself; for James saw him, and invited him to court, and showered on him, with a prodigal hand, the cornucopia of royal patronage.

Houssaie, in his political memoirs, has detailed an anecdote of this duke, only known to the English reader in the

general observation of the historian. When he was sent to France, to conduct the Princess Henrietta to the arms of Charles I, he had the insolence to converse with the Queen of France, not as an ambassador, but as a lover! The Marchioness of Senecey, her lady of honour, enraged at seeing this conversation continue, seated herself in the arm-chair of the Queen, who that day was confined to her bed; she did this to hinder the insolent duke from approaching the queen, and probably taking other liberties. As she observed that he still persisted in the lover, 'Sir, (she said, in a severe tone of voice,) you must learn to be silent; it is not thus we address the queen of France.'

This audacity of the duke is further confirmed by Nani, in his sixth book of the History of Venice; an historian who is not apt to take things lightly. For when Buckingham was desirous of once more being ambassador at that court, in 1626, it was signified by the French ambassador, that for reasons *well known to himself*, his person would not be agreeable to his most Christian majesty. In a romantic threat, the duke exclaimed, he would go and see the queen in spite of the French court: and to this petty affair is to be ascribed the war between the two nations!

The Marshal de Bossompiere, in the journal of his embassy, affords another instance of his 'English familiarity.' He says, 'The king of England gave me a long audience, and a very disputatious one. He put himself in a passion, while I, without losing my respect, expressed myself freely. The Duke of Buckingham, when he observed the king and myself very warm, leapt suddenly betwixt his majesty and me, exclaiming, I am come to set all to rights betwixt you, which I think is high time.'

Cardinal Richelieu hated Buckingham as sincerely as did the Spaniards Olivares. This enmity was apparently owing to the cardinal writing to the duke without leaving any space open after the title of Monsieur; the duke, to show his equality, returned his answer in the same 'paper-sparing' manner. From such petty circumstances many wars have taken their source.

This ridiculous circumstance between Richelieu and Buckingham reminds me of a similar one, which happened to two Spanish lords:—One signed at the end of his letter, EL *Marques* (THE *Marquis*) as if the title had been peculiar to himself for its excellence. His national vanity received a dreadful reproof from his correspondent, who, jealous of his equality, signed OTRO *Marques* (ANOTHER *Marquis*.)

An anecdote given by Sir Henry Wotton offers a characteristic trait of Charles and his favourite:

'They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, and could get no flesh into their inns; whereupon fell out a pleasant passage (if I may insert by the way among more serious:)—There was near Bayon a herd of goats with their young ones; on which sight Sir Richard Graham (master of the horse to the marquis) tells the marquis he could snap one of the kids, and make some shift to carry him close to their lodgings; which the prince overhearing, "Why, Richard," says he, "do you think you may practise here your old tricks again upon the borders?" Upon which word they first gave the goat-herd good contentment, and then while the marquis and his servants, being both on foot, were chasing the kid about the flock, the prince from horseback killed him in the head with a Scottish pistol. Let this serve for a journal parenthesis which yet may show how his highness, even in such light and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just dealing.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES IX.

Dr Cayet is an old French controversial writer, but is better known in French literature as an historian. His *Chronologie Novenaire* is full of anecdotes unknown to other writers. He collected them from his own observations, for he was under preceptor to Henry IV. The dreadful massacre of St Bartholomew took place in the reign of Charles IX; on which occasion the English court went into mourning. The singular death of Charles has been regarded by the Huguenots as an interposition of Divine justice: he died bathed in his blood, which burst from his veins. The horrors of this miserable prince on his dying bed are forcibly depicted by the anecdotes I am now collecting. I shall premise, however, that Charles was a mere instrument in the hands of his mother, the political and cruel Catherine of Medicis.

Dr Cayet, with honest *naiveté*, thus relates what he knew to have passed a few hours before his death.

'King Charles, feeling himself near his end, after having passed some time without pronouncing a word, said, as he turned himself on one side, and as if he seemed to awake, "Call my brother!" The queen mother was present, who immediately sent for the Duke of Anlenqon (who was afterwards Henry III.) The king perceiving him, turned his back and again said, "Let my brother come!" The queen his mother replied, "Sir, I do not know whom you mean; here is your brother." The king was displeased, and said, "Let them bring my brother the King of Navarre; it is he who is my brother." The queen mother observing the dying monarch's resolute order, sent for him; but, for reasons known only to herself, she commanded the captain of the guards to conduct him under the vaults. They went to the King of Navarre, and desired him to come and speak to the king; at that moment, this prince has since repeatedly said, he felt a shuddering and apprehension of death so much that he would not go. But King Charles persisting on his coming, the queen mother assured him that he should receive no injury. In this promise, however, he put little trust. He went, accompanied by the Viscount D'Auchy, on whose word he chiefly relied. Having, however, observed under these vaults a great number of halberdiers and arquebusiers in ranks, he would have returned, when the viscount and the captain re-assured him that no harm should happen to him. The soldiers bowed, and their behaviour was respectful. By a private staircase he entered the chamber of the king, who, immediately on perceiving him, turned towards him, and stretched out his arms. The King of Navarre was affected; he sighed and wept, and fell on his knees at the side of the bed. Charles embraced, and having kissed him, said, "My brother, you lose a good master and a good friend. I know it is not you who occasions me so much trouble; had I believed what they said, you would not have been alive; but I have always loved you. It is to you alone I trust my wife and daughter; earnestly do I recommend them to your care. *Do not trust the queen*, but God protect you!"

'The queen mother here interrupted him, "Ah, sir! do not say that!"—"Yes, madam, I must say it; it is the truth. Believe me, my brother; love me; assist my wife and daughter, and implore God for mercy on me. Adieu, my brother, adieu." The King of Navarre remained till his majesty expired.'

The following minute particulars are drawn from the journal of Pierre de L'Etoille. In the simplicity of his narration, so pleasing in the old writers, the *nurse* and the *monarch*; the religious remorse of the one, and the artless consolation of the other, become interesting objects.

'King Charles, two days before his death, having called for Mazzille, his chief physician, and complaining of the pains he suffered, asked him if it was not possible that he, and so many other celebrated physicians that were in his realms, could give some alleviation to his disorder; "for I am," said he, "cruelly and horridly tormented." To which Mazzille replied, that whatever had depended on them had been tried, but that in truth God only could be the sovereign physician in such complaints. "I believe," said the king, that "what you say is true, and that you know nothing else. Draw from me my *custode* (or large cap) that I may try to rest." Mazzille withdrew, and left orders that all should leave the king except three, viz. La Tour, St Pris, and his nurse, whom his majesty greatly loved, *although she was a Huguenot*. As she had just seated herself on a coffer, and began to doze, she heard the king groan bitterly, weeping and sighing; she then approached the bed softly, and drawing away his *custode*, the king said to her, giving vent to a heavy sigh, and shedding tears plentifully, insomuch that they interrupted his discourse—"Ah! my dear nurse! my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Ah! I have followed wicked advice! O my God! pardon me, and be merciful. I know not where I am, they have made me so perplexed and agitated. How will all this end?—What shall I do? I am lost forever! I know it."—Then the nurse thus addressed him:—"Sire, be the murders on those who forced you to order them; your majesty could not help it, and since you never consented, and now regret them, believe God will never impute them to you, and will cover them with the mantle of justice of his Son, to whom alone you should look for aid. Ah! for the honour of God, let your majesty cease from this weeping." Having said this, she rose for a handkerchief, for his was drenched with tears; Charles having taken it from her, made a sign that she should retire and leave him to repose.'

The dreadful narrative of the massacre of St Bartholomew is detailed in the history of De Thou; and the same scene is painted in glowing, though in faithful colours, by Voltaire in the Henriade.—Charles, whose last miserable moments we come from contemplating, when he observed several fugitive Huguenots about his palace, in the morning after the massacre of 30,000 of their friends, took a fowling piece and repeatedly fired at them.

Such was the effect of religion operating, perhaps not on a malignant, but on a feeble mind!

ROYAL PROMOTIONS.

If the golden gate of preferment is not usually opened to men of real merit, persons of no worth have entered it in a most extraordinary manner.

Chevreau informs us that the Sultan Osman having observed a gardener planting a cabbage with some peculiar dexterity, the manner so attracted his imperial eye that he raised him to an office near his person, and shortly afterwards he rewarded the planter of cabbages by creating him *beglerbeg* or viceroy of the Isle of Cyprus!

Marc Antony gave the house of a Roman citizen to a cook, who had prepared for him a good supper. Many have been raised to extraordinary preferment by capricious monarchs for the sake of a jest. Lewis XI promoted a poor priest whom he found sleeping in the porch of a church, that the proverb might be verified, that to lucky men good fortunes will come even when they are asleep! Our Henry VII made a viceroy of Ireland if not for the sake of, at least with a clench. When the king was told that all Ireland could not rule the Earl of Kildare, he said, then shall this earl rule all Ireland.

It is recorded of Henry VIII that he raised a servant to a considerable dignity, because he had taken care to have a roasted boar prepared for him, when his majesty happened to be in the humour of feasting on one; and the title of *Sugar-loaf-court*, in Leadenhall-street, was probably derived from another piece of magnificence of this monarch: the widow of a Mr Cornwallis was rewarded by the gift of a dissolved priory there situated, for some *fine puddings* with which she had presented his majesty!

When Cardinal de Monte was elected pope, before he left the conclave he bestowed a cardinal's hat upon a servant whose chief merit consisted in the daily attentions he paid to his holiness's monkey!

Louis Barbier owed all his good fortune to the familiar knowledge he had of Rabelais. He knew his Rabelais by heart. This served to introduce him to the Duke of Orleans, who took great pleasure in reading that author. It was for this he gave him an abbey, and he was gradually promoted till he became a cardinal.

George Villiers was suddenly raised from a private station, and loaded with wealth and honours by James the first merely for his personal beauty. Almost all the favourites of James became so from their handsomeness.

M. De Chamillart, minister of France, owed his promotion merely to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV at billiards. He retired with a pension after ruining the finances of his country.

The Duke of Luines was originally a country lad, who insinuated himself into the favour of Louis XIII then young, by making bird-traps (pié grieches) to catch sparrows. It was little expected, (says Voltaire,) that these puerile amusements were to be terminated by a most sanguinary revolution. De Luines, after causing his patron the Marshal of Ancre to be assassinated, and the queen mother to be imprisoned, raised himself to a title and the most tyrannical power.

Sir Walter Raleigh owed his promotion to an act of gallantry to Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Christopher Hatton owed his preferment to his dancing: Queen Elizabeth, observes Granger, with all her sagacity could not see the future lord chancellor in the fine dancer. The same writer says, 'Nothing could form a more curious collection of memoirs than *anecdotes of preferment*.' Could the secret history of great men be traced, it would appear that merit is rarely the first step to advancement. It would much oftener be found to be owing to superficial qualifications, and even vices.

NOBILITY.

Francis the First was accustomed to say, that when the nobles of the kingdom came to court, they were received by the world as so many little *kings*; that the day after they were only beheld as so many *princes*; but on the third day they were merely considered as so many *gentlemen*, and were confounded among the crowd of courtiers.—It was supposed that this was done with a political view of humbling the proud *nobility*; and for this reason Henry IV frequently said aloud, in the presence of the princes of the blood, *We are all gentlemen*.

It is recorded of Philip the Third of Spain, that while he exacted the most punctilious respect from the *grandees*, he saluted the *peasants*. He would never be addressed but on the knees; for which he gave this artful excuse, that as he was of low stature, every one would, have appeared too high for him. He showed himself rarely even to his grandees, that he might the better support his haughtiness and repress their pride. He also affected to speak to them by half words; and reprimanded them if they did not guess at the rest. In a word, he omitted nothing that could mortify *his nobility*.

MODES OF SALUTATION, AND AMICABLE CEREMONIES, OBSERVED IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

When men writes the philosophical compiler of '*L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*,' salute each other in an amicable manner, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body, or practise a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable ones; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

This infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds; to reverences or salutations; and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate one's self to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural motion; for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth when they adore invisible beings: and the affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation; as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation have sometimes very different characters, and it is no uninteresting speculation to examine their shades. Many display a refinement of delicacy, while others are remarkable for their simplicity or for their sensibility. In general, however, they are frequently the same in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, humility, fear, and esteem, are expressed much in a similar manner, for these are the natural consequences of the organization of the body.

These demonstrations become in time only empty civilities which signify nothing; we shall notice what they were originally, without reflecting on what they are.

The first nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they know no reverences or other compliments, or they despise and disdain them. The Greenlanders laugh when they see an European uncover his head, and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The Islanders, near the Philippines, take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face. The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. Dampier says, that at New Guinea they are satisfied to put on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very incommodious and painful; it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the straits of the Sound. Houtman tells us they saluted him in this grotesque manner: 'They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face.' The inhabitants of the Philippines use a most complex attitude; they bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air with their knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, so that he leaves his friend half naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms; sometimes men place themselves naked before the person whom they salute; it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in his presence. This was practised before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received the visit of two female Otaheitans. Their innocent simplicity, no doubt, did not appear immodest in the eyes of the *virtuoso*.

Sometimes they only undress partially. The Japanese only take off a slipper: the people of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

In the progress of time it appears servile to uncover oneself. The grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the king, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation; and (this writer truly observes (we may remark that the *English* do not uncover their heads so much as the other nations of Europe. Mr Hobhouse observes, that uncovering the head, with the Turks, is a mark of indecent familiarity; in their mosques the Franks must keep their hats on. The Jewish custom of wearing their hats in their synagogues is, doubtless the same oriental custom.

In a word there is not a nation, observes the humorous Montaigne, even to the people who when they salute turn their backs on their friends, but that can be justified in their customs.

The negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions, and hence all their ceremonies seem farcical. The greater part pull the fingers till they crack. Snelgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the king of Dahomy sent to him. The ceremonies of salutation consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two negro monarchs visit, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmena (says Athenæus) would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the blood as it issued. The Franks tore the hair from their head, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair, and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. These are the most remarkable postures. The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees and bend the face to the earth, and this ceremony they repeat two or three times. Surely we may differ here with the sentiment of Montaigne, and confess this ceremony to be ridiculous. It arises from their national affectation. They substitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

Their expressions mean as little as their ceremonies. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health? He answers, *Very well; thanks to your abundant felicity.* If they would tell a man that he looks well, they say, *Prosperity is painted on your face*; or, *Your air announces your happiness.*

If you render them any service, they say, *My thanks shall be immortal.* If you praise them, they answer, *How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say of me?* If you dine with them, they tell you at parting, *We have not treated you with sufficient distinction.* The various titles they invent for each other it would be impossible to translate.

It is to be observed that all these answers are prescribed by the Chinese ritual, or Academy of Compliments. There, are determined the number of bows; the expressions to be employed; the genuflexions, and the inclinations which are to be made to the right or left hand; the salutations of the master before the chair where the stranger is to be seated, for he salutes it most profoundly, and wipes the dust away with the skirts of his robe; all these and other things are noticed, even to the silent gestures by which you are entreated to enter the house. The lower class of people are equally nice in these punctilios; and ambassadors pass forty days in practising them before they are enabled to appear at court. A tribunal of ceremonies has been erected; and every day very odd decrees are issued, to which the Chinese most religiously submit.

The marks of honour are frequently arbitrary; to be seated, with us is a mark of repose and familiarity: to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favour to be permitted to stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries! a despot cannot suffer without disgust the elevated figure of his subjects; he is pleased to bend their bodies with their genius; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth: he desires no eagerness, no attention, he would only inspire terror.

SINGULARITIES OF WAR.

War kindles enthusiasm, and therefore occasions strange laws and customs. We may observe in it whatever is most noble and heroic mixed with what is most strange and wild. We collect facts, and the reader must draw his own conclusions.

They frequently condemned at Carthage their generals to die after an unfortunate campaign, although they were accused of no other fault. We read in Du Halde that Captain Mancheou, a Chinese, was convicted of giving battle without obtaining a complete victory, and he was punished.—With such a perspective at the conclusion of a battle generals will become intrepid, and exert themselves as much as possible, and this is all that is wanted.

When the savages of New France take flight, they pile the wounded in baskets, where they are bound and corded down as we do children in swaddling clothes.—If they should happen to fall into the hands of the conquerors, they would expire in the midst of torments. It is better therefore that the vanquished should carry them away in any manner, though frequently even at the risk of their lives.

The Spartans were not allowed to combat often with the same enemy. They wished not to inure these to battle; and if their enemies revolted frequently, they were accustomed to exterminate them.

The governors of the Scythian provinces gave annually a feast to those who had valiantly, with their own hands, despatched their enemies. The skulls of the vanquished served for their cups; and the quantity of wine they were allowed to drink was proportioned to the number of skulls they possessed. The youth, who could not yet boast of such martial exploits, contemplated distantly the solemn feast, without being admitted to approach it. This institution formed courageous warriors.

War has corrupted the morals of the people, and has occasioned them to form horrible ideas of virtue. When the Portuguese attacked Madrid, in the reign of Philip V, the courtezans of that city were desirous of displaying their patriotic zeal: those who were most convinced of the envenomed state of their body perfumed themselves, and went by night to the camp of the enemy; the consequence was that in less than three weeks there were more than six thousand Portuguese disabled with venereal maladies, and the greater part died.

Men have frequently fallen into unpardonable contradictions, in attempting to make principles and laws meet which could never agree with each other. The Jews suffered themselves to be attacked without defending themselves on the Sabbath-day, and the Romans profited by these pious scruples. The council of Trent ordered the body of the constable of Bourbon, who had fought against the Pope, to be dug up, as if the head of the church was not as much subjected to war as others, since he is a temporal prince.

Pope Nicholas, in his answer to the Bulgarians, forbids them to make war in Lent, unless, he prudently adds, there be an urgent necessity.

FIRE, AND THE ORIGIN OF FIRE-WORKS.

In the Memoirs of the French Academy, a little essay on this subject is sufficiently curious; the following contain the facts:—

Fire-works were not known to antiquity. It is certainly a modern invention. If ever the ancients employed fires at their festivals, it was only for religious purposes.

Fire, in primeval ages, was a symbol of respect, or an instrument of terror. In both these ways God manifested himself to man. In the holy writings he compares himself sometimes to an ardent fire, to display his holiness and his purity; sometimes he renders himself visible under the form of a burning bush, to express himself to be as formidable as a devouring fire: again, he rains sulphur; and often, before he speaks, he attracts the attention of the multitude by flashes of lightning.

Fire was worshipped as a divinity by several idolaters: the Platonists confounded it with the heavens, and considered it as the divine intelligence. Sometimes it is a symbol of majesty.—God walked (if we may so express ourselves) with his people, preceded by a pillar of fire; and the monarchs of Asia, according to Herodotus, com

manded that such ensigns of their majesty should be carried before them. These fires, according to Quintus Curtius, were considered as holy and eternal, and were carried at the head of their armies on little altars of silver, in the midst of the magi who accompanied them and sang their hymns.

Fire was also a symbol of majesty amongst the Romans; and if it was used by them in their festivals, it was rather employed for the ceremonies of religion than for a peculiar mark of their rejoicings. Fire was always held to be most proper and holy for sacrifices; in this the Pagans imitated the Hebrews. The fire so carefully preserved by the Vestals was probably an imitation of that which fell from heaven on the victim offered by Aaron, and long afterwards religiously kept up by the priests. Servius, one of the seven kings of Rome, commanded a great fire of straw to be kindled in the public place of every town in Italy to consecrate for repose a certain day in seed-time, or sowing.

The Greeks lighted lamps at a certain feast held in honour of Minerva, who gave them oil; of Vulcan, who was the inventor of lamps; and of Prometheus, who had rendered them service by the fire which he had stolen from heaven. Another feast to Bacchus was celebrated by a grand nocturnal illumination, in which wine was poured forth profusely to all passengers. A feast in memory of Ceres, who sought so long in the darkness of hell for her daughter, was kept by burning a number of torches.

Great illuminations were made in various other meetings; particularly in the Secular Games, which lasted three whole nights; and so carefully were they kept up, that these nights had no darkness.

In all their rejoicings the ancients indeed used fires, but they were intended merely to burn their sacrifices, and which, as the generality of them were performed at night, the illuminations served to give light to the ceremonies.

Artificial fires were indeed frequently used by them, but not in public rejoicings: like us, they employed them for military purposes; but we use them likewise successfully for our decorations and amusement.

From the latest times of paganism to the early ages of Christianity, we can but rarely quote instances of fire lighted up for other purposes, in a public form, than for the ceremonies of religion; illuminations were made at the baptism of princes, as a symbol of that life of light in which they were going to enter by faith; or at the tombs of martyrs, to light them during the watchings of the night. All these were abolished from the various abuses they introduced.

We only trace the rise of *feux de joie*, or fire works, given merely for amusing spectacles to delight the eye, to the epocha of the invention of powder and cannon, at the close of the thirteenth century. It was these two inventions, doubtless, whose effects furnished the idea of all those machines and artifices which form the charms of these fires.

To the Florentines and the Siennese are we indebted not only for the preparation of powder with other ingredients to amuse the eyes, but also for the invention of elevated machines and decorations adapted to augment the pleasure of the spectacle. They began their attempts at the feasts of Saint John the Baptist and the Assumption, on wooden edifices, which they adorned with painted statues, from whose mouth and eyes issued a beautiful fire. Callot has engraven numerous specimens of the pageants, triumphs, and processions, under a great variety of grotesque forms;—dragons, swans, eagles, &c, which were built up large enough to carry many persons, while they vomited forth the most amusing fire-work.

This use passed from Florence to Rome, where, at the creation of the popes, they displayed illuminations of hand-grenadoes, thrown from the height of a castle. *Pyrotechnics* from that time have become an art, which, in the degree the inventors have displayed ability in combining the powers of architecture, sculpture, and painting, have produced a number of beautiful effects, which even give pleasure to those who read the descriptions without having beheld them.

A pleasing account of decorated fire-works is given in the Secret Memoirs of France. In August, 1764, Torre, an Italian artist, obtained permission to exhibit a pyrotechnic operation.—The Parisians admired the variety of the colours, and the ingenious forms of his fire. But this first exhibition was disturbed by the populace, as well as by the apparent danger of the fire, although it was displayed on the Boulevards. In October it was repeated: and proper precautions having been taken, they admired the beauty of the fire, without fearing it. These artificial fires are described as having been rapidly and splendidly executed. The exhibition closed with a transparent triumphal arch, and a curtain illuminated by the same fire, admirably exhibiting the palace of Pluto.—Around the columns, stanzas were inscribed, supported by Cupids, with other fanciful embelishments. Among these little pieces of poetry appeared the following one, which ingeniously announced a more perfect exhibition;

Les vents, les frimats, les orages,
Eteindront ces feux, pour un tems;
Mais, ainsi que les fleurs, avec plus d'avantage,
Ils renaitront dans le printems.

IMITATED.

The icy gale, the falling snow,
Extinction to these fires shall bring;
But, like the flowers, with brighter glow,
They shall renew their charms in spring.

The exhibition was greatly improved, according to this promise of the artist. His subject was chosen with much felicity: it was a representation of the forges of Vulcan under Mount Etna. The interior of the mount discovered Vulcan and his Cyclops. Venus was seen to descend, and demand of her consort armour for Æneas.—Opposite to this was seen the palace of Vulcan, which presented a deep and brilliant perspective. The labours of the Cyclops produced numberless very happy combinations of artificial fires. The public with pleasing astonishment beheld the effects of the volcano, so admirably adapted to the nature of these fires. At another entertainment he gratified the public with a representation of Orpheus and Eurydice in hell; many striking circumstances occasioned a marvellous illusion. What subjects indeed could be more analogous to this kind of fire? And let me ask, what is the reason we do not see these artificial fires display more brilliant effects in London? What man of taste can be gratified with stars, wheels, and rockets?

THE BIBLE PROHIBITED AND IMPROVED.

The following are the *express words* contained in the regulation of the popes to prohibit the use of the *Bible*.

'As it is manifest by *experience*, that if the use of the holy writers is permitted in the vulgar tongue more evil than profit will arise, *because* of the temerity of man; it is for this reason all bibles are prohibited (*prohibentur Biblia*) with all their *parts*, whether they be printed or written, in whatever vulgar language soever; as also are prohibited all summaries or abridgments of bibles, or any books of the holy writings, although they should only be historical, and that in whatever vulgar tongue they be written.'

It is there also said, 'That the reading the bibles of *catholic editors* may be permitted to those by whose perusal or power the *faith* may be spread, and who will not *criticise* it. But this *permission* is not to be granted without an express *order* of the *bishop*, or the *inquisitor*, with the *advice* of the *curate* and *confessor*; and their permission must first be had in *writing*. And he who, without permission, presumes to *read* the holy writings, or to have them in his *possession*, shall not be *absolved* of his sins before he first shall have returned the bible to his bishop.'

A spanish author says, that if a person should come to his bishop to ask for leave to *read the bible*, with the best intention, the bishop should answer him from Matthew, ch. xx, ver. 20, '*You know not what you ask*.' And indeed, he observes, the nature of this demand indicates an *heretical disposition*.

The reading of the bible was prohibited by Henry VIII, except by those who occupied high offices in the state; a noble lady or gentlewoman might read it in 'their garden or orchard,' or other retired places; but men and women in the lower ranks were positively forbidden to read it, or to have it read to them.

Dr Franklin, in his own Life, has preserved a singular anecdote of the bible being prohibited in England in the time of our true Catholic Mary. His family had then early embraced the reformation; 'They had an English bible, and to conceal it the more securely, they conceived the project of fastening it open with pack-threads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a close-stool! When my grandfather wished to read to his family, he reversed the lid of the close-stool upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to the other, which were held down on each by the packthread. One of the children was sta-

tioned at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the Spiritual Court make his appearance; in that case the lid was restored to its place, with the bible concealed under it as before.'

I shall leave the reader to make his own reflections on this extraordinary account. He may meditate on what the *popes did*, and what they probably would *have done*, had not Luther happily been in a humour to abuse the pope, and begin a Reformation. It would be curious to sketch an account of the *probable* situation of *Europe* at the present moment, had the pontiffs preserved the singular power of which they had possessed themselves.

It appears by an act dated in 1516, that in those days the bible was called *Bibliotheca*, that is *per emphasim, the Library*. The word library was limited in its signification then to the biblical writings; no other books, compared with the holy writings, appear to have been worthy to rank with them, or constitute what we call a library.

We have had several remarkable attempts to re-compose the bible; Dr Geddes's version is aridly literal, and often ludicrous by its vulgarity; but the following attempts are of a very different kind. Sebastian *Castillon*, who afterwards changed his name to *Castalion*, with his accustomed affectation referring to *Castalia*, the fountain of the Muses —took a very extraordinary liberty with the sacred writings. He fancied he could give the world a more classical version of the bible, and for this purpose introduced phrases and entire sentences from profane writers into the text of holy writ. His whole style is finically quaint, overloaded with prettinesses, and all the ornaments of false taste. Of the noble simplicity of the scriptures he seems not to have had the remotest conception.

But an attempt by Pere Burruyer is more extraordinary; in his *Histoire du Peuple de Dieu*, he has recomposed the Bible as he would have written a fashionable novel. With absurd refinement he conceives that the great legislator of the Hebrews is too barren in his descriptions, too concise in the events he records, nor is careful to enrich his history by pleasing reflections and interesting conversation-pieces, and hurries on the catastrophes, by which means he omits much entertaining matter: as for instance, in the loves of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, Moses is very dry and concise, which, however, our Pere Berruyer is not. His histories of Joseph, and of King David, are relishing morsels, and were devoured eagerly in all the boudoirs of Paris. Take a specimen of the style. 'Joseph combined with a regularity of features, and a brilliant complexion, an air of the noblest dignity; all which contributed to render him one of the most amiable men in Egypt.' At length 'she declares her passion, and pressed him to answer her. It never entered her mind that the advances of a woman of her rank could ever be rejected. Joseph at first only replied to all her wishes by his cold embarassments. She would not yet give him up. In vain he flies from her: she was too passionate to waste even the moments of his astonishment.' This good father, however, does ample justice to the gallantry of the Patriarch Jacob. He offers to serve Laban seven years for Rachel. 'Nothing is too much,' cries the venerable novelist, 'when one really loves;' and this admirable observation he confirms by the facility with which the obliging Rachel allows Leah for one night to her husband! In this manner the patriarchs are made to speak in the tone of the tenderest lovers; Judith is a Parisian coquette, Holofernes is rude as a German baron; and their dialogues are tedious with all the reciprocal politesse of metaphysical French lovers! Moses in the desert, it was observed, is precisely as pedantic as Pere Berruyer addressing his class at the university. One cannot but smile at the following expressions: 'By the easy manner in which God performed miracles, one might easily perceive they cost no effort.' When he has narrated an 'Adventure of the Patriarchs, he proceeds, 'After such an extraordinary, or curious, or interesting adventure, &c.' This good father had caught the language of the beau monde, but with such perfect simplicity that, in employing it on sacred history he was not aware of the ludicrous he was writing.

A Gothic bishop translated the scriptures into the Gothic language, but omitted the *Book of Kings!* lest the *wars*, of which so much is there recorded, should increase their inclination to fighting, already too prevalent. Jortin notices this castrated copy of the bible in his Remarks on Ecclesiastical History.

As the Bible, in many parts, consists merely of historical transactions, and as too many exhibit a detail of offensive ones, it has often occurred to the fathers of families, as well as the popes, to prohibit its general reading. Archbishop Tillotson formed a design of purifying the historical parts. Since some have given us a *family Shakspeare*, it were desirable that the same spirit would present us with a *Family Bible*.

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

From the 'Literary History of France,' by the learned Benedictines, I have collected the chief materials of the present article. It is curious to observe the various substitutes for paper before its discovery.

When men had not yet discovered the art of recording events by writing, they planted trees, erected rude altars, or heaps of stone, as remembrances of past events. Hercules probably could not write when he fixed his famous pillars.

The most ancient mode of writing was on *bricks*, *tiles*, and *oyster-shells*, and on *tables of stone;* afterwards on *plates* of various materials, on *ivory*, on *barks* of trees, on *leaves* of trees.*

Engraving memorable events on hard substances, it has been prettily observed, was giving, as it were speech to rocks and metals. In the book of Job mention is made of writing on *stone*, on *rocks*, and on sheets of *lead*. It was on tables of *stone* that Moses received the law written by the finger of God himself. Hesiod's works were written on *leaden* tables: lead was used for writing, and rolled up like a cylinder, as Pliny states. Montfaucon notices a very ancient book of eight leaden leaves, which on the back had rings fastened by a small leaden rod to keep them together. They afterwards engraved on bronze: the laws of the Cretans were on bronze tables, the Romans etched their public records on brass. The speech of Claudius, engraved on plates of bronze, is yet preserved in the town-hall of Lyons, in France. Several bronze tables, with Etruscan characters, have been dug up in Tuscany. The Treaties between the Romans, Spartans, and the Jews were written on brass; and estates, for better security, were made over on this enduring metal. In many cabinets may be found the discharges of soldiers, written on copper-plates. This custom has been discovered in India; a bill of feoffment on copper has been dug up near Bengal, dated a century before the birth of Christ.

Among these early inventions many were singularly rude, and miserable substitutes for a better material. In the shepherd state they wrote their songs, with thorns and awls on straps of leather, which they wound round their crooks. The Icelanders appear to have scratched their *runes*, a kind of hieroglyphics on walls; and Olof, according to one of the Sagas, built a large house, on the bulks and spars of which he had engraved the history of his own and more ancient times; while another northern hero appears to have had nothing better than his own chair and bed to perpetuate his own heroic acts on. At the town-hall, in Hanover, are kept twelve wooden boards, overlaid with bees'-wax, on which are written the names of owners of houses, but not the names of streets. These *wooden manuscripts* must have existed before 1423, when Hanover was first divided into streets. Such manuscripts may be found in public collections. This exhibits a very curious, and the rudest state of *society*. The same event occurred among the ancient Arabs, who, according to the history of Mahomet, seem to have taken the shoulder-bones of sheep, on which they carved remarkable events with a knife, and after tying them with a string they hung these chronicles up in their cabinets.

The laws of the twelve tables which the Romans chiefly copied from the Grecian code were, after they had been approved by the people, engraven on brass; they were melted by lightning, which struck the capitol and con-

* Specimens of most of these modes of writing may be seen in the British Museum. No. 3478, in the Sloanian library, is a Nabob's letter, on a piece of bark about two yards long, and richly ornamented with gold. No. 3207, is a book of Mexican hieroglyphics painted on bark. In the same collection are various species, many from the Malabar coast and the East. The latter writings are chiefly on leaves. There are several copies of Bibles written on palm leaves, still preserved in various collections in Europe. The ancients, doubtless, wrote on any leaves they found adapted for the purpose. Hence the leaf of a book, alluding to that of a tree, seems to be derived. At the British Museum we have recently received Babylonian tiles, or broken pots, which the people used, and made their contracts of business on. A custom mentioned in the scriptures.

sumed other laws; a loss highly regretted by Augustus. This manner of writing we still retain, for the inscriptions, epitaphs, and other memorials designed to reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tables of *wood*; and as *cedar* has an anti-septic quality from its bitterness, they chose this wood for cases or chests to preserve their most important writings. The well-known expression of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, *et cedro digna locuti*, that it was worthy to be written on *cedar*, alludes to the *oil of cedar*, with which, valuable MSS of parchment were anointed, to preserve them from corruption and moths. Persius illustrates this in the excellent version of Mr Gifford:

> 'Who would not leave posterity such rhymes,
> As cedar oil might keep to latest times!'

They stained materials for writing upon with purple, and rubbed them with exudations from the cedar. The laws of the emperors were published on *wooden tables*, painted with ceruse; to which custom Horace alludes, *Leges incidere ligno*. Such *tables*, now softened into *tablets*, are still used, but in general are made of other materials than wood. The same reason for which they preferred the *cedar* to other wood induced to write on *wax*, which, from its nature, is incorruptible. Men generally used it to write their testaments on, the better to preserve them; thus Juvenal says, *Ceras implere capaces*. This thin paste of wax was also used on tablets of wood, that it might more easily admit of erasure.

They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other substances we have noticed. The *stylus* was made sharp at one end to write with, and blunt and broad at the other, to deface and correct easily: hence the phrase *vertere stylum*, to turn the stylus, was used to express blotting out. But the Romans forbad the use of this sharp instrument, from the circumstance of many persons having used them as daggers. A school-master was killed by the Pugillares or table-books, and the styles of his own scholars. They substituted a *stylus* made of the bone of a bird, or other animal; so that their writings resembled engravings. When they wrote on softer materials, they employed *reeds* and *canes* split like our *pens* at the points, which the orientalists still use to lay their colour or ink neater on the paper.

Naudé observes, that when he was in Italy, about 1642, he saw some of those waxen tablets, called Pugillares, so called because they were held in one hand; and others composed of the barks of trees, which the ancients employed in lieu of paper.

On these tablets, or table-books, Mr Astle observes, that the Greeks and Romans continued the use of waxed table-books long after the use of the papyrus, leaves, and skins became common; because they were so convenient for correcting extemporaneous compositions; from these table-books they transcribed their performances correctly into parchment books, if for their own private use; but if for sale, or for the library, the *Librarii*, or scribes, had the office. The writing on table-books is particularly recommended by Quintilian in the third chapter of the tenth book of his Institutions; because the wax is readily effaced for any corrections: he confesses weak eyes do not see so well on paper, and observes that the frequent necessity of dipping the pen in the inkstand retards the hand, and is but ill suited to the celerity of the mind. Some of these table-books are conjectured to have been large, and perhaps heavy, for in Plautus, a school-boy is represented breaking his master's head with his table-book. According to Cicero, it appears that the critics were accustomed in reading their wax manuscripts to notice obscure or vicious phrases by joining a piece of red wax, as we should underscore such by red ink.

Table-books written upon with styles were not entirely laid aside in Chaucer's time, who describes them in his Sompner's tale.

> 'His fellow had a staffe tipp'd with horne,
> A paire of tables all of iverie;
> And a pointell polished fetouslie,
> And wrote alwaies the names, as he stood,
> Of all folke, that gave hem any good.'

By the word *pen* in the translation of the Bible, we must understand an iron *style*. Table-books of ivory are still used for memoranda, written with black-lead pencils. The Romans used ivory to write the edicts of the senate on, with a black colour; and the expression of *libris elephantinis*, which some authors imagine alludes to books that for their *size* were called *elephantine*, were most probably composed of ivory, the tusk of the elephant; among the Romans they were undoubtedly scarce and dear.

The *pumice stone* was a writing-material of the ancients; they used it to smooth the roughness of the parchment, or to sharpen their reeds.

In the progress of time the art of writing consisted in *painting* with different kinds of *ink*. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing; the thin bark of certain *trees* and *plants*, or *linen*; and at length, when this was found apt to become mouldy, they prepared the *skins of animals*. Those of asses are still in use; and on those of serpents, &c, were once written the Iliad and Odyssey. The first place where they began to dress these skins was *Pergamus*, in Asia; whence the Latin name is derived of *Pergamena* or *parchment*. These skins are, however, better known amongst the authors of the purest Latin under the name of *membrana*; so called from the membranes of various animals of which they were composed. The ancients had *parchments* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple or violet parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and copies of the evangelists of this kind are preserved in the British Museum.

When the Egyptians employed for writing the *bark* of a *plant* or *reed*, called *papyrus** or paper-rush, it superseded all former modes, from its convenience. Formerly it grew in great quantities on the sides of the Nile. This plant has given its name to our *paper*, although the latter is now composed of linen or rags, and formerly had been of cotton-wool, which was but brittle and yellow; and improved by using cotton-rags, which they glazed. After the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. The *Chinese* make their *paper* with *silk*. The use of *paper* is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient Latinists call *charta* or *chartæ*. Before the use of *parchment* and *paper* passed to the Romans, they used the thin peel found between the wood and the bark of trees. This skinny substance they call *liber*, from whence the Latin word *liber*, a book, and *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French *livre* for book; but we of northern origin derive our *book* from the Danish *bog*, the beech-tree, because that being the most plentiful in Denmark was used to engrave on. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment, or paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls has passed into our languages as well as the others. We say a *volume* or volumes, although our books are composed of pages cut and bound together. The books of the ancients on the shelves of their libraries were rolled up on a pin, and placed erect, titled on the outside in red letters, or rubrics, and appeared like a number of small pillars on the shelves.

The ancients were as curious as ourselves in having their books richly conditioned. Propertius describes tablets with gold borders, and Ovid notices their red titles; but in later times, besides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they enriched with precious stones the covers of their books. In the early ages of the church they painted on the outside commonly a dying Christ. In the curious library of Mr Douce is a Psalter, supposed once to have appertained to Charlemagne; the vellum is purple, and the letters gold. The Eastern nations likewise tinged their MSS with different colours and decorations. Astle possessed Arabian MSS, of which some leaves were of a deep yellow, and others of a lilac colour. Sir William Jones describes an oriental MS, in which the name of Mohammed was fancifully adorned with a garland of tulips and carnations, painted in the brightest colours. The favourite works of the Persians are written on fine silky paper, the ground of which is often powdered with gold or silver dust; the leaves are frequently illuminated, and the whole book is sometimes perfumed with essence of roses or sandal wood. The Romans had several sorts of paper to which they had given different names; one was the *Charta Augusta*, in compliment to the emperor, another *Liviana*, named after the empress. There was a

* Of which we have fine specimens at the British Museum.

Charta blanca, which obtained its title from its beautiful whiteness, and which we appear to have retained by applying it to a blank sheet of papor which is only signed; *Charte blanche*. They had also a *Charta Nigra* painted black, and the letters were in white or other colours.

Our present paper surpasses all other materials for ease and convenience of writing. The first paper-mill in England was erected at Dartford, by a German, in 1588, who was knighted by Elizabeth; but it was not before 1713, that one Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought the art of paper-making to any perfection, and to the industry of this individual we owe the origin of our numerous paper-mills. France had hitherto supplied England and Holland. The manufacture of paper was not much encouraged at home, even so late as in 1662; and the following observations by Fuller are curious, respecting the paper of his times. 'Paper participates in some sort of the characters of the country which makes it; the *Venetian*, being neat, subtile, and court-like; the *French*, light, slight, and slender: and the *Dutch*, thick, corpulent, and gross, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof.' He complains that the paper manufacturers were not then sufficiently encouraged, 'considering the vast sums expended in our land for paper, out of Italy, France, and Germany, which might be lessened were it made in our nation. To such who object that we can never equal the perfection of *Venice-paper*, I return, neither can we match the purity of Venice-glasses; and yet many *green ones* are blown in Sussex, profitable to the makers, and convenient for the users. Our *home-spun paper* might be found beneficial.' The present German printing-paper is made so disagreeable both to printers and readers from their paper-manufacturers making many more reams of paper from one cwt of rags than formerly. Rags are scarce, and German writers, as well as the language, are voluminous.

Mr Astle deeply complains of the inferiority of our *inks* to those of antiquity; an inferiority productive of the most serious consequences, and which appears to originate merely in negligence. From the important benefits arising to society from the use of ink, and the injuries individuals may suffer from the frauds of designing men, he wishes the legislature would frame some new regulations respecting it. The composition of ink is simple, but we possess none equal in beauty and colour to that used by the ancients; the Saxon MSS written in England exceed in colour any thing of the kind. The rolls and records from the fifteenth century to the end of the seventeenth, compared with those of the fifth to the twelfth centuries, show the excellence of the earlier ones, which are all in the finest preservation, while the others are so much defaced, that they are scarcely legible. It is a very serious consideration, in respect to the security of property, that the Records of Parliament, the decisions and adjudications of the courts of justice, conveyances, wills, testaments, &c, should be written on ink of such durable quality as may best resist the destructive power of time and the elements.

The ink of the ancients had nothing in common with ours, but the colour and gum. Gall-nuts, copperas, and gum make up the composition of our ink, whereas *soot* or *ivory-black* was the chief ingredient in that of the ancients.

Ink has been made of various colours; we find gold and silver ink, and red, green, yellow, and blue inks; but the black is considered as the best adapted to its purpose.

ANECDOTES OF EUROPEAN MANNERS.

The following circumstances probably gave rise to the tyranny of the feudal power, and are the facts on which the fictions of romance are raised. Castles were erected to repulse the vagrant attacks of the Normans, and in France, from the year 768 to 987, these places disturbed the public repose. The petty despots who raised these castles pillaged whoever passed, and carried off the females who pleased them. Rapine, of every kind, were the *privileges* of the feudal lords! Mezeray observes, that it is from these circumstances romancers have invented their tales of *knights errant, monsters*, and *giants*.

De Saint Foix, in his 'Historical Essays,' informs us that 'Women and girls were not in greater security when they passed by abbeys. The monks sustained an assault rather than relinquish their prey: if they saw themselves losing ground, they brought to their walls the relics of some saint. Then it generally happened that the assailants, seized with awful veneration, retired, and dared not pursue their vengeance. This is the origin of the *enchanters*, of the *enchantments*, and of the *enchanted castles* described in romances.'

To these may be added what the author of 'Northern Antiquities,' Vol. I, p. 243, writes, that as the walls of the castles ran winding round them, they often called them by a name which signified *serpents* or *dragons*; and in these were commonly secured the women and young maids of distinction, who were seldom safe at a time when so many bold warriors were rambling up and down in search of adventures. It was this custom which gave occasion to ancient romancers, who knew not how to describe any thing simple, to invent so many fables concerning princesses of great beauty guarded by *dragons*.

A singular and barbarous custom prevailed during this period; it consisted in punishments by *mutilation*. It became so general that the abbots, instead of bestowing canonical penalties on their monks, obliged them to cut off an ear, an arm, or a leg!

Velly, in his History of France, has described two festivals, which gave a just idea of the manners and devotion of a later period, 1230, which like the ancient mysteries consisted of a mixture of farce and piety; religion in fact was their amusement! The following one existed even to the reformation.

In the church of Paris, and in several other cathedrals of the kingdom, was held the *Feast of Fools* or madmen. 'The priests and clerks assembled, elected a pope, an archbishop, or a bishop, conducted them in great pomp to the church, which they entered dancing, masked, and dressed in the apparel of women, animals, and merry-andrews; sung infamous songs, and converted the altar into a beaufet, where they ate and drank during the celebration of the holy mysteries; played with dice; burned, instead of incense, the leather of their old sandals; ran about, and leaped from seat to seat, with all the indecent postures with which the merry-andrews know how to amuse the populace.'

The other does not yield in extravagance. 'This festival was called the *Feast of Asses*, and was celebrated at Beauvais. They chose a young woman, the handsomest in the town; they made her ride on an ass richly harnessed, and placed in her arms a pretty infant. In this state followed by the bishop and clergy, she marched in procession from the cathedral to the church of St Stephens's; entered into the sanctuary; placed herself near the altar, and the mass began; whatever the choir sung was terminated by this charming burthen, *Hihan, hihan!* Their prose, half Latin and half French, explained the fine qualities of the animal. Every strophe finished by this delightful invitation:

Hez, sire Ane, ça chantez
Belle bouche rechignez,
Vous aurés du foin assez
Et de l'avoine à plantez.

They at length exorted him in making a devout genuflexion, to forget his ancient food, for the purpose of repeating without ceasing, *Amen, Amen*. The priest, instead of *Ite missa est*, sung three times, *Hihan, hihan, hihan!* and the people three times answered, *Hihan, hihan, hihan!* to imitate the braying of that grave animal.

What shall we think of this imbecile mixture of superstition and farce? This *ass* was perhaps typical of the *ass* which Jesus rode? The children of Israel worshipped a golden ass, and Balaam made another speak. How unfortunate then was *James Naylor*, who desirous of entering Bristol on an *ass*, Hume informs us—it is indeed but a piece of cold pleasantry—that all Bristol could not afford him *one!*

At the time when all these follies were practised, they would not suffer men to play at *chess!* Velly says, 'A statute of Eudes de Sully prohibits clergymen not only from playing at chess, but even from having a chess-board in their house.' Who could believe, that while half the ceremonies of religion consisted in the grossest buffoonery, a prince preferred death rather than cure himself by a remedy which offended his chastity. Louis VIII being dangerously ill, the physicians consulted and agreed to place near the monarch while he slept, a young and beautiful lady, who when he awoke, should inform him of the motive which had conducted her to him. Louis answered, 'No, my girl, I prefer dying rather than to save my life by a *mortal sin!* And, in fact, the good king died! He would not be prescribed for, out of the whole Pharmacopeia of Love!

An account of our taste in female beauty is given by Mr

Ellis, who observes, in his notes to Wray's Fabliaux, 'In the times of chivalry the minstrels dwell with great complaicency on the fair hair and delicate complexion of their damsels. This taste was continued for a long time, and to render the hair light was a great object of education. Even when wigs first came into fashion they were all flaxen. Such was the colour of the Gauls and of their German conquerors. It required some centuries to reconcile their eyes to the swarthy beauties of their Spanish and their Italian neighbours.'

The following is an amusing anecdote of the difficulty in which an honest Vicar of Bray found himself in those contentious times.

When the court of Rome, under the pontificates of Gregory IX and Innocent IV set no bounds to their ambitious projects, they were opposed by the Emperor Frederic; who was of course anathematised. A curate of Paris, a humorous fellow, got up in his pulpit with the bull of Innocent in his hand. You know, my brethren, (said he) that I am ordered to proclaim an excommunication against Frederic. I am ignorant of the motive. All that I know is, that there exists between this prince and the Roman Pontiff great differences, and an irreconcilable hatred. God only knows which of the two is wrong. Therefore with all my power I excommunicate him who injures the other; and I absolve him who suffers, to the great scandal of all Christianity.

The following anecdotes relate to a period which is sufficiently remote to excite curiosity, yet not so distant as to weaken the interest we feel in those minutiæ of the times.

The present one may serve as a curious specimen of the despotism and simplicity of an age not literary, in discovering the author of a libel. It took place in the reign of Henry VIII. A great jealousy subsisted between the Londoners and those foreigners who traded here. The foreigners probably (observes Mr Lodge, in his Illustrations of English History) worked cheaper and were more industrious.

There was a libel affixed on St Paul's door, which reflected on Henry VIII and these foreigners, who were accused of buying up the wool with the king's money, to the undoing of Englishmen. This tended to inflame the minds of the people. The method adopted to discover the writer of the libel must excite a smile in the present day, while it shows the state in which knowledge must have been in this country. The plan adopted was this: In every ward one of the king's council, with an alderman of the same, was commanded to see every man write that could, and further took every man's book and sealed them, and brought them to Guildhall to confront them with the original. So that if of this number many wrote alike, the judges must have been much puzzled to fix on the criminal.

Our hours of refection are singularly changed in little more than two centuries. In the reign of Francis I, (observes the author of Recreations Historiques) they were yet accustomed to say,

> Lever a cinq, diner a neuf,
> Souper a cinq, coucher a neuf,
> Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

Historians observe of Louis XII, that one of the causes which contributed to hasten his death was the entire change of his regimen. The good king, by the persuasion of his wife, says the history of Bayard, changed his manner of living; when he was accustomed to dine at eight o'clock, he agreed to dine at twelve; and when he was used to retire to bed at six o'clock in the evening, he frequently sat up as late as midnight.

Houssaie gives the following authentic notice drawn from the registers of the court, which presents a curious account of domestic life in the fifteenth century. Of the dauphin Louis, son of Charles VI, who died at the age of twenty, we are told: 'That he knew the Latin and French languages; that he had many musicians in his chapel; passed the night in vigils; dined at three in the afternoon, supped at midnight, went to bed at the break of day, and thus was *acertené* (that is threatened) with a short life.' Froissart mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at five o'clock in the afternoon, when he *had supped*.

The custom of dining at nine in the morning relaxed greatly under Francis I, his successor. However, persons of quality dined then the latest at ten; and supper was at five or six in the evening. We may observe this in the preface to the Heptaemeron of the Queen of Navarre, where this princess delineating the mode of life which the lords and ladies (whom she assembles at the castle of Madame Oysille, one of her characters) should follow to be agreeably occupied, and to banish languor, is expressed in these terms. 'As soon as the morning rose, they went to the chamber of Madame Oysille, whom they found already at her prayers; and when they had heard during a good hour her lecture, and then the mass, they went to dine at ten o'clock; and afterwards each retired to his room to do what was wanted, and did not fail at noon to meet in the meadow.' Speaking of the end of this first day (which was in September) the same lady Oysille says, 'Say where is the sun? and hear the bell of the Abbey, which has for some time called us to vespers; and in saying this they all rose and went to the religionists, *who had waited for them above an hour*. Vespers heard, they went to supper, and after having played at a thousand sports in the meadow, they retired to bed.' All this exactly corresponds with the lines above quoted. Charles V of France, however, who lived near two centuries before Francis, dined at ten, supped at seven, and all the court was in bed by nine o'clock. They sounded the curfew, which bell warned them to cover their fire, at six in the winter, and between eight and nine in the summer. A custom which exists in most religious societies: who did not then distinguish themselves from the ordinary practise. (This was written in 1767.) Under the reign of Henry IV the hour of dinner at court was eleven, or at noon the latest; a custom which prevailed even in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. In the provinces distant from Paris, it is very common to dine at nine; they make a second repast about two o'clock, and sup at five; and their last meal is made just before they retire to bed. The labourer and peasants in France have preserved this custom, and make three meals; one at nine, another at three, and the last at the setting of the sun.

The Marquis of Mirabeau, in 'L'Ami des Hommes,' Vol. I, p. 261, gives a striking representation of the singular industry of the French citizens of that age. He had learnt from several ancient citizens of Paris, that if in their youth a workman did not work two hours by candle-light, either in the morning or evening (he even adds in the longest days) he would have been noted as an idler, and would not have found persons to employ him. Mirabeau adds, that it was the 12th of May, 1588, when Henry III ordered his troops to occupy various posts in Paris. Davila writes, that the inhabitants, warned by the noise of the drums, began to shut their doors and shops, which, according to the custom of that town to work before daybreak, were already opened. This must have been, taking it at the latest, about four in the morning. 'In 1750,' adds the ingenious writer, 'I walked on that day through Paris at full six in the morning; I passed through the most busy and populous part of the city, and I only saw open some stalls of the venders of brandy!'

To the article, 'Anecdotes of Fashions,' in a former volume, we may add, that in England a taste for splendid dress existed in the reign of Henry VII; as is observable by the following description of Nicholas Lord Vaux. 'In the 17th of that reign, at the marriage of Prince Arthur, the brave young Vaux appeared in a gown of purple velvet, adorned with pieces of gold so thick and massive, that exclusive of the silk and furs, it was valued at a thousand pounds. About his neck he wore a collar, of S. S. weighing eight hundred pounds in nobles. In those days it not only required great bodily strength to support the weight of their cumbersome armour; their very luxury of apparel for the drawing-room would oppress a system of modern muscles.'

In the following reign, according to the monarch's and Wolsey's magnificent taste, their dress was, perhaps, more generally sumptuous. We then find the following rich ornaments in vogue. Shirts and shifts were embroidered with gold, and bordered with lace. Strutt notices also perfumed gloves lined with white velvet, and splendidly worked with embroidery and gold buttons. Not only gloves, but various other parts of their habits, were perfumed, shoes were made of Spanish perfumed skins.

Carriages were not then used; so that lords would carry princesses on a pillion behind them, and in wet weather the ladies covered their heads with hoods of oil-cloth. A custom that has been generally continued to the middle of the seventeenth century. The use of coaches was introduced into England by Fitzalan Earl of Arundel, in 1580, and at first were only drawn by a pair of horses.

The favourite Buckingham, about 1619, began to have them drawn by six horses, and Wilson, in his life of James I, tells us this 'was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride.' The same *arbiter elegantiarum* introduced sedan chairs. In France, Catherine of Medicis was the first who used a coach, which had leather doors, and curtains instead of glass windows. If the carriage of Henry IV had had glass windows, this circumstance might have saved his life. Carriages were so rare in the reign of this monarch, that in a letter to his minister Sully, he notices that having taken medicine that day, though he had intended to have called on him, he was prevented, because the queen had gone out with the carriage. Even as late as in the reign of Louis XIV, the courtiers rode a horseback to their dinner parties, and wore their light boots and spurs. Count Hamilton describes his boots of white Spanish leather with gold spurs.

Saint Foix observes, that in 1658 there were only 310 coaches in Paris, and in 1758 there were more than 14,000.

Strutt has judiciously observed, that though 'luxury and grandeur were so much affected, and appearances of state and splendour carried to such lengths, we may conclude that their household furniture and domestic necessaries were also carefully attended to; on passing through their houses, we may expect to be surprised at the neatness, elegance, and superb appearance of each room, and the suitableness of every ornament; but herein we may be deceived. The taste of elegance amongst our ancestors was very different from the present, and however we may find them extravagant in their apparel, excessive in their banquets, and expensive in their trains of attendants; yet, follow them home, and within their houses you shall find their furniture is plain and homely; no great choice, but what was useful, rather than any for ornament or show.'

Erasmus, as quoted by Jortin, confirms this account, and makes it worse: he gives a curious account of English dirtiness; he ascribes the plague from which England was hardly ever free, and the sweating-sickness, partly to the incommodious form, and bad exposition of the houses, to the filthiness of the streets, and to the sluttishness within doors. The floors, says he, are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes; under which lies, unmolested, an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and every thing that is nasty.

I shall give a sketch of the domestic life of a nobleman in the reign of Charles the First, 'from the 'Life of the Duke of Newcastle,' written by his Duchess, whom I have already noticed. It might have been impertinent at the time of its publication; it will now please those who are curious of English manners.

'Of his Habit.

'He accoutres his person according to the fashion, if it be one that is not troublesome and uneasy for men of heroic exercises and actions. He is neat and cleanly; which makes him to be somewhat long in dressing, though not so long as many effeminate persons are. He shifts ordinarily once a day, and every time when he uses exercise, or or his temper is more hot than ordinary.

'Of his Diet.

'In his diet he is so sparing and temperate, that he never eats nor drinks beyond his set proportion so as to satisfy only his natural appetite; he makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small beer, one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner; which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small beer. And by this temperance he finds himself very healthful, and may yet live many years, he being now of the age of seventy-three.

'His Recreation and Exercise.

His prime pastime and recreation hath always been the exercise of mannage and weapons, which heroic arts he used to practice every day; but I observing that when he had overheated himself he would be apt to take cold, prevailed so far, that at last he left the frequent use of the mannage, using nevertheless still the exercise of weapons; and though he doth not ride himself so frequently as he hath done, yet he taketh delight in seeing his horses of mannage rid by his escuyers, whom he instructs in that art for his own pleasure. But in the art of weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever was famous in it, found out by his own ingenuity and practise) he never taught any body but the now Duke of Buckingham, whose guardian he hath been, and his own two sons. The rest of his time he spends in music, poetry, architecture, and the like.'

The value of money, and the increase of our opulence, might form, says Johnson, a curious subject of research. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Latimer mentions it as a proof of her father's prosperity, that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion. At the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousands more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand. Clarissa Harlowe had but a moderate fortune.

In Sir John Vanbrugh's Confederacy, a woman of fashion is presented with a bill of millinary *as long as herself*. Yet it only amounts to a poor fifty pounds! at present this sounds oddly on the stage. I have heard of a lady of quality and fashion, who had a bill of her fancy-dress maker, for the expenditure of one year, to the tune or rather which closed in the deep diapason of, six thousand pounds!

THE EARLY DRAMA.

It is curious to trace the first rude attempts of the drama, in various nations; to observe at that moment, how crude is the imagination, and to trace the caprices it indulges; and that the resemblance in these attempts holds in the earliest essays of Greece, of France, of Spain, of England, and what appears extraordinary, even in China and Mexico.

The rude beginnings of the drama in Greece are sufficiently known, and the old *mysteries* of Europe have been exhibited in the preceding pages of this work. The progress of the French theatre has been this:—

Etienne Jodelle, in 1552, seems to have been the first who had a tragedy represented of his own invention, entitled Cleopatra—it was a servile imitation of the form of the Grecian tragedy; but if this did not require the highest genius, it did the utmost intrepidity; for the people were, through long habit, intoxicated with the wild amusement they amply received from their farces and moralities.

The following curious anecdote, which followed this first attempt at classical imitation, is very observable. Jodelle's success was such, that his rival poets, touched by the spirit of the Grecian muse, showed a singular proof of their enthusiasm for this new poet, in a *classical* festivity which gave room for no little scandal in that day; yet as it was produced by a carnival, it was probably a kind of drunken bout. Fifty poets, during the carnival of 1552, went to Arcueil. Chance, says the writer of the life of the old French bard Ronsard, who was one of the present *profane* party, threw across their road a *goat*—which having caught, they ornamented the goat with chaplets of flowers, and carried it triumphantly to the hall of their festival, to appear to sacrifice to Bacchus, and to present it to Jodelle; for the goat, among the ancients, was the prize of the tragic bards; the victim of Bacchus, who presided over tragedy.

Carmine, qui tragico, vilem certavit ob hircum.
Horace.

This goat thus adorned, and his beard painted, was hunted about the long table, at which the fifty poets were seated; and after having served them for a subject of laughter for some time, he was hunted out of the room, and not sacrificed to Bacchus. Each of the guests made verses on the occasion, in imitation of the Bachanalia of the ancients. Ronsard composed some dithyrambics to celebrate the festival of the goat of Etienne Jodelle; and another, entitled 'Our travels to Arcueil.' However, this Bacchanalian freak did not finish as it ought, where it had begun, among the poets. Several ecclesiastics sounded the alarm, and one Chandieu accused Ronsard with having performed an idolatrous sacrifice; and it was easy to accuse the moral habits of *fifty poets* assembled together, who were far, doubtless from being irreproachable. They repented for some time of their classical sacrifice of a goat to Tragedy.

Hardi, the French Lope de Vega, wrote 800 dramatic pieces from 1600 to 1637; his imagination was the most fertile possible; but so wild and unchecked, that though its extravagances are very amusing, they served as so many instructive lessons to his successors. One may form a notion of his violation of the unities by his piece, 'La force

du Sang.' In the first act Leocadia is carried off and ravished. In the second she is sent back with an evident sign of pregnancy. In the third she lies in, and at the close of this act, her son is about ten years old. In the fourth the father of the child acknowledges him; and in the fifth, lamenting his son's unhappy fate, he marries Leocadia. Such are the pieces in the infancy of the drama!

Rotrou was the first who ventured to introduce several persons in the same scene; before his time they rarely exceeded two persons; if a third appeared, he was usually a mute actor, who never joined the other two. The state of the theatre was even then very rude; freedoms of the most lascivious embraces were publicly given and taken; and Rotrou even ventured to introduce a naked page in the scene, who in this situation holds a dialogue with one of his heroines. In another piece, '*Scedase, ou l'hospitalité violé*,' Hardy makes two young Spartans carry off Scedase's two daughters, ravish them on the theatre, and violating them in the side scenes, the spectators heard their cries and their complaints. Cardinal Richelieu made the theatre one of his favourite pursuits, and though not successful as a dramatic writer, he gave that encouragement to the drama, which gradually gave birth to genius. Scudery was the first who introduced the twenty-four hours from Aristotle; and Mairet studied the construction of the fable, and the rules of the drama. They yet groped in the dark, and their beauties were yet only occasional; Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Crebillon, and Voltaire, perfected the French drama.

In the infancy of the tragic art in our country, the bowl and dagger were considered as the great instruments of a sublime pathos; and the '*Die all*' and '*Die nobly*' of the exquisite and affecting tragedy of Fielding were frequently realised in our popular dramas. Thomas Goff, of the university of Oxford, in the reign of James I, was considered as no contemptible tragic poet; he concludes the first part of his courageous Turk, by promising a second, thus:

> If this first part, gentles! do like you well,
> The second part shall greater murthers tell.

Specimens of extravagant bombast might be selected from his tragedies. The following speech of Amurath the Turk, who coming on the stage, and seeing an appearance of the heavens being on fire, comets and blazing stars, thus addresses the heavens, which seemed to have been in as mad a condition as the poet's own mind.

> —— How now ye heavens! grow you
> So proud, that you must needs put on curled locks,
> And clothe yourselves in perriwigs of fire!

In the raging Turk, or Bajazet the Second, he is introduced with this most raging speech:

> Am I not emperor? he that breathes a no
> Damns in that negative syllable his soul;
> Durst any god gainsay it, he should feel
> The strength of fiercest giants in my armies,
> Mine anger's at the highest, and I could shake
> The firm foundation of the earthly globe:
> Could I but grasp the poles in these two hands
> I'd pluck the world asunder.
>
> He would scale heaven, and would then when he had
> ———— got beyond the utmost sphere,
> Besiege the concave of this universe.
> And hunger-starve the gods till they confessed
> What furies did oppress his sleeping soul.

These plays went through two editions; the last printed in 1656.

The following passage from a similar bard is as precious. The king in the play exclaims,

> By all the ancient gods of Rome and Greece,
> I love my daughter!——better than my niece!
> If any one should ask the reason why,
> I'd tell them——Nature makes the stronger tie!

One of these rude French plays, about 1600, is entitled '*La Rebellion, ou mescontentement des Grenouilles contre Jupiter*,' in five acts. The subject of this tragicomic piece is nothing more than the fable of the frogs who asked Jupiter for a king. In this ridiculous effusion of a wild fancy, it must have been pleasant enough to have seen the actors, croaking in their fens, and climbing up the steep ascent of Olympus; they were dressed so as to appear gigantic frogs; and in pleading their cause before Jupiter and his court, the dull humour was to croak sublimely, whenever they did not agree with their judge.

Clavigero, in his curious history of Mexico, has given Acosta's account of the Mexican theatre which appears to resemble the first scene among the Greeks, and these French frogs, but with more fancy and taste. Acosta writes, 'The small theatre was curiously whitened, adorned with boughs, and arches made of flowers and feathers, from which were suspended many birds, rabbits and other pleasing objects. The actors exhibited burlesque characters, feigned themselves deaf, sick with colds, lame, blind, crippled, and addressing an idol for the return of health.—The deaf people answered at cross purposes; those who had colds by caughing; and the lame by halting; all recited their complaints and misfortunes, which produced infinite mirth among the audience. Others appeared under the names of different little animals; some disguised as beetles, some like toads, some like lizards, and upon encountering each other, reciprocally explained their employments, which was highly satisfactory to the people, as they performed their parts with infinite ingenuity. Several little boys also belonging to the temple, appeared in the disguise of butterflies, and birds of various colours, and mounting upon the trees which were fixed there on purpose, little balls of earth were thrown at them with slings, occasioning many humourous incidents to the spectators.'

Something very wild and original appears in this singular exhibition; where at times, the actors seem to have been spectators, and the spectators were actors.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE ARTS.

As a literary curiosity can we deny a niche to that 'obliquity of distorted wit,' of Barton Holyday, who has composed a strange comedie, in five acts, performed at Christ Church, Oxford, 1630, *not* for the *entertainment*, as an anecdote records, of James the First.

The title of the comedy of this unclassical classic, for Holyday is known as the translator of Juvenal with a very learned commentary, is TEXNOTAMIA, or the Marriage of the Arts, 1630, quarto extremely dull, excessively rare, and extraordinarily high-priced among collectors.

It may be exhibited as one of the most extravagant inventions of a pedant. Who but a pedant could have conceived the dull fancy of forming a comedy, of five acts, on the subject of *marrying the Arts!* They are the dramatis personæ of this piece, and the bachelor of arts prescribes their intrigues and characters. His actors are Polites, a magistrate;—Physica;—Astronomia, daughter to Physica;—Ethicus, an old man;—Geographus, a traveller and courtier, in love with Astronomia;—Arithmetica, in love with Geometry;—Logicus;—Grammaticus, a schoolmaster;—Poeta;—Historia, in love with Poetica;—Rhetorica, in love with Logicus;—Melancholico, Poeta's man;—Phantastes, servant to Geographus;—Choler, Grammaticus's man.

All these abstract and refined ladies and gentlemen have as bodily feelings, and employ as gross language, as if they had been every-day characters. A specimen of his grotesque dulness may entertain;—'fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.'

Geographus opens the play with declaring his passion to Astronomia, and that very rudely indeed! See the pedant wreathing the roses of Love!

'*Geog.* Come, now you shall, Astronomia.

Ast. What shall I, Geographus?

Geog. Kisse!

Ast. What in spite of my teeth!

Geog. No, not so I hope you do not use too kisse with your teeth.

Ast. Marry, and I hope I do not use to kisse without them.

Geog. Ay, but my fine wit-catcher, I mean you do not show your teeth when you kisse.'

He then kisses her, as he says, in the different manners of a French, Spanish, and Dutch kiss. He wants to take off the zone of Astronomia. She begs he would not fondle her like an elephant as he is; and Geographus says again, 'Won't you then?

Ast. Won't I what?

Geog. Bee kinde?

Ast. Bee kinde! how?'

Fortunately Geographus is here interrupted by Astronomia's mother Physica. This dialogue is a specimen of the whole piece; very flat, and very gross. Yet the piece is still curious,—not only for its absurdity, but for that sort of ingenuity, which so whimsically contrived to bring together the different arts; this pedantic writer, however, owes more to the subject, than the subject derived from

him; without wit or humour, he has at times an extravagance of invention. As for instance,—Geographus, and his man Phantastes, describe to Poeta the lying wonders they pretend to have witnessed; and this is one:

'*Phan.* Sir, we met with a traveller that could speak six languages at the same instant.

'*Poeta.* How? at the same instant, that's impossible?

'*Phan.* Nay, sir, the actuality of the performance puts it beyond all contradiction. With his tongue he'd so vewel you out as smooth *Italian* as any man breathing; with his eye he would sparkle forth the proud *Spanish*; with his nose blow out most robustious *Dutch*; the creaking of his high-heeled shoe would articulate exact *Polonian*; the knocking of his shin-bone feminine *French*; and his belly would grumble most pure and scholar-like *Hungary*.

This, though extravagant without fancy, is not the worst part of the absurd humour which runs through this pedantic comedy.

The classical reader may perhaps be amused by the following strange conceits. Poeta, who was in love with Historia capriciously falls in love with Astronomia, and thus compares his mistress:

Her brow is like a brave heroic line
That does a sacred majestie inshrine;
Her nose, Phaleuciake-like, in comely sort
Ends in a Trochie, or a long and short
Her mouth is like a prettie Diameter;
Her eie-brows like a little-longer Trimeter.
Her chinne is an adonicke, and her tongue
Is an Hypermeter, somewhat too long
Her eies I may compare them unto two
Quick-turning Dactyles, for their nimble view.
Her ribs like staues of Sapphicks doe descend
Thither, which but to name were to offend.
Her arms like two Iambics raised on hie,
Doe with her brow bear equal majestie;
Her legs like two straight spondees keep apace,
Slow as two scazons, but with stately grace.

The piece concludes with a speech by Polites, who settles all the disputes, and loves, of the Arts. Poeta promises for the future to attach himself to Historia. Rhetorica, though she loves Logicus, yet as they do not mutually agree, she is united to grammaticus. Polites counsels Phlegmatico, who is Logicus's man, to leave off smoking, and to learn better manners; and Choler, Grammaticus's man, to bridle himself;—that Ethicus and Œconoma would vouchsafe to give good advice to Poeta and Historia;—and Physica to her children Geographus and Astronomia: for Grammaticus and Rhetoric, he says, their tongues will always agree and will not fall out; and for Geometres and Arithmetica they will be very regular. Melancholico, who is Poeta's man, is left quite alone, and agrees to be married to Musica; and at length Phantastes, by the entreaty of Poeta, becomes the servant of Melancholico and Musica. Physiognomus and Cheiromantes, who are in the character of gypsies and fortune-tellers, are finally exiled from the island of Fortunata, where lies the whole scene of the action in the residence of the *married arts*.

The pedant-comic-writer has even attended to the dresses of his characters, which are minutely given. Thus Melancholico wears a black suit, a black hat, a black cloak, and black worked bands, black gloves, and black shoes. Sanguis, the servant of Medicus, is in a red suit; on the breast is a man with his nose bleeding; on the back, one letting blood in his arm; with a red hat and band, red stockings, and red pumps.

It is recorded of this play, that the Oxford scholars, resolving to give James I a relish of their genius, requested leave to act this notable piece. Honest Anthony Wood tells us, that it being too grave for the king, and too scholastic for the auditory, or, as some have said, the actors had taken too much wine, his majesty offered several times, after two acts, to withdraw. He was prevailed to sit it out, in mere charity to the Oxford scholars. The following humourous epigram was produced on the occasion:

At Christ church marriage done before the king,
Least that those mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer,—What, I pray?
He offered twice or thrice—to go away!

A CONTRIVANCE IN DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

Crown, in his 'City Politiques,' 1688, a comedy written to satirise the Whigs of those days, was accused of having copied his character too closely after life, and his enemies turned his comedy into a libel. He has defended himself in his preface from this imputation. It was particularly laid to his charge that in the characters of Bartoline, an old corrupt lawyer and his wife, Lucinda, a wanton country girl, he intended to ridicule a certain serjeant M—— and his young wife. It was even said that the comedian mimicked the odd speech of the aforesaid serjeant, who having lost all his teeth, uttered his words in a very peculiar manner. On this, Crown tells us in his defence, that the comedian must not be blamed for this peculiarity, as it was an *invention* of the author himself, who had taught it to the player. He seems to have considered it as no ordinary invention, and was so pleased with it, that he has most painfully printed the speeches of the lawyer in this singular gibberish; and his reasons, as well as his discovery, appear very remarkable.

He says, that 'Not any one old man more than another is mimicked, by Mr Lee's way of speaking, which all comedians can witness, was my own *invention*, and Mr Lee was taught it by me. To prove this farther, I have *printed* Bartoline's part in that manner of spelling, by which I taught it Mr Lee. They who have no teeth cannot pronounce many letters plain, but perpetually lisp, and break their words; and some words they cannot bring out all. As for instance, *th* is pronounced by thrusting the tongue hard to the teeth, therefore that sound they cannot make, but something like it. For that reason you will often find in Bartoline's part, instead of *th*, *ay*, as *yat* for that; *yish*, for this; *yosh*, for those; sometimes a *t* is left out, as *housand*, for thousand; *hirty*, for thirty. *S* they pronounce like *sh*, *sher*, for sir; *musht* for must; *t* they speak like *ch*; therefore you will find *chrue*, for true; *chreason*, for treason; *cho*, for to; *choo*, for two; *chen*, for ten; *chake*, for take. And this *ch* is not to be pronounced like *k*, as 'tis in christian, but as in child, church, chest. I desire the reader to observe these things, because otherwise he will hardly understand much of the lawyer's part, which in the opinion of all is the most divertising in the comedy; but when this ridiculous way of speaking is familiar with him, it will render the part more pleasant.'

One hardly expects so curious a piece of orthoepy in the preface to a comedy. It may have required great observation and ingenuity to have discovered the cause of old, toothless, men mumbling their words. But as a piece of comic humour, on which the author appears to have prided himself, the effect is far from fortunate; humour arising from a personal defect, is but a miserable substitute for that of a more genuine kind. I shall give a specimen of this strange gibberish, as it is so laboriously printed. It may amuse the reader to see his mother's language transformed into so odd a shape that it is with difficulty he can recognize it.

Old Bartoline thus speaks:—'I wrong'd *my shelf*, *cho entcher incho bondsh* of marriage, and could not perform *covenantsh*, I might well *hinke* you would *chake* the forfeiture of the bond; and I never found *equichy* in a *bedg* in my life; but i'll trounce you *boh*; I have paved *jaylish* wi' the *bonesh* of honester people *yen* you are, *yat* never did me nor any man any wrong, but had law o' *yeir shydsh* and right o' *yeir shydsh*, but because *yey* had not me o' *yeir shydsh*, I ha' '*hrown* 'em in *jaylish*, and got *yeir eshchatsh* for my *clyentsh*, *yat* had no more *chylle* to 'em *yen dogsh*.'

THE COMEDY OF A MADMAN.

Desmarets, the friend of Richelieu, mentioned in the article Richelieu, page 38, was a very extraordinary character, and produced many effusions of genius in early life, till he became a mystical fanatic. It was said of him, that 'he was the greatest madman among poets, and the best poet among madmen.' His comedy of 'The Visionaries' is one of the most extraordinary of dramatic projects, and in respect to its genius and lunacy, may be considered as a literary curiosity.

In this singular comedy all Bedlam seems to be let loose on the stage, and every character has a high claim to an apartment in it. It is indeed suspected that the cardinal had a hand in this anomalous drama, and in spite of its extravagance it was favourably received by the public, who certainly had never seen any thing like it.

Every character in this piece acts under some hallucination of the mind, or a fit of madness. Artabaze, is a cowardly hero, who believes he has conquered the world. Amidor, is a wild poet, who imagines he ranks above Homer. Filidan, is a lover, who becomes inflammable as gunpowder, for every mistress he reads of in romances. Pha-

:ante, is a beggarly bankrupt, who thinks himself as rich as Crœsus. Melisse, in reading the 'History of Alexander,' has become madly in love with this hero, and will have no other husband than 'him of Macedon.' Hesperie imagines her fatal charms occasion a hundred disappointments in the world, but prides herself on her perfect insensibility. Sestiane, who knows no other happiness than comedies, and whatever she sees or hears, immediately plans a scene for dramatic effect, renounces any other occupation; and finally, Alcidon, the father of these three mad girls, as imbecile as his daughters are wild. So much for the amiable characters!

The plot is in perfect harmony with the genius of the author, and the characters he has invented—perfectly unconnected, and fancifully wild. Alcidon resolves to marry his three daughters, who, however, have no such project of their own. He offers them to the first who comes. He accepts for his son-in-law the first who offers, and is clearly convinced that he is within a very short period of accomplishing his wishes. As the four ridiculous personages whom we have noticed frequently haunt his house, he becomes embarrassed in finding one lover too many, having only three daughters. The catastrophe relieves the old gentleman from his embarrassments. Melisse, faithful to her Macedonian hero, declares her resolution of dying, before she marries any meaner personage. Hesperie refuses to marry out of pity for mankind: for to make one man happy, she thinks she must plunge a hundred into despair. Sestiane, only passionate for comedy, cannot consent to any marriage, and tells her father, in very lively verses,

Je ne veux point mon perc, espouser un censeur;
Puisque vous me souffrés recevoir la douceur
Des plaisirs innocens que le theatre apporte
Prendrais-je le hazard de vivre d'autre sorte?
Puis on a des enfans, qui vous sont sur les bras,
Les mener au theatre, O Dieux! quel embarras!
Tantot couche ou grossesse, ou quelque maladie
Pour jamais vous font dire, adieu la comedie!

IMITATED.

No, no, my father, I will have no critic,
(Miscalled a husband) since you still permit
The innocent sweet pleasures of the Stage;
And shall I venture to exchange my lot?
Then we have children folded in our arms
To bring them to the play-house, heavens! what troubles!
Then we lie in, are big, or sick, or vex'd:
These make us bid farewell to Comedy!

At length these imagined sons-in-law appear; Filidan declares that in these three girls he cannot find the mistress he adores. Amidor confesses he only asked for one of his daughters out of pure gallantry, and that he is only a lover—in verse! When Phalante is questioned after the great fortunes he hinted at, the father discovers that he has not a stiver, and out of credit to borrow; while Artabaze declares that he only allowed Alcidon, out of mere benevolence, to flatter himself for a moment, with the hope of an honour that even Jupiter would not dare to pretend to. Thus it is, that the four lovers disperse, and leave the old gentleman more embarrassed than ever, and his daughters perfectly enchanted to enjoy their whimsical reveries, and die old maids.

SOLITUDE.

We possess, among our own native treasures, two treatises on this subject, composed with no ordinary talent, and not their least value consists in one being an apology for solitude, while the other combats that prevailing passion of the studious. Zimmerman's popular work is overloaded with common-place; the garrulity of eloquence, which has been found very agreeable to the great mass of readers. The two treatises now noticed may be compared to the highly-finished gems, whose figure may be more finely designed, and whose strokes may be more delicate in the smaller space they occupy, than the ponderous block of marble hewed out by the German chiseler.

Sir George Mackenzie, a polite writer and a most eloquent pleader, published in 1665 a moral essay preferring solitude to public employment. The eloquence of his style was well suited to the dignity of his subject; the advocates for solitude have always prevailed over those for active life, because there is something sublime in those feelings which would retire from the circle of indolent triflers, or depraved geniuses; who, like a certain species of insects, are born, and can only live, in corruption. The tract of Mackenzie was ingeniously answered by the elegant taste of John Evelyn, in 1667; of this last tract, the editor of 'Censura Literaria,' in his first volume, has given an analysis; but that ingenious and fervent compiler has not noticed the superior composition of the Scotch writer. Mackenzie, though he wrote in favour of solitude, passed a very active life, first as a pleader, and afterwards as a judge; that he was an eloquent writer, and an excellent critic, and a wit, we have the authority of Dryden, who says, that till he was acquainted with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie, he had not known the beautiful turn of words and thoughts in poetry, which Sir George had explained and exemplified to him in conversation. As a judge, and king's advocate, will not the barbarous customs of the age defend his name? he is most hideously painted forth by the dark pencil of a poetical Spagnoletti—Mr Grahame, in his poem on 'The Birds of Scotland.' Sir George lived in the age of rebellion—and used torture: we must entirely put aside his political, to attend to his literary character. Blair has quoted his pleadings as a model of eloquence, and Mr Grahame is unjust to the fame of Mackenzie, when he alludes to his 'half-forgotten name.' In 1689, he retired to Oxford, to indulge the luxuries of study in the Bodleian Library, and to practice that solitude which so delighted him in theory; but three years afterwards he fixed himself in London. Evelyn, who wrote in favour of public employment being preferable to solitude, passed his days in the tranquillity of his studies, and wrote against the habits which he himself most loved. By this it may appear, that, that of which we have the least experience ourselves, will ever be what appears most delightful! Alas! every thing in life seems to have in it the nature of a bubble of air, and, when touched, we find nothing but emptiness in our hand. It is certain that the most eloquent writers in favour of solitude have left behind them too many memorials of their unhappy feelings, when they indulged this passion to excess; and some ancient has justly said, that none but a God, or a savage, can suffer this exile from human nature.

The following extracts from Sir George Mackenzie's tract on Solitude are eloquent and impressive, and merit to be rescued from that oblivion which surrounds many writers, whose genius has not been effaced, but concealed, by the transient crowd of their posterity.'

'I have admired to see persons of virtue and humour long much to be in the city, where, when they come, they found not sought for no other divertisement than to visit one another; and there to do nothing else than to make legs, view others habit, talk of the weather, or some such pitiful subject, and it may be, if they made a farther inroad upon any other affair, they did so pick one another, that it afforded them matter of eternal quarrel, for what was at first but an indifferent subject, is by interest adopted into the number of our quarrels.—What pleasure can be received by talking of new fashions, buying and selling of lands, advancement or ruin of favourites, victories or defeats of strange princes, which is the ordinary subject of ordinary conversation?—Most desire to frequent their superiors, and these men must either suffer their raillery, or must not be suffered to continue in their society; if we converse with them who speak with more address than ourselves, then we repine equally at our own dulness, and envy the acuteness that accomplishes the speaker; or, if we converse with duller animals than ourselves, then we are weary to draw the yoke alone, and fret at our being in ill company; but if chance blows us in amongst our equals, then we are so at guard to catch all advantages, and so interested in point d'honneur, that it rather cruciates than recreates us. How many make themselves cheap by these occasions, whom we had valued highly if they had frequented us less! And how many frequent persons who laugh at that simplicity which the addresser admires in himself as wit, and yet both recreate themselves with double laughters!

In solitude (he addresses his friend) 'My dear Celador enter into your own breast, and there survey the several operations of your own soul, the progress of your passions, the strugglings of your appetite, the wanderings of your fancy, and ye will find, I assure you, more variety in that one piece, than there is to be learned in all the courts of Christendom. Represent to yourself the last age, all the actions and interests in it, how much this person was infatuate with zeal, that person with lust; how much one pursued honour, and another riches; and in the next thought draw that scene, and represent them all turned to dust and ashes!'

I cannot close this subject without the addition of some anecdotes, which may be useful. A man of letters finds solitude necessary, and for him solitude has its pleasures and its conveniences; but we shall find that it also has a hundred things to be dreaded.

Solitude is indispensible for literary pursuits. No considerable work has yet been composed, but its author, like an ancient magician, retired first to the grove or the closet, to invocate his spirits. Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm. When the youth sighs and languishes, and feels himself among crowds in an irksome solitude,—that is the moment to fly into seclusion and meditation. Where can he indulge but in solitude the fine romances of his soul? where but in solitude can he occupy himself in useful dreams by night, and, when the morning rises, fly without interruption to his unfinished labours? Retirement to the frivolous is a vast desert, to the man of genius it is the enchanted garden of Armida.

Cicero was uneasy amidst applauding Rome, and he has designated his numerous works by the titles of his various villas, where they were composed. Voltaire had talents, and a taste for society, yet he not only withdrew by intervals, but at one period of his life passed five years in the most secret seclusion and fervent studies. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant circles of Paris for his books, his meditations, and for his immortal work, and was ridiculed by the gay triflers he relinquished. Harrington, to compose his Oceana, severed himself from the society of his friends, and was so wrapt in abstraction, that he was pitied as a lunatic. Descartes, inflamed by genius, abruptly breaks all his friendly connexions, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented corner at Paris, and applies himself to study during two years unknown to his acquaintance. Adam Smith, after the publication of his first work, throws himself into a retirement that lasted ten years; even Hume rallied him for separating himself from the world; but the great political inquirer satisfied the world, and his friends, by his great work on the Wealth of Nations.

But this solitude, at first a necessity, and then a pleasure, at length is not borne without repining. I will call for a witness a great genius, and he shall speak himself. Gibbon says, 'I feel, and shall continue to feel, that domestic solitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by study and even by friendship, is a comfortless state, which will grow more painful as I descend in the vale of years:' Memoirs, Vol. 1, p 216. And afterwards he writes to a friend, 'Your visit has only served to remind me that man, however amused and occupied in his closet, was not made to live alone.'

I must therefore now sketch a different picture of literary solitude than some sanguine and youthful minds conceive.

Even the sublimest of men, Milton, who is not apt to vent complaints, appears to have felt this irksome period of life. In the preface to Smectymnus, he says, 'It is but justice, not to defraud of due esteem the *wearisome labours* and *studious watchings*, wherein I have spent and *tired* out almost a whole youth.'

Solitude in a later period of life, or rather the neglect which awaits the solitary man, is felt with acuter sensibility. Cowley, that enthusiast for rural seclusion, in his retirement calls himself 'The melancholy Cowley.' Mason has truly transferred the same epithet to Gray. Read in his letters the history of solitude. We lament the loss of Cowley's correspondence through the mistaken notion of Sprat; he assuredly had painted the sorrows of his heart. But Shenstone has filled his pages with the cries of an amiable being whose soul bleeds in the dead oblivion of solitude. Listen to his melancholy expressions. 'Now I am come from a visit, every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life I foresee I shall lead. I am angry, and envious, and dejected and frantic, and disregard all present things, as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr Swift's complaint, that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' Let the lover of solitude muse on its picture throughout the year, in the following stanza by the same poet:

> Tedious again to curse the drizzling day,
> Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
> Or, soothed by vernal airs, again survey
> The self-same hawthorns bud! and cowslips blow!

Swift's letters paint in terrifying colours a picture of solitude, and at length his despair closed with idiotism. The amiable Gresset could not sport with the brilliant wings of his butterfly-muse, without dropping some querulous expression on the solitude of genius. In his 'Epistle to his Muse,' he exquisitely paints the situation of men of genius.

> '——Je les vois, victimes du genie,
> Au foible prix d'un eclat panager,
> Vivre isoles, sans jouri de la vie!'

And afterwards he adds,

> 'Vingt ans d'ennuis, pour quelque jours de gloire!'

I conclude with one more anecdote on solitude, which may amuse. When Menage, attacked by some, and abandoned by others, was seized by a fit of the spleen, he retreated into the country, and gave up his famous Mercuriales: those Wednesdays when the literati assembled at his house, to praise up or cry down one another, as is usual with the literary populace. Menage expected to find that tranquillity in the country which he had frequently described in his verses: but as he was only a poetical plagiarist, it is not strange our pastoral writer was greatly disappointed. Some country rogues having killed his pigeons, they gave him more vexation than his critics. He hastened his return to Paris. 'It is better,' he observed 'since we are born to suffer, to feel only reasonable sorrows.'

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

The memorable friendship of Beaumount and Fletcher so closely united their labours, that we cannot discover the productions of either; and biographers cannot, without difficulty, compose the memoirs of the one, without running into the life of the other. They pourtrayed the same characters, while they mingled sentiment with sentiment, and their days were as closely interwoven as their verses. Metastasio and Farinelli were born about the same time, and early acquainted. They called one another *Gemello*, or twin! Both the delight of Europe, both lived to an advanced age, and died nearly at the same time. Their fortune bore, too, a resemblance; for they were both pensioned, but lived and died separated in the distant courts of Vienna and Madrid. Montaigne and Charron were rivals, but always friends; such was Montaigne's affection for Charron, that he permitted him by his will to bear the full arms of his family; and Charron evinced his gratitude to the manes of his departed friend, by leaving his fortune to the sister of Montaigne, who had married. Forty years of friendship, uninterrupted by rivalry or envy, crowned the lives of Poggius and Leonard Aretin, two of the illustrious revivers of letters. A singular custom formerly prevailed among our own writers, which was an affectionate tribute to our literary veterans by young writers.—The former adopted the latter by the title of sons. Ben Jonson had twelve of these poetical sons. Walton, the angler, adopted Cotton, the translator of Montaigne.

Among the most fascinating effusions of genius are those little pieces which it consecrates to the cause of friendship. In that poem of Cowley, composed on the death of his friend Harvey, the following stanza presents a pleasing picture of the employments of two young students:—

> 'Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
> How oft unwearied have we spent the nights!
> Till the Ledean stars, so famed for love,
> Wond'red at us from above.
>
> We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine;
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

Milton has not only given the exquisite Lycidas to the memory of a young friend, but in his *Epitaphium Damonis*, to that of Deodatus, has poured forth some interesting sentiments. It has been versified by Langhorne. Now, says the poet,

> 'To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart,
> Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?'

The elegy of Tickell, maliciously called by Steele 'prose in rhyme,' is alike inspired by affection and fancy; it has a melodious languor, and a melancholy grace. The sonnet of Gray to the memory of West is a beautiful effusion, and a model for English sonnets. Helvetius was the protector of men of genius, whom he assisted not only with his criticism, but his fortune. At his death, Saurin read in the French academy an epistle to the manes of his friend. Saurin, wrestling with obscurity and poverty, had been drawn into literary existence by the supporting hand of Helvetius. Our poet thus addresses him in the warm tones of gratitude:

'C'est toi qui me cherchant au sein de l'infortune
Relevas mon sort abbattu.
Et sous me rendre chere, une vie importune.

* *

Qu' importent ces pleurs—
O douleur impuissante! O regrets superflus!
Je vis, helas! Je vie, et mon ami n'est plus!'

IMITATED.

In Misery's haunts thy friend thy bounties seize,
And give an urgent life some days of ease;
Ah! ye vain griefs, superfluous tears I chide!
I live, alas! I live—and thou hast died!

The literary friendship of a father with his son is one of the rarest alliances in the republic of letters. It was gratifying to the feelings of young Gibbon, in the fervour of literary ambition, to dedicate his first fruits to his father. The too lively son of Crebillon, though his was a very different genius to the grandeur of his father's, yet dedicated his works, to him, and for a moment put aside his wit and raillery for the pathetic expressions of filial veneration. We have had a remarkable instance in the two Richardsons; and the father in his original manner, has, in the most glowing language, expressed his affectionate sentiments. He says, 'My time of learning was employed in business; but, after all, I have the Greek and Latin tongues, because a part of me possesses them, to whom I can recur at pleasure, just as I have a hand when I would write or paint, feet to walk, and eyes to see. My son is my learning, as I am that to him which he has not. —We make one man, and such a compound man may probably produce what no single man can.' And further, 'I always think it my peculiar happiness to be as it were enlarged, expanded, made another man by the acquisition of my son; and he thinks in the same manner concerning my union with him.' This is as curious as it is uncommon; however the cynic may call it egotism!

Some for their friend have died penetrated with inconsolable grief; some have sacrificed their character to preserve his own; some have shared their limited fortune; and some have remained attached to their friend in the cold season of adversity.

Jurieu denounced Bayle as an impious writer, and drew his conclusions from the 'Avis aux Refugiés.' This work is written against the Calvinists, and therefore becomes impious in Holland. Bayle might have exculpated himself with facility, by declaring the work was composed by La Roque; but he preferred to be persecuted, rather than to ruin his friend; he therefore was silent, and was condemned. When the minister Fouquet was abandoned by all, it was the men of letters he had patronized who never forsook his prison; and many have dedicated their works to great men in their adversity, whom they scorned to notice at the time when they were noticed by all. The learned Goguet bequeathed his mss and library to his friend Fugere, with whom he had united his affections and his studies. His work on the 'Origin of the Arts and Sciences' had been much indebted to his aid. Fugere, who knew his friend to be past recovery, preserved a mute despair, during the slow and painful disease, and on the death of Goguet, the victim of sensibility, perished amidst the manuscripts which his friend had, in vain, bequeathed to prepare for publication. The Abbé de Saint Pierre gave an interesting proof of literary friendship. When he was at college, he formed a union with Varignon, the geometrician. They were of congenial dispositions. When he went to Paris, he invited Varignon to accompany him; but Varignon had nothing, and the Abbé was far from rich. A certain income was necessary for the tranquil pursuits of geometry. Our Abbé had an income of 1800 livres; from this he deducted 300, which he gave to the geometrician, accompanied by a delicacy which few but a man of genius could conceive. 'I do not give it to you,' he said, 'as a salary, but an annuity, that you may be independent, and quit me when you dislike me.' Something nearly similar embellishes our own literary history. When Akenside was in great danger of experiencing famine as well as fame, Mr Dyson allowed him three hundred pounds a year. Of this gentleman, perhaps, nothing is known; yet whatever his life may be, it merits the tribute of the biographer. To close with these honourable testimonies of literary friendship, we must not omit that of Churchill and Lloyd. It is known that when Lloyd heard of the death of our poet, he acted the part which Fugere did to Goguet. The page is crowded, but my facts are by no means exhausted.

The most illustrious of the ancients prefixed the name of some friend to the head of their works.—We too often place that of some patron. They honourably inserted it in their works. When a man of genius, however, shows that he is not less mindful of his social affection than his fame, he is the more loved by his reader. Plato communicated a ray of his glory to his brothers; for in his republic he ascribes some parts to Adimantus and Glauchon; and Antiphon the youngest is made to deliver his sentiments in the Parmenides. To perpetuate the fondness of friendship several authors have entitled their works by the name of some cherished associate. Cicero to his Treatise on Orators gives the title of Brutus; to that of Friendship Lelius, and to that of Old Age, Cato. They have been imitated by the moderns. The poetical Tasso, to his dialogue on Friendship gave the name of Manson, who was afterwards his affectionate biographer. Sepulvueda entitles his treatise on Glory by the name of his friend Gonsalves. Lociel to his Dialogues on the Lawyers of Paris prefixes the name of the learned Pasquier. Thus Plato distinguished his Dialogues by the names of certain persons; the one on Lying is entitled Hippius; on Rhetoric, Gorgias; and on Beauty, Phædrus.

Luther has perhaps carried this feeling to an extravagant point. He was so delighted by his favourite 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians,' that he distinguished it by a title of doting fondness; he named it after his wife, and called it 'His Catharine.'

ANECDOTES OF ABSTRACTION OF MIND.

Some have exercised this power of abstraction to a degree that appears marvellous to volatile spirits, and puny thinkers.

To this patient habit, Newton is indebted for many of his great discoveries; an apple falls upon him in his orchard,—and the system of attraction succeeds in his mind! he observes boys blowing soap bubbles, and the properties of light display themselves! Of Socrates, it is said, that he would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation; and why shall we doubt this, when we know that La Fontaine and Thomson, Descartes and Newton, experienced the same abstraction? Mercator, the celebrated geographer, found such delight in the ceaseless progression of his studies, that he would never willingly quit his maps to take the necessary refreshments of life. In Cicero's Treatise on Old Age, Cato applauds Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening: and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Buffon once described these delicious moments with his accustomed eloquence.—'Invention depends on patience; contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius! the true hours for production and composition: hours so delightful that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure.' It is probable that the anecdote related of Marini, the Italian poet, is true; that he was once so absorbed in revising his Adonis, that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time, without any sensibility.

Abstraction of this sublime kind is the first step to that noble enthusiasm which accompanies Genius: it produces those raptures and that intense delight, which some curious facts will explain to us.

Poggius relates of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; whenever he read, he was only alive to what was passing in his mind, to all human concerns, he was, as if they had not been! Dante went one day to a great public procession; he entered the shop of a bookseller to be a spectator of the passing show. He found a book which greatly interested him; he devoured it in silence, and plunged into an abyss of thought.—On his return he declared that he had neither seen, nor heard, the slightest occurrence of the public exhibition which passed before him. This enthusiasm renders every thing surrounding us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. A modern astronomer, one summer night, withdrew to his chamber; the brightness of the heaven showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, 'It must be thus; but I'd

go to bed before 'tis late!' He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and did not know it.

This intense abstraction operates visibly: this perturbation of the faculties, as might be supposed, affects persons of genius physically. What a forcible description the late Madam Roland, who certainly was a woman of the first genius, gives of herself on her first reading of Telemachus and Tasso. 'My respiration rose: I felt a rapid fire colouring my face, and my voice changing, had betrayed my agitation; I was Eucharis for Telemachus, and Erminia for Tancred: however during this perfect transformation, I did not yet think that I myself was any thing, for any one. The whole had no connexion with myself, I sought for nothing around me; I was them, I saw only the objects which existed for them; it was a dream, without being awakened.'—Metastasio describes a similar situation. 'When I apply with a little attention, the nerves of my sensorium are put into a violent tumult. I grow as red in the face as a drunkard, and am obliged to quit my work.' When Malebranche first took up Descartes on Man, the germ and origin of his philosophy, he was obliged frequently to interrupt his reading by a violent palpitation of the heart. When the first idea of the Essay on the Arts and Sciences rushed on the mind of Rousseau, it occasioned such a feverish agitation that it approached to a delirium.

This delicious inebriation of the imagination occasioned the ancients, who sometimes perceived the effects, to believe it was not short of divine inspiration. Fielding says, 'I do not doubt but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. He perhaps would have been pleased to have confirmed his observation by the following circumstances. The tremors of Dryden, after having written an Ode, a circumstance tradition has accidentally handed down, were not unusual with him; in the preface to his Tales he tells us, that, in translating Homer he found greater pleasure than in Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pain; the *continual agitation of the spirits* must needs be a weakener to any constitution, especially in age, and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats.' In writing the ninth scene of the second act of the Olympiad, Metastasio found himself in tears; an effect which afterwards, says Dr Burney, proved very contagious. It was on this occasion that that tender poet commemorated the circumstance in the following interesting sonnet:

SONNET FROM METASTASIO.

Scrivendo l'Autore in Vienna l'anno 1733 la Sua Olimpiade si senti commosa fino alle lagrime nell' esprimere la divisione di due teneri amici; e meravigliandosi che un falso, e da lui inventato disastro, potesse cagionargli una si vera passione, si fece a riflettere quanto poco ragionevole e solido fondamento possano aver le altre che soglion frequentamente agitarci, nel corso di nostra vita.

Sogni, e favole io fingo, e pure in carte
Mentre favole, e sogni, orno e disegno,
In lor, [folle ch'io Son!] prendo tal parte
Che del mal che invental piango, e mi sdegno
Ma forse allor che non m'inganna l'arte,
Piu saggio io sono e l'agitato ingegno
Forse allo piu tranquillo? O forse parto
Da piu salda cagion l'amor, lo sdegno?
Ah che non sol quelle, ch'io canto, o scrivo
Favole Son; ma quanto temo, o spero,
Tutt' é menzogna, e delirando io vivo!
Sogno della mia vita è il corso intero.
Deh tu, Signor, quando a destarmi arrivo
Fa, ch'io trovi riposo in Sen del VERO.

In 1733, the Author composing his Olympiad, felt himself suddenly moved, even to tears, in expressing the separation of two tender lovers. Surprised that a fictitious grief, invented too by himself, could raise so true a passion, he reflected how little reasonable and solid a foundation the others had, which so frequently agitated us in this state of our existence.

SONNET.—IMITATED.

Fables and dreams I feign; yet though but verse
The dreams and fables that adorn this scroll,
Fond fool, I rave, and grieve as I rehearse;
While genuine tears, for fancied sorrows roll.
Perhaps the dear delusion of my art
Is wisdom; and the agitated mind,
As still responding to each plaintive part,
With love and rage, a tranquil hour can find.
Ah! not alone the tender rhymes I give
Are fictions; but my fears and hopes I deem
Are fables all; deliriously I live,
And life's whole course is one protracted dream.
Eternal power! when shall I wake to rest
This wearied brain on Truth's immortal breast?

RICHARDSON.

The censure which the Shakspeare of novelists has incurred for the tedious procrastination and the minute details of his fable; his slow unfolding characters, and the slightest gestures of his personages, is extremely unjust; for is it not evident that we could not have his peculiar excellences without these attendant defects? When characters are very fully delineated, the narrative must be suspended. Whenever the narrative is rapid, which so much delights superficial readers, the characters cannot be very minutely featured; and the writer who aims to instruct (as Richardson avowedly did) by the glow and eloquence of his feelings, must often sacrifice to this his local descriptions. Richardson himself has given us the principle that guided him in composing. He tells us, 'If I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly; for the *humours* and *characters* of persons cannot be known unless I *repeat* what they say, and their *manner* of saying.'

Foreign critics have been more just to Richardson than many of his own countrymen. I shall notice the opinions of three celebrated writers, D'Alembert, Rosseau, and Diderot.

D'Alembert was a great mathematician. His literary taste was extremely cold; he was not worthy of reading Richardson. The volumes, if he ever read them, must have fallen from his hands. The delicate and subtle turnings, those folds of the human heart, which require so nice a touch, was a problem which the mathematician could never solve. There is no other demonstration in the human heart, but an appeal to its feelings; and what are the calculating feelings of an arithmetician of lines and curves? He therefore declared of Richardson that 'La Nature est bonne a amiter, mais non pas jusqu'au l'ennui.'

But thus it was not with the other two congenial geniuses! The fervent opinion of Rosseau must be familiar to the reader; but Diderot, in his eulogy on Richardson, exceeds even Rosseau in the enthusiasm of his feelings. I extract some of the most interesting passages.

Of Clarissa he says, 'I yet remember with delight the first time it came into my hands. I was in the country. How deliciously was I affected! At every moment I saw my happiness abridged by a page. I then experienced the same sensations those feel who have long lived with one they love, and are on the point of separation. At the close of the work I seemed to remain deserted.'

The impassioned Diderot then breaks forth; 'O Richardson! thou singular genius in my eyes! thou shalt form my reading in all times. If forced by sharp necessity, my friend falls into indigence: if the mediocrity of my fortune is not sufficient to bestow on my children the necessary cares for their education, I will sell my books,—but thou shalt remain, yes thou shalt rest in the *same class* with Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles, to be read alternately.

'Oh Richardson, I dare pronounce that the most veritable history is full of fictions, and thy romances are full of truths. History paints some individuals; thou paintest the human species.—History attributes to some individuals what they have neither said, nor done; all that thou attributest to man he has said and done. History embraces but a portion of duration, a point on the surface of the globe; thou hast embraced all places and all times. The human heart, which has ever been and ever shall be the same, is the model thou copiest. If we were severely to criticise the best historian, would he maintain his ground as thou? In this point of view, I venture to say, that frequently history is a miserable romance; and romance, as thou hast composed it, is a good history. Painter of nature, thou never liest!

'I have never yet met with a person who shared my enthusiasm, that I was not tempted to embrace, and to press him in my arms!

'Richardson is no more! His loss touches me, as if my brother was no more. I bore him in my heart without having seen him, and knowing him but by his works. He has not had all the reputation he merited. Richardson! if living, thy merit has been disputed; how great wilt thou

appear to our children's children, when they shall view thee at the distance we now view Homer. Then who will dare to steal a line from thy sublime works! Thou hast had more admirers amongst us than in thine own country, and at this I rejoice!"

It is probable that to a Frenchman the *style* of Richardson is not so objectionable when translated, as to ourselves. I think myself, that it is very idiomatic and energetic; others have thought differently. The misfortune of Richardson was, that he was unskilful in the art of writing, and that he could never lay the pen down while his inkhorn supplied it.

He was delighted by his own works. No author enjoyed so much the bliss of excessive fondness. I heard from the late Charlotte Lennox, the anecdote which so severely reprimanded his innocent vanity, which Boswell has recorded. This lady was a regular visiter at Richardson's house, and she could scarcely recollect one visit which was not taxed by our author reading one of his voluminous letters, or two or three, if his auditor was quiet and friendly.

The extreme delight which he felt on a review of his own works the works themselves witness. Each is an evidence of what some will deem a violent literary vanity. To *Pamela* is prefixed a *letter* from the *editor* (whom we know to be the *author*,) consisting of one of the most minutely laboured panegyrics of the work itself, that ever the blindest idolator of some ancient classic paid to the object of his phrenetic imagination. In several places there, he contrives to repeat the striking parts of the narrative, which display the fertility of his imagination to great advantage. To the author's own edition of his *Clarissa* is appended an *alphabetical arrangement* of the *sentiments* dispersed throughout the work; and such was the fondness that dictated this voluminous arrangement, that such trivial aphorisms as, 'habits are not easily changed;' 'Men are known by their companions,' &c, seem alike to be the object of their author's admiration. This collection of sentiments, said indeed to have been sent to him anonymously, is curious and useful, and shows the value of the work, by the extensive grasp of that mind which could think so justly on such numerous topics. And in his third and final labour, to each volume of *Sir Charles Grandison* is not only prefixed a complete *index*, with as much exactness, as if it were a History of England, but there is also appended a *list* of the *similies* and allusions in the volume; some of which do not exceed *three* or *four* in nearly as many hundred pages.

Literary history does not record a more singular example of that self-delight which an author has felt on a revision of his works. It was this intense pleasure which produced his voluminous labours. It must be confessed there are readers deficient in that sort of genius which makes the mind of Richardson so fertile and prodigal.

THEOLOGICAL STYLE.

In the present volume some notice has been taken of the attempts to recompose the Bible, in a finical affected style; but the broad vulgar colloquial diction, which has been used by our theological writers, is less tolerable than the quaintness of Castalion and the floridity of Pere Berruyer. I omitted to preserve a specimen in its proper place.

The style now noticed was familiar to, and long disgraced the writings of, our divines; and we see it sometimes still employed by some of a certain stamp. Matthew Henry, whose Commentaries are well known, writes in this manner on Judges ix.—'We are here told by what acts Abimeloch *got into the saddle*.—None would have *dreamed* of making such a *fellow* as he king.—See how he has *wheedled* them into the choice. He hired into his service the *scum* and *scoundrels* of the country. Jotham was really a *fine gentleman*.—The Sechemites that set Abimeloch up, were the first to *kick him off*. The Sechemites said all the ill they could of him in their *table-talk*; they *drank healths* to his *confusion*.—Well, Gaal's interest in Sechem is soon at an end. *Exit Gaal!*'

Lancelot Addison, by the vulgar coarseness of his style, forms an admirable contrast with the amenity and grace of his son's Spectators. He tells us, in his voyage to Barbary, that 'A rabbin once told him, among other *heinous stuff*, that he did not expect the felicity of the next world on the account of any merits but his own; whoever kept the law would arrive at the bliss, by *coming upon his own legs*.'

It must be confessed that the rabbin, considering he could not conscientiously have the same creed as Addison, did not deliver any very 'heinous stuff,' in believing that other people's merits have nothing to do with our own; and that 'we should stand on our own legs!' But this was not 'proper words in proper places!'

INFLUENCE OF NAMES.

What's in a Name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

NAMES, by an involuntary suggestion, produce an extraordinary illusion. Favour or disappointment has been often conceded as the *name* of the claimant has affected us; and the accidental affinity or coincidence of a *name*, connected with ridicule or hatred, with pleasure or disgust, has operated like magic. But the facts connected with this subject will show how this prejudice has branched out.

Sterne has touched on this unreasonable propensity of judging by *names*, in his humourous account of the elder Mr Shandy's system of christian names. And Wilkes has expressed, in Boswell's Life of Johnson, all the influence of Baptismal *names*, even in matters of poetry! He said, 'The last city poet was *Elkanah* Settle. There is *something* in *names*, which one cannot help feeling. Now *Elkanah* Settle sounds so queer, who can expect much from *that name?* We should have no hesitation to give it for *John Dryden* in preference to *Elkanah Settle*, from the *names only*, without knowing their different merits.

A lively critic noticing some American poets says, 'There is or was a Mr Dwight who wrote a poem in the shape of an epic; and his baptismal name was *Timothy*;' and involuntarily we infer the sort of epic that a *Timothy* must write. Sterne humorously exhorts all god-fathers not 'to Nicodemus a man into nothing!'

There is more truth in this observation than some may be inclined to allow; and that it affects mankind strongly, all ages and all climates may be called on to testify. Even in the barbarous age of Louis XI, they felt a delicacy respecting *names*, which produced an ordinance from his majesty. The king's barber was named *Oliver le Diable*. At first the king allowed him to get rid of the offensive part by changing it to *le Malin*, but the improvement was not happy, and for a third time he was called *Le Mauvais*. Even this did not answer his purpose; and as he was a great racer he finally had his majesty's ordinance to be called *Le Dain*, under penalty of law if any one should call him *Le Diable*, *Le Malin*, or *Le Mauvais*. According to Platina, Sergius the Second was the first pope who changed his name in ascending the papal throne; because his proper name was *Hog's mouth*, very unsuitable with the pomp of the tiara. The ancients felt the same fastidiousness; and among the Romans, those who were called to the equestrian order, having low and vulgar *names*, were new-named on the occasion, lest the former one should disgrace the dignity.

When *Barbier*, a French wit, was chosen for the preceptor of Colbert's son, he felt his *name* was so uncongenial to his new profession, that he assumed the more splendid one of *D'Ascour*, by which he is now known. Madame *Gomez* had married a person named *Bonhomme*, but she would never exchange her nobler Spanish name to prefix her married one to her romances, which indicated too much of meek humility. *Guez* (a beggar) is a French writer of great pomp of style, but he felt such extreme delicacy at so low a name, that to give some authority to the splendour of his diction, he assumed the *name* of his estate: and is well known as *Balzac*. A French poet of the name of Theophile *Viaut*, finding that his surname pronounced like *veau* (calf) exposed him to the infinite jests of the minor wits, silently dropped it, by retaining the more poetical appellation of *Theophile*. The learned Baillet has collected various literary artifices employed by some who, still preserving a natural attachment to the names of their fathers, yet blushing at the same time for their meanness, have in their Latin works attempted to obviate the ridicule which they provoked. One *Gaucher* (left-handed) borrowed the name of *Scevola*, because Scevola, having burnt his right arm, became consequently left-handed. Thus also one *De la Borgne* (one-eyed) called himself *Strabo*; *De Charpentier* took that of *Fabricius*; *De Valet* translated his *Servilius*; and an unlucky gentleman, who bore the name of *De bout d'homme*, boldly assumed that of *Virulus*. Dorat, a French poet, had for his real name *Disnemandi*, which, in the dialect of the Limousins, signifies one who dines in the morning: that is, who has no other dinner than his breakfast. This degrading name he changed to

Dorat, or gilded, a nickname which one of his ancestors had borne for his fair tresses. But by changing his *name*, his feelings were not entirely quieted, for unfortunately his daughter cherished an invincible passion for a learned man, who unluckily was named *Goulu*; that is, a shark, or gluttonous as a shark. Miss *Dismemandi* felt naturally a strong attraction for a *goulu*; and in spite of her father's remonstrances, she once more renewed his sorrows in this alliance!

There are unfortunate names, which are very injurious to the cause in which they are engaged; for instance, the long parliament in Cromwell's time, called by derision the *Rump*, was headed by one *Barebones*, a leatherseller. It was afterwards called by his unlucky name, which served to heighten the ridicule cast over it by the nation.

Formerly a custom prevailed with learned men to change their names. They showed at once their contempt for vulgar denominations and their ingenious erudition. They christened themselves with Latin and Greek. This disguising of names came, at length, to be considered to have a political tendency, and so much alarmed Pope Paul the Second, that he imprisoned several persons for their using certain affected names, and some, indeed, which they could not give a reason why they assumed. *Desiderius Erasmus* was a name formed out of his family name *Gerard*, which in Dutch signifies amiable; or GAR *all*, AERD *nature*. He first changed it to a Latin word of much the same signification, *Desiderius*, which afterwards he refined into the Greek *Erasmus*, by which names he is now known. The celebrated *Reuchlin*, which in German signifies *smoke*, considered it more dignified to smoke in Greek, by the name of *Capnio*. An Italian physician of the name of *Senza Malizia* prided himself as much on his translating it into the Greek *Akakia*, as on the works which he published under that name. One of the most amiable of the reformers was originally named *Hertz Schwarts* (black earth,) which he elegantly turned into the Greek name of *Melancthon*. The vulgar name of a great Italian poet was *Trapasso*, but when the learned Gravina resolved to devote the youth to the muses, he gave him a mellifluous name, which they have long known and cherished—*Metastasio*.

Harsh names will have, in spite of all our philosophy, a painful and ludicrous effect on our ears and our associations; it is vexatious that the softness of delicious vowels, or the ruggedness of inexorable consonants, should at all be connected with a man's happiness, or even have an influence on his fortune.

The actor *Macklin* was softened down by taking in the first and last syllables of the name of *Macklaughlin*, as *Malloch* was polished to *Mallet*, and even our sublime Milton, in a moment of humour and hatred to the Scots, condescends to insinuate that their barbarous names are symbolical of their natures,—and from a man of the name of *Mac Colleittok*, he expects no mercy. Virgil, when young, formed a design of a national poem, but was soon discouraged from proceeding, merely by the roughness and asperity of the old Roman names, such as *Decius Mus*; *Lucumo*; *Vobias Caudex*. The same thing has happened to a friend who began an Epic on the subject of *Drake's* discoveries: the name of the hero often will produce a ludicrous effect, but one of the most unlucky of his chief heroes must be *Thomas Doughty!* One of Blackmore's chief heroes in his Alfred is named *Gunter*; a printer's erratum might have been fatal to all his heroism; as it is, he makes a sorry appearance. Metastasio found himself in the same situation. In one of his letters he writes, 'The title of my new opera is *Il Re Pastor*. The chief incident is the restitution of the kingdom of Sidon to the lawful heir; a prince with such a *hypocondriac name*, that he would have disgraced the title page of any piece: who would have been able to bear an opera entitled *L'Abdolonimo?* I have contrived to name him as seldom as possible.' So true is it, as the caustic Boileau exclaims of an epic poet of his days, who had shown some dexterity in cacophony, when he choose his hero—

> O le plaisant projet d'un Poete ignorant
> Qui de tant de heros va choisir Childebrand;
> D'un seul nom quelquefois le son dur et bizarre
> Rend un poeme entier, ou burlesque ou barbarre.
> Art Poetique, CIII, v. 241.

> 'In such a crowd the Poet were to blame
> To choose King Chilperic for his hero's name.'
> Sir W. Soames.

This epic poet perceiving the town joined in the severe raillery of the poet, published a long defence of his hero's name; but the town was inexorable, and the epic poet afterwards changed *Chidebrand's* name to *Charles Martel*, which probably was discovered to have something more humane. Corneille's *Partharite* was an unsuccessful tragedy, and Voltaire deduces its ill fortune partly from its barbarous *names*, such as *Garibald* and *Edvige*. Voltaire, in giving the *names* of the founders of Helvetic freedom, says the difficulty of pronouncing these respectable names is injurious to their celebrity; they are *Melchtad*, *Stauffacher* and *Valtherfurst*.

We almost hesitate to credit what we know to be true, that the *length* or the *shortness* of a *name* can seriously influence the mind. But history records many facts of this nature. Some nations have long cherished a feeling that there is a certain elevation or abasement in proper names. Montaigne on this subject says, 'A gentleman, one of my neighbours, in overvaluing the excellencies of old times, never omitted noticing the pride and magnificence of the *names* of the nobility of those days! Don *Grumedan*, *Quadragan*, *Argesilan*, when fully sounded, were evidently men of another stamp than *Peter*, *Giles*, and *Michel*.' What could be hoped for from the names of Ebenezer, Malachi, and Methusalem? The Spaniards have long been known for cherishing a passion for dignified names, and are marvellously affected by long and voluminous ones; to enlarge them they often add the places of their residence. We ourselves seem affected by triple names, and the authors of certain periodical publications always assume for their *non de guerre* a triple name, which doubtless raises them much higher in their readers' esteem than a mere christian and surname. Many Spaniards have given themselves *names* from some remarkable incident in their lives. One took the name of the Royal Transport for having conducted the Infanta in Italy. Orendayes added de la Paz, for having signed the peace in 1725. Navarro, after a naval battle off Toulon, added la Vittoria, though he had remained in safety at Cadiz while the French Admiral Le Court had fought the battle, which was entirely in favour of the English. A favourite of the King of Spain, a great genius, and the friend of Farinelli, who had sprung from a very obscure origin, to express his contempt of these empty and haughty *names*, assumed, when called to the administration, that of the Marquis of *La Ensenada* (nothing in himself.)

But the influence of *long names* is of very ancient standing. Lucian notices one *Simon*, who coming to a great fortune aggrandised his name to *Simonides*. *Dioclesian* had once been plain *Diocles* before he was Emperor. When *Bruna* became Queen of France, it was thought proper to convey some of the regal pomp in her name by calling her *Brunehault*.

The Spaniards then must feel a most singular contempt for a *very short name*, and on this subject Fuller has recorded a pleasant fact. An opulent citizen of the name of *John Cuts* (what name can be more unluckily short?) was ordered by Elizabeth to receive the Spanish Ambassador; but the latter complained grievously, and thought he was disparaged by the *shortness* of his *name*. He imagined that a man bearing a monosyllabic name could never, in the great alphabet of civil life, have performed any thing great or honourable; but when he found that honest *John Cuts* displayed a hospitality which had nothing monosyllabic in it, he groaned only at the utterance of the *name* of his host.

There are *names* indeed, which in the social circle will in spite of all due gravity awaken a harmless smile, and Shenstone solemnly thanked God that his name was not liable to a pun. There are some names which excite horror, such as Mr Stab-back; others contempt, as Mr Twopenny: and others of vulgar or absurd signification, subject too often to the insolence of domestic witlings, which occasions irritation even in the minds of worthy, but suffering, men.

There is an association of pleasing ideas with certain *names*; and in the literary world they produce a fine effect. *Bloomfield* is a name apt and fortunate for that rustic bard; as *Florian* seems to describe his sweet and flowery style. Dr Parr derived his first acquaintance with the late Mr *Homer* from the aptness of his name, associating with his pursuits. Our writers of Romances and Novels are initiated into all the arcana of *names*, which costs them many painful inventions. It is recorded of one of the old Spanish writers of romance, that he was for

many days at a loss to coin a fit name for one of his giants; he wished to hammer out one equal in magnitude to the person he conceived in imagination; and in the haughty and lofty name of *Traquetantos*, he thought he had succeeded. Richardson, the great father of our novelists, appears to have considered the *name* of Sir *Charles Grandison*, as *perfect* as his character, for his Heroine writes, 'You know his *noble name*, my Lucy.' He felt the same for his *Clementina*, for Miss Byron writes, 'Ah, Lucy, what a *pretty name* is *Clementina*!' We experience a certain tenderness for *names*, and persons of refined imaginations are fond to give affectionate or lively epithets to things and persons they love. Petrarch would call one friend *Lelius*, and another *Socrates*, as descriptive of their character. In more ancient times, in our own country, the ladies appear to have been equally sensible to poetical or elegant *names*, such as *Alicia*, *Celecia*, *Diana*, *Helena*, *&c*, a curious point amply proved by Mr Chalmers, in his Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers, p. 178. Spenser, the poet, gave to his two sons two *names* of this kind; he called one *Silvanus*, from the woody Kilcolman, his estate; and the other *Peregrine*, from his having been born in a strange place, and his mother then travelling. The fair Eloisa gave the whimsical name of *Astrolabus* to her boy; it bore some reference to the stars, as her own to the sun.

Whether this name of *Astrolabus* had any scientific influence over the son, I know not; but I have no doubt that whimsical names may have a great influence over our characters. The practice of romantic names among persons even of the lowest orders of society, has become a very general evil, and doubtless many unfortunate beauties, of the names of *Clarissa* and *Eloisa*, might have escaped under the less dangerous appellatives of *Elizabeth* or *Deborah*. I know a person who has not passed his life without some inconvenience from his name, mean talents and violent passions not according with *Antonius*: and a certain writer of verses, seldom sober, might have been no versifier, and less a lover of the true Falernian, had it not been for his namesake of *Horace*. The Americans by assuming *Roman* names, produce some ludicrous associations. *Romulus* Riggs, is the name of a performer, and *Junius Brutus* Booth of a stroller! There was, however, more sense when the Foundling Hospital was first instituted, in baptising the most robust boys, designed for the sea-service by the names of Drake, Norris, or Blake, after our famous Admirals.

It is no trifling misfortune in life to bear an illustrious name; and in an author it is peculiarly severe. A History now by a Mr Hume, or a poem by a Mr Pope, would be examined by different eyes than had they borne any other name. The relative of a great author should endeavour not to be an author. Thomas Corneille had the unfortunate honour of being brother to a great poet, and his own merits have been considerably injured by the involuntary comparison. The son of Racine has written with an amenity not unworthy of his celebrated father; amiable and candid, he had his portrait painted, with the works of his father in his hand, and his eye fixed on this verse from Phædra,

'Et moi, fils inconnu! d'un si glorieux Pere!'

But even his modesty only served to whet the dart of Epigram. It was once bitterly said of the son of an eminent literary character:

'He tries to write because his father writ,
And shows himself a bastard by his wit.'

Amongst some of the disagreeable consequences attending some *names*, is, when they are unfortunately adapted to an uncommon rhyme; but, indeed, how can any man defend himself from this malicious ingenuity of wit? *Ferret*, one of those unfortunate victims to Boileau's verse, is said not to have been deficient in the decorum of his manners, and he complained that he was represented as a drunkard, merely because his *name rhymed* to *Cabaret*. Murphy, no doubt, studied hard, and felicitated himself in his literary quarrel with Dr *Franklin*, the poet and critical reviewer, by adopting the singular rhyme of 'Envy rankling' to his rival's and critic's name.

Superstition has interfered even in the *choice of names*, and this solemn folly has received the name of a science, called *Onomantia*; of which the superstitious ancients discovered a hundred foolish mysteries. They cast up the numeral letters of *names*, and Achilles was therefore fated to vanquish Hector, from the numeral letters in his name amounting to a higher number than his rival's. They made many whimsical divisions and subdivisions of names, to prove them lucky or unlucky. But these follies are not those that I am now treating on. Some names have been considered as more auspicious than others. Cicero informs us that when the Romans raised troops, they were anxious that the *name* of the first soldier who enlisted should be one of good augury. When the censors numbered the citizens, they always begun by a fortunate name, such as *Salvius Valerius*. A person of the name of *Regillianus* was chosen emperor, merely from the royal sound of his name, and *Jovian* was elected because his name approached nearest to the beloved one of the philosophic *Julian*. This fanciful superstition was even carried so far that some were considered as auspicious, and others as unfortunate. The superstitious belief in *auspicious names* was so strong, that Cæsar, in his African expedition, gave a command to an obscure and distant relative of the Scipios, to please the popular prejudice that the Scipios were invincible in Africa. Suetonius observes that all those of the family of Cæsar who bore the surname of Caius perished by the sword. The Emperor Severus consoled himself for the licentious life of his Empress Julia, from the fatality attending those of her *name*. This strange prejudice of lucky and unlucky names prevailed in modern Europe; the successor of Adrian VI, (as Guicciardini tells us) wished to preserve his own name on the papal throne; but he gave up the wish when the conclave of cardinals used the powerful argument that all the popes who had preserved their own names had died in the first year of their pontificates. Cardinal Marcel Cervin, who preserved his name when elected pope, died on the twentieth day of his pontificate, and thus confirmed this superstitious opinion. La Motte le Vayer gravely asserts that all the Queens of Naples of the name of *Joan*, and the Kings of Scotland of the name of *James*, have been unfortunate, and we have formal treatises of the fatality of christian names.

It is a vulgar notion that every female of the name of *Agnes* is fated to become mad. Every nation has some names labouring with this popular prejudice. Herrera, the Spanish historian, records an anecdote in which the choice of a queen entirely arose from her *name*. When two French ambassadors negotiated a marriage between one of the Spanish princesses and Louis VIII, the names of the royal females *Urraca* and *Blanche*. The former was the elder and the more beautiful, and intended by the Spanish court for the French monarch; but they resolutely preferred *Blanche*, observing that the *name* of *Urraca* would never do! and for the sake of a more mellifluous sound, they carried off, exulting in their own discerning ears, the happier named, but less beautiful princess.

There are *names* indeed which are painful to the feelings, from the associations of our passions. I have seen the christian *name* of a gentleman, the victim to the caprice of his godfather, who is called *Blast us Godly*,—which, were he designed for a bishop, must irritate religious feelings. I am not surprised that one of the Spanish monarchs refused to employ a sound Catholic for his secretary, because his name (*Martin Lutero*) had an affinity to the *name* of the reformer. Mr Rose has recently informed us that an architect called *Malacarne*, who I believe, had nothing against him but his *name*, was lately deprived of his place as principal architect by the Austrian government. Let us hope not for his unlucky name! though that government, according to Mr Rose, acts on capricious principles! The fondness which some have felt to perpetuate their *names*, when their race has fallen extinct, is well known; and a fortune has then been bestowed for a change of name; but the affection for names has gone even further. A *similitude of names*, Camden observes, 'doth kindle sparks of love and liking among mere strangers.' I have observed the great pleasure of persons with uncommon names, meeting with another of the same name; an instant relationship appears to take place, and frequently fortunes have been bequeathed for *namesake*. An ornamental manufacturer who bears a name which he supposes to be very uncommon, having executed an order of a gentleman of the *same name*, refused to send his bill, never having met with the like, preferring the honour of serving him for *namesake*.

Among the Greeks and the Romans, beautiful and significant names were studied. The sublime Plato himself has noticed the present topic,—his visionary ear was sensible to the delicacy of a name, and his exalted fancy was de-

lighted with *beautiful names*, as well as every other species of beauty. In his Cratyllus he is solicitous, that persons should have happy, harmonious, and attractive *names*. According to Aulus Gellus, the Athenians enacted by a public decree, that no slave should ever bear the consecrated names of their two youthful patriots, Harmodius and Aristogiton; names which had been devoted to the liberties of their country, they considered would be contaminated by servitude. The ancient Romans, decreed that the surname of infamous patricians should not be borne by any other patrician of that family, that their very names might be degraded and expire with them. Eutropius gives a pleasing proof of national friendships being cemented by a name; by a treaty of peace between the Romans and the Sabines they agree to melt the two nations into one mass, that they should bear their names conjointly; the Roman should add his to the Sabine, and the Sabine take a Roman name.

The ancients *named* both persons and things from some event, or other circumstance, connected with the object they were to name. Chance, fancy, superstition, fondness, and piety have invented *names*. It was a common and whimsical custom among the ancients (observes Larcher) to give as *nicknames*, the *letters* of the alphabet.—Thus a lame girl was called *Lambda*, on account of the resemblance which her lameness made her bear to the letter λ, or *lambda!* Æsop was called *Theta* by his master, from his superior acuteness. Another was called *Beta*, from his love of beet. It was thus Scarron, with infinite good temper, alluded to his zig-zag body, by comparing himself to the letters s or z.

The learned Calmet also notices among the Hebrew, *nick-names*, and names of raillery taken from defects of body, or mind, &c. One is called Nabal or *fool*; another Hamor the *Ass*; Hagab the *Grasshopper*, &c. Women had frequently the names of animals; as Deborah the *Bee*; Rachel the *Sheep*. Others from their nature or other qualifications; as Tamar the *Palm-tree*; Hadassa the *Myrtle*; Sarah the *Princess*; Hannah the *Gracious*.—The Indians of North America employ sublime and picturesque *names*; such are the Great Eagle—the Partridge—Dawn of the Day!—Great swift arrow—Path-opener!—Sun-bright!

THE JEWS OF YORK.

Among the most interesting passages of history are those in which we contemplate an oppressed, yet sublime spirit, agitated by the conflict of two terrific passions: implacable hatred attempting a resolute vengeance, while that vengeance, though impotent, with dignified and silent horror, sinks into the last expression of despair. In a degenerate nation, we may, on such rare occasions, discover among them a spirit superior to its companions and its fortune.

In the ancient and modern history of the Jews, we may find two kindred examples. I refer the reader for the more ancient narrative, to the second book of the Maccabees, chap. xiv, v. 37. No feeble and unaffecting painting is presented in the simplicity of the original: I proceed to relate the narrative of the Jews of York.

When Richard I ascended the throne, the Jews, to conciliate the royal protection, brought their tributes. Many had hastened from remote parts of England, and appearing at Westminister, the court and the mob imagined that they had leagued to bewitch his majesty. An edict was issued to forbid their presence at the coronation; but several, whose curiosity was greater than their prudence, conceived that they might pass unobserved among the crowd, and venture to insinuate themselves into the abbey. Probably their voice and their visage alike betrayed them for they were soon discovered; they flew diversely in great consternation, while many were dragged out with little remains of life.

A rumour spread rapidly through the city, that in honour of the festival, the Jews were to be massacred. The populace, at once eager of royalty and riot, pillaged and burnt their houses, and murdered the devoted Jews. Benedict, a Jew of York, to save his life, received baptism; and returning to that city, to his friend Jocenus, the most opulent of the Jews, died of his wounds. Jocenus and his servants narrated the late tragic circumstances to their neighbours, but where they hoped to move sympathy, they excited rage. The people at York soon gathered to imitate the people at London; and their first assault was on the house of the late Benedict, which having some strength and magnitude, contained his family and friends, who found their graves in its ruins. The alarmed Jews hastened to Jocenus, who conducted them to the governor of York Castle, and prevailed on him to afford them an asylum for their persons and effects. In the meanwhile their habitations were levelled, and the owners murdered; except a few unresisting beings, who unmanly in sustaining honour, were adapted to receive baptism.

The castle had sufficient strength for their defence; but a suspicion arising that the governor, who often went out, intended to betray them, they one day refused him entrance. He complained to the sheriff of the county, and the chiefs of the violent party, who stood deeply indebted to the Jews, uniting with him, orders were issued to attack the castle. The cruel multitude united with the soldiery felt such a desire of slaughtering those they intended to despoil, that the sheriff, repenting of the order, revoked it, but in vain; fanaticism and robbery once set loose will satiate their appentency for blood and plunder. They solicited the aid of the superior citizens, who perhaps not owing quite so much money to the Jews, humanely refused it; but having addressed the clergy (the barbarous clergy of those days) were by them animated, conducted, and blest.

The leader of this rabble was a canon regular, whose zeal was so fervent, that he stood by them in his surplice, which he considered as a coat of mail, and reiteratedly exclaimed, 'Destroy the enemies of Jesus.' This spiritual laconism invigorated the arm of men, who perhaps wanted no other stimulative than the hope of obtaining the immense property of the besieged. It is related of this canon, that every morning before he went to assist in battering the walls, he swallowed a consecrated wafer. One day having approached too near, defended as he conceived by his surplice, this church militant was crushed by a heavy fragment of the wall, rolled from the battlement.

But the avidity of certain plunder prevailed over any reflection, which, on another occasion, the loss of so pious a leader might have raised. Their attacks continued; till at length the Jews perceived they could hold out no longer, and a council was called, to consider what remained to be done in the extremity of danger.

Among the Jews, their elder Rabbin was most respected. It has been customary with this people to invite for this place some foreigner, renowned among them for the depth of his learning, and the sanctity of his manners. At this time the *Haham*, or elder Rabbin, was a foreigner who had been sent over to instruct them in their laws, and was a person, as we shall observe of no ordinary qualifications. When the Jewish council was assembled, the *Haham* rose, and addressed them in this manner—'Men of Israel! the God of our ancestors is omnicient, and there is no one who can say why doest thou this? This day he commands us to die for his law; for that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and which for the many consolations it has given us, and the eternal hope it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold this book of truth, sealed with our blood; and our death, while it displays our sincerity, shall impart confidence to the wanderer of Israel. Death is before our eyes; and we have only to choose an honourable and easy one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which you know we cannot escape, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl around the castle like wolves. It is, therefore, my advice that we elude their tortures; that we ourselves should be our own executioners and that we voluntarily surrender our lives to our Creator. We trace the invisible Jehovah in his acts; God seems to call for us, but let us not be unworthy of that call. Suicide, on occasions like the present, is both rational and lawful; many examples are not wanting among our forefathers; as I advise men of Israel! they have acted on similar occasions.' Having said this, the old man sat down and wept.

The assembly was divided in their opinions. Men of fortitude applauded its wisdom, but the pussillanimous murmured that it was a dreadful council.

Again the Rabbin rose, and spoke these few words in a firm and decisive tone. 'My children; since we are not unanimous in our opinions, let those who do not approve of my advice depart from this assembly!'—Some departed, but the greater number attached themselves to their vene-

rable priest. They now employed themselves in consuming their valuables by fire; and every man, fearful of trusting to the timid and irresolute hand of the women, first destroyed his wife and children, and then himself. Jocenus and the Rabbin alone remained. Their life was protracted to the last, that they might see every thing performed, according to their orders. Jocenus, being the chief Jew, was distinguished by the last mark of human respect, in receiving his death from the consecrated hand of the aged Rabbin, who immediately after performed the melancholy duty on himself.

All this was transacted in the depth of the night. In the morning the walls of the castle were seen wrapt in flames, and only a few miserable and pusillanimous beings, unworthy of the sword, were viewed on the battlements, pointing to their extinct brethren. When they opened the gates of the castle, these men verified the prediction of their late Rabbin; for the multitude, bursting through the solitary courts, found themselves defrauded of their hopes, and in a moment avenged themselves on the feeble wretches, who knew not to die with honour.

Such is the narrative of the Jews of York, of whom the historian can only cursorily observe, that five hundred destroyed themselves; but it is the philosopher who inquires into the causes, and the manner of these glorious suicides. These are histories which meet only the eye of few, yet they are of infinitely more advantage than those which are read by every one. We instruct ourselves in meditating on these scenes of heroic exertion; and if by such histories we make but a slow progress in chronology, our heart is however expanded with sentiment.

I admire not the stoicism of Cato more than the fortitude of the Rabbin; or rather we should applaud that of the Rabbin much more; for Cato was familiar with the animating visions of Plato, and was the associate of Cicero and of Cæsar. The Rabbin had probably read only the Pentateuch, and mingled with companions of mean occupations, and meaner minds. Cato was accustomed to the grandeur of the mistress of the universe, and the Rabbin to the littleness of a provincial town. Men, like pictures, may be placed in an obscure and unfavourable light; but the finest picture, in the unilluminated corner, still retains the design and colouring of the master. My Rabbin is a companion for Cato. His history is a tale,

'Which Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.'

Pope.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS.

The sovereignty of the seas, which foreigners dispute with us, is as much a conquest as any one obtained on land; it is gained and preserved by our cannon, and the French, who, for ages past, exclaim against what they call our tyranny, are only hindered from becoming themselves universal tyrants over land and sea, by that sovereignty of the seas without which Great Britain would cease to exist.

In the late memoir of the French Institute, I read a bitter philippic against this sovereignty, and a notice adapted to the writer's purpose of two great works: the one by Selden, and the other by Grotius, on this subject. The following is the historical anecdote useful to revive.

In 1634 a dispute arose between the English and Dutch concerning the herring-fishery upon the British coast.—The French and Dutch had always persevered in declaring that the seas were perfectly free; and grounded their reasons on a work of Hugo Grotius.

So early as in 1609 the great Grotius had published his treatise of *Mare Liberum*, in favour of the freedom of the seas. And it is a curious fact, that in 1618, Selden had composed another treatise in defence of the king's dominion over the seas; but which from accidents which are known, was not published till this dispute revived the controversy. Selden, in 1636, gave the world his *Mare Clausum*, in answer to the treatise of Grotius.

Both these great men felt a mutual respect for each other. They only knew the rivalry of genius.

As a matter of curious discussion, and legal investigation, the philosopher must incline to the arguments of Selden, who has proved by records the first occupancy of the English; and the English dominion over the four seas, to the utter exclusion of the French and Dutch from fishing, without our license. He proves that our kings have always levied great sums, without even the concurrence of their parliaments, for the express purpose of defending this sovereignty at sea. A copy of Selden's work was placed in the council-chest of the Exchequer, and in the court of admiralty, as one of our most precious records.

The historical anecdote is finally closed by the Dutch themselves, who now agreed to acknowledge the English sovereignty in the seas, and pay a tribute of thirty thousand pounds to the King of England, for liberty to fish in the seas, and consented to annual tributes.

That the Dutch yielded to Selden's arguments is a triumph we cannot venture to boast. The *ultima ratio regum* prevailed; and when we had destroyed their whole fishing fleet, the affair appeared much clearer than in the ingenious volumes of Grotius or Selden. Another Dutchman presented the States-General with a ponderous reply to Selden's *Mare Clausum*, but the wise Sommeldyke advised the states to suppress the idle discussion; observing that this affair must be decided by the *sword*, and not by the *pen*.

It may be curious to add, that as no prevailing or fashionable subject can be agitated, but some idler must interfere to make it extravagant and very new, so this grave subject did not want for something of this nature. A learned Italian, I believe, agreed with our author Selden in general, that the *sea*, as well as the *earth*, is subject to some states; but he maintained, that the dominion of the sea belonged to the *Genoese!*

ON THE CUSTOM OF KISSING HANDS.

Mr Morin, a French academician, has amused himself with collecting several historical notices of this custom.—I give a summary, for the benefit of those who have had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand. It is not those who kiss the royal hand who could write best on the custom.

This custom is not only very ancient, and nearly universal, but has been alike participated by religion and society.

To begin with religion. From the remotest times men saluted the sun, moon, and stars, by kissing the hand.—Job assures us that he was never given to this superstition, xxxi, 26. The same honour was rendered to Baal, Kings, i, 18. Other instances might be adduced.

We now pass to Greece. There all foreign superstitions were received. Lucian, after having mentioned various sorts of sacrifices which the rich offered the gods, adds, that the poor adored them by the simpler compliment of kissing their hands. That author gives an anecdote of Demosthenes, which shows this custom. When a prisoner to the soldiers of Antipater, he asked to enter a temple.—When he entered, he touched his mouth with his hands, which the guards took for an act of religion. He did it, however, more securely to swallow the poison he had prepared for such an occasion. He mentions other instances.

From the Greeks it passed to the Romans. Pliny places it amongst those ancient customs of which they were ignorant of the origin or the reason. Persons were treated as atheists, who would not kiss their hands when they entered a temple. When Apuleius mentions Psyche, he says, she was so beautiful that they adored her as Venus, in kissing the right hand.

This ceremonial action rendered respectable the earliest institutions of Christianity. It was a custom with the primeval bishops to give their hands to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar.

This custom however, as a religious rite, declined with Paganism.

In society our ingenious academician considers the custom of kissing hands as essential to its welfare. It is a mute form, which expresses reconciliation, which entreats favours, or which thanks for those received. It is a universal language, intelligible without an interpreter; which doubtless preceded writing, and perhaps speech itself.

Solomon says of the flatterers and suppliants of his time, that they ceased not to kiss the hands of their patrons, till they had obtained the favours which they solicited. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles, while he supplicates for the body of Hector.

This custom prevailed in ancient Rome, but it varied. In the first ages of the republic, it seems to have been only practised by inferiors to their superiors:—equals gave their hands and embraced. In the progress of time even the soldiers refused to show this mark of respect to their generals; and their kissing the hand of Cato when he was obliged to quit them was regarded as an extraordinary

circumstance, at a period of such refinement. The great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, and dictators, obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves; inferior courtiers were obliged to be content to adore the purple, by kneeling, touching the robe of the emperor by the right hand, and carrying it to the mouth. Even this was thought too free; and at length they saluted the emperor at a distance, by kissing their hands, in the same manner as when they adored their gods.

It is superfluous to trace this custom in every country, where it exists. It is practised in every known country, in respect to sovereigns and superiors, even amongst the negroes, and the inhabitants of the New World. Cortez found it established at Mexico, where more than a thousand lords saluted him, in touching the earth with their hands, which they afterwards carried to their mouths.

Thus, whether the custom of salutation is practised by kissing the hands of others from respect, or in bringing one's own to the mouth, it is of all other customs the most universal. Mr Morin concludes, that this practice is now become too gross a familiarity, and it is considered as a meanness to kiss the hand of those with whom we are in habits of intercourse: and he prettily observes that this custom would be entirely lost, if *lovers* were not solicitous to preserve it in all its full power.

POPES.

Valois observes that the Popes scrupulously followed, in the early ages of the church, the custom of placing their names after that of the person whom they addressed in their letters. This mark of their humility he proves by letters written by various Popes. Thus when the great projects of politics were yet unknown to them, did they adhere to Christian meekness. There came at length the day when one of the Popes, whose name does not occur to me, said that 'it was safer to quarrel with a prince than with a friar. Henry VI being at the feet of Pope Celestine, his holiness thought proper to kick the crown off his head; which ludicrous and disgraceful action, Baronius has highly praised. Jortin observes on this great cardinal, and advocate of the Roman see, that he breathes nothing but fire and brimstone; and accounts kings and emperors to be mere catch-poles and constables, bound to execute with implicit faith all the commands of insolent ecclesiastics. Bellarmin was made a cardinal for his efforts and devotion to the papal cause, and maintaining this monstrous paradox,—that if the pope forbid the exercise of virtue, and command that of vice, the Roman church, under pain of a sin, was obliged to abandon virtue for vice, if it would not sin against *conscience!*

It was Nicholas I, a bold and enterprising Pope, who, in 858, forgetting the pious modesty of his predecessors, took advantage of the divisions in the royal families of France, and did not hesitate to place his name before that of the kings and emperors of the house of France, to whom he wrote. Since that time he has been imitated by all his successors, and this encroachment on the honours of monarchy has passed into a custom from having been tolerated in its commencement.

Concerning the acknowledged *infallibility of the Popes* it appears that Gregory VII, in council decreed that the church of Rome neither *had erred* and *never should err*. It was thus this prerogative of his holiness became received, till 1313, when John XXII abrogated decrees made by three popes his predecessors, and declared that what was done *amiss* by one pope or council might be *corrected* by another; and Gregory XI, 1370, in his will deprecates, *si quid in catholica fide erravisset*. The university of Vienna protested against it, calling it a contempt of God, and an idolatry, if any one in matters of faith should appeal from a *council* to the *Pope:* that is, from *God* who presides in *councils* to *man*. But the *infallibility* was at length established by Leo X, especially after Luther's opposition, because they despaired of defending their indulgences, bulls, &c, by any other method.

Imagination cannot form a scene more terrific that when these men were in the height of power, and to serve their political purposes hurled the thunders of their *excommunications* over a kingdom. It was a national distress not inferior to a plague or famine.

Philip Augustus, desirous of divorcing Ingelburg, to unite himself to Agnes de Meranie, the Pope put his kingdom under an interdict. The churches were shut during the space of eight months; they said neither mass nor vespers; they did not marry; and even the offspring of the married, born at this unhappy period, *were considered* as *illicit;* and because the king would not sleep with his wife, it was not permitted to any of his subjects to sleep with theirs! In that year France was threatened with an extinction of the ordinary generation. A man under this curse of public penance was divested of all his functions, civil, military and matrimonial; he was not allowed to dress his hair, to shave, to bathe, nor even change his linen, so that, says Saint Foix, upon the whole this made a filthy penitent. The good king Robert incurred the censures of the church for having married his cousin. He was immediately abandoned. Two faithful domestics alone remained with him, and these always passed through the fire whatever he touched. In a word, the horror which an excommunication occasioned was such that a woman of pleasure, with whom Peletier had passed some moments, having learnt soon afterwards that he had been above six months an excommunicated person, fell into a panic, and with great difficulty recovered from her convulsions.

LITERARY COMPOSITION.

To literary composition we may apply the saying of an ancient philosopher: 'a little thing gives perfection, although perfection is not a little thing.'

The great legislator of the Hebrews orders us to pull off the fruit of the first three years, and not to taste them. Levit. xix, ver. 23. He was not ignorant how it weakens a young tree to bring to maturity its first fruits. Thus, on literary compositions, our green essays ought to be picked away. The word *Zamar*, by a beautiful metaphor from *pruning trees*, means in Hebrew to *compose verses*. Blotting and correcting was so much Churchill's abhorrence, that I have heard from his publisher, he once energetically expressed himself, that *it was like cutting away one's own flesh*. This strong figure sufficiently shows his repugnance to an author's duty. Churchill now lies neglected, for posterity only will respect those, who

'————File off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with attic art.'

Young.

I have heard that this careless bard, after a successful work, usually precipitated the publication of another, relying on its crudeness being passed over on the public curiosity excited by its better brother. He called this getting double pay; for thus he secured the sale of a hurried work. But Churchill was a spendthrift of fame, and enjoyed all his revenue while he lived; posterity owes him little, and pays him nothing!

Bayle, an experienced observer in literary matters, tells us, that *correction* is by no means practicable by some authors; as in the case of Ovid. In exile, his compositions were nothing more than spiritless repetitions of what he had formerly written. He confesses both negligence and idleness in the corrections of his works. The vivacity which animated his first productions, failing when he revised his poems, he found correction too laborious, and he abandoned it. This, however, was only an excuse. 'It is certain, that *some authors cannot correct*. They compose with pleasure, and with ardour; but they exhaust all their force: they fly but with one wing when they review their works; the first fire does not return, there is in their imagination a certain calm which hinders their pen from making any progress. Their mind is like a boat, which only advances by the strength of oars.'

Dr More, the Platonist, had such an exuberance of fancy, that *correction* was a much greater labour than *composition*. He used to say, that in writing his works, he was forced to cut his way through a crowd of thoughts as through a wood, and that he threw off in his compositions as much as would make an ordinary philosopher. More was a great enthusiast, and, of course, an egotist, so that *criticism* ruffled his temper, notwithstanding all his Platonism. When accused of obscurities and extravagances, he said that like the ostrich, he laid his eggs in the sands, which would prove vital and prolific in time; however, these ostrich eggs have proved to be addled.

A habit of correctness in the lesser parts of composition will assist the higher. It is worth recording that the great Milton was anxious for correct punctuation, and that Addison was solicitous after the minutiæ of the press. Savage, Armstrong, and others, felt tortures on similar objects. It

is said of Julius Scaliger, that he had this peculiarity in his manner of composition; he wrote with such accuracy that his MSS and the printed copy corresponded page for page, and line for line.

Malherbe, the father of French poetry, tormented himself by a prodigious slowness; and was employed rather in perfecting, than in forming works. His muse is compared to a fine woman in the pangs of delivery. He exulted in this tardiness, and, after finishing a poem of one hundred verses, or a discourse of ten pages, he used to say he ought to repose for ten years. Balzac, the first writer in French prose who gave majesty and harmony to a period, it is said, did not grudge to bestow a week on a page, and was never satisfied with his first thoughts. Our 'costive' Gray entertained the same notion: and it is hard to say if it arose from the sterility of their genius, or their sensibility of taste.

It is curious to observe, that the MSS of Tasso, which are still preserved, are illegible from the vast number of their corrections. I have given a fac-simile, as correct as it is possible to conceive, of one page of Pope's MS Homer, as a specimen of his continual corrections and critical rasures. The celebrated Madame Dacier never could satisfy herself in translating Homer: continually retouching the version, even in its happiest passages. There were several parts which she translated in six or seven manners; and she frequently noted in the margin—*I have not yet done it.*

When Paschal became warm in his celebrated controversy, he applied himself with incredible labour to the composition of his 'Provincial Letters.' He was frequently twenty days occupied on a single letter. He recommenced some above seven and eight times, and by this means obtained that perfection which has made his work, as Voltaire says, 'one of the best books ever published in France.

The Quintus Curtius Vaugelas occupied him 30 years; generally every period was translated in the margin five or six several ways. Chapelain and Conrart, who took the pains to review this work critically, were many times perplexed in their choice of passages; they generally liked best that which had been first composed. Hume was never done with corrections; every edition varies with the preceding ones. But there are more fortunate and fluent minds than these. Voltaire tells us of Fenelon's Telemachus, that the amiable author composed it in his retirement in the short period of three months. Fenelon had, before this, formed his style, and his mind overflowed with all the spirit of the ancients. He opened a copious fountain, and there were not ten erasures in the original MS. The same facility accompanied Gibbon after the experience of his first volume; and the same copious readiness attended Adam Smith, who dictated to his amanuensis, while he walked about his study.

The ancients were as pertinacious in their corrections. Isocrates, it is said, was employed for ten years on one of his works, and to appear natural studied with the most refined art. After a labour of eleven years, Virgil pronounced his Æneid imperfect. Dio Cassius devoted twelve years to the composition of his history, and Diodorus Siculas, thirty.

There is a middle between velocity and torpidity; the Italians say, it is not necessary to be a stag, but we ought not to be a tortoise.

Many ingenious expedients are not to be contemned in literary labours. The critical advice

'To choose an author, as we would a friend,'

is very useful to young writers. The finest geniuses have always affectionately attached themselves to some particular author of congenial disposition. Pope, in his version of Homer, kept a constant eye on his master Dryden; Corneille's favourite authors were the brilliant Tacitus, the heroic Livy, and the lofty Lucan: the influence of their characters may be traced in his best tragedies. The great Clarendon, when employed in writing his history, read over very carefully Tacitus and Livy, to give dignity to his style, as he writes in a letter. Tacitus did not surpass him in his portraits, though Clarendon never equalled Livy in his narrative.

The mode of literary composition adopted by that admirable student Sir William Jones is well deserving our attention. After having fixed on his subjects, he always added the *model* of the composition; and thus boldly wrestled with the great authors of antiquity. On board the frigate which was carrying him to India, he projected the following works, and noted them in this manner:

1. Elements of the Laws of England.
   Model—The Essay on Bailments. Aristotle.
2. The History of the American War.
   Model—Thucidides and Polybius.
5. Britain Discovered, an Epic Poem. Machinery—Hindoo Gods. *Model*—Homer.
3. Speeches, Political and Forensic.
   Model—Demosthenes.
5. Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical.
   Model—Plato.

And of favourite authors there are also favourite works, which we love to be familiarized with. Bartholinus has a dissertation on reading books, in which he points out the superior performances of different writers. Of St Augustine, his city of God; of Hippocrates, *Coacæ Prænotiones*, of Cicero, *de Officiis*; of Aristotle, *De Animalibus*; of Catullus, *Coma Berenices*; of Virgil, the sixth book of the Æneid, &c. Such judgments are indeed not to be our guides; but such a mode of reading is useful to contract our studies within due limits.

Evelyn, who has written treatises on several subjects, was occupied for years on them. His manner of arranging his materials and his mode of composition appear excellent. Having chosen a subject, he analyzed it into its various parts, under certain heads, or titles, to be filled up at leisure. Under these heads he set down his own thoughts as they occurred, occasionally inserting whatever was useful from his reading. When his collections were thus formed, he digested his own thoughts regularly, and strengthened them by authorities from ancient and modern authors, or alleged his reasons for dissenting from them. His collections in time became voluminous, but he then exercised that judgment which the formers of such collections usually are deficient in. With Hesiod he knew that 'Half is better than the whole, and it was his aim to express the quintessence of his reading; but not to give it in a crude state to the world: and when his *treatises* were sent to the press they were not half the size of his collections.

Thus also Winkelman, in his 'History of art,' an extensive work, was long lost in settling on a plan; like artists, who make random sketches of their first conceptions, he threw on paper ideas, hints and observations which occurred in his readings—many of them, indeed, were not connected with his history, but were afterwards inserted in some of his other works.

Even Gibbon tells us of his Roman History, 'at the outset all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narration; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years.' Akenside has exquisitely described the progress and the pains of genius in its delightful reveries, Pleasures of Imagination, B iii, v. 373. The pleasures of composition in an ardent genius were never so finely described as by Buffon. Speaking of the hours of composition he said, 'These are the most luxurious and delightful moments of life: moments which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours at my desk in a state of transport; this *gratification* more than *glory* is my reward!'

The publication of Gibbon's Memoirs conveyed to the world a faithful picture of the most fervid industry; it is in *youth*, the foundations of such a sublime edifice as his history must be laid. The world can now trace how this Colossus of erudition, day by day, and year by year, prepared himself for some vast work.

Gibbon has furnished a new idea in the art of reading! We ought, says he, not to attend to the *order of our books, so much as of our thoughts.* 'The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats; I pursue these ideas and quit my proposed plan of reading.' Thus in the midst of Homer he read Longinus; a chapter of Longinus, led to an epistle of Pliny; and having finished Longinus, he followed the train of his ideas of the sublime and beautiful in the inquiry of Burke, and concluded with comparing the ancient with the modern Longinus. Of all our popular writers the most experienced reader was Gibbon, and he offers an important advice to an author engaged on a particular subject. 'I suspended my perusal of any new book on the subject till I had reviewed all that I knew, or believed, or had thought on it, that I might be qualified to discern how much the authors added to my original stock.'

These are valuable hints to students, and such have been practised by others. Ancillon was a very ingenious student; he seldom read a book throughout without reading in his progress many others; his library table was always covered with a number of books for the most part open; this variety of authors bred no confusion: they all assisted to throw light on the same topic; he was not disgusted by frequently seeing the same thing in different writers; their opinions were so many new strokes, which completed the ideas which he had conceived. The celebrated Father Paul studied in the same manner. He never passed over an interesting subject till he had confronted a variety of authors. In historical researches he never would advance, till he had fixed, once for all, the places, times, and opinions—a mode of study which appears very dilatory, but in the end will make a great saving of time, and labour of mind; those who have not pursued this method are all their lives at a loss to settle their opinions and their belief, from the want of having once brought them to such a test.

I shall now offer a plan of Historical Study, and a calculation of the necessary time it will occupy without specifying the authors; as I only propose to animate a young student, who feels he has not to number the days of a patriarch, that he should not be alarmed at the vast labyrinth historical researches present to his eye. If we look into public libraries, more than thirty thousand volumes of history may be found.

Lenglet du Fresnoy, one of the greatest readers, calculated that he could not read, with satisfaction, more than ten hours a day, and ten pages in folio an hour; which makes 100 pages every day. Supposing each volume to contain 500 pages, every month would amount to one volume and a half, which makes 18 volumes in folio in the year. In fifty years, a student could only read 900 volumes in folio. All this, too, supposing uninterrupted health, and an intelligence as rapid as the eyes of the laborious researcher. A man can hardly study to advantage till past twenty, and at fifty his eyes will be dimmed, and his head stuffed with much reading that should never be read. His fifty years for the 900 volumes are reduced to thirty years, and 500 volumes! And, after all, the universal historian must resolutely face 30,000 volumes!

But to cheer the historiographer, he shows, that a public library is only necessary to be consulted; it is in our private closet where should be found those few writers, who direct us to their rivals, without jealousy, and mark, in the vast career of time, those who are worthy to instruct posterity. His calculation proceeds on this plan,—that *six hours* a day, and the term of *ten years*, are sufficient to pass over, with utility, the immense field of history.

He calculates this alarming extent of historical ground.

For a knowledge of Sacred History he gives	3	months.
Ancient Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, modern Assyria or Persia,	1	do.
Greek History,	6	do.
Roman History by the moderns,	7	do.
Roman History by the original writers,	6	do.
Ecclesiastical History, general and particular,	30	do.
Modern History,	24	do.
To this may be added for recurrences and re-perusals,	48	do.

The total will amount to 10 1-2 years.

Thus, in *ten years and a half*, a student in history has obtained a universal knowledge, and this on a plan which permits as much leisure as every student would choose to indulge.

As a specimen of Du Fresnoy's calculations take that of Sacred History.

For reading Pere Calmet's learned dissertations in the order he points out,	12 days.
For Pere Calmet's History, in 2 vols. 4to now in 4,	12
For Prideaux's History,	10
For Josephus,	12
For Basnage's History of the Jews,	20
In all	66 days.

He allows, however, 90 days, for obtaining a sufficient knowledge of Sacred History.

In reading this sketch, we are scarcely surprised at the erudition of a Gibbon; but having admired that erudition, we perceive the necessity of such a plan, if we would not earn what we have afterwards to unlearn.

A plan like the present, even in a mind which should feel itself incapable of the exertion, will not be regarded without that reverence we feel for genius animating such industry. This scheme of study, though it may never be rigidly pursued, will be found excellent. Ten years labour of happy diligence may render a student capable of consigning to posterity a history as universal in its topics, as that of the historian who led to this investigation.

POETICAL IMITATIONS AND SIMILARITIES.

'Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis.'
Georg. Lib. iv, v. 204.

'Such rage of honey in our bosom beats,
And such a zeal we have for flowery sweets!'
Dryden.

This article was commenced by me many years ago in the early volumes of the Monthly Magazine, and continued by various correspondents, with various success. I have collected only those of my own contribution, because I do not feel authorised to make use of those of other persons, however some may be desirable. One of the most elegant of literary recreations is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities; for assuredly, similarity is not always imitation. Bishop Hurd's pleasing essay on 'The Marks of Imitation' will assist the critic in deciding on what may only be an accidental similarity, rather than a studied imitation. Those critics have indulged an intemperate abuse in these entertaining researches, who from *a single word* derive the imitation of an *entire passage*. Wakefield, in his edition of Gray, is very liable to this censure.

This kind of literary amusement is not despicable; there are few men of letters who have not been in the habit of marking parallel passages, or tracing imitation, in the thousand shapes it assumes; it forms, it cultivates, it delights taste to observe by what dexterity and variation genius conceals, or modifies, an original thought or image, and to view the same sentiment, or expression, borrowed with art, or heightened by embellishment. The ingenious writer of 'A Criticism on Grey's Elegy, in continuation of Dr Johnson's,' has given some observations on this subject, which will please. 'It is often entertaining to trace imitation. To detect the adopted image; the copied design; the transferred sentiment; the appropriated phrase; and even the acquired manner and frame, under all the disguises that imitation, combination, and accommodation may have thrown around them, must require both parts and diligence; but it will bring with it no ordinary gratification. A book professedly on the 'History and Progress of Imitation and Poetry,' written by a man of perspicuity, and an adept in the art of discerning likenesses, even when minute, with examples properly selected, and gradations duly marked, would make an impartial accession to the store of human literature, and furnish rational curiosity with a high regale.' Let me premise that these notices (the wrecks of a large collection of passages I had once formed merely as exercises to form my taste) are not given with the petty malignant delight of detecting the unacknowledged imitations of our best writers, but merely to habituate the young student to an instructive amusement, and to exhibit that beautiful variety which the same image is capable of exhibiting when re-touched with all the art of genius.

Gray in his 'Ode to Spring' has

'The attic warbler pours her throat.'

Wakefield in his 'Commentary' has a copious passage on this poetical diction. He conceives it to be 'an admirable improvement of the Greek and Roman classics;'

———κεκν ανδην: Hes. Scut. Her. 396.
———'Suaves ex ore loquelas
Funde.'
Lucret. 1, 40.

This learned editor was little conversant with modern literature, notwithstanding his memorable editions of Gray and Pope. The expression is evidently borrowed not from Hesiod, nor from Lucretius, but from a brother at home.

'Is it for thee, the Linnet pours her throat?
Essay on Man, Ep. III, v. 33.

Gray in the 'Ode to Adversity' addresses the power thus,

'Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best.'

Wakefield censures the expression '*torturing hour*,' by discovering an impropriety and incongruity. He says,

'consistency of figure rather required some *material* image, like *iron scourge* and *adamantine chain*.' It is curious to observe a verbal critic lecture such a poet as Gray! The poet probably would never have replied, or, in a moment of excessive urbanity, he might have condescended to point out to this minutest of critics the following passage in Milton,

——— 'When the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to Penance.'
Par. Lost, B. II, v. 90.

Gray in his 'Ode to Adversity' has,

'Light they disperse, and with them go,
The summer friend.'

Fond of this image, he has it again in his 'Bard,'

'The swarm, that in thy noontide beam are born,
Gone!'

Perhaps the germ of this beautiful image may be found in Shakspeare,

———'for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.'
Troilus and Cressida, A. III. S. 7.

and two similar passages in Timon of Athens.

'The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your lordship.
Timon. Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer birds are men.' Act III.

Again in the same,

———'one cloud of winter showers
These flies are couch'd.' Act II.

Gray in his 'Progress of Poetry' has,

'In climes beyond the solar road.'

Wakefield has traced this imitation to Dryden; Gray himself refers to Virgil and Petrarch. Wakefield gives the line from Dryden, thus,

'Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high-way;'

which he calls extremely bold and poetical. I confess a critic might be allowed to be somewhat fastidious on this unpoetical diction on the *highway*, which I believe Dryden never used. I think his line was thus,

'Beyond the year out of the solar walk.'

Pope has expressed the image more elegantly, though copied from Dryden,

'Far as the solar walk, or milky way.'

Gray has in his 'Bard'

'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.'

Gray himself points out the imitation in Shakspeare, of the latter image; but it is curious to observe that Otway, in his 'Venice Preserved,' makes Priuli most pathetically exclaim to his daughter, that she is

'Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.'

Gray tells us that the image of his 'Bard'

Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air,'

was taken from a picture of the Supreme Being by Raphael. It is, however, remarkable, and somewhat ludicrous, that the *beard* of Hudibras is also compared to a *meteor*: and the accompanying observation in Butler almost induces one to think that Gray derived from it the whole plan of that sublime Ode—since his *Bard* precisely performs what the *beard* of Hudibras *denounced*. These are the verses:

'This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns.'
Hud. C. I.

I have been asked if I am serious in my conjecture that 'the *meteor beard*' of Hudibras might have given birth to 'the *Bard*' of Gray. I reply that the *burlesque* and the *sublime* are extremes, and extremes meet. How often does it merely depend on our state of mind, and on our own taste, to consider the sublime as burlesque. A very vulgar, but acute genius, Thomas Paine, whom we may suppose destitute of all delicacy and refinement, has conveyed to us a notion of the *sublime*, as it is probably experienced by ordinary and uncultivated minds, and even by acute and judicious ones, who are destitute of imagination. He tells us that 'the *sublime* and the *ridiculous* are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.' May I venture to illustrate this opinion? Would it not appear the ridiculous or burlesque, to describe the sublime revolution of the *Earth* on her axle, round the *Sun*, by comparing it with the action of a *top* flogged by a boy? And yet some of the most exquisite lines in Milton do this; the poet only alluding in his mind, to the *top*. The earth he describes, whether

———'She from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even'—

Be this as it may! it has never I believe been remarked (to return to Gray) that when he conceived the idea of the beard of his *Bard*, he had in his mind the *language* of Milton, who describes Azazel, sublimely unfurling

The 'imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.'
Par. Lost, B. I, v. 535.

very similar to Gray's

'Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air!'

Gray has been severely censured by Johnson, for the expression,

'Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.' The Bard.

On the authority of the most unpoetical of critics we must still hear that the poet *has no line so bad*——'*ample room*' is feeble, but would have passed unobserved in any other poem but in the poetry of Gray, who has taught us to admit nothing but what is exquisite. '*Verge enough*' is poetical, since it conveys a material image to the imagination. No one appears to have detected the source from whence, probably, the *whole line* was derived. I am inclined to think it was from the following passage in Dryden,

'Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more!
Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Gray in his Elegy has

'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

This line is so obscure that it is difficult to apply it to what precedes it. Mason in his edition in vain attempts to derive it from a thought of Petrarch, and still more vainly attempts to amend it; Wakefield expends an octavo page, to paraphrase this single verse! From the following lines of Chaucer, one would imagine Gray caught the recollected idea. The old Reve, in his prologue, says of himself, and of old men,

'For whan we may not don, than wol we speken;
Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.'
Tyrwhit's Chaucer, vol I, p. 153, v. 3879.

Gray has a very expressive *word*, highly poetical, but I think not common;

'For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey'—

and Daniel has, as quoted in Cooper's Muses Library preface,

'And in himself with sorrow does complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness.

A line of Pope's in his Dunciad, 'High-born Howard,' echoed in the ear of Gray, when he gave with all the artifice of illiteration,

'High-born Hoel's Harp.

Johnson bitterly censures Gray for giving to adjectives the termination of participles, such as the *cultured* plain; the *daisied* bank; but he solemnly adds, I was sorry to see in the line of a scholar like Gray, 'the *honied* spring.' I confess I was not sorry; had Johnson received but the faintest tincture of the rich Italian school of English poetry, he would never have formed so tasteless a criticism. *Honied* is employed by Milton in more places than one, but one is sufficient for my purpose.

'Hide me from day's garish eye
While the bee with honied thigh—
Penseroso, v. 142.

The celebrated stanza in Gray's Elegy seems partly to be borrowed.

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air'

Pope had said;

'There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
Rape of the Lock.

Young says of nature;

'In distant wilds by human eye unseen
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.

And Shenstone has—

'And like the deserts' lily bloom to fade!'
Elegy IV.

Gray was so fond of this pleasing imagery, that he repeats it in his Ode on the Installation; and Mason echoes it, in his Ode to Memory.

Milton thus paints the evening sun:

'If chance the evening sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, &c.
Par. Lost, B. II, v. 492.

Can there be a doubt that he borrowed this beautiful *farewell* from an obscure poet, quoted by Poole, in his 'English Parnassus," 1657? The date of Milton's great work, I find since, admits the conjecture; the first edition being that of 1669. The homely lines in Poole are these,

'To Thetis' wat'ry bowers the sun doth hie,
Bidding farewell unto the gloomy sky.'

Young, in his 'Love of Fame,' very adroitly improves on a witty conceit of Butler. It is curious to observe, that while Butler had made a remote allusion of a *window* to a *pillory*, a conceit is grafted on this conceit, with even more exquisite wit.

'Each window, like the pillory appears,
With heads thrust through; nailed by the ears!'
Hudibras, part II, C. 3, v. 391.

'An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, and expose our head.'
Young's Satires.

In the Duenna we find this thought differently illustrated; by no means imitative, though the satire is congenial. Don Jerome, alluding to the *serenaders*, says, 'These amorous orgies that steal the senses in the *hearing*; as they say Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, *extracting the brain through the ears*.' The wit is original, but the subject is the same in the three passages; the whole turning on the allusion to the *head* and *ears*.

When Pope composed the following lines on Fame,

How vain that second life in other's breath,
The estate which wits inherit after death;
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign
[Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!]
Temple of Fame.

He seems to have had present in his mind a single idea of Butler, by which he has very richly amplified the entire imagery. Butler says,

'Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant.
Hud. part I, C. 3, v. 1043.

The same thought may be found in Sir George Mackenzie's 'Essay on preferring Solitude to Public Employment,' first published in 1665. Hudibras preceded it by two years. The thought is strongly expressed by the eloquent Mackenzie. He writes, '*Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts*; and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction, or to expose ourselves to so much hazard for this, were as great madness as to starve ourselves, or fight desperately for food, to be laid on our tombs after our death.'

Dryden, in his 'Absalom and Achitophel,' says of the Earl of Shaftesbury,

'David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.

This verse was ringing in the ear of Pope, when with equal modesty and felicity he adopted it, in addressing his friend Dr Arbuthnot,

'Friend of my life! which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song!

Howell has prefixed to his Letters a tedious poem, written in the taste of the times, and he there says of *letters*, that they are

'The heralds and sweet harbingers that move
From East to West, on embassies of love;
They can the tropic cut, and cross the line.

It is probable that Pope had noticed this thought, for the following lines seem a beautiful heightening of the idea:

'Heaven first taught letters, for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.'

Then he adds, they

'Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.'
Eloisa.

There is another passage in 'Howell's Letters,' which has a great affinity with a thought of Pope, who, in 'the Rape of the Lock,' says,

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

Howell writes, p. 290, 'Tis a powerful sex: they were too strong for the first, the strongest and wisest man that was; they must needs be strong, when *one hair of a woman can draw more than an hundred pair of oxen*.'

Pope's description of the death of the lamb, in his 'Essay on Man,' is finished with the nicest touches, and is one of the finest pictures our poetry exhibits. Even familiar as it is to our ear, we never examine it but with undiminished admiration.

'The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.'

After pausing on the last two fine verses, will not the reader smile that I should conjecture the image might originally have been discovered in the following humble verses in a poem once considered not as contemptible:

'A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed.
Dr King's Mully of Mountown.

This natural and affecting image might certainly have been observed by Pope, without his having perceived it through the less polished lens of the telescope of Dr King. It is, however, a *similarity*, though it may not be an *imitation*; and is given as an example of that art in composition, which can ornament the humblest conception, like the graceful vest thrown over naked and sordid beggary.

I consider the following lines as strictly copied by Thomas Warton:

——'The daring artist
Explored the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.
T. Warton, on Shakspeare

Sir Philip Sidney, in his 'Defence of Poesie,' has the same image. He writes, 'Tragedy openeth the greatest *wounds*, and showeth forth the *ulcers* that are *covered with tissue*.'

The same appropriation of thought will attach the following lines of Tickell:

'While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.'
Tickell to Addison

Evidently from the French Horace:

'En vain contre le cid, un ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris, pour Chimene, a les yeux de Rodrigue.'
Boileau.

Oldham, the satirist, says in his satires upon the Jesuits that had Cain been of this black fraternity, he had not been content with a quarter of mankind.

'Had he been Jesuit, had he but put on
Their savage cruelty, the rest had gone!'
Satyr II.

Doubtless at that moment echoed in his poetical ear the energetic and caustic epigram of Andrew Marvell, against Blood stealing the crown dressed in a parson's cassock, and sparing the life of the keeper:

'With the Priest's vestment had he but put on
The Prelate's cruelty,—the Crown had gone!'

The following passages seem echoes to each other, and it seems a justice due to Oldham, the satirist, to acknowledge him as the parent of this antithesis:—

'On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?'
Satire against Poetry.

It seems evidently borrowed by Pope, when he applies the thought to Erasmus:—

'At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood and the shame!'

Young remembered the antithesis when he said,

'Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of the age.'

Voltaire, a great reader of Pope, seems to have borrowed part of the expression:—

'Scandale d'Eglise, et des rois le modelle.'

De Caux, an old French poet, in one of his moral poems on an hour-glass, inserted in modern collections, has many ingenious thoughts. That this poem was read and admired by Goldsmith, the following beautiful image seems to indicate. De Caux, comparing the world to his hour-glass, says beautifully.

——'C'est un verre qui luit
Qu'un souffle peut detruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.'

Goldsmith applies the thought very happily:—

'Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made.'

I do not know whether we might not read, for modern copies are sometimes incorrect,

'A breath unmakes them, as a breath has made.'

Thomson, in his pastoral story of Palemon and Lavinia, appears to have copied a passage from Otway. Palemon thus addresses Lavinia:—

'Oh, let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the guide and joy!'

Chamont employs the same image when speaking of Monimia: he says,—

'You took her up a little tender flower,
——and with a careful loving hand
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines.'

The origin of the following imagery is undoubtedly Grecian; but it is still embellished and modified by our best poets:

——'While universal Pan
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring.'

Paradise Lost.

Thompson probably caught this strain of imagery:

——'Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns, where leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines.'

Summer, v. 1692.

Gray, in repeating this imagery, has borrowed a remarkable epithet from Milton:

'Lo, where the rosy-bosom'd hours
Fair Venus' train appear!

Ode to Spring.

'Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;
The graces and the rosy bosom'd hours
Thither all their bounties bring.

Comus, v. 364.

Collins, in his Ode to *Fear*, whom he associates with *Danger*, there grandly personified, was I think considerably indebted to the following stanza of Spenser:

'Next him was fear, all armed from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby;
But feared each sudden moving to and fro;
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue and wingy heel'd;
And evermore on Danger fixed his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.'

Faery Queen, B. iii, c. 12, s. 12.

Warm from its perusal, he seems to have seized it as a hint to the Ode to Fear, and in his 'Passions' to have very finely copied an idea here:

'First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.'

Ode to the Passions.

The stanza in Beattie's 'Minstrel,' first book, in which his 'visionary boy,' after 'the storm of summer rain,' views 'the rainbow brighten to the setting sun,' and runs to reach it:

'Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run;
Thus it fares with age,' &c.

The same train of thought and imagery applied to the same subject, though the image itself be somewhat different, may be found in the poems of the platonic John Norris; a writer who has great originality of thought, and a highly poetical spirit. His stanza runs thus,

'So to the unthinking boy the distant sky
Seems on some mountain's surface to relie;
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament;
But when with an unwearied pace,
He is arrived at the long-wished for place,
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore;
His heaven is still as distant as before!'

The Infidel, by John Norris.

In the modern tragedy of 'The Castle Spectre' is this fine description of the ghost of Evelina;—Suddenly a female form glided along the vault. 'I flew towards her My arms were already *unclosed to clasp her,—when suddenly her figure changed!* Her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom. While speaking, her form withered away; *the flesh fell from her bones*; a skeleton loathsome and meagre clasped me in her *mouldering arms*. Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her *rotting fingers* pressed my hand, and my face was covered with her kisses. Oh! then how I trembled with disgust!'

There is undoubtedly singular merit in this description. I shall contrast it with one which the French Virgil has written in an age, whose faith was stronger in ghosts than ours, yet which perhaps had less skill in describing them. There are some circumstances which seem to indicate that the author of the 'Castle Spectre' lighted his torch at the altar of the French muse. Athalia thus narrates her dream, in which the spectre of Jezabel her mother appears:

C'étoit pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit,
Ma mère Jezabel devant moi s'est montrée,
Comme au jour de sa mort pompeusement parée.—
——En achevant les mots epouvantables,
Son ombre vers mon lit a paru se baisser,
Et moi, je lui tendois, les mains pour l'embrasser
Mais je n'ai plus trouvé qu'un horrible melange
D'os et de chair meurtris, et trainée dans la fange,
Des lambeaux pleins de sang et des membres affreux.'

Racine's Athalie, Act ii, S. 5.

Goldsmith, when in his pedestrian tour, he sat amid the Alps, as he paints himself in his 'Traveller,' and felt himself the solitary neglected genius he was, desolate amidst the surrounding scenery; probably at that moment the following beautiful image of Thompson he applied to himself:

'As in the hollow breast of Apennine
Beneath the centre of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild.'

Autumn, v. 202.

Goldsmith very pathetically applies a similar image:

'E'en now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.'

Traveller.

Akenside illustrates the native impulse of genius by a simile of Memnon's marble statue, sounding its lyre at the touch of the sun:

'For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did nature's hand,' &c.

It is remarkable that the same image, which does not appear obvious enough to have been the common inheritance of poets, is precisely used by old Regnier, the first French satirist, in the dedication of his satires to the French king. Louis XIV supplies the place of nature to the courtly satirist. These are his words:—'On lit qu'en Ethiopie il y avoit une statue qui rendoit un son harmonieux, toutes les fois que le soleil levant la regardoit. Ce meme miracle, Sire, avez vous fait en moy qui touché de l'astre de Votre Majesté ay recu la voix et la parole.'

In that sublime passage in 'Pope's Essay on Man, Epist. I, v. 237, beginning,

'Vast chain of Being! which from God began,'

and proceeds to

'From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.'

Pope seems to have caught the idea and image from Waller, whose last verse is as fine as any in the 'Essay on Man:'

'The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.'
Of the Danger his Majesty escaped, &c, v. 168.

It has been observed by Thyer, that Milton borrowed the expression *Imbrowned*, and *Brown*, which he applies to the evening shade, from the Italian. See Thyer's elegant note in B. IV, v. 246:

——'And where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noon-tide bowers.'

And B. IX, v. 1086,

——'Where highest woods impenetrable
To sun or star-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening.'

Fa l'imbruno is an expression used by the Italians to denote the approach of the evening. Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, have made a very picturesque use of this term, noticed by Thyer. I doubt if it be applicable to our colder climate; but Thompson appears to have been struck by the fine effect it produces in poetical landscape; for he has

——'With quickened step
Brown night retires.'
Summer, v. 51.

If the epithet be true, it cannot be more appropriately applied than in the season he describes, which most resembles the genial clime with the deep serenity of an Italian heaven. Milton in Italy had experienced the *brown evening*, but it may be suspected that Thompson only recollected the language of the poet.

The same observation may be made on two other poetical epithets. I shall notice the epithet 'laughing,' applied to inanimate objects; and 'purple' to beautiful objects.

The natives of Italy and the softer climates receive emotions from the view of their waters in the spring not equally experienced in the British roughness of our skies. The fluency and softness of the water are thus described by Lucretius:

——'Tibi suavels Dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti.'

Inelegantly rendered by Creech,

'The roughest sea puts on smooth looks, and smiles.'

Dryden more happily,

'The ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast.'

But Metastasio has copied Lucretius:

'A te floriscono
Gli erbosi prati:
E i flutti ridono
Nel mar placati.'

It merits observation, that the *Northern Poets* could not exalt their imagination higher than that the water smiled, while the modern Italian, having before his eyes *a different spring*, found no difficulty in agreeing with the ancients, that the waves laughed. Of late modern poetry has made a very free use of the animating epithet laughing. Gray has the laughing flowers; and Langhorne in two beautiful lines exquisitely personifies Flora:—

'Where Tweed's soft banks in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora laughs beneath an azure sky.'

Sir William Jones, with all the spirit of Oriental poetry, has 'the laughing air.' It is but justice, however, to Dryden, to acknowledge that he has employed this epithet very boldly in the following delightful lines, which are almost entirely borrowed from his original, Chaucer:

'The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose, with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight.'
Palamon and Arcite, B. ii

It is extremely difficult to conceive what the ancients precisely meant by the word *purpureus*. They seem to have designed by it any thing bright and beautiful. A classical friend has furnished me with numerous significations of this word which are very contradictory. Albinovanus, in his elegy on Livia, mentions *Nivem purpureum*. Catullus, *Quercus ramos purpureos*. Horace *purpurea bibet nectar*, and somewhere mentions *Olores purpureos*. Virgil has *purpuream vomit ille animam*; and Homer calls the sea *purple*, and gives it in some other book the same epithet, when in a storm.

The general idea, however, has been fondly adopted by the finest writers in Europe. The PURPLE of the ancients is not known to us. What idea, therefore, have the moderns affixed to it? Addison in his vision of the Temple of Fame describes the country as 'being covered with a kind of PURPLE LIGHT.' Gray's beautiful line is well known:

'The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

And Tasso, in describing his hero Godfrey, says, Heaven

'Gli empie d'onor la faccia, e vi riduce
Di Giovinezza, il bel purpureo lume.'

Both Gray and Tasso copied Virgil, where Venus gives to her son Æneas—

——'Lumenque Juventæ
Purpureum.'

Dryden has omitted the *purple light* in his version, nor is it given by Pitt; but Dryden expresses the general idea by

——'With hands divine,
Had formed his curling locks and made his temples shine,
And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace.'

It is probable that Milton has given us his iea of what was meant by this *purple light*, when applied to the human countenance, in the felicitous expression of

'Celestial rosy-red.'

Gray appears to me to be indebted to Milton for a hint for the opening of his elegy: as in the first line he has Dante and Milton in his mind, he perhaps might also in the following passage have recollected a congenial one in Comus, which he altered. Milton, describing the evening, marks it out by

——'What time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat.'

Gray has,

'The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way.'

Warton has made an observation on this passage in Comus; and observes further that it is a *classical* circumstance, but not a *natural* one, in an *English landscape*, for our ploughmen quit their work at noon. I think therefore the imitation is still more evident; and as Warton observes, both Gray and Milton copied here from books, and not from life.

There are three great poets who have given us a similar incident.

Dryden introduces the highly finished picture of the *hare* in his Annus Mirabilis:

Stanza 131.

'So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tired before the dog she lay;
Who stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

132.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey,
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.'

Thompson paints the *stag* in a similar situation:

——'Fainting breathless toil
Sick seizes on his heart—he stands at bay:
The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguish.'
Autumn, v. 461

Shakspeare exhibits the same object:

'The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.——

Of these three pictures the *beseeching eyes* of Dryden perhaps is more pathetic than *the big round tears*, certainly borrowed by Thompson from Shakspeare, because the former expression has more passion, and is therefore more poetical. The sixth line in Dryden is perhaps exquisite for its imitative harmony, and with peculiar felicity paints the action itself. Thompson adroitly drops *the innocent nose*, of which one word seems to have lost its original signification, and the other offends now by its familiarity.

The dappled face is a term more picturesque, more appropriate, and more poetically expressed.

EXPLANATION OF THE FAC-SIMILE.*

The manuscript of Pope's version of the Iliad and Odyssey are preserved in the British Museum in three volumes, the gift of David Mallet. They are written chiefly on the backs of letters, amongst which are several from Addison, Steele, Jervaise, Rowe, Young, Caryl, Walsh, Sir Godfrey Kneeler, Centon, Craggs. Congreve, Hughes, his mother Editha, and Lintot and Tonson the booksellers.

From these letters no information can be gathered, which merits public communication; they relate generally to the common civilities and common affairs of life. What little could be done has already been given in the additions to Pope's works.

It has been observed, that Pope taught himself to write by copying printed books: of this singularity we have in this collection a remarkable instance; several parts are written in Roman and Italic characters, which for some time I mistook for print; no imitation can be more correct.

What appears on this Fac-Simile I have printed, to assist its decyphering; and I have also subjoined the passage as it was given to the public, for immediate reference. The manuscript from whence this page is taken consists of the first rude sketches; an intermediate copy having been employed for the press; so that the corrected verses of this Fac-Simile occasionally vary from those published.

This passage has been selected, because the parting of Hector and Adromache is perhaps the most pleasing episode in the Iliad, while it is confessedly one of the most finished passages.

The lover of poetry will not be a little gratified, when he contemplates the variety of epithets, the imperfect idea, the gradual embellishment, and the critical rasures which are here discovered.† The action of Hector, in lifting his infant in his arms, occasioned Pope much trouble; and at length the printed copy has a different reading.

I must not omit noticing, that the whole is on the back of a letter franked by Addison; which cover I have given at one corner of the plate.

The parts distinguished by Italics were rejected.

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Extends his eager arms to embrace his boy,
lovely
Stretched his fond arms to seize the *beauteous* boy;
babe
The *boy* clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
each *kind*
With silent pleasure *the* fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child.
The glittering terrors unbound,
His radiant helmet from his brows *unbrac'd,*
on the ground he
And on the ground the glittering terror plac'd,
beamy
And plac'd the *radiant* helmet on the ground,
Then seiz'd the boy and raising him in air,
lifting
Then *fondling* in his arms his infant heir,
dancing
Thus to the gods addrest a father's prayer.
glory fills
O thou, whose *thunder shakes* th'ethereal throne,
deathless
And all ye other *powers*, protect my son!
Like mine, this war, blooming youth with every virtue bless!
grace
The shield and glory of the Trojan race;
Like mine his valour, and his just renown,
Like mine his labours to defend the crown.
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
the Trojans
To guard *my country*, to defend the crown:
In arms like me, his country's war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
successful
So when triumphant from the *glorious* toils
Of hero's slain, the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may
All Troy shall hail him, with deserv'd acclaim,
own the son
And *cry, this chief* transcends his father's fame.
While pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.
fondly on her
He said, and gazing *o'er his consort's charms,*
Restor'd his infant to her longing arms.
on
Soft *in* her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Prest to her heart, and with a smile surveyed;
to repose
Hush'd *him to rest*, and with a smile surveyed.
passion
But soon the troubled pleasure *mixt with rising fears,*
dash'd with fear,
The tender pleasure soon, chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

The passage appears thus in the printed work. I have marked in Italics the *variations*.

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to *clasp* the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With *secret** pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child.

The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the *beaming* helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods *prefer'd* a father's prayer:

O thou, whose glory fills th'ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
Grant him like me to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him, with deserv'd acclaim,
And *say, this chief* transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidst the general shout of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He *spoke;* and fondly gazing on her charms
Restor'd *the pleasing burden to her arms:*
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The *troubled pleasure* soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

LITERARY FASHIONS.

There is such a thing as Literary Fashion, and prose and verse have been regulated by the same caprice that cuts our coats, and cocks our hats. Dr Kippis, who had a taste for literary history, has observed that '"Dodsley's Economy of human Life" long received the most extragant applause, from the supposition that it was written by a celebrated nobleman; an instance of the power of *Literary Fashion:* the history of which, as it hath appeared in various ages and countries, and as it hath operated with respect to the different objects of science, learning, art, and taste, would form a work that might be highly instructive and entertaining.'

The favourable reception of 'Dodsley's Economy of Human life' produced a whole family of economies; it was soon followed by a *second part*, the gratuitous ingenuity of one of those officious imitators, whom an original author never cares to thank. Other economies trod on the heels of each other.

For some memorandum towards a history of literary fashions, the following may be arranged:

At the restoration of letters in Europe, commentators and compilers were at the head of the literati; translators followed, who enriched themselves with their spoils on the commentators. When in the progress of modern literature, writers aimed to rival the great authors of antiquity,

* The fac-simile will be given at the end of 'Curiosities of Literature.'

† Dr Johnson, in noticing the Mss of Milton, preserved at Cambridge, has made, with his usual force of language, the following observation: 'Such relics show how excellence is acquired; what we hope ever to do with ease we may learn first to do with dilligence.

* Silent in the Ms. (observes a critical friend) is greatly superior to secret, as it appears in the printed work.

the different styles, in their servile imitations clashed together; and parties were formed, who fought desperately for the style they chose to adopt. The public were long harrassed by a fantastic race, who called themselves Ciceronian, of whom are recorded many ridiculous practices, to strain out the words of Cicero into their hollow verbosities. They were routed by the facetious Erasmus. Then followed the brilliant era of epigrammatic points; and good sense, and good taste were nothing without the spurious ornaments of false wit. Another age was deluged by a million of sonnets; and volumes were for a long time read, without their readers being aware that their patience was exhausted. There was an age of epics, which probably can never return again; for after two or three, the rest can be but repetitions with a few variations.

In Italy, from 1530 to 1580, a vast multitude of books were written on love; the fashion of writing on that subject (for certainly it was not always a passion with the indefatigable writer,) was an epidemical distemper. They wrote like pedants, and pagans; those who could not write their love in verse, diffused themselves in prose. When the Poliphilus of Colonna appeared, which is given in form of a dream, this dream made a great many dreamers, as it happens in company (says the sarcastic Zeno) when one yawner makes many yawn. When Bishop Hall first published his satires, he called them 'Toothless Satires,' but his latter ones he distinguished as 'Biting Satires;' many good-natured men, who could only write good-natured verse, crowded in his footsteps, and the abundance of their labours only showed that even the "toothless' satires of Hall could bite more sharply than those of servile imitators. After Spenser's Faery Queen was published, the press overflowed with many mistaken imitations, in which fairies were the chief actors,—this circumstance is humorously animadverted on by Marston, in his satires, as quoted by Warton: Every scribe now falls asleep, and in his

——— dreams, straight tenne pound to one
Outsteps some fairy——
Awakes, straigt rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.

The great personage who gave a fashion to this class of literature was the courtly and romantic Elizabeth herself; her obsequious wits and courtiers would not fail to feed and flatter her taste. Whether they all felt the beauties, or languished over the tediousness of 'the Faerie Queen,' and the 'Arcadia' of Sidney, at least her majesty gave a vogue to such sentimental and refined romance. The classical Elizabeth introduced another literary fashion; having translated the Hercules Œtæus, she made it fashionable to translate Greek tragedies. There was a time, in the age of fanaticism, and the long parliament, that books were considered the more valuable for their length. The seventeenth century was the age of folios. One Caryl wrote a 'Commentary on Job' in two volumes folio, of above one thousand two hundred sheets! as it was intended to inculcate the virtue of *patience*, these volumes gave at once the theory and the practice. One is astonished at the multitude of the divines of this age; whose works now lie buried under the brick and mortar tombs of four or five folios, which on a moderate calculation, might now be 'wire woven' into thirty or forty modern octavos.

In Charles I's time, love and honour were heightened by the wits into florid romance; but Lord Goring turned all into ridicule; and he was followed by the Duke of Buckingham, whose happy vein of ridicule was favoured by Charles II, who gave it the vogue it obtained.

Sir William Temple justly observes, that changes in veins of wit are like those of habits, or other modes. On the return of Charles II, none were more out of fashion among the new courtiers than the old Earl of Norwich, who was esteemed the greatest wit, in his father's time, among the old.

Modern times have abounded with what may be called fashionable literature. Tragedies were some years ago as fashionable as comedies are at this day; Thomson, Mallet, Francis, Hill, applied their genius to a department in which they lost it all. Declamation and rant, and over-refined language, were preferred to the fable, the manners, and to Nature, and these now sleep on our shelves! Then too we had a family of paupers in the parish of poetry, in 'Imitations of Spenser.' Not many years ago, Churchill was the occasion of deluging the town with *political poems in quarto*.—These again were succeeded by *narrative poems*, in the ballad measure, from all sizes of poets.—The Castle of Otranto was the father of that marvellous, which overstocks the circulating library.—Lord Byron has been the father of hundreds of graceless sons!—Travels and voyages have long been a class of literature so fashionable, that we begin to dread the arrival of certain persons from the Continent!

Different times, then, are regulated by different tastes. What makes a strong impression on the public at one time, ceases to interest it at another; an author who sacrifices to the prevailing humours of his day has but little chance of being esteemed by posterity; and every age of modern literature might, perhaps, admit of a new classification, by dividing it into its periods of *fashionable literature*.

THE PANTOMIMICAL CHARACTERS.

Il est des gens de qui l'esprit guindé
Sous un front jamais deridé
Ne souffre, n'approuve, et n'estime,
Que le pompeux, et le sublime;
Pour moi j'ose poser en fait
Qu'en de certains momens l'esprit le plus parfait
Peut aimer sans rougir jusqu'aux Marionettes;
Et qu'il est des tems et des lieux,
Ou le grave, et le serieuv,
Ne valent pas d'agreables Sornettes.

Peau d'Ane

People there are who never smile,
Their foreheads still unsmooth'd, the while
Some lambent flame of mirth will play,
That wins the easy heart away;
Such only choose in prose or rhyme
A bristling pomp,—they call sublime!
I blush not to like Harlequin
Would he but talk,—and all his kin!
Yes, there are times, and there are places,
When flams and old wives' tales are worth the Graces.

CERVANTES, in the person of his hero, has confessed the delight he received from amusements which disturb the gravity of some, who are apt, however, to be more entertained by them than they choose to acknowledge. Don Quixote thus dismisses a troop of merry strollers, '*Andad con dios buena gente, y hazad vuestra fiesta, porque desde muchacho fui aficionado a la* Carátula, *y en mi mocedad se ne ivan los ojos tras la* Farándula.' In a literal version the passage may run thus:—'Go, good people, God be with you, and keep your merry-making! for from childhood I was in love with the *Caratula*, and in my youth my eyes would lose themselves amidst the *Farandula*.' According to Pineda *La Caratula* is an actor masked, and *La Farandula* is a kind of farce.*

Even the studious Bayle, wrapping himself in his cloak, and hurrying to the market-place to Punchinello, would laugh when the fellow had humour in him, as was usually the case; and I believe the pleasure some still find in pantomimes, to the annoyance of their gravity, is a very natural one, and only wants a little more understanding in the actors and the spectators.

The truth is, that here our Harlequin and all his lifeless family are condemned to perpetual silence. They came to us from the genial hilarity of the Italian theatre, and were all the grotesque children of wit, and whim, and satire. Why is this burlesque race here privileged to cost so much, to do so little, and to repeat that little so often? Our own pantomime may, indeed, boast of two inventions of its own growth: we have turned Harlequin into a magician, and this produces the surprise of sudden changes of scenery, whose splendour and curious correctness have rarely been equalled; while in the metamorphosis of the scene, a certain sort of wit to the eye, 'mechanic wit,' as it has been termed, has originated, as when a surgeon's shop is turned into a laundry, with the inscription 'Mangling done here:' or counsellors at the bar changed into fish-women.

Every one of this grotesque family were the creatures of national genius, chosen by the people for themselves. Italy, both ancient and modern, exhibits a gesticulating people of comedians, and the same comic genius charac-

* Motteux, whose translation Lord Woodhouselee distinguishes as the most curious, turns the passage thus: 'I wish you well, good people, drive on to act your play, for in my very childhood I loved shows, and have been a great admirer of dramatic representations.' Part II, c. xi. The other translators have nearly the same words. But in employing the generic term they lose the species, that is, the thing itself; but what is less tolerable, in the flatness of the style, they lose that delightfulness with which Cervantes conveys to us the recollected pleasures then busying the warm brain of his hero. An English reader, who often grows weary over his Quixote, appears not always sensible that one of the secret charms of Cervantes, like all great national authors, lies concealed in his idiom and style.

terised the nation through all its revolutions, as well as the individual through all his fortunes. The lower classes still betray their aptitude in that vivid humour, where the action is suited to the word—silent gestures sometimes expressing whole sentences. They can tell a story, and even raise the passions, without opening their lips. No nation in modern Europe possesses so keen a relish for the *burlesque*, insomuch as to show a class of unrivalled poems, which are distinguished by the very title: and perhaps there never was an Italian in a foreign country, however deep in trouble, but would drop all remembrance of his sorrows, should one of his countrymen present himself with the paraphernalia of Punch at the corner of a street. I was acquainted with an Italian, a philosopher and a man of fortune, residing in this country, who found so lively a pleasure in performing Punchinello's little comedy, that, for this purpose, with considerable expense and curiosity, he had his wooden company, in all their costume, sent over from his native place. The shrill squeak of the tin whistle had the same comic effect on him as the notes of the *Rans des Vaches* have in awakening the tenderness of domestic emotions in the wandering Swiss—the national genius is dramatic. Lady Wortley Montagu, when she resided at a villa near Brescia, was applied to by the villagers for leave to erect a theatre in her saloon: they had been accustomed to turn the stables into a playhouse every carnival. She complied, and as she tells us, was 'surprised at the beauty of their scenes, though painted by a country painter. The performance was yet more surprising, the actors being all peasants; but the Italians have so natural a genius for comedy, they acted as well as if they had been brought up to nothing else, particularly the *Arlequino*, who far surpassed any of our English, though only the tailor of our village, and I am assured never saw a play in any other place.' Italy is the mother, and the nurse, of the whole Harlequin race.

Hence it is that no scholars in Europe, but the most learned Italians, smit by the national genius, could have devoted their vigils to narrate the revolutions of pantomime, to compile the annals of Harlequin, to unroll the genealogy of Punch, and to discover even the most secret anecdotes of the obscurer branches of that grotesque family amidst their changeful fortunes during a period of two thousand years! Nor is this all; princes have ranked them among the Rosciuses; and Harlequins and Scaramouches have been ennobled. Even Harlequins themselves have written elaborate treatises on the almost insurmountable difficulties of their art. I despair to convey the sympathy they have inspired me with to my reader; but every *Tramontane* genius must be informed, that of what he has never seen, he must rest content to be told.

Of the ancient Italian troop we have retained three or four of the characters, while their origin has nearly escaped our recollection; but of the burlesque comedy, the extempore dialogue, the humourous fable, and its peculiar species of comic acting, all has vanished.

Many of the popular pastimes of the Romans unquestionably survived their dominion, for the people will amuse themselves, though their masters may be conquered; and tradition has never proved more faithful than in preserving popular sports. Many of the games of our children were played by Roman boys; the mountebanks, with the dancers and tumblers on their moveable stages, still in our fairs, are Roman; the disorders of the *Bacchanalia* Italy appears to imitate in her carnivals. Among these Roman diversions certain comic characters have been transmitted to us, along with some of their characteristics, and their dresses. The speaking pantomines and extempore comedies, which have delighted the Italians for many centuries, are from this ancient source.

Of the *Mimi* and the *Pantomimi* of the Romans, the following notices enter into our present researches:

The *Mimi* were an impudent race of buffoons, who excelled in mimicry, and, like our domestic fools, admitted into convivial parties to entertain the guests; from them we derive the term *mimetic* art. Their powers enabled them to perform a more extraordinary office, for they appear to have been introduced into funerals, to mimic the person, and even the language of the deceased. Suetonius describes an *Archimimus*, accompanying the funeral of Vespasian. This Archmime performed his part admirably, not only representing the person, but imitating, according to custom, *ut est mos*, manners and language of the living emperor. He contrived a happy stroke at the prevailing foible of Vespasian, when he inquired the cost of all this funeral pomp? 'Ten millions of sesterces?' On this he observed, that if they would give him but a hundred thousand, they might throw his body into the Tiber.

The *Pantomimi* were quite of a different class. They were tragic actors, usually mute; they combined with the arts of gesture, music and dances of the most impressive character. Their silent language often drew tears by the pathetic emotions which they excited: 'Their very nod speaks, their hands talk, and their fingers have a voice,' says one of their admirers. Seneca, the father, grave as was his profession, confessed his taste for pantomines had become a passion;* and by the decree of the senate, that 'the Roman knights should not attend the pantomimic players in the streets,' it is evident that the performers were greatly honored. Lucian has composed a curious treatise on pantomimes. We may have some notion of their deep conception of character, and their invention, by an anecdote recorded by Macrobius, of two rival pantomimes. When Hylas, dancing a hymn, which closed with the words, 'The great Agamemnon,' to express that idea took it in its literal meaning, and stood erect, as if measuring his size—Pylades, his rival, exclaimed, 'You make him tall, but not great!' The audience obliged Pylades to dance the same hymn; when he came to the words, he collected himself in a posture of deep meditation. This silent pantomimic language we ourselves have witnessed carried to singular perfection, when the actor Palmer, after building a theatre, was prohibited the use of his voice by the magistrates. It was then he powerfully affected the audience by the eloquence of his action in the tragic pantomime of Don Juan!

These pantomimi seem to have been held in great honour; many were children of the Graces and the Virtues! The tragic and the comic masks were among the ornaments of the sepulchral monuments of an Arch-mime and a Pantomime. Montfaucon conjectures that they formed a select fraternity.† They had such an influence over the Roman people, that when two of them quarrelled, Augustus interfered to renew their friendship. Pylades was one of them, and he observed to the emperor, that nothing could be more useful to him than that the people should be perpetually occupied with the *squabbles*, between him and Bathyllus! The advice was accepted and the emperor was silenced.

The party-coloured hero, with every part of his dress, has been drawn out of the great wardrobe of antiquity; he was a Roman Mime. Harlequin is described with his shaven head, *rasis capitibus*; his sooty face, *fuligine faciem obducti*; his flat, unshod feet, *planipedes*; and his patched coat of many colours, *Mimi centunculo*.‡ Even

* Tacitus, Annals, Lib. I, Sect. 77, in Murphy's translation.

† L'Antiq. Exp. V. 63.

‡ Louis Riccoboni, in his curious little treatise 'Du Theatre Italien,' illustrated by seventeen prints of the Italian pantomimic characters, has duly collected the authorities. I give them, in the order quoted above, for the satisfaction of more grave inquirers. Vossius Instit. Poet. Lib. II, cap. 32, § 4. The Mimi blackened their faces. Diomedes de Orat. Lib. III, Apuleius in Apolog. And further, the patched dress was used by the ancient peasants of Italy, as appears by a passage in Celsus de Re Rust. Lib. I, c. 8; and Juvenal employs the term centunculus as a diminutive of cento, for a coat made up of patches. This was afterwards applied metaphorically to those well-known poems called centos, composed of shreds and patches of poetry, collected from all quarters. Goldoni considered Harlequin as a poor devil and dolt, whose coat is made up of rags patched together; his hat shows mendicity; and the hare's tail is still the dress of the peasantry of Bergamo. Quadrio, in his learned Storia d'ogni Poesia, has diffused his erudition on the ancient Mimi and their successors. Dr Clarke has discovered the light lathe sword of Harlequin, which had hitherto baffled my most painful researches, amidst the dark mysteries of the ancient mythology! We read with equal astonishment and novelty, that the prototypes of the modern Pantomime are in the Pagan mysteries; that Harlequin is Mercury, with his short sword called herpe, or his rod the caduceus, to render himself invisible, and to transport himself from one end of the earth to the other; that the covering on his head was his petasus, or winged cap; that Columbine is Psyche, or the Soul; the Old Man in our Pantomimes is Charon; the Clown is Momus, the buffoon of heaven, whose large gaping mouth is an imitation of the ancient masks. The subject of an ancient vase engraven in the volume represents Harlequin, Columbine, and the Clown, as we see them on the English stage. The dreams of the learned are amusing when we are not put to sleep! Dr Clarke's Travels, vol. IV, p. 459. The Italian antiquaries never entertained any doubt of this remote origin. See the fourth edition of this volume, Appendix. A letter from the Marquis Di Spineto.

Pullicinella, whom we familiarly call Punch, may receive like other personages of not greater importance, all his dignity from antiquity; one of his Roman ancestors having appeared to an antiquary's visionary eye in a bronze statue: more than one erudite dissertation authenticates the family likeness; the nose long, prominent, and hooked; the staring goggle eyes; the hump at his back and at his breast; in a word, all the character which so strongly marks the Punch-race, as distinctly as whole dynasties have been featured by the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose.*

The genealogy of the whole family is confirmed by the general term, which includes them all; for our *Zany*, in Italian *Zanni*, comes direct from *Sannio*, a buffoon; and a passage in Cicero, *de Oratore*, paints Harlequin and his brother gesticulators after the life; the perpetual trembling motion of their limbs, their ludicrous and flexible gestures, and all the mimicry of their faces. '*Quid enim potest tam ridiculum, quam* SANNIO *esse? Qui ore, vultu, imitandis motibus, voce, denique corpore ridetur ipso.*' Lib. II, Sect. 51. For what has more of the ludicrous than SANNIO? who, with his mouth, his face, imitating every motion, with his voice, and indeed, with all his body, provokes laughter.†

These are the two ancient heroes of Pantomime. The other characters are the laughing children of mere modern humour. Each of these chimerical personages, like so many County-Members, come from different provinces in the gesticulating land of Pantomime; in little principalities the rival inhabitants present a contrast in manners and characters which opens a wider field for ridicule and satire, than in a kingdom where a uniformity of government will produce a uniformity of manners. An inventor appeared in Ruzzante, an author and actor who flourished about 1530. Till his time they had servilely copied the duped fathers, the wild sons, and the tricking valets, of Plautus and Terence; and, perhaps, not being writers of sufficient skill, but of some invention, were satisfied to sketch the plots of dramas, but boldly trusted to extempore acting and dialogue. Ruzzante peopled the Italian stage with a fresh enlivening crowd of pantomimic characters; the insipid dotards of the ancient comedy were transformed into the Venitian Pantaloon and the Bolognese Doctor: while the hair-brained fellow, the arch-knave, and the booby, were furnished from Milan, Bergamo, and Calabria. He gave his newly-created beings new language and a new dress. From Plautus he appears to have taken the hint of introducing all the Italian dialects into one comedy, by making each character use his own; and even the modern Greek, which, it seems, afforded many an unexpected play on works for the Italian.* This new kind of pleasure, like the language of Babel charmed the national ear; every province would have its dialect introduced on the scene, which often served the purpose both of recreation and a little innocent malice. Their *masks* and *dresses* were furnished by the grotesque masqueraders of the carnival, which doubtless, often contributed many scenes and humours to the quick and fanciful genius of Ruzzante. I possess a little book of Scaramouches, &c, by Callot. Their masks and their costume must have been copied from these carnival scenes. We see their strongly-featured masks; their attitudes, pliant as those of a posture-master; the drollery of their figures; while the grotesque creatures seem to leap, and dance, and gesticulate, and move about so fantastically under his sharp graver, that they form as individualized a race as our fairies and witches; mortals, yet like nothing mortal!

The first Italian actors wore masks—objections have been raised against their use. Signorelli shows the inferiority of the modern in deviating from the moveable or rather double masks of antiquity, by which the actor could vary the artificial face at pleasure. The mask has had its advocates, for some advantages it possesses over the naked face; a mask aggravates the features, and gives a more determined expression to the comic character; an important effect among this fantastical group.†

The Harlequin in the Italian theatre has passed through all the vicissitudes of fortune. At first he was a true representative of the ancient Mime, but afterwards degenerated into a booby and a gourmand, the perpetual butt for a sharp-witted fellow, his companion, called Brighella; the knife and the whetstone. Harlequin, under the reforming hand of Goldoni, became a child of nature, the delight of his country; and he has commemorated the historical character of the great Harlequin Sacchi. It may serve the reader to correct his notions of one, from the absurd pretender with us who has usurped the title. 'Sacchi possessed a lively and brilliant imagination. While other Harlequins merely repeated themselves, Sacchi, who always adhered to the essence of the play, contrived to give an air of freshness to the piece by his new sallies and unexpected repartees. His comic traits and his jests were neither taken from the language of the lower orders, nor that of the comedians. He levied contributions on comic authors, on poets, orators, and philosophers; and in his impromptus they often discovered the thoughts of Seneca, Cicero, or Montaigne. He possessed the art of appropriating the remains of these great men to himself, and allying them to the simplicity of the blockhead; so that the same proposition which was admired in a serious author, became highly ridiculous in the mouth of this excellent actor.'‡ In France Harlequin was improved into a wit, and even converted into a moralist; he is the graceful hero of Florian's charming compositions, which please, even in the closet. 'This imaginary being, invented by the Italians, and adopted by the French,' says the ingenious Goldoni, 'has the exclusive right of uniting *naiveté* with *finesse*, and no one ever surpassed Florian in the delineation of this amphibious character. He has even contrived to impart sentiment, passion, and morality, to his pieces.'§ Harlequin must be modelled as a national character, the creature of manners; and thus the history of such a Harlequin might be that of the age and of the people, whose genius he ought to represent.

The history of a people is often detected in their popular amusements; one of these Italian pantomimic characters shows this. They had a *Capitan*, who probably originated in the *Miles gloriosus* of Plautus; a brother, at least, of our ancient Pistol and Bobadil. The ludicrous names of this military poltroon were, *Spavento* (Horrid fright), *Spezza-fer* (Shiver-spear), and a tremendous recreant was Capitan *Spavento de Val inferno*. When Charles V entered Italy, a Spanish Captain was introduced; a dreadful man he was too, if we are to be frightened by names: *Sangre e fuego!* and *Matamoro!* His business was to deal in Spanish rhodomontades, to kick out the native Italian *Capitan*, in compliment to the Span-

* This statue, which is imagined to have thrown so much light on the genealogy of Punch, was discovered in 1727, and is engraved in Ficorini's amusing work on Le Maschere sceniche e le figure comiche d'antichi Romani, p. 48. It is that of a Mime called Maccus by the Romans; the name indicates a simpleton. But the origin of the more modern name has occasioned a little difference, whether it be derived from the nose or its squeak. The learned Quadrio would draw the name Pullicenello from Pulliceno, which Spartianus uses for il pullo gallinaceo (I suppose this to be the turkey-cock,) because Punch's hooked nose resembles its beak. But Baretti, in that strange book the 'Tolondron,' gives a derivation admirably descriptive of the peculiar squeaking nasal sound. He says, 'Punchinello, or Punch, as you well know, speaks with a squeaking voice that seems to come out at his nose, because the fellow who in a puppet-show manages the puppet called Punchinello, or Punch, as the English folks abbreviate it, speaks with a tin whistle in his mouth, which makes him emit that comical kind of voice. But the English word Punchinello is in Italian Pulcinella, which means a hen-chicken. Chickens' voices are squeaking and nasal; and they are timid, and powerless, and for this reason my whimsical countrymen have given the name of Pulcinella, or hen-chicken, to that comic character, to convey the idea of a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose, to express a timid and weak fellow, who is always threshed by the other actors, and always boasts of victory after they are gone.' Tolondron, p. 324.

† How the Latin Sannio became the Italian Zanni, was a whirl in the round-about of etymology which put Ricciboni very ill at his ease; for he, having discovered this classical origin of his favourite character, was alarmed at Menage giving it up with obsequious tameness to a Cruscan correspondent. The learned Quadrio however, gives his vote for the Greek Sannos, from whence the Latins borrowed their Sannio. Riccoboni's derivation, therefore, now stands secure from all verbal disturbers of human quiet.

Sanna is in Latin, as Ainsworth elaborately explains 'a mocking by grimaces, mows, a flout, a frump, a gibe, a scoff, a banter;' and Sannio is 'a fool in a play.' The Italians change the S into Z, for they say Zmyrna and Zambuco, for Smyrna and Sambuco; and thus they turned Sanio into Zanno, and then into Zanni, and we caught the echo in our Zany.

* Riccoboni Histoire du Theatre Italien, p. 53; Gimma Italia Letterata, 196.

† Signorelli Storia Critica de Teatri, tom. III, 263.

‡ Mem. of Goldoni, I, 281.

§ Mem. of Goldoni, II, 284.

iards, and then to take a quiet caning from Harlequin, in compliment to themselves. When the Spaniards lost their influence in Italy, the Spanish Captain was turned into Scaramouch, who still wore the Spanish dress, and was perpetually in a panic. The Italians could only avenge themselves on the Spaniards in Pantomime! On the same principle the gown of Pantaloon over his red waistcoat and breeches, commemorates a circumstance in Venitian history, expressive of the popular feeling; the dress is that of a Venitian citizen, and his speech the dialect; but when the Venitians lost Negropont, they changed their upper dress to black, which before had been red, as a national demonstration of their grief.

The characters of the Italian Pantomime became so numerous, that every dramatic subject was easily furnished with the necessary personages of comedy. That loquacious pedant the *Dottore* was taken from the Lawyers and the Physicians, babbling false Latin in the dialect of learned Bologna. *Scapin* was a livery servant who spoke the dialect of Bergamo, a province proverbially abounding with rank intriguing knaves, who, like the slaves in Plautus and Terence, were always on the watch to further any wickedness; while Calabria furnished the booby Giangurgello with his grotesque nose. Moliere, it has been ascertained, discovered in the Italian theatre at Paris his 'Médecin malgré lui,' his 'Etourdi;' his 'L'Avare,' and his 'Scapin.' Milan offered a pimp in the *Brighella;* Florence an ape of fashion in *Gelsomino*. These and other pantomimic characters, and some ludicrous ones, as the *Tartaglia*, a spectacled dotard, and a stammerer, and usually in a passion, had been gradually introduced by the inventive powers of an actor of genius, to call forth his own peculiar talents.

The Pantomimes, or, as they have been described, the continual Masquerades, of Ruzzante, with all these diversified personages, talking and acting, formed, in truth, a burlesque comedy. Some of the finest geniuses of Italy became the votaries of Harlequin; and the Italian Pantomime may be said to form a school of its own. The invention of Ruzzante was one capable of perpetual novelty. Many of these actors have been chronicled either for the invention of some comic character, or for their true imitation of nature in performing some favourite one. One, already immortalized by having lost his real name in that of *Captain Matamoros*, by whose inimitable humours he became the most popular man in Italy, invented the Neapolitan Pullicinello; while another, by deeper study, added new graces to another burlesque rival.* One Constantini invented the character of Mezetin, as the Narcissus of Pantomime. He acted without a mask, to charm by the beautiful play of his countenance, and display the graces of his figure; the floating drapery of his fanciful dress could be arranged by the changeable humour of the wearer. Crowds followed him in the streets, and a King of Poland ennobled him. The Wit and Harlequin Dominic sometimes dined at the table of Louis XIV. Tiberio Fiurilli, who invented the character of Scaramouch, had been the amusing companion of the boyhood of Louis XIV; and from him Moliere learnt much, as appears by the verses under his portrait:

> Cet illustre Comedien
> De son art traca la carriere:
> Il fut le maître de Moliere,
> Et la Nature fut le sien.

The last lines of an epitaph on one of these pantomimic actors may be applied to many of them during their flourishing period:

> 'Toute sa vie il a fait rire;
> Il a fait pleuré a sa mort.'

Several of these admirable actors were literary men, who have written on their art, and shown that it was one. The Harlequin Cechini composed the most ancient treatise on this subject, and was ennobled by the Emperor Matthias; and Nicholas Barbieri, for his excellent acting called the *Beltrame*, a Milanese simpleton, in his treatise on Comedy, tells us that he was honoured by the conversation of Louis XIII, and rewarded with fortune.

* I am here but the translator of a grave historian. The Italian writes with all the feeling of one aware of the important narrative, and with a most curious accuracy in this genealogy of character: Silvio Fiorillo, che appellar si facea il Capitano Matamoros, invento il Pulcinella Napoletano, e collo studio e grazia molto aggiunse Andrea Calcese detto Ciuccio por soprannome. Gemina Italia Letterata, p. 1.6

What was the nature of that perfection to which the Italian pantomime reached; and that prodigality of genius, which excited such enthusiasm, not only among the populace, but the studious, and the noble, and the men of genius?

The Italian Pantomime had two peculiar features; a species of buffoonery technically termed *Lazzi*, and one of a more extraordinary nature, the *extempore dialogue* of its comedy.

These *Lazzi* were certain pleasantries of gesticulation, quite national, yet so closely allied to our notions of buffoonery, that a Northern critic will not readily detect the separating shade; yet Riccoboni asserts that they formed a critical and not a trivial art. That these arts of gesticulation had something in them peculiar to Italian humour, we infer from Gherardi, who could not explain the term but by describing it as '*Un Tour:* JEU ITALIEN!' It was so peculiar to them, that he could only call it by their own name. It is difficult to describe that of which the whole magic consists in being seen: and what is more evanescent than the humour which consists in gestures?

'*Lazzi* (says Riccoboni) is a term corrupted from the old Tuscan *Lacci*, which signifies a knot, or something which connects. These pleasantries called *Lazzi* are certain actions by which the performer breaks into the scene, to paint to the eye his emotions of panic or jocularity; but as such gestures are foreign to the business going on, the nicety of the art consists in not interrupting the scene, and connecting the *Lazzi* with it; thus to *tie* the whole together.' *Lazzi*, then, seems a kind of mimicry and gesture, corresponding with the passing scene; and we may translate the term by one in our green-room dialect, *side-play*. Riccoboni has ventured to describe some *Lazzi*. When Harlequin and Scapin represent two famished servants of a poor young mistress, among the arts by which they express their state of starvation, Harlequin having murmured, Scapin exhorts him to groan, a music which brings out their young mistress. Scapin explains Harloquin's impatience, and begins a proposal to her which might extricate them all from their misery. While Scapin is talking, Harlequin performs his *Lazzi*—imagining he holds a hatfull of cherries, he seems eating them, and gaily flinging the stones at Scapin; or with a rueful countenance he is trying to catch a fly, and with his hand, in comical despair, would chop off the wings before he swallows the chamelion game. These, with similar *Lazzi*, harmonize with the remonstrance of Scapin, and re-animate it; and thus these '*Lazzi*, although they seem to interrupt the progress of the action, yet in cutting it they slide back into it, and connect or tie the whole.' These *Lazzi* are in great danger of degenerating into puerile mimicry or gross buffoonery, unless fancifully conceived and vividly gesticulated. But the Italians seem to possess the art of gesture before that of speech: and this national characteristic is also Roman. Such, indeed, was the powerful expression of their mimetic art, that when the select troop under Riccoboni, on their first introduction into France, only spoke in Italian, the audience, who did not understand the *words*, were made completely masters of the *action* by their pure and energetic imitations of nature. The Italian theatre, has, indeed, recorded some miracles of this sort. A celebrated Scaramouch, without uttering a syllable, kept the audience for a considerable time in a state of suspense by a scene of successive terrors; and exhibited a living picture of a panic-stricken man. Gherardi, in his 'Theatre Italien,' conveys some idea of the scene. Scaramouch, a character usually represented in a fright, is waiting for his master Harlequin in his apartment; having put every thing in order, according to his confused notions, he takes the guitar, seats himself in an arm-chair and plays. Pasquariel comes gently behind him and taps him on the shoulders—this throws Scaramouch into a panic. 'It was then that incomparable model of our most eminent actors,' says Gherardi, 'displayed the miracles of his art: that art which paints the passions in the face, throws them into every gesture, and through a whole scene of frights upon frights, conveys the most powerful expression of ludicrous terror. This man moved all hearts by the simplicity of nature, more than skilled orators can with all the charms of persuasive rhetoric.' On this memorable scene a great prince observed that '*Scaramuccia non parla, e dica gran cose:*' 'He speaks not, but he says many great things.'

In gesticulation and humour our Rich appears to have been a complete Mime: his genius was entirely confined

to Pantomime; and he had the glory of introducing Harlequin on the English stage, which he played under the feigned name of *Lun*. He could describe to the audience by his signs and gestures as intelligibly as others could express by words. There is a large caricature print of the triumph which Rich had obtained over the severe Muses of Tragedy and Comedy, which lasted too long not to excite jealousy and opposition from the *corps dramatique*.

Garrick, who once introduced a speaking Harlequin, has celebrated the silent but powerful language of Rich:

'When Lun appear'd, with matchless art and whim
He gave the power of speech to every limb,
Tho' mask'd and mute, convey'd his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures what he meant:
But now the motley coat and sword of wood
Require a tongue to make them understood!'

The Italian Extempore Comedy is a literary curiosity which claims our attention.

EXTEMPORE COMEDIES.

It is a curiosity in the history of national genius to discover a people with such a native fund of comic humour, combined with such passionate gesticulation, that they could deeply interest in acting a Comedy, carried on by dialogue, intrigue, and character, *all' improvista*, or *impromptu*: the actors undergoing no rehearsal, and, in fact, composing while they were acting. The plot, called *Scenario*, consisting merely of the scenes enumerated, with the characters indicated, was first written out; it was then suspended at the back of the stage, and from the mere inspection, the actors came forward to perform, the dialogue entirely depending on their own genius.*

'These pieces must have been detestable, and the actors mere buffoons,' exclaim the Northern critics, whose imaginations have a coldness in them, like a frost in spring. But when the art of Extempore Comedy flourished among these children of fancy, the universal pleasure these representations afforded to a whole vivacious people, and the recorded celebrity of their great actors, open a new field for the speculation of genius. It may seem more extraordinary that some of its votaries have maintained that it possessed some peculiar advantages over written compositions. When Goldoni reformed the Italian theatre by regular Comedies, he found an invincible opposition from the enthusiasts of their old Comedy; for two centuries it had been the amusement of Italy, and was a species of comic entertainment which it had created. Inventive minds were fond of sketching out these outlines of pieces, and other men of genius of representing them.

The inspiration of national genius alone could produce this phenomenon; and these Extempore Comedies were, indeed, indigenous to the soil. Italy, a land of *Improvisatori*, kept up from the time of their old masters, the Romans, the same fervid fancy. The ancient *Atellanæ Fabulæ*, or Atellan Farces, originated at Atella, a town in the neighbourhood of ancient Naples; and these, too, were extempore Interludes, or, as Livy terms them, *Exodia*. We find in that historian a little interesting narrative of the theatrical history of the Romans: when the dramatic performances at Rome were becoming too sentimental and declamatory, banishing the playfulness and the mirth of Comedy, the Roman youth left these graver performances to the professed actors, and revived, perhaps in imitation of the licentious *Satyra* of the Greeks, the ancient custom of versifying pleasantries, and throwing out jests and raillery among themselves, for their own diversion.† These Atellan Farces were probably not so low in humour as they have been represented;‡ or at least the Roman youth, on their revival, exercised a chaster taste, for they are noticed by Cicero in a letter to his literary friend Papyrus Pætus, which may be read in Melmoth's version. 'But to turn from the serious to the jocose part of your letter—the strain of pleasantry you break into, immediately after having distinctly quoted the tragedy of Œnomanus, puts me in mind of the *modern method* of introducing at the *end* of these *graver dramatic pieces* the *buffoon humour of our low mimes*, instead of the *more delicate burlesque of the old Atellan Farces*.'* This very curious passage, distinctly marks out the two classes, which so many centuries after Cicero were revived in the *Pantomime* of Italy, and in its *Extempore Comedy*.†

The critics on our side of the Alps reproached the Italians for the Extempore Comedies; and Marmontel, in the *Encyclopedie*, rashly declared that the nation did not possess a single Comedy which could endure a perusal. But he drew his notions from the low Farces of the Italian theatre at Paris, and he censured what he had never read.‡ The Comedies of Bibiena, Del Lasca, Del Secchi, and others, are models of classical Comedy, but not the popular favourites of Italy. Signorelli distinguishes two species of Italian Comedy, those which he calls *Commedie Antiche ed Eruditi*, ancient and learned Comedies, and those of *Commedie dell' Arte*, or *a Soggetto*, Comedies suggested.—The first were moulded on classical models, recited in their academies to a select audience, and performed by amateurs; but the *Commedie a Soggetto*, the Extempore Comedies, were invented by professional actors of genius. More delightful to the fancy of the Italians, and more congenial to their talents, in spite of the graver critics, who even in their amusements cannot cast off the manacles of precedence, the Italians resolved to be pleased for themselves, with their own natural vein, and with one feeling preferred a freedom of original humour and invention incompatible with regular productions, but which inspired admirable actors, and secured full audiences.

Men of great genius had a passion for performing in these Extempore Comedies. Salvator Rosa was famous for his character of a Calabrian Clown, whose original he had probably often studied amidst that mountainous scenery in which his pencil delighted. Of their manner of acting I find an interesting anecdote in Passeri's life of this great painter; he shall tell his own story.

'One summer Salvator Rosa joined a company of young persons who were curiously addicted to the making of *Commedie all' improviso*. In the midst of a vineyard they raised a rustic stage, under the direction of one Musei, who enjoyed some literary reputation, particularly for his sermons preached in Lent.

'Their second Comedy was numerously attended, and I went among the rest; I sat on the same bench, by good fortune, with the Cavalier Bernini, Romanelli, and Guido, all well known persons. Salvator Rosa, who had already made himself a favourite with the Roman people under the character of *Formica*,§ opened with a prologue, in company with other actors. He proposed, for relieving themselves of the extreme heats and *ennui*, that they should make a Comedy, and all agreed. Formica then spoke these exact words:

'*Non boglio già, che facimmo Commedie come cierti, che tagliano li panni aduosso a chisto, o a chillo; perche co lo tiempo se fa vedere, chiu veloce lo taglio de no rasuolo, che la penna de no poeta; e ne manco boglio, che facimmo venire nella scena porta citazioni, acquavitari, e crapari, e ste schifenze che tengo spropositi da aseno.*'

One part of this humour lies in the dialect, which is Venetian but there was a concealed stroke of satire, a snake in the grass. The sense of the passage is, 'I will

* Some of the ancient Scenarie were printed in 1661, by Flaminius Scala, one of their great actors. These, according to Riccoboni, consist of nothing more than the skeletons of Comedies; the Canevas, as the French technically term a plot and its scenes. He says, 'they are not so short as those we now use to fix at the back of the scenes, nor so full as to furnish any aid to the dialogue; they only explain what the actor did on the stage, and the action which forms the subject; nothing more.'

† The passage in Livy is 'Juventus, histrionibus fabellarum actu relicto, ipsa inter se, more antiquo, ridicula intexta versibus jactitare cœpit.' Lib. vii, cap. 2.

‡ As these Atellanæ Fabulæ were never written, they have not descended to us in any shape. It has, indeed, been conjectured that Horace, in the fifth Satire of his first Book, v. 51, has preserved a scene of this nature between two practised buffoons in the 'Pugnam Sarmenti Scurræ,' who challenges his brother Cicerrus; equally ludicrous and scurrilous. But surely these were rather the low humour of the Mimes, than of the Atellan Farces.

* Melmoth's Letters of Cicero, B. viii, lett. 20 · in Gravius's edition, Lib. ix, ep. 16.

† This passage also shows that our own custom of annexing a Farce, or petite piece, or Pantomime, to a tragic Drama, existed among the Romans: the introduction of the practice here seems not to be ascertained; and it is conjectured not to have existed before the Restoration. Shakspeare and his contemporaries probably were spectators of only a single drama at one performance.

‡ Storia Critica de Teatri de Signorelli, tom. iii, 258. Baretti mentions a collection of four thousand dramas, made by Apostolo Zeno, of which the greater part were Comedies. He allows that in tragedies his nation is inferior to the English and the French; 'but no nation,' he adds, 'can be compared with us for pleasantry and humour in Comedy.' Some of the greatest names in Italian Literature were writers of Comedy. Ital. Lib. 119.

§ Alfieri explains Formica as a crabbed fellow who acts the butt in a Farce.

not, however, that we should make a Comedy like certain persons who cut clothes, and put them on this man's back, and on that man's back; for at last the time comes which shows how much faster went the cut of the shears than the pen of the poet; nor will we have entering on the scene, couriers, brandy-sellers and goat-herds, and their stare shy and blockish, which I think worthy the senseless invention of an ass.'

Passeri now proceeds; 'At this time Bernini had made a Comedy in the Carnival, very pungent and biting; and that summer he had one of Castelli's performed in the suburbs, where, to represent the dawn of day, appeared on the stage, water carriers, couriers, and goat-herds, going about—all which is contrary to rule, which allows of no character who is not concerned in the dialogue to mix with the groups. At these words of the Formica, I, who well knew his meaning, instantly glanced my eye at Bernini, to observe his movements; but he, with an artificial carelessness, showed that this "cut of the shears" did not touch him; and he made no apparent show of being hurt. But Castelli, who was also near, tossing his head and smiling in bitterness, showed, clearly that he was hit.'

This Italian story told with all the poignant relish of these vivacious natives, to whom such a stinging incident was an important event, also shows the personal freedoms taken on these occasions by a man of genius, entirely in the spirit of the ancient Roman Atellana, or the Grecian Satyra.

Riccoboni has discussed the curious subject of Extempore Comedy with equal modesty and feeling; and Gherardi, with more exultation and egotism. 'This kind of *spectacle*,' says Riccoboni, is peculiar to Italy; one cannot deny that it has graces perfectly its own, and which written Comedy can never exhibit. This *impromptu* mode of acting furnishes opportunities for a perpetual change in the performances, so that the same *scenario* repeated still appears a new one; thus one Comedy may become twenty Comedies. An actor of this description, always supposing an actor of genius, is more vividly affected than one who has coldly got his part by rote.' But Riccoboni could not deny that there were inconveniences in this singular art. One difficulty not easily surmounted was the preventing of all the actors speaking together; each one eager to reply before the other had finished. It was a nice point to know when to yield up the scene entirely to a predominant character, when agitated, by violent passion; nor did it require a less exercised tact to feel when to stop; the vanity of an actor often spoiled a fine scene.

It evidently required that some of the actors at least should be blessed with genius, and what is scarcely less difficult to find, with a certain equality of talents; for the performance of the happiest actor of this school greatly depends on the excitement he receives from his companion; an actor beneath mediocrity would ruin a piece. 'But figure, memory, voice, and even sensibility, are not sufficient for the actor *all' improvista*; he must be in the habit of cultivating the imagination, pouring forth the flow of expression, and prompt in those flashes which instantaneously vibrate in the plaudits of an audience.' And this accomplished extempore actor feelingly laments that those destined to his profession, who require the most careful education, are most likely to have received the most neglected one. Lucian, in his curious treatise on Tragic Pantomime, asserts, that the great actor should also be a man of letters.

The lively Gherardi pushes his arguments with more boldness, and throws out some curious information respecting this singular art: 'Any one may learn a part by rote, and do something bad, or indifferent, on another theatre. With us the affair is quite otherwise; and when an Italian actor dies, it is with infinite difficulty we can supply his place. An Italian actor learns nothing by head; he looks on the subject for a moment before he comes forward on the stage, and entirely depends on his imagination for the rest. The actor who is accustomed merely to recite what he has been taught is so completely occupied by his memory, that he appears to stand as it were unconnected either with the audience or his companion; he is so impatient to deliver himself of the burden he is carrying, that he trembles like a school-boy, or is as senseless as an Echo, and could never speak if others had not spoken before. Such a tutored actor among us would be like a paralytic arm to a body; an unserviceable member, only fatiguing the healthy action of the sound parts. Our performers, who became illustrious by their art, charmed the spectators by the beauty of their voice, their spontaneous gestures, the flexibility of their passions, while a certain natural air never failed them in their motions and their dialogue.'*

Here, then, is a species of the histrionic art unknown to us, and running counter to that critical canon which our great poet, but not powerful actor, has delivered to the actors themselves, 'to speak no more than is set down for them.' The present art consisted in happily performing the reverse.

Much of the merit of these actors unquestionably must be attributed to the felicity of the national genius. But there were probably some secret aids in this singular art of Extempore Comedy, which the pride of the artist has concealed. Some traits in the character, and some wit in the dialogue, might descend traditionally; and the most experienced actor on that stage would make use of his memory more than he was willing to confess. Goldoni records an unlucky adventure of his 'Harlequin lost and found,' which outline he had sketched for the Italian company; it was well received at Paris, but utterly failed at Fontainebleau, for some of the actors had thought proper to incorporate too many of the jokes of the 'Cocu imaginaire,' which displeased the court, and ruined the piece. When a new piece was to be performed, the chief actor summoned the troop in the morning, read the plot, and explained the story, to contrive scenes. It was like playing the whole performance before the actors. These hints of scenes were all the rehearsal. When the actor entered on the scene he did not know what was to come, nor had he any prompter to help him on; much, too, depended on the talents of his companions; yet sometimes a scene might be preconcerted. Invention, humour, bold conception of character, and rapid strokes of genius, they habitually exercised—and the pantomimic arts of gesture, the passionate or humourous expression of their feelings, would assist an actor when his genius for a moment had deserted him. Such excellence was not long hereditary, and in the decline of this singular art its defects became more apparent. The race had degenerated; the inexperienced actor became loquacious; long monologues were contrived by a barren genius to hide his incapacity for spirited dialogue; and a wearisome repetition of trivial jests, coarse humour, and vulgar buffoonery, damned the *Comedia a soggetto*, and sunk it to a Bartholemew-fair play. But the miracle which genius produced, it may repeat, whenever the same happy combination of circumstances and persons shall occur together.

I shall give one anecdote to record the possible excellence of the art. Louis Riccoboni known in the annals of this theatre by the adopted name of Lelio, his favourite *amoroso* character, was not only an accomplished actor, but a literary man; and with his wife Flaminia, afterwards the celebrated novelist, displayed a rare union of talents and of minds. It was suspected that they did not act *all' improvista*, from the facility and the elegance of their dialogue; and a clamour was now raised in the literary circles, who had long been jealous of the fascination which attracted the public to the Italian theatre. It was said that the Riccobonis were imposing on the public credulity; and that their pretended Extempore Comedies were preconcerted scenes. To terminate this civil war between the rival theatres, La Motte offered to sketch a plot in five acts, and the Italians were challenged to perform it. This defiance was instantly accepted. On the morning of the representation Lelio detailed the story to his troop, hung up the *Scenario* in its usual place, and the whole company was ready at the drawing of the curtain. The plot given in by La Motte was performed to admiration; and all Paris witnessed the triumph. La Motte afterwards composed this very comedy for the French theatre, *L'Amante difficile*, yet still the extempore one at the Italian theatre remained a more permanent favourite; and the public were delighted by seeing the same piece perpetually offering novelties and changing its character at the fancy of the actors. This fact conveys an idea of dramatic execution which does not enter into our experience. Riccoboni carried the *Comedie dell' Arte* to a new perfection, by the introduction of an elegant fable and serious characters; and

* See Gherardi's preface to his collection of Le Theatre Italien. These six volumes consist of Farces writen by French authors, in imitation of the more ancient extempore ones. They are ludicrous, and the writers wantonly sport with utter absurdity.

he raised the dignity of the Italian stage when he inscribed on its curtain,

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.*

MASSINGER, MILTON, AND THE ITALIAN THEATRE.

The pantomimic characters and the extempore comedy of Italy may have had some influence even on our own dramatic poets; this source has indeed escaped all notice; yet I incline to think it explains a difficult point in Massinger, which has baffled even the keen spirit of Mr Gifford.

A passage in Massinger bears a striking resemblance with one in Moliere's 'Malade Imaginaire.' It is in 'The Emperor of the East,' vol. III, 317. The Quack or 'Empiric's humourous notion is so closely that of Moliere's that Mr Gifford, agreeing with Mr Gilchrist, 'finds it difficult to believe the coincidence accidental;' but the greater difficulty is, to conceive that 'Massinger ever fell into Moliere's hands.' At that period, in the infancy of our literature, our native authors and our own language were as insulated as their country. It is more than probable that Massinger and Moliere had drawn from the same source —the Italian comedy. Massinger's 'Empiric,' as well as the acknowledged copy of Moliere's 'Medecin,' came from the 'Dottore,' of the Italian comedy. The humour of these old Italian pantomimes was often as traditionally preserved as proverbs. Massinger was a student of Italian authors; and some of the lucky hits of their theatre, which then consisted of nothing else but these burlesque comedies, might have circuitously reached the English bard; and six and thirty years afterwards, the same traditional jests might have been gleaned by the Gallic one from the 'Dottore,' who was still repeating what he knew was sure of pleasing.

Our theatres of the Elizabethan period seem to have had here the extempore comedy after the manner of the Italians, we surely possess one of these *Scenarios*, in the remarkable 'Platts,' which were accidentally discovered at Dulwich College, bearing every feature of an Italian *Scenario*. Steevens calls them '*a mysterious fragment* of ancient stage-direction,' and adds, that 'the paper describes a species of dramatic entertainment of which no memorial is preserved in any annals of the English stage.† The commentators on Shakespeare appear not to have known the nature of these Scenarios. The 'Platt,' as it is called, is fairly written in a large hand, containing directions appointed to be stuck up near the prompter's station; and it has even an oblong hole in its centre to admit of being suspended on a wooden peg. Particular scenes are barely ordered, and the names, or rather nicknames, of several of the players, appear in the most familiar manner, as they were known to their companions in the rude green-room of that day; such as 'Pigg, White and Black Dick and Sam, Little Will Barne, Jack Gregory, and the Red-faced Fellow,' &c. Some of these 'Platts' are on solemn subjects, like the tragic pantomime; and in some appear 'Pantaloon, and his man Peascod, with spectacles.' Steevens observes, that he met with no earlier example of the appearance of Pantaloon, as a specific character on our stage; and that this direction concerning 'the spectacles,' cannot fail to remind the reader of a celebrated passage in '*As you like it*:'

——The lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose—

Perhaps, he adds, Shakspeare alludes to this personage as habited in his own time. Can we doubt that this Pantaloon had come from the Italian theatre, after what we have already said? Does not this confirm the conjecture, that there existed an intercourse between the Italian theatre and our own? Further, Tarleton the comedian, and others, celebrated for their 'extemporal wit,' was the writer or inventor of one of these 'Platts.' Stowe records of one of our actors that 'he had a quick, delicate, refined, *extemporal* wit.' And of another that 'he had a wondrous, plentiful, pleasant, *extemporal* wit. These actors then, who were in the habit of exercising their impromptus, resemble those who performed in the unwritten comedies of the Italians. Gabriel Harvey, the Aristarchus of the day, compliments Tarleton for having brought forward a *new species of dramatic exhibition*. If this compliment paid to Tarleton merely alludes to his dexterity at *extemporaneous wit* in the character of the *clown*, as my friend Mr Douce thinks, this would be sufficient to show that he was attempting to introduce on our stage the extempore comedy of the Italians; which Gabriel Harvey distinguishes as 'a new species.' As for these 'Platts,' which I shall now venture to call 'Scenarios,' they surprise by their bareness, conveying no notion of the piece itself, though quite sufficient for the actors. They consist of mere exits and entrances of the actors, and often the real names of the actors are familiarly mixed with those of the *dramatis personæ*. Stevens has justly observed however on these skeletons, that although 'the drift of these dramatic pieces cannot be collected from the mere outlines before us, yet we must not charge them with absurdity. Even the scenes of Shakspeare would have worn as unpromising an aspect, had their skeletons only been discovered.' The painted *scenarios* of the Italian theatre were not more intelligible; exhibiting only the *hints* for scenes.

Thus, I think, we have sufficient evidence of an intercourse subsisting between the English and Italian theatres, not hitherto suspected; and I find an allusion to these Italian pantomimes, by the great town wit Tom Nash, in his 'Pierce Pennilesse,' which shows that he was well acquainted with their nature. He indeed exults over them, observing that our plays are 'honourable and full of gallant resolution, not consisting, like theirs, of pantaloon, a zany, and a w—e, (alluding to the women actors of the Italian stage;)* but of emperors, kings, and princes.' But my conviction is still confirmed, when I find that Stephen Gosson wrote 'the comedie of captain Mario:' it has not been printed, but 'Captain Mario' is one of the Italian characters.

Even at a later period, the influence of these performances reached the greatest name in the English Parnassus. One of the great actors and authors of these pieces, who published eighteen of these irregular productions, was Andreini, whose name must have the honour of being associated with Milton's, for it was his comedy or opera which threw the first spark of the Paradise Lost into the soul of the epic poet—a circumstance which will hardly be questioned by those who have examined the different schemes and allegorical personages of the first projected *drama* of Paradise Lost: nor was Andreini, as well as many others of this race of Italian dramatists, inferior poets. The Adomo of Andreini was a personage sufficiently original and poetical to serve as the model of the Adam of Milton. The youthful English poet, at its representation, carried it away in his mind. Wit indeed is a great traveller: and thus also the 'Empiric of Massinger might have reached us, from the Belognese 'Dottore.'

The late Mr Hole, the ingenious writer on the Arabian Nights, observed to me that *Moliere* it must be presumed never read *Fletcher's* plays, yet his 'Bourgeois gentilhomme' and the other's 'Noble Gentleman' bear in some instances a great resemblance. They possibly may have drawn from the same Italian source of comedy which I have here indicated.

SONGS OF TRADES, OR SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Men of genius have devoted some of their hours, and even governments have occasionally assisted, to render the people happier by song and dance. The Grecians had songs appropriated to the various trades. Songs of this nature would shorten the manufacturer's tedious task-work, and solace the artisan at his solitary occupation. A beam of gay fancy kindling his mind, a playful change of measures delighting his ear, even a moralising verse to cherish his better feelings—these ingeniously adapted to each profession, and some to the display of patriotic characters and national events, would contribute something to public happiness. Such themes are worthy of a patriotic bard, of the Southeys for their hearts, and the Moores for their verse.

Fletcher of Saltoun said, 'If a man were permitted to

* These researches on the Pantomimic Characters, and the Extempore Comedies, were made many years ago; and except a slight mention of the former in Mr. Pinkerton's Letters of Literature,' these subjects appeared untouched by our own writers. Accident has lately thrown in my way 'An Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy,' by the late J. C. Walker, 1805. The reader will there find extensive researches on these subjects; we could not fail occasionally of drawing from the same fountains; but as my object was more particular, his labours have not anticipated my views.

† I refer the reader to Steeven's edition, 1793, vol. II, p. 495, for a sight of these literary curiosities.

* Women were first introduced on the Italian stage about 1560—it was therefore an extraordinary novelty in Nash's time

make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of a nation.' The character of a people is long preserved in their national songs. 'God save the king' and 'Rule Britannia' are, and I hope will long be, our English national airs.

'The story of Amphion building Thebes with his lyre was not a fable,' says Dr. Clarke. 'At Thebes, in the harmonious adjustment of those masses which remain belonging to the ancient walls, we saw enough to convince us that this story was no fable; for it was a very ancient custom to *carry on immense labour by an accompaniment of music and singing*. The custom still exists both in Egypt and Greece. It might, therefore, be said that the *Walls of Thebes* were built at the sound of the only musical instrument then in use; because, according to the *custom of the country*, the lyre was necessary for the accomplishment of the work.'*

Atheneus† has preserved the Greek names of different songs as sung by various trades, but unfortunately none of the songs themselves. There was a song for the corn-grinders; another for the workers in wool; another for the weavers. The reapers had their carol; the herdsmen had a song which an ox-driver of Sicily had composed: the kneaders, and the bathers, and the galley-rowers, were not without their chant. We have ourselves a song of the weavers, which Ritson has preserved in his 'Ancient Songs;' and it may be found in the popular chap-book of 'The Life of Jack of Newbury;' and the songs of anglers, of old Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton, still retain their freshness.

Mr Heber has beautifully observed, in his Bampton Lectures, that among the Greeks the hymn which placed Harmodius in the green and flowery island of the Blessed was chanted by the potter to his wheel, and enlivened the labours of the Pirean mariner.

Dr Johnson is the only writer I recollect who has noticed something of this nature which he observed in the Highlands. 'The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the *harvest song*, in which all their voices were united. They accompany every action which can be done in equal time with an *appropriate strain*, which has, they say, not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness. There is an *oar-song* used by the Hebrideans.'

But if these chants 'have not much meaning,' they will not produce the desired effect of touching the heart, as well as giving vigor to the arm of the labourer. The gondoliers of Venice while away their long midnight hours on the water with the stanzas of Tasso. Fragments of Homer are sung by the Greek sailors of the Archipelago; the severe labour of the trackers, in China, is accompanied with a song which encourages their exertions, and renders these simultaneous. Mr Ellis mentions, that the sight of the lofty pagoda of Tong-chow served as a great topic of incitement in the song of the trackers toiling against the stream, to their place of rest. The canoe-men, on the Gold Coast, in a very dangerous passage, 'on the back of a high-curling wave, paddling with all their might, singing or rather shouting their wild song, follow it up,' says M'Leod, who was a lively witness of this happy combination of song, of labour, and of peril, which he acknowledges was 'a very terrific process.' Our sailors at Newcastle, in heaving their anchors, have their 'Heave, and ho! rum-below!' but the Sicilian mariners must be more deeply affected by their beautiful hymn to the Virgin! A society instituted in Holland for general good do not consider among their least useful projects that of having printed at a low price a collection of *songs for sailors*.

It is extremely pleasing, as it is true, to notice the honest exultation of an excellent ballad-writer, C. Dibdin, who in his professional Life, p. 8, writes—'I have learnt my songs have been considered as an object of national consequence; that they have been the solace of sailors and long voyagers, in storms, in battle; and that they have been quoted in mutinies, to the restoration of order and discipline.' It is recorded of the Portuguese soldiery in Ceylon, at the siege of Colombo, when pressed with misery and pangs of hunger, that they derived, during their marches, not only consolation, but also encouragement, by rehearsing the stanzas of the Lusiad.

We ourselves have been a great ballad nation, and once abounded with songs of the people; not, however, of this particular species, but rather of narrative poems. They are described by Puttenham, a critic in the reign of Elizabeth, as 'small and popular songs, sung by those *Cantabanqui*, upon benches and barrels' heads, where they have no other audience than boys, or country fellows that pass by them in the streets; or else by blind harpers, or such like tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat.' Such were these 'Relics of ancient English Poetry,' which Selden collected, Pepys preserved, and Percy published. Ritson, our great poetical antiquary in this sort of things, says, that few are older than the reign of James I. The more ancient songs of the people perished by having been printed in single sheets, and their humble purchasers having no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. Those we have consist of a succeeding race of ballads, chiefly revived or written by Richard Johnson, the author of the well-known romance of the Seven Champions, and Delony, the writer of Jack of Newbury's Life, and the 'Gentle Craft,' who lived in the time of James and Charles. One Martin Parker was a most notorious ballad-scribbler in the reign of Charles I, and the Protector.

These writers, in their old age, collected their songs into little penny books, called 'Garlands,' some of which have been re-published by Ritson; and a recent editor has well described them as 'humble and amusing village strains, founded upon the squabbles of a wake, tales of untrue love, superstitious rumours, or miraculous traditions of the hamlet.' They enter into the picture of our manners, as well as folio chronicles.

These songs abounded in the good old times of Elizabeth and James; for Hall in his Satires notices them as

'Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the payle;'

That is, sung by maidens spinning, or milking; and indeed Shakspeare had described them as 'old and plain,' chanted by

'The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones.'
Twelfth Night.

They were the favourites of the Poet of Nature, who takes every opportunity to introduce them into the mouths of his clown, his fool, and his intinerant Autolycus. When the late Dr Burney, who had probably not the slightest conception of their nature, and perhaps as little taste for their rude and wild simplicity, ventured to call the songs of Autolycus, 'two *nonsensical* songs,' the musician called down on himself one of the bitterest notes from Steevens that ever commentator penned against a profane scoffer.*

Whatever these songs were, it is evident they formed a source of recreation to the solitary task-worker. But as the more masculine trades had their own songs, whose titles only appear to have reached us, such as 'The Carman's Whistle,' 'Watkin's Ale,' 'Chopping Knives,' &c, they were probably appropriated to the respective trades they indicate. The tune of the 'Carman's Whistle' was composed by Bird, and the favourite tune of 'Queen Elizabeth,' may be found in the collection called 'Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book.' One who has lately heard it played says, that 'it has more air than the other execrable compositions in her Majesty's book, something resembling a French quadrille.'

The feeling our present researches would excite would naturally be most strongly felt in small communities, where the interest of the governors is to contribute to the individual happiness of the laborious classes. The Helvetic society requested Lavater to compose the *Schweizerlieder*, or Swiss Songs, which are now sung by the youth of many of the cantons; and various Swiss poets have successfully composed on national subjects, associated with their best feelings. In such paternal governments as was that of Florence under the Medici, we find that songs and dances for the people, engaged the muse of Lorenzo, who condescended to delight them with pleasant songs composed in a popular language; the example of such a character was followed by the men of genius of the age. These

* Dr. Clarke's Travels, VIV, p. 56
† Deip. Lib. XIV, cap. III.

* Dr. Burney subsequently observed, that 'this rogue Autolycus is the true ancient Minstrel in the old Fabliaux:' on which Steevens remarks, 'Many will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our modern minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are pickpockets as well as singers of nonsensical ballads.' Steevens' Shakspeare, vol. VII, p. 107, his own edition, 1793.

ancient songs, often adapted to the different trades, opened a vein of invention in the new characters, and allusions, the humorous equivoques, and sometimes with the licentiousness of the popular fancy. They were collected in 1559, under the title of 'Canti Carnascialeschi,' and there is a modern edition, in 1750, in two volumes quarto. Mr Roscoe,* and Mr Guinguené,† have given a pleasing account of these songs. It is said they sing to this day a popular one by Lorenzo, beginning

'Ben venga Maggio
E'l gonfalon selvaggio,' ‡

which has all the florid brilliancy of an Italian spring.

The most delightful songs of this nature would naturally be found among a people whose climate and whose labours alike inspire a general hilarity; and the vineyards of France have produced a class of songs, of excessive gaiety and freedom, called *Chansons de Vendange*. A most interesting account of these songs may be found in Le Grand D'Assoucy's *Histoire de la Vie privée des Francais*. 'The men and women, each with a basket on their arm, assemble at the foot of the hill; there stopping, they arrange themselves in a circle. The chief of this band tunes up a joyous song, whose burden is chorused: then they ascend, and disperse in the vineyard, they work without interrupting their tasks, while new couplets often resound from some of the vine-dressers; sometimes intermixed with a sudden jest at a traveller. In the evening, their supper scarcely over, their joy recommences, they dance in a circle, and sing some of those songs of free gaiety, which the moment excuses, known by the name of *vineyard songs*.—The gaiety becomes general; masters, guests, friends, servants, all dance together; and in this manner a day of labour terminates, which one might mistake for a day of diversion. It is what I have witnessed in Champagne, in a land of vines, far different from the country where the labours of the harvest form so painful a contrast.'§

The extinction of those songs which formerly kept alive the gaiety of the domestic circle, whose burdens were always sung in chorus, is lamented by the French antiquary. 'Our fathers had a custom to amuse themselves at the dessert of a feast by a joyous song of this nature.—Each in his turn sung,—all chorused.' This ancient gaiety was sometimes gross and noisy; but he prefers it to the tame decency of our times—these smiling, not laughing days of Lord Chesterfield.

'On ne rit plus, on sourit aujourdhui;
Et nos plaisirs sont voisins de l'ennui.'

Few men of letters have not read the collections which have been made of these charming *Chansonnettes*, to which French poetry owes a great share of its fame among foreigners. These treasures of wit and gaiety, which for such a length of time have been in the mouths of all Frenchmen, now forgotten, are buried in the dust of libraries. These are the old French *Vaudevilles*, formerly sung at meals by the company. The celebrated Count de Grammont is mentioned by Hamilton as being

Agreable et vif en propos;
Celèbre diseur de bon mots;
Recueil vivant d'antiques Vaudevilles.

These *Vaudevilles* were originally invented by a fuller of *Vau de Vire*, or the valley by the river *Vire*, and were sung by his men to amuse themselves as they spread their cloths on the banks of the river. They were songs composed on some incident or adventure of the day. At first these gay playful effusions were called the songs of *Vau de Vire*, till they became known as *Vaudevilles*. Boileau has well described them:

La liberté Françoise en ses vers se deploie;
Cet enfant de plaisir veut naitre dans la joie.

It is well known how the attempt ended, of James I and his unfortunate son, by the publication of their 'Book of Sports,' to preserve the national character from the gloom of fanatical Puritanism; among its unhappy effects, there was however one not a little ludicrous. The Puritans, offended by the gentlest forms of mirth, and every day becoming more sullen, were so shocked at the simple merriment of the people, that they contrived to parody these songs into spiritual ones; and Shakspeare speaks of the Puritan of his day, 'singing psalms to hornpipes.' As Puritans are the same in all times, the Methodists in our own repeated the foolery, and set their hymns to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said were 'too good for the devil.' They have sung hymns to the air of 'The beds of sweet roses,' &c. And as there have been Puritans among other people as well as our own, the same occurrence took place both in Italy and France. In Italy, the Carnival songs were turned into pious hymns; the hymn *Jesu fammi morire*, is sung to the music of *Vaga bella e gentile*—*Crucifisso a capo chino* to that of *Una donna d' amor fino*, one of the most indecent pieces in the *Canzoni a ballo*; and the hymn, beginning

'Ecco'l Messia
E la Madre Maria,

was sung to the gay tune of Lorenzo de Medici,

'Ben venga Maggio,
E'l Gonfalon, selvaggio.'

Atheneus notices what we call slang or flash songs. He tells us, that there were poets who composed songs in the dialect of the mob; and who succeeded in this kind of poetry, adapted to their various characters. The French call such songs *Chansons a la Vadé* and have frequently composed them with a ludicrous effect, when the style of the *Poissardes* is applied to the gravest matters of state, and conveys the popular feelings in the language of the populace. This sort of satirical song is happily defined in a playful didactic poem on *La Vaudeville*,

'Il est l'esprit de ceux qui n'en ont pas.'

Atheneus has also preserved songs, sung by petitioners who went about on holidays to collect alms. A friend of mine, with taste and learning, has discovered in his researches, 'The Crow Song,' and 'The Swallow Song,' and has transfused their spirit in a happy version. I preserve a few striking ideas.

The Collectors for 'The Crow' song:

'My good worthy masters, a pittance bestow,
Some oatmeal, or barley, or wheat for *the Crow*.
A loaf, or a penny, or e'en what you will,—
From the poor man, a grain of his salt may suffice,
For your Crow swallows all, and is not over-nice.
And the man who can now give his grain, and no more,
May another day give from a plentiful store.—
Come my lad to the door, Plutus nods to our wish;
And our sweet little mistress comes out with a dish;
She gives us her figs, and she gives us a smile—
Heaven send her a husband!—
And a boy to be danced on his grandfather's knee,
And a girl like herself all the joy of her mother,
Who may one day present her with just such another.
Thus we carry our Crow-song to door after door,
Alternately chanting, we ramble along,
And we treat all who give, or give not, with a song.'

Swallow-singing, or Chelidouising, as the Greek term is, was another method of collecting eleemosynary gifts, which took place in the month Boedromion, or August.

'The Swallow, the Swallow is here,
With his back so black, and his belly so white,
He brings on the pride of the year,
With the gay months of love, and the days of delight.
Come bring out your good humming stuff;
Of the nice tit-bits let the Swallow partake;
And a slice of the right Boedromion cake.
So give, and give quickly,—
Or we'll pull down the door from its hinges;
Or we'll steal young madam away!
But see! we're a merry boy's party,
And the Swallow, the Swallow, is here!'

These songs resemble those of our own ancient mummers, who to this day in honour of Bishop Blaize, the Saint of Wool-combers, go about chanting on the eves of their holidays. A custom long existing in this country to elect a Boy-Bishop in almost every parish; the Montem at Eaton still prevails; and there is a closer connexion perhaps between the custom which produced the 'Song of the Crow and the Swallow,' and our Northern mummeries, than may be at first suspected. The Pagan Saturnalia, which the Swallow song by its pleasant menaces resembles, were afterwards disguised in the forms adopted

* Life of Lorenzo de Medici, vol. I, 204.
† Hist. Lit. de l'Italie, vol. III, 506.
‡ Mr. Roscoe has printed this very delightful song, in the Life of Lorenzo, No. XLI, App.
§ Le Grand, vol. III, p. 52

by the early Christians; and such are the remains of the Roman Catholic Religion, in which the people were long indulged in their old taste for mockery and mummery. I must add in connexion with our main inquiry, that our own ancient beggars had their songs, some of which are as old as the Elizabethan period, and many are fancifully characteristic of their habits and their feelings.

INTRODUCERS OF EXOTIC FLOWERS, FRUITS, ETC.

There has been a class of men whose patriotic affection, or whose general benevolence, have been usually defrauded of the gratitude their country owes them: these have been the introducers of new flowers, new plants, and new roots into Europe; the greater part which we now enjoy was drawn from the luxuriant climates of Asia, and the profusion which now covers our land originated in the most anxious nursing, and were the gifts of individuals. Monuments are reared, and medals struck, to commemorate events and names, which are less deserving our regard than those who have transplanted into the colder gardens of the North the rich fruits, the beautiful flowers, and the succulent pulse and roots of more favoured spots; and carrying into their own country, as it were, another Nature, they have, as old Gerard well expresses it, 'laboured with the soil to make it fit for the plants, and with the plants to make them delight in the soil.

There is no part of the characters of Peiresc and Evelyn, accomplished as they are in so many, which seems more delightful to me, than their enthusiasm for the garden, the orchard, and the forest.

Peiresc, whose literary occupations admitted of no interruption, and whose universal correspondence throughout the habitable globe was more than sufficient to absorb his studious life, yet was he the first man, as Gassendus relates in his interesting manner, whose incessant inquiries procured the great variety of jessamines; those from China whose leaves, always green, bear a clay-coloured flower, and a delicate perfume; the American, with a crimson-coloured, and the Persian, with a violet-coloured flower; and the Arabian, whose tendrils he delighted to train over 'the banqueting-house in his garden;' and of fruits, the orange trees with a red and parti-coloured flower; the medlar; the rough cherry without stone; the rare and luxurious vines of Smyrna and Damascus; and the fig-tree called Adam's, whose fruit by its size was supposed to be that with which the spies returned from the land of Canaan. Gassendus describes his transports when Peiresc beheld the Indian ginger growing green in his garden, and his delight in grafting the myrtle on the musk vine, that the experiment might show us the myrtle wine of the ancients. But transplanters, like other inventors, are sometimes baffled in their delightful enterprise; and we are told of Peiresc's deep regret when he found that the Indian cocoa nut would only bud, and then perish in the cold air of France, while the leaves of the Egyptian papyrus refused to yield him their vegetable paper. But it was his garden which propagated the exotic fruits and flowers, which he transplanted into the French king's, and into cardinal Barberinie's, and the curious in Europe; and these occasioned a work on the manuring of flowers by Ferrarius, a botanical Jesuit, who there described these novelties to Europe.

Had Evelyn only composed the great work of his 'Sylva or a discourse of Forest Trees,' &c, his name would have excited the gratitude of posterity. The voice of the patriot exults in the dedication to Charles II, prefixed to one of the latter editions. 'I need not acquaint your majesty, how many millions of timber-trees, besides infinite others, have been propagated and planted throughout your vast dominions, at the instigation and by the sole direction of this work, because your majesty has been pleased to own it publicly for my encouragement.' And surely while Britain retains her awful situation among the nations of Europe, the 'Sylva' of Evelyn will endure with her triumphant oaks. It was a retired philosopher who aroused the genius of the nation, and who casting a prophetic eye towards the age in which we live, has contributed to secure our sovereignty of the seas. The present navy of Great Britain has been constructed with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted!

Animated by a zeal truly patriotic, de Serres in France 1599, composed a work on the art of raising silk-worms, and dedicated it to the municipal body of Paris, to excite the inhabitants to cultivate mulberry-trees. The work at first produced a strong sensation, and many planted mulberry-trees in the vicinity of Paris; but as they were not yet used to raise and manage the silk-worm, they reaped nothing but their trouble for their pains. They tore up the mulberry-trees they had planted, and, in spite of De Serres, asserted that the northern climate was not adapted for the rearing of that tender insect. The great Sully, from his hatred of all objects of luxury, countenanced the popular clamour, and crushed the rising enterprise of De Serres. The monarch was wiser than the minister. The book had made sufficient noise to reach the ear of Henry IV; who desired the author to draw up a memoir on the subject, from which the king was induced to plant mulberry-trees in all the royal gardens; and having imported the eggs of silk-worms from Spain, this patriotic monarch gave up his orangeries, which were but his private gratifications, for that leaf which, converted into silk, became a part of the national wealth. It is to De Serres, who introduced the plantations of mulberry-trees, that the commerce of France owes one of her staple commodities; and although the patriot encountered the hostility of the prime minister, and the hasty prejudices of the populace in his own day, yet his name at this moment is fresh in the hearts of his fellow-citizens; for I have just received a medal, the gift of a literary friend from Paris which bears his portrait, with the reverse, '*Société d' Agriculture du Department de la Seine.*' It was struck in 1807. The same honour is the right of Evelyn from the British nation.

There was a period when the spirit of plantation was prevalent in this kingdom; it probably originated from the ravages of the soldiery during the civil wars. A man, whose retired modesty has perhaps obscured his claims on our regard, the intimate friend of the great spirits of that age, by birth a Pole, but whose mother had probably been an English woman, Samuel Hartlib, to whom Milton addressed his tract on education, published every manuscript he collected on the subjects of horticulture and agriculture. The public good he effected attracted the notice of Cromwell, who rewarded him with a pension, which after the restoration of Charles II was suffered to lapse, and Hartlib died in utter neglect and poverty. One of his tracts is, 'A design for plenty by an universal planting of fruit-trees.' The project consisted in enclosing the waste lands and commons, and appointing officers, whom he calls fruiterers, or wood-wards, to see the plantations were duly attended to. The writer of this project observes on fruits, that it is a sort of provisions so natural to the taste, that the poor man and even the child will prefer it before better food, 'as the story goeth,' which he has preserved in these ancient and simple lines.

'The poor man's child invited was to dine,
With flesh of oxen, sheep, and fatted swine,
(Far better cheer than he at home could find,)
And yet this child to stay had little minde.
You have, quoth he, no apple, froise, nor pie,
Stew'd pears, with bread and milk, and walnuts by.'

The enthusiasm of these transplanters inspired their labours. They have watched the tender infant of their planting, till the leaf and the flowers and the fruit expanded under their hand; often indeed they have even ameliorated the quality, increased the size, and even created a new species. The apricot, drawn from America, was first known in Europe in the sixteenth century: an old French writer has remarked, that it was originally not larger than a damson; our gardeners, he says, have improved it to the perfection of its present size and richness. One of these enthusiasts is noticed by Evelyn, who for forty years had in vain tried by a graft to bequeath his name to a new fruit; but persisting on wrong principles, this votary of Pomona has died without a name. We sympathise with Sir William Temple when he exultingly acquaints us with the size of his orange-trees, and with the flavour of his peaches and grapes, confessed by Frenchmen to have equalled those of Fontainbleau and Gascony, while the Italians agreed that his white figs were as good as any of that sort in Italy: and of his 'having had the honour' to naturalize in this country four kinds of grapes, with his liberal distribution of cuttings from them, because 'he ever thought all things of this kind the commoner they are the better.'

The greater number of our exotic flowers and fruits were carefully transported into this country by many of our travelled nobility and gentry; some names have been casually preserved. The learned Linacre first brought, on his return from Italy, the damask-rose; and Thomas Lord Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII, enriched our fruit-gardens with three different plums. In the reign of Eli-

zabeth, Edward Grindal, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, returning from exile, transported here the medicinal plant of the tamerisk: the first oranges appear to have been brought into England by one of the Carew family; for a century after, they still flourished at the family seat at Beddington, in Surrey. The cherry orchards of Kent were first planted about Sittingbourne, by a gardener of Henry VIII: and the currant-bush was transplanted when our commerce with the island of Zante was first opened in the same reign. The elder Tradescant in 1620, entered himself on board of a privateer, armed against Morocco, solely with a view of finding an opportunity of stealing apricots into Britain: and it appears that he succeeded in his design. To Sir Walter Rawleigh we have not been indebted solely for the luxury of the tobacco-plant, but for that infinitely useful root, which forms a part of our daily meal, and often the entire meal of the poor man—the potatoe, which deserved to have been called a *Rawleigh*. Sir Anthony Ashley first planted cabbages in this country, and a cabbage at his feet appears on his monument. Sir Richard Weston first brought clover grass into England from Flanders, in 1645; and the figs planted by Cardinal Pole at Lambeth, so far back as the reign of Henry VIII, are said to be still remaining there: nor is this surprising, for Spilman, who set up the first paper-mill in England, at Dartford, in 1590, is said to have brought over in his portmanteau the two first lime trees, which he planted here, and which are still growing. The Lombardy poplar was introduced into England by the Earl of Rochford in 1758. The first mulberry trees in this country are now standing at Sion-house.* By an Harleian MS. it is mentioned that the first general planting of mulberries and making of silk in England was by William Stallenge, comptroller of the custom house, and Monsieur Verton, in 1608. It is probable that Monsieur Verton, transplanted this novelty from his own country, where we have seen De Serres's great attempt. Here the mulberries have succeeded better than the silk-worms.

The very names of many of our vegetable kingdom indicate their locality: from the majestic cedar of Lebanon, to the small Cos-lettuce, which came from the isle of Cos; the cherries from Cerasuntis, a city of Pontus; the peach, or *persicum*, or *mala Persica*, Persian apples, from Persia; the pistachio, or *psittacia*, is the Syrian word for that nut. The chestnut, or *chataigne*, in French, and *castagna* in Italian, from Castagna, a town of Magnesia. Our plums coming chiefly from Syria and Damascus, the damson, or damascene plum, gives us a recollection of its distant origin.

It is somewhat curious to observe on this subject, that there exists an unsuspected intercourse between nations, in the propagation of exotic plants, &c. Lucullus, after the war with Mithridates, introduced cherries from Pontus into Italy; and the newly imported fruit was found so pleasing that it was rapidly propagated, and six and twenty years afterwards, as Pliny testifies, the cherry tree passed over into Britain.† Thus a victory obtained by a Roman consul over a king of Pontus, with which it would seem that Britain could have no concern, was the real occasion of our countrymen possessing cherry orchards, Yet to our shame must it be told, that these cherries from the king of Pontus's city of Cerasuntis are not the cherries we are now eating; for the whole race of cherry-trees was lost in the Saxon period, and was only restored by the gardener of Henry VIII, who brought them from Flanders—without a word to enhance his own merits, concerning the *bellum Mithridaticum!*

A calculating political economist will little sympathize with the peaceful triumphs of those active and generous spirits, who have thus propagated the truest wealth, and the most innocent luxuries of the people. The project of a new tax, or an additional consumption of ardent spirits, or an act of parliament to put a convenient stop to population by forbidding the banns of some unhappy couple, would be more congenial to their researches; and they would leave without regret the names of those, whom we have held out to the grateful recollections of their country. The Romans, who with all their errors were at least patriots, entertained very different notions of these introducers into their country of exotic fruits and flowers. Sir William Temple has elegantly noticed the fact. 'The great captains, and even consular men, who first brought them over, took pride in giving them their own names, by which they ran a great while in Rome, as in memory of some great service or pleasure they had done their country; so that not only laws and battles, but several sorts of apples and pears were called Manlian and Claudian, Pompeyan and Tiberian, and by several other such noble names.' Pliny has paid his tribute of applause to Lucullus, for bringing cherry and nut trees from Pontus into Italy. And we have several modern instances, where the name of the transplanter, or rearer, has been preserved in this sort of creation. Peter Collinson, the botanist, to 'whom the English gardens are indebted for many new and curious species which he acquired by means of an extensive correspondence in America,' was highly gratified when Linnæus baptised a plant with his name; and with great spirit asserts his honourable claim: 'Something, I think, was due to me for the great number of plants and seeds I have annually procured from abroad, and you have been so good as to pay it, by giving me a species of eternity, botanically speaking; that is, a name as long as men and books endure.' Such is the true animating language of these patriotic enthusiasts!

Some lines at the close of Peacham's Emblems give an idea of an English fruit garden in 1612. He mentions that cherries were not long known, and gives an origin to the name of filbert.

'The Persian Peach, and fruitful Quince;*
And there the forward Almond grew,
With cherries knowne no long time since;
The Winter Warden, orchard's pride;
The Philibert† that loves the vale,
And red queen-apple,‡ so envide
Of school-boies, passing by the pale.'

USURERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A person whose history will serve as a canvass to exhibit some scenes of the arts of the money-trader was one AUDLEY, a lawyer, and a great practical philosopher, who concentrated his vigorous faculties in the science of the relative value of Money. He flourished through the reigns of James I, Charles I, and held a lucrative office in the 'court of wards,' till that singular court was abolished at the time of the restoration. In his own times he was called 'The great Audley,'§ an epithet so often abused, and here applied to the creation of enormous wealth. But there are minds of great capacity, concealed by the nature of their pursuits; and the wealth of Audley may be considered as the cloudy medium through which a bright genius shone, of which, had it been thrown into a nobler sphere of action, the 'greatness' would have been less ambiguous.

Audley lived at a time when divines were proclaiming 'the detestable sin of Usury,' prohibited by God and man; but the Mosaic prohibition was the municipal law of an agricultural commonwealth, which being without trade, the general poverty of its members could afford no interest for loans; but it was not forbidden the Israelite to take usury from 'the stranger.' Or they were quoting from the fathers, who understood this point, as they had that of 'original sin,' and 'the immaculate conception;' while the scholastics amused themselves with a quaint and collegiate fancy which they had picked up in Aristotle,

* The reader may find more dates amassed respecting the introduction of fruits, &c., in Gough's British Topography, vol. I, p. 133, Harl. MS. 6884.

† Pliny, Nat. Hist. Lib. xv, c. 25.

* The quince comes from Sydon, a town of Crete, we are told by Le Grand, in his Vie privée des Francois, vol. I, p. 143; where may be found a list of the origin of most of our fruits.

† Peacham has here given a note. 'The filbert, so named of Philibert, a king of France, who caused by art sundry kinds to be brought forth: as did a gardener of Otranto in Italie by cloue-gilliflowers, and carnations of such colours as we now see them.'

‡ The queen-apple was probably thus distinguished in compliment to Elizabeth. In Moffet's 'Health's Improvement,' I find an account of apples which are said to have been 'grafted upon a mulberry-stock, and then wax thorough red as our queen apples, called by Ruellius, Rubelliana, and Claudiana by Pliny.' I am told the race is not extinct; an apple of this description is yet to be found.

§ I find this Audley noticed in the curious obituary of the great book-collector Richard Smith. '1662, Nov. 15, died Mr. Hugh Audley, sometime of the court of wards, infinitely rich.' Peck's Desid. Cur. II, p. 542. And some memoirs in a very rare quarto tract, entitled 'The way to be rich, according to the practice of the great Audley, who began with two hundred pounds in the year 1606, and died worth four hundred thousand' 1662.

that interest for money had been forbidden by nature, because coin in itself was barren and unpropagating, unlike corn, of which every grain will produce many. But Audley considered no doubt that money was not incapable of multiplying itself provided it was in hands who knew to make it grow and 'breed,' as Shylock affirmed. The lawyers then however did not agree with the divines, nor the college-philosophers; they were straining at a more liberal interpretation of this odious term 'Usury.' Lord Bacon declared, that the suppression of Usury is only fit for an Utopian government; and Audley must have agreed with the learned Cowell, who in his 'Interpreter' derives the term ab *usu* et *ere*, quasi *usu era*, which in our vernacular style was corrupted into *Usury*. Whatever the *sin* might be in the eyes of some, it had become at least a *controversial sin*, as Sir Symonds D'Ewes calls it, in his manuscript Diary, who however was afraid to commit it.* Audley, no doubt, considered that *interest* was nothing more than *rent* for *money*; as *rent* was no better than *Usury* for *land*. The legal interest was then 'ten in the hundred;' but the thirty, the fifty, and the hundred for the hundred, the gripe of Usury, and the shameless contrivances of the money-traders, these he would attribute to the follies of others, or to his own genius.

This sage on the wealth of nations, with his pithy wisdom, and quaint sagacity, began with two hundred pounds, and lived to view his mortgages, his statutes, and his judgments so numerous, that it was observed, his papers would have made a good map of England. A contemporary dramatist, who copied from life, has opened the chamber of such an Usurer,—perhaps of our Audley.

> ——'Here lay
> A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
> The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
> Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
> If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
> The unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire
> In Wales or England, where my monies are not
> Lent out at usury, the certain hook
> To draw in more.'—*Massinger's City Madam.*

This genius of thirty per-cent first had proved the decided vigour of his mind, by his enthusiastic devotion to his law studies; deprived of the leisure for study through his busy day, he stole the hours from his late nights and his early mornings; and without the means to procure a law-library, he invented a method to possess one without the cost; as fast as he learned, he taught, and by publishing some useful tracts on temporary occasions, he was enabled to purchase a library. He appears never to have read a book without its furnishing him some new practical design, and he probably studied too much for his own particular advantage. Such devoted studies was the way to become a lord chancellor; but the science of the law was here subordinate to that of a money-trader.

When yet but a clerk to the Clerk in the Counter, frequent opportunities occurred which Audley knew how to improve. He became a money-trader as he had become a law-writer, and the fears and follies of mankind were to furnish him with a trading capital. The fertility of his genius appeared in expedients and in quick contrivances. He was sure to be the friend of all men falling out. He took a deep concern in the affairs of his master's clients, and often much more than they were aware of. No man so ready at procuring bail or compounding debts. This was a considerable traffic then, as now. They hired themselves out for bail, swore what was required, and contrived to give false addresses. It seems they dressed themselves out for the occasion: a great seal-ring flamed on the finger, which, however was pure copper gilt, and they often assumed the name of some person of good credit.† Savings, and small presents for gratuitous opinions, often afterwards discovered to be very fallacious ones, enabled him to purchase annuities of easy landholders, with their treble amount secured on their estates. The improvident owners, or the careless heirs, were soon entangled in the usurer's nets; and, after the receipt of a few years, the annuity, by some latent quibble, or some irregularity in the payments, usually ended in Audley's obtaining the treble forfeiture. He could at all times out-knave a knave. One of these incidents has been preserved. A draper, of no honest reputation, being arrested by a merchant for a debt of 200*l*, Audley bought the debt at 40*l*, for which the draper immediately offered him 50*l*. But Audley would not consent, unless the draper indulged a sudden whim of his own: this was a formal contract, that the draper should pay within twenty years, upon twenty certain days, a penny doubled. A knave, in haste to sign, is no calculator; and, as the contemporary dramatist describes one of the arts of those citizens, one part of whose business was

> 'To swear and break: they all grow rich by breaking!'

the draper eagerly compounded. He afterwards 'grew rich.' Audley, silently watching his victim, within two years, claims his doubled pennies, every month during twenty months. The pennies had now grown up to pounds. The knave perceived the trick, and preferred paying the forfeiture of his bond for 500*l*, rather than to receive the visitation of all the little generation of compound interest in the last descendant of 2000*l*, which would have closed with the draper's shop. The inventive genius of Audley might have illustrated that popular tract of his own times, Peacham's 'Worth of a Penny;' a gentleman who, having scarcely one left, consoled himself by detailing the numerous comforts of life it might procure in the days of Charles II.

Such petty enterprizes at length assumed a deeper cast of interest. He formed temporary partnerships with the stewards of country gentlemen. They underlet estates which they had to manage; and, anticipating the owner's necessities, the estates in due time became cheap purchases for Audley and the stewards. He usually contrived to make the wood pay for the land, which he called 'making the feathers pay for the goose.' He had, however, such a tenderness of conscience for his victim, that, having plucked the live feathers before he sent the unfledged goose on the common, he would bestow a gratuitous lecture in his own science—teaching the art of making them grow again, by showing how to raise the remaining rents. Audley thus made the tenant furnish at once the means to satisfy his own rapacity, and his employer's necessities. His avarice was not working by a blind, but on an enlightened principle; for he was only enabling the landlord to obtain what the tenant, with due industry, could afford to give. Adam Smith might have delivered himself in the language of old Audley, so just was his standard of the value of rents. 'Under an easy landlord,' said Audley, 'a tenant seldom thrives; contenting himself to make the just measure of his rents, and not labouring for any surplusage of estate. Under a hard one, the tenant revenges himself upon the land, and runs away with the rent. I would raise my rents to the present price of all commodities; for if we should let our lands, as other men have done before us, now other wares daily go on in price, we should fall backward in our estates.' Those axioms of political economy were discoveries in his day.

Audley knew mankind practically, and struck into their humours with the versatility of genius: oracularly dealt with the grave, he only stung the lighter mind. When a lord borrowing money complained to Audley of his exactions, his lordship exclaimed, 'What, do you not intend to use a conscience?' 'Yes, I intend hereafter to use it. We monied people must balance accounts; if you do not pay me, you cheat me; but, if you do, then I cheat your lordship.' Audley's monied conscience balanced the risk of his lordship's honour, against the probability of his own rapacious profits. When he resided in the Temple among those 'pullets without feathers,' as an old writer describes the brood, the good man would pule out paternal homilies on improvident youth, grieving that they, under pretence of 'learning the law, only learnt to be lawless;' and never knew by their own studies the process of an execution, till it was served on themselves.' Nor could he fail in his prophecy; for at the moment that the stoic was enduring their ridicule, his agents were supplying them with the certain means of verifying it; for, as it is quaintly said, he had his *decoying* as well as his *decaying* gentlemen.

The arts practised by the money-traders of that time have been detailed by one of the town-satirists of the age.

* D'Ewes's father lost a manor, which was recovered by the widow of the person who had sold it to him. Old D'Ewes considered this loss as a punishment for the usurious loan of money; the fact is, that he had purchased that manor with the interests accumulating from the money lent on it. His son intreated him to give over 'the practice of that controversial sin.' This expression shows that even in that age there were rational political economists. Mr. Bentham, in his little treatise on Usury, has taken the just views, cleared from the indistinct and partial ones so long prevalent. Collier has an admirable Essay on Usury, vol. III. It is a curious notion of Lord Bacon's that he would have interest at a lower rate in the country than in trading towns, because the merchant is best able to afford the highest.

† See a curious black-letter pamphlet, 'The Discoverie of the Knights of the Post. By E. S. 1597.' The characters seem designated by the initials of their names.

Decker, in his 'English Villanies,' has told the story; we may observe how an old story contains many incidents which may be discovered in a modern one. The artifice of covering the usury by a pretended purchase and sale of certain wares, even now practised, was then at its height.

In 'Measure for Measure' we find,

'Here's young Master Rash, he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money.'

The eager 'gull,' for his immediate wants, takes at an immense price any goods on credit, which he immediately resells for less than half the cost; and when despatch presses, the vender and the purchaser have been the same person, and the 'brown paper and old ginger' merely nominal.

The whole displays a complete system of dupery, and the agents were graduated. The Manner of undoing Gentlemen by taking up of Commodities, is the title of a chapter in 'English Villanies.' The 'warren' is the cant term which describes the whole party; but this requires a word of explanation.

It is probable that rabbit-warrens were numerous about the metropolis, a circumstance which must have multiplied the poachers. Moffet, who wrote on diet in the reign of Elizabeth, notices their plentiful supply 'for the poor's maintenance.'—I cannot otherwise account for the appellatives given to sharpers, and the terms of cheatery being so familiarly drawn from a rabbit-warren; not that even in that day these cant terms travelled far out of their own circle; for Robert Greene mentions a trial in which the judges, good simple men, imagined that the coney-catcher at the bar was a warrener, or one who had the care of a warren.

The cant term of 'warren' included the young conies, or half ruined prodigals of that day, with the younger brothers who had accomplished their ruin; these naturally herded together, as the pigeon and the black-leg of the present day. The coney-catchers were those who raised a trade on their necessities. To be 'conie-catched,' was to be cheated. The warren forms a combination altogether, to attract some novice, who in *esse* or in *posse* has his present means good, and those to come great; he is very glad to learn how money can be raised. The warren seek after a *tumbler*;* and the nature of a London tumbler was 'to hunt dry-foot,' in this manner:—'The tumbler is let loose, and runs snuffing up and down in the shops of mercers, goldsmiths, drapers, haberdashers, to meet with a *ferret*, that is a citizen who is ready to sell a commodity.' The tumbler in his first course usually returned in despair, pretending to have out-wearied himself by hunting, and swears that the city ferrets are so coaped (that is, have their lips stitched up close) that he can't get them to open to so great a sum as 500*l*, which the warren want. 'This herb being chewed down by the rabbit suckers, almost kills their hearts. It irritates their appetite, and they keenly bid the tumbler, if he can't fasten on plate or cloth, or silks, to lay hold of *brown paper*, *Bartholomew babies*, *lute strings*, or *hob nails*. It hath been verily reported,' says Decker, 'that one gentleman of great hopes took up 100*l* in hobby horses, and sold them for 30*l*; and 16*l* in joints of mutton, and quarters of lamb, ready roasted and sold them for three pounds.' Such commodities were called *purse-nets*.—The tumbler, on his second hunt, trots up and down again; at last lights on a *ferret* that will deal; the names are given in to a scrivener, who inquires whether they are good men, and finds four out of the five are wind-shaken, but the fifth is an oak that can bear the hewing. Bonds are sealed, commodities delivered, and the tumbler fetches his second career; and their credit having obtained the purse-nets, the wares must now obtain money.' The *tumbler* now hunts for the *rabbit suckers*, those who buy these *purse nets*: but the *rabbit suckers*, seem greater devils than the *ferrets*, for they always bid under; and after many exclamations the *warren* is glad that the seller should repurchase his own commodities for ready money, at thirty or fifty *per cent* under the cost. The story does not finish till we come to the manner 'How the warren is spoiled.' I shall transcribe this part of the narrative in the lively style of this town-writer. 'While there is any grass to nibble upon, the rabbits are there; but on the cold day of repayment, they retire into their caves; so that when the *ferret* makes account of *five* in chase, four disappear. Then he grows fierce, and tears open his own jaws to suck blood from him that is left. Sergeants, marshalmen, and bailiffs, are sent forth, who lie scenting at every corner, and with terrible paws haunt every walk. The bird is seized upon by these hawks, his estate looked into, his wings broken, his lands made over to a stranger. He pays 500*l*, who never had but 60*l*, or to prison; or he seals any bond, mortgages any lordship, does any thing, yields any thing. A little way in, he cares not how far he wades; the greater his possessions are, the apter he is to take up and to be trusted,—thus gentlemen are *ferretted* and undone!' It is evident that the whole system turns on the single novice; those who join him in his bonds are stalking horses; the whole was to begin and to end with the single individual, the great coney of the warren. Such was the nature of those 'commodities,' to which Massinger and Shakspeare allude, and which the modern dramatist may exhibit in his comedy, and be still sketching after life.

Another scene, closely connected with the present, will complete the picture. The 'Ordinaries' of those days were the lounging places of the men of the town, and the 'fantastic gallants,' who herded together. Ordinaries were the 'exchange for news,' the echoing places for all sorts of town talk: there they might hear of the last new play and poem, and the last fresh widow, who was sighing for some knight to make her a lady; these resorts were attended also 'to save charges of house keeping.' The reign of James I is characterised by all the wantonness of prodigality among one class, and all the penuriousness and rapacity in another, which met in the dissolute indolence of a peace of twenty years. But a more striking feature in these 'Ordinaries' showed itself as soon as 'the voyder had cleared the table.' Then began 'the shuffling and cutting on one side, and the bones rattling on the other.' The 'Ordinarie,' in fact, was a gambling house, like those now expressively termed 'Hells;' and I doubt if the present 'Infernos' exceeded the whole *diablerie* of our ancestors.

In the former scene of sharping they derived their cant terms from a rabbit-warren, but in the present, their allusions partly relate to an aviary, and truly the proverb suited them, of 'birds of a feather.' Those who first propose to sit down to play are called the *leaders*; the ruined gamesters are the *forlorn-hope*; the great winner is the *eagle*; a stander-by, who encourages, but little ventures himself, the freshly-imported gallant, who is called the *gull*, is the *woodpecker*; and a monstrous bird of prey, who is always hovering round the table, is the *gull groper*, who, at a pinch, is the benevolent Audley of the Ordinary.

There was, besides, one other character of an original cast, apparently the friend of none of the party, and yet, in fact, 'the Atlas which supported the Ordinarie on his shoulders; he was sometimes significantly called the *impostor*.

The *gull* is a young man whose father, a citizen or a squire, just dead, leaves him 'ten or twelve thousand pounds in ready money, besides some hundreds a year.' Scouts are sent out, and lie in ambush for him; they discover what 'apothecaries' shop he resorts to every morning, or in what tobacco shop in Fleet street he takes a pipe of smoke in the afternoon.'* Some sharp wit of the Ordinarie, a pleasant fellow, whom Robert Greene calls 'the taker up,' one of universal conversation, lures the heir of seven hundred a year to 'The Ordinarie.' A *gull* sets the whole aviary in spirits; and Decker well describes the flutter of joy and expectation: 'The *leaders* maintained themselves brave; the *forlorn hope*, that drooped before, doth now gallantly come on; the *eagle* feathers his nest; the *woodpecker* picks up the crums; the *gull-groper* grows fat with good feeding; and the *gull* himself, at whom every one has a pull, hath in the end scarce feathers to keep his back warm.'

During the *gull's* progress through Primero and Gleek, he wants for no admirable advice and solemn warnings from two excellent friends; the *gull groper*, and at length, the *impostor*. The *gull groper*, who knows 'to half an acre,' all his means, takes the *gull*, when out of luck, to a side-window, and in a whisper talks of 'dice being made of women's bones, which would cozen any man;' but he pours his gold on the board; and a bond is rapturously

* 'A tumbler was a sort of a hunting dog.' Kersey's New World of Words.

* The usual resorts of the loungers of that day. Wine was then sold at the apothecaries; and tobacco smoked in the shops.

signed for the next quarter-day. But the *gull-groper*, by a variety of expedients, avoids having the bond duly discharged; he contrives to get a judgment, and a serjeant with his mace procures the forfeiture of the bond; the treble value. But the 'impostor' has none of the milkiness of the '*gull-groper*,'—he looks for no favour under heaven from any man; he is bluff with all the Ordinary; he spits at random: gingles his spurs into any man's cloak; and his 'humour is, to be a devil of a dare-all. All fear him as the tyrant they must obey. The tender *gull* trembles, and admires his valour. At length the devil he feared becomes his champion; and the poor *gull*, proud of his intimacy, hides himself under this *eagle's* wings.

The impostor sits close by his elbow, takes a partnership in his game, furnishes the stakes when out of luck, and in truth, does not care how fast the gull loses; for a twirl of his mustachio, a tip of his nose, or a wink of his eye, drives all the losses of the gull into the profits of the grand confederacy at the Ordinary. And when the impostor has fought the gull's quarrels many a time, at last he kicks up the table; and the gull sinks himself into the class of the forlorn-hope; he lives at the mercy of his late friends the gull-groper and the impostor, who send him out to lure some tender bird in feather.

Such were the *hells* of our ancestors, from which our worthies might take a lesson; and the 'warren' in which the Audleys were the conie-catchers.

But to return to our Audley; this philosophical usurer never pressed hard for his debts; like the fowler, he never shook his nets lest he might startle, satisfied to have them, without appearing to hold them. With great fondness he compared his 'bonds to infants, which battle best by sleeping.' To battle is to be nourished, a term still retained at the University of Oxford. His familiar companions were all subordinate actors in the great piece he was performing; he too had his part in the scene. When not taken by surprise, on his table usually lay open a great Bible, with Bishop Andrews's folio Sermons, which often gave him an opportunity of railing at the covetousness of the clergy! declaring their religion was 'a mere preach,' and that 'the time would never be well till we had Queen Elizabeth's Protestants again in fashion.' He was aware of all the evils arising out of a population beyond the means of subsistence, and dreaded an inundation of men, spreading like the spawn of a cod. Hence he considered marriage, with a modern political economist, as very dangerous; bitterly censuring the clergy, whose children, he said, never thrived, and whose widows were left destitute. An apostolical life, according to Audley, required only books, meat, and drink, to be had for fifty pounds a year! Celibacy, voluntary poverty, and all the mortifications of a primitive Christian, were the virtues practised by this puritan among his money bags.

Yet Audley's was that worldly wisdom which derives all its strength from the weaknesses of mankind. Every thing was to be obtained by stratagem, and it was his maxim, that to grasp our object the faster, we must go a little round about it. His life is said to have been one of intricacies and mysteries, using indirect means in all things; but if he walked in a labyrinth, it was to bewilder others; for the clue was still in his own hand: all he sought was that his designs should not be discovered by his actions. His word, we are told, was his bond; his hour was punctual; and his opinions were compressed and weighty: but if he was true to his bond-word, it was only a part of the system to give facility to the carrying on of his trade, for he was not strict to his honour; the pride of victory, as well as the passion for acquisition, combined in the character of Audley, as in more tremendous conquerors. His partners dreaded the effects of his law-library, and usually relinquished a claim rather than stand a suit against a latent quibble. When one menaced him by showing some money-bags, which he had resolved to empty in law against him, Audley, then in office in the court of wards, with a sarcastic grin, asked 'Whether the bags had any bottom?' 'Ay!' replied the exulting possessor, striking them. 'In that case I care not,' retorted the cynical officer of the court of wards; 'for in this court I have a constant spring; and I cannot spend in other courts more than I gain in this.' He had at once the meanness which would evade the law, and the spirit which could resist it.

The genius of Audley had crept out of the purlieus of Guildhall, and entered the temple; and having often sauntered at 'Powles' down the great promenade which was reserved for 'Duke Humphrey and his guests,' he would turn into that part called 'The Usurer's Alley,' to talk with 'Thirty in the hundred,' and at length was enabled to purchase his office at that remarkable institution, the court of wards. The entire fortunes of those whom we now call wards in chancery were in the hands, and often submitted to the arts or the tyranny of the officers of this court.

When Audley was asked the value of this new office, he replied, that 'It might be worth some thousands of pounds to him who after his death would instantly go to heaven; twice as much to him who would go to purgatory; and nobody knows what to him who would adventure to go to hell.' Such was the pious casuistry of a witty Usurer. Whether he undertook this last adventure, for his four hundred thousand pounds, how can a sceptical biographer decide? Audley seems ever to have been weak, when temptation was strong.

Some saving qualities, however, were mixed with the vicious ones he liked the best. Another passion divided dominion with the sovereign one: Audley's strongest impressions of character were cast in the old law-library of his youth, and the pride of legal reputation was not inferior in strength to the rage for money. If in the 'court of wards' he pounced on incumbrances which lay on estates, and prowled about to discover the craving wants of their owners, it appears that he also received liberal fees from the relatives of young heirs, to protect them from the rapacity of some great persons, but who could not certainly exceed Audley in subtilty. He was an admirable lawyer, for he was not satisfied with *hearing* but *examining* his clients; which he called 'pinching the cause where he perceived it was foundered.' He made two observations on clients and lawyers, which have not lost their poignancy. 'Many clients, in telling their case, rather plead than relate it, so that the advocate heareth not the true state of it, till opened by the adverse party. Some lawyers seem to keep an assurance-office in their chambers, and will warrant any cause brought unto them, knowing that if they fail, they lose nothing but what was lost long since, their credit.'

The career of Audley's ambition closed with the extinction of the 'court of wards,' by which he incurred the loss of above *l.*100,000. On that occasion he observed that 'His ordinary losses were as the shaving of his beard, which only grew the faster by them; but the loss of this place was like the cutting off of a member, which was irrecoverable.' The hoary Usurer pined at the decline of his genius, discoursed on the vanity of the world, and hinted at retreat. A facetious friend told him a story of an old rat, who having acquainted the young rats that he would at length retire to his hole, desiring none to come near him, their curiosity, after some days, led them to venture to look into the hole; and there they discovered the old rat sitting in the midst of a rich parmesan cheese. It is probable that the loss of the last *l.*100,000 disturbed his digestion, for he did not long survive his court of wards.

Such was this man, converting wisdom into cunning, invention into trickery, and wit into cynicism. Engaged in no honourable cause, he however showed a mind resolved, making plain the crooked and involved path he trod. *Sustine et abstine*, to bear and to forbear, was the great principle of Epictetus, and our moneyed Stoic bore all the contempt and hatred of the living smilingly, while he forbore all the consolations of our common nature to obtain his end. He died in unblest celibacy.—And thus he received the curses of the living for his rapine, while the stranger who grasped the million he had raked together owed him no gratitude at his death.

CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE.

In this volume I have drawn a picture of a Jewish history in our country; the present is a companion-piece, exhibiting a Roman Catholic one.

The domestic history of our country awakens our feelings far more than the public. In the one, we recognize ourselves as men; in the other, we are nothing but politicians. The domestic history is, indeed, entirely involved in the fate of the public; and our opinions are regulated according to the different countries, and by the different ages we live in: yet systems of politics, and modes of faith are for the individual, but the chance occurrences of human life, usually found in the cradle, and laid in the grave: it is only the herd of mankind, or their designing leaders, who fight and curse one another with so much sincerity. Amids-

these intestine struggles or, perhaps, when they have ceased, and our hearts are calm, we perceive the eternal force of nature acting on humanity: then the heroic virtues and private sufferings of persons engaged in an opposite cause, and acting on different principles than our own, appeal to our sympathy, and even excite our admiration. A philosopher, born a Catholic, assuredly could commemorate many a pathetic history of some heroic Huguenot; while we, with the same feeling in our heart, discover a romantic and chivalrous band of Catholics.

CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE is a name which appears in the conspiracy of Anthony Babington against Elizabeth; and the history of this accomplished young man may enter into the romance of real life. Having discovered two interesting domestic documents relative to him, I am desirous of preserving a name and a character, which have such claims on our sympathy.

There is an interesting historical novel, entitled 'The Jesuit,' whose story is founded on this conspiracy; remarkable for being the production of a lady, without, if I recollect rightly, a single adventure of love. Of the fourteen characters implicated in this conspiracy, few were of the stamp of men ordinarily engaged in dark assassinations. Hume has told the story with his usual grace; the fuller narrative may be found in Camden; but the tale may yet receive, from the character of CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE, a more interesting close.

Some youths, worthy of ranking with the heroes, rather than with the traitors of England, had been practised on by the subtilty of Ballard, a disguised Jesuit of great intrepidity and talents, whom Camden calls 'a silken priest in a soldier's habit:' for this versatile intriguer changed into all shapes, and took up all names; yet with all the arts of a political Jesuit he found himself entrapped in the nets of that more crafty one, the great Walsingham. Ballard had opened himself to Babington, a catholic; a youth of large fortune, the graces of whose person were only inferior to his mind. In his travels, his generous temper had been touched by some confidential friends of the Scottish Mary; and the youth, susceptible of ambition, had been recommended to that queen; and an intercourse of letters took place, which seemed as deeply tinctured with love as with loyalty. The intimates of Babington were youths of congenial tempers and studies; and in their exalted imaginations, they could only view in the imprisoned Mary of Scotland a sovereign, a saint, and a woman. But friendship, the most tender, if not the most sublime ever recorded, prevailed among this band of self-devoted victims; and the Damon and Pythias of antiquity were here out-numbered.

But these conspirators were surely more adapted for lovers than for politicians. The most romantic incidents are interwoven in this dark conspiracy. Some of the letters to Mary were conveyed by a secret messenger, one in the pay of Walsingham; others were lodged in a concealed place covered by a loosened stone, in the wall of the queen's prison. All were transcribed by Walsingham before they reached Mary. Even the spies of that singular statesman were the companions, or the servants, of the archconspirator Ballard; for the minister seems only to have humoured his taste in assisting him through this extravagant plot. Yet, as if a plot of so loose a texture was not quite perilous, the extraordinary incident of a picture representing the secret conspirators in person, was probably considered as the highest stroke of political intrigue! The accomplished Babington had pourtrayed the conspirators, himself standing in the midst of them, that the imprisoned queen might thus have some kind of personal acquaintance with them. There was, at least, as much of chivalry as of Machiavelism in this conspiracy. This very picture, before it was delivered to Mary, the subtile Walsingham had copied, to exhibit to Elizabeth the faces of her secret enemies. Houbraken in his portrait of Walsingham has introduced in the vignette the incident of this picture being shown to Elizabeth; a circumstance happily characteristic of the genius of this crafty and vigilant statesman. Camden tells us that Babington had first inscribed beneath the picture of this verse:

'Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericular ducunt.'
These are my companions, whom the same dangers lead.

But as this verse was considered by some of less heated fancies as much too open and intelligible, they put one more ambiguous:

'Quorsum hæc allo properantibus?'
What are these things to men hastening to another purpose?

This extraordinary collection of personages must have occasioned many alarms to Elizabeth, whenever any stranger approached her; till the conspiracy was suffered to be silently matured sufficiently to be ended. Once she perceived in her walks a conspirator, and on that occasion erected her 'lion port,' reprimanding her captain of the guards, loud enough to meet the conspirator's ear, that 'he had not a man in his company who wore a sword;—am not I fairly guarded;' exclaimed Elizabeth.

It is in the progress of the trial that the history and the feelings of these wondrous youths appear. In those times, when the government of the country yet felt itself unsettled, and mercy did not sit in the judgment-seat, even one of the judges could not refrain from being affected at the presence of so gallant a band as the prisoners at the bar: 'Oh Ballard, Ballard!' the judge exclaimed, 'what hast thou done? a sort* of brave youths, otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion.' The Jesuit himself commands our respect, although we refuse him our esteem; for he felt some compunction at the tragical executions which were to follow, and 'wished all the blame might rest on him, could the shedding of his blood be the saving of Babington's life!'

When this romantic band of friends were called on for their defence, the most pathetic instances of domestic affection appeared: one had engaged in this plot solely to try to save his friend, for he had no hopes of it, nor any wish for its success; he had observed to his friend that 'the haughty and ambitious mind of Anthony Babington would be the destruction of himself and his friends;' nevertheless he was willing to die with them! Another, to withdraw, if possible, one of these noble youths from the conspiracy, although he had broken off housekeeping, said, to employ his own language, 'I called back my servants again together, and began to keep house again more freshly than ever I did, only because I was weary to see Tom Salisbury straggling, and willing to keep him about home.' Having attempted to secrete his friend, this gentleman observed, 'I am condemned, because I suffered Salisbury to escape, when I knew he was one of the conspirators. My case is hard and lamentable; either to betray my friend whom I love as myself, and to discover Tom Salisbury, the best man in my country, of whom I only made choice; or else to break my allegiance to my sovereign, and to undo myself and my posterity for ever. Whatever the political casuist may determine on this case the social being carries his own manual in the heart. The principle of the greatest of republics was to suffer nothing to exist in competition with its own ambition; but the Roman history is a history without fathers and brothers!—Another of the conspirators replied, 'For flying away with my friend, I fulfilled the part of a friend.' When the judge observed that, to perform his friendship, he had broken his allegiance to his sovereign; he bowed his head and confessed, 'Therein I have offended.'—Another, asked why he had fled into the woods, where he was discovered among some of the conspirators, proudly, or tenderly, replied,—'For company!'

When the sentence of condemnation had passed, then broke forth among this noble band that spirit of honour, which surely had never been witnessed at the bar among so many criminals. Their great minds seemed to have reconciled them to the most barbarous of deaths; but as their estates as traitors might be forfeited to the queen, their sole anxiety was now for their family and their creditors. One in the most pathetic terms recommends to her majesty's protection a beloved wife; another a destitute sister; but not among the least urgent of their supplications, was one that their creditors might not be injured by their untimely end. The statement of their affairs is curious and simple. 'If mercy be not to be had,' exclaimed one, 'I beseech you, my good lords, this; I owe some sums of money, but not very much, and I have more owing to me; I beseech that my debts may be paid with that which is owing to me.' Another prayed for a pardon; the judge complimented him, that 'he was one who might have done good service to his country;' but declares he cannot obtain it.—'Then,' said the prisoner, 'I beseech that six angels, which such an one hath of mine, may be delivered to my brother to pay my debts.—' How much

* This word has been explained by Mr. Gifford in his Jonson, vol. i, p. 33, as meaning a company; and the sense here confirms it.

are thy debts?' demanded the judge. He answered, 'The same six angels will discharge it.'

That nothing might be wanting to complete the catastrophe of their sad story, our sympathy must accompany them to their tragical end, and to their last words. These heroic yet affectionate youths had a trial there, intolerable to their social feelings. The terrific process of executing traitors was the remains of feudal barbarism, and has only been abolished very recently. I must not refrain from painting this scene of blood; the duty of an historian must be severer than his taste, and I record in the note a scene of this nature.* The present one was full of horrors. Ballard was first executed, and snatched alive from the gallows to be embowelled: Babington looked on with an undaunted countenance, steadily gazing on that variety of tortures which he himself was in a moment to pass through; the others averted their faces, fervently praying. When the executioner began his tremendous office on Babington, the spirit of this haughty and heroic man cried out amidst the agony, *Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!* Spare me Lord Jesus! There were two days of execution; it was on the first that the noblest of these youths suffered; and the pity which such criminals had excited among the spectators evidently weakened the sense of their political crime; the solemnity, not the barbarity of the punishment affects the populace with right feelings. Elizabeth, an enlightened politician, commanded that on the second day the odious part of the sentence against traitors should not commence till after their death.

One of these *generosi adolescentuli*, youths of generous blood, was CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE, of Southampton, the more intimate friend of Babington. He had refused to connect himself with the assassination of Elizabeth, but his reluctant consent was inferred from his silence. His address to the populace breathes all the carelessness of life, in one who knew all its value. Proud of his ancient descent from a family which had existed before the Conquest, till now without a stain, he paints the thoughtless happiness of his days with his beloved friend, when any object rather than matters of state engaged their pursuits; the hours of misery were only first known the day he entered into the conspiracy. How feelingly he passes into the domestic scene, amidst his wife, his child, and his sisters! and even his servants! Well might he cry, more in tenderness than in reproach, 'Friendship hath brought me to this!'

'Countrymen, and my dear friends, you expect I should speak something; I am a bad orator, and my text is worse: It were in vain to enter into the discourse of the whole matter for which I am brought hither, for that it hath been revealed heretofore; let me be a warning to all young gentlemen, especially *generosis adolescentulis*. I had a friend, and a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, *whose friendship hath brought me to this*; he told me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done; but I always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it; but the regard of my friend caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified; I was silent, and so consented. Before this thing chanced, we lived together in most flourishing estate: Of whom went report in the *Strand, Fleet street*, and elsewhere, about *London*, but of *Babington* and *Titchbourne?* No threshold was of force to brave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for; and God knows what less in my head than *matters of state*. Now give me leave to declare the miseries I sustained after I was acquainted with the action, wherein I may justly compare my estate to that of Adam's, who could not abstain *one thing forbidden*, to enjoy all other things the world could afford: the terror of conscience awaited me. After I considered the dangers whereinto I was fallen, I went to Sir John Peters in Essex, and appointed my horses should meet me at London, intending to go down into the country. I came to London, and then heard that all was bewrayed; whereupon, like Adam, we fled into the woods to hide ourselves. My dear countrymen, my sorrows may be your joy, yet mix your smiles with tears, and pity my case; *I am descended from a house, from two hundred years before the Conquest, never stained till this my misfortune. I have a wife and one child; my wife Agnes, my dear wife, and there's my grief—and six sisters left in my hand—my poor servants, I know, their master being taken, were dispersed; for all which I do most heartily grieve.* I expected some favour, tho' I deserved nothing less, that the remainder of my years might in some sort have recompensed my former guilt; which seeing I have missed, let me now meditate on the joys I hope to enjoy.'

Titchbourne had addressed a letter to his 'dear wife Agnes,' the night before he suffered, which I discovered among the Harleian MSS.* It overflows with the most natural feeling, and contains some touches of expression, all sweetness and tenderness, which mark the Shakspearean æræa. The same MS. has also preserved a more precious gem, in a small poem, composed at the same time, which indicates his genius, fertile in imagery and fraught with the melancholy philosophy of a fine and wounded spirit. The unhappy close of the life of such a noble youth, with all the prodigality of his feelings and the cultivation of his intellect, may still excite that sympathy in the *generosis adolescentulis*, which Chidiock Titchbourne would have felt for them!

'A letter written by CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE the night before he suffered death vnto his wife, dated of anno 1586.

'To the most loving wife alive, I commend me vnto her, and desire God to blesse her with all happiness, pray for her dead husband, and be of good comforte, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my maker and redeemer in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdome. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charitie to pardon me if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters poore desolate soules, aduise them to serue God, for without him no goodness is to be expected: were it possible, my little sister Babb: the darlinge of my race might be bred by her, God would rewarde her; but I do her wronge, I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe, to add a further charge vnto her. Deere wife forgive me, that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon good wife I crave—make of these our necessities a vertue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath alreadie been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I know not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course of offence to her majestie, I cannot aduise thee to benefit me herein, but if there fall out wherewithall, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourselfe with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God and the ease of their soule, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sisters bringing up the burthen is now laide on them. Now, sweet-cheek, what is left to bestow on thee, a small joynture, a small recompense for thy deservinge, these legacies followinge to be thine owne. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and

* Let not the delicate female start from the revolting scene, nor censure the writer, since that writer is a woman—suppressing her own agony, as she supported on her lap the head of the miserable sufferer. This account was drawn up by Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby a Catholic lady, who, amidst the horrid execution, could still her own feelings in the attempt to soften those of the victim: she was a heroine, with a tender heart.

The subject was one of the executed Jesuits, Hugh Green, who often went by the name of Ferdinand Brooks, according to the custom of these people, who disguised themselves by double names; he suffered in 1642: and this narrative is taken from the curious and scarce folios of Dodd, a Catholic Church History of England.

'The hangman, either through unskilfulness, or for want of a sufficient presence of mind, had so ill-performed his first duty of hanging him, that when he was cut down he was perfectly sensible, and able to sit upright upon the ground, viewing the crowd that stood about him. The person who undertook to quarter him was one Barefoot, a barber, who, being very timorous when he found he was to attack a living man, it was near half an hour before the sufferer was rendered entirely insensible of pain. The mob pulled at the rope, and threw the Jesuit on his back. Then the barber immediately fell to work, ripped up his belly, and laid the flaps of skin on both sides; the poor gentlemen being so present to himself as to make the sign of the cross with one hand. During this operation, Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby (the writer of this) kneeled at the Jesuit's head, and held it fast beneath her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat; the blood issued from his mouth, ears, and eyes, and his forehead burnt with so much heat, that she assures us she could scarce endure her hand upon it. The barber was still under a great consternation.'—But I stop my pen amidst these circumstantial horrors.

* Harl. MSS, 36, 60.

faithfull servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessaries for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where until it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

'By the hand from the heart of thy most faithful louinge husband. CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE.

'VERSES

Made by CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason. 1586.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain;
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trade the grounde, and knew it was my tombe,
And now I dye, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"*

ELIZABETH AND HER PARLIAMENT.

The year 1566 was a remarkable period in the domestic annals of our great Elizabeth; then, for a moment broke forth a noble struggle between the freedom of the subject and the dignity of the sovereign.

One of the popular grievances of her glorious reign was the maiden state in which the queen persisted to live, notwithstanding such frequent remonstrances and exhortations. The nation in a moment might be thrown into the danger of a disputed succession; and it became necessary to allay that ferment which existed among all parties, while each was fixing on its own favourite, hereafter to ascend the throne. The birth of James I this year animated the partisans of Mary of Scotland; and men of the most opposite parties of England unanimously joined in the popular cry for the marriage of Elizabeth, or a settlement of the succession. This was a subject most painful to the thoughts of Elizabeth; she started from it with horror, and she was practising every imaginable artifice to evade it.

The real cause of this repugnance has been passed over by our historians. Camden, however, hints at it, when he places among other popular rumours of the day, that 'men cursed Huic, the Queen's physician, for dissuading her from marriage, for I know not what female infirmity.' The queen's physician thus incurred the odium of the nation for the integrity of his conduct: he well knew how precious was her life.†

This fact, once known, throws a new light over her conduct: the ambiguous expressions which she constantly employs, when she alludes to her marriage in her speeches, and in private conversations, are no longer mysterious.—She was always declaring, that she knew her subjects did not love her so little, as to wish to bury her before her time; even in the letter I shall now give, we find this remarkable expression; urging her to marriage, she said, was 'asking nothing less than wishing her to dig her grave before she was dead.' Conscious of the danger of her life by marriage she had early declared when she ascended the throne, that 'she would live and die a maiden queen:' but she afterwards discovered the political evil resulting from her unfortunate situation. Her conduct was admirable; her great genius turned even her weakness into strength, and proved how well she deserved the character which she had already obtained from an enlightened enemy—the great Sixtus V, who observed of her, *Ch'era un gran cervello di Principessa!* She had a princely head-piece! Elizabeth allowed her ministers to pledge her royal word to the commons, as often as they found necessary, for her resolution to marry; she kept all Europe at her feet, with the hopes and fears of her choice; she gave ready encouragements, perhaps allowed her agents to promote even invitations, to the offers of marriage she received from crowned heads; and all the coquetries, and the cajolings, so often and so fully recorded with which she freely honoured individuals, made her empire an empire of love, where love, however, could never appear. All these were merely political artifices, to conceal her secret resolution, which was, not to marry.

At the birth of James I, as Camden says, 'the sharp and hot spirits broke out, accusing the queen that she was neglecting her country and posterity.' All 'these humours,' observes Hume, 'broke out with great vehemence, in a new session of parliament, held after six prorogations.' The peers united with the commoners. The queen had an empty exchequer, and was at their mercy. It was a moment of high ferment. Some of the boldest, and some of the most British spirits were at work; and they with the malice or wisdom of opposition, combined the supply with the succession; one was not to be had without the other.

This was a moment of great hope and anxiety with the French court; they were flattering themselves that her reign was touching a crisis; and La Mothe Fenelon, then the French ambassador at the court of Elizabeth, appears to have been busied in collecting hourly information of the warm debates in the commons, and what passed in their interviews with the queen. We may rather be astonished where he procured so much secret intelligence: he sometimes complains that he is not able to acquire it as fast as Catherine de Medicis and her son Charles IX wished.—There must have been Englishmen at our court, who were serving as French spies. In a private collection,* which consists of two or three hundred original letters of Charles IX, Catherine de Medecis, Henry III, and Mary of Scotland, &c., I find two despatches of this French ambassador, entirely relating to the present occurrence.—What renders them more curious is, that the debates on the question of the succession are imperfectly given in Sir Symonds D'Ewes's journals; the only resource open to us. Sir Symonds complains of the negligence of the clerk of the commons, who indeed seems to have exerted his negligence, whenever it was found most agreeable to the court party.

Previous to the warm debates in the commons, of which the present despatch furnishes a lively picture, on Saturday, 12 Oct. 1566, at a meeting of the lords of the council, held in the queen's apartment, the Duke of Norfolk, in the name of the whole nobility, addressed Elizabeth, urging her to settle the suspended points of the succession, and of her marriage, which had been promised in the last parliament. The queen was greatly angried on the occasion; she could not suffer to be urged on those points; she spoke with great animation. 'Hitherto you have had no opportunity to complain of me; I have well governed the country in peace, and if a late war of little consequence has broken out, which might have occasioned my subjects to complain of me, with me it has not originated, but with yourselves, as truly I believe. Lay your hands on your hearts, and blame yourselves. In respect to the choice of the succession, not one of ye shall have it; that choice I reserve to myself alone. I will not be buried while I am living, as my sister was. Do I not well know, how during the life of my sister every one hastened to me at Hatfield; I am at present inclined to see no such travellers, nor desire on this your advice in an way.† In regard

* This pathetic poem has been printed in one of the old editions of Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems, but could never have been written by him. In those times the collectors of the works of a celebrated writer would insert any fugitive pieces of merit, and pass them under a name which was certain of securing the reader's favour. The entire poem in every line echoes the feelings of Chidiock Titchbourne, who perished with all the blossoms of life and genius about him in the May-time of his existence.

† Foreign authors who had an intercourse with the English court seem to have been better informed, or at least found themselves under less restraint than our own home writers. In Bayle, note x, the reader will find this mysterious affair cleared up; at length in one of our own writers, Whitaker, in his Mary Queen of Scots vindicated, Vol. II, p. 502. Elizabeth's Answer to the first Address of the Commons, on her marriage, n Hume, Vol V, p. 13, is now more intelligible; he has preserved her fanciful style.

* In the possession of my friend and publisher, Mr. Murray.

† A curious trait of the neglect Queen Mary experienced, whose life being considered very uncertain, sent all the intriguers of a court to Elizabeth, the next heir, although then in a kind of state-imprisonment at Hatfield.

to my marriage, you may see enough, that I am not distant from it, and in what respects the welfare of the kingdom: go each of you, and do your own duty.'

'SIRE, 27 *October*, 1566.

'By my last despatch of the 21st instant,* among other matters, I informed your majesty of what was said on Saturday the 19th as well in parliament, as in the chamber of the queen, respecting the circumstance of the succession to this crown: since which I have learnt other particulars, which occurred a little before, and which I will not now omit to relate, before I mention what afterwards happened.

'On Wednesday the 16th of the present month, the comptroller of the queen's household† moved in the lower house of parliament, where the deputies of towns and counties meet, to obtain a subsidy;‡ taking into consideration, among other things, that the queen had emptied the exchequer, as well in the late wars, as in the maintenance of her ships at sea, for the protection of her kingdom, and her subjects; and which expenditure has been so excessive, that it could no further be supported without the aid of her good subjects, whose duty it was to offer money to her majesty, even before she required it, in consideration that, hitherto, she had been to them a benignant and courteous mistress.

'The comptroller having finished, one of the deputies, a country gentleman, rose in reply. He said, that he saw no occasion, nor any pressing necessity, which ought to move her majesty to ask for money of her subjects. And, in regard to the wars, which it was said had exhausted her treasury, she had undertaken them from herself, as she had thought proper; not for the defence of her kingdom, nor for the advantage of her subjects; but there was one thing which seemed to him more urgent, and far more necessary to examine concerning this campaign; which was, how the money raised by the late subsidy had been spent; and that every one who had had the handling of it should produce their accounts, that it might be known if the monies had been well or ill spent.

'On this, rises one named Mr *Basche*,§ purveyor of the marine, and also a member of the said parliament; who shows, that it was most necessary that the commons should vote the said subsidies to her majesty, who had not only been at vast charges, and was so daily to maintain a great number of ships, but also in building new ones; repeating what the comptroller of the household had said, that they ought not to wait till the queen asked for supplies, but should make a voluntary offer of their services.

'Another country gentleman rises and replies, that the said *Basche* had certainly his reasons to speak for the queen in the present case, since a great deal of her majesty's monies for the providing of ships passed through his hands; and the more he consumed, the greater was his profit. According to his notion, there were but too many purveyors in this kingdom, whose noses had grown so long, that they stretched from London to the west.‖ It was certainly proper to know if all they levied by their commission for the present campaign was entirely employed to the queen's profit.—Nothing further was debated on that day.

'The Friday following, when the subject of the subsidies was renewed, one of the gentlemen-deputies showed, that the queen having prayed* for the last subsidy, had promised, and pledged her face to her subjects, that after that one, she never more would raise a single penny on them: and promised even to free them from the wine duty, of which promise they ought to press for the performance; adding that it was far more necessary for this kingdom to speak concerning an heir or successor to the crown, and of her marriage, than of a subsidy.

'The next day, which was Saturday the 19th, they all began, with the exception of a single voice, a loud outcry for the succession. Amidst these confused voices and cries, one of the council prayed them to have a little patience, and with time they should be satisfied; but that, at this moment, other matters pressed,—it was necessary to satisfy the queen about a subsidy. "No! No!" cried the deputies, "we are expressly charged not to grant any thing, until the queen resolvedly answers that which we now ask: and we require you to inform her majesty of our intention, which is such as we are commanded to, by all the towns, and subjects of this kingdom, whose deputies we are. We further require an act, or acknowledgement, of our having delivered this remonstrance, that we may satisfy our respective towns and counties that we have performed our charge." They alleged for an excuse, that if they had omitted any part of this, *their hands would answer for it*. We shall see what will come of this.†

'Tuesday the 22d, the principal lords, and the bishops of London, York, Winchester, and Durham, went together, after dinner, from the parliament to the queen whom they found in her private apartment. There, after those who were present had retired, and they remained alone with her, the great treasurer, having the precedence in age, spoke first in the name of all. He opened, by saying, that the commons had required them to unite in one sentiment and agreement, to solicit her majesty to give her answer as she had promised, to appoint a successor to the crown; declaring it was necessity that compelled them to urge his point, that they might provide against the dangers which might happen to the kingdom, if they continued without the security they asked. This had been the custom of her royal predecessors, to provide long beforehand for the succession, to preserve the peace of the kingdom; that the commons were all of one opinion, and so resolved to settle the succession before they would speak about a subsidy, or any other matter whatever, that hitherto, nothing but the most trivial discussions had passed in parliament, and so great an assembly was only wasting their time, and saw themselves entirely useless. They, however, supplicated her majesty, that she would be pleased to declare her will on this point, or at once to put an end to the parliament, so that every one might retire to his home.

'The Duke of Norfolk then spoke, and, after him, every one of the other lords, according to his rank holding the same language in strict conformity with that of the great treasurer.

'The queen returned no softer answer than she had on the preceding Saturday, to another party of the same company; saying that, "The commons were very rebellious, and that they had not dared to have attempted such things during the life of her father: that it was not for them to impede her affairs, and that it did not become a subject to compel the sovereign. What they asked, was nothing less than wishing her to dig her grave before she was dead." Addressing herself to the lords, she said, "My lords, do what you will; as for myself, I shall do nothing but according to my pleasure. All the resolutions which you may make can have no force without my consent and authority: besides, what you desire is an affair of much too great importance to be declared to a knot of hare-brains.‡ I will take council with men who understand justice and the laws, as I am deliberating to do: I will choose half a dozen of the most able I can find in my kingdom for consultation, and, after having heard their advice, I will then discover

* This despatch is a meagre account, written before the ambassador obtained all the information the present letter displays. The chief particulars I have preserved above.

† By Sir Symonds D'Ewes's Journals it appears, that the French ambassador had mistaken the day, Wednesday the 16th, for Thursday the 17th of October. The ambassador is afterwards right in the other dates. The person who moved the house, whom he calls 'Le Scindicque de la Royne,' was Sir Edward Rogers, comptroller of her majesty's household. The motion was seconded by Sir William Cecil, who entered more largely into the particulars of the queen's charges, incurred in the defence of New-Haven, in France, the repairs of her navy, and the Irish war with O'Neil. In the present narrative we fully discover the spirit of the independent members; and, at its close, that part of the secret history of Elizabeth which so powerfully developes her majestic character.

‡ The original says, 'ung subside de quatre solz pour liure.'

§ This gentleman's name does not appear in Sir Symonds D'Ewes's Journals. Mons. La Mothe Fenelon has, however, the uncommon merit contrary to the custom of his nation, of writing an English name somewhat recognizable; for Edward Basche was one of the general purveyors of the victualling of the queen's ships, 1573, as I find in the Lansdowne MSS, vol. XVI, art. 60.

‖ In the original, 'Ilz auoient le nez si long qu'il s'estendoit despuis Londres jusques au pays d'West.'

* This term is remarkable. In the original, 'La Royne ayant impetré,' which in Cotgrave's Dictionary, a contemporary work, is explained by,—'To get by praier, obtain by suite, compass by entreaty, procure by request.' This significant expression conveys the real notion of this venerable Whig, before Whiggism had received a denomination, and formed a party

† The French ambassador, no doubt, flattered himself and his master, that all this 'parlance' could only close in insurrection and civil war.

‡ In the original, 'A ung tas de cerveaulx si legieres.'

to you my will." On this she dismissed them in great anger.

'By this, sire, your majesty may perceive that this queen is every day trying new inventions to escape from this passage, (that is, on fixing her marriage, or the succession.) She thinks that the Duke of Norfolk is principally the cause of this insisting,* which one person and the other stand to; and is so angried against him, that, if she can find any decent pretext to arrest him, I think she will not fail to do it; and he himself, as I understand, has already very little doubt of this.† The Duke told the Earl of Northumberland, that the queen remained stedfast to her own opinion, and would take no other advice than her own, and would do every thing herself.'

The storms in our parliament do not necessarily end in political shipwrecks, when the head of the government is an Elizabeth. She, indeed, sent down a prohibition to the house from all debate on the subjects. But when she discovered a spirit in the commons, and language as bold as her own royal style, she knew how to revoke the exasperating prohibition. She even charmed them by the manner; for the commons returned her 'prayers and thanks,' and accompanied them with a subsidy. Her majesty found, by experience, that the present, like other passions, was more easily calmed and quieted by following than resisting, observes Sir Symonds D'Ewes.

The wisdom of Elizabeth however did not weaken her intrepidity. The struggle was glorious for both parties; but how she escaped through the storm which her mysterious conduct had at once raised and quelled, the sweetness and the sharpness, the commendation and the reprimand of her noble speech in closing the parliament, is told by Hume with the usual felicity of his narrative.‡

ANECDOTES OF PRINCE HENRY, THE SON OF JAMES I, WHEN A CHILD.

Prince Henry, the son of James I, whose premature death was lamented by the people, as well as by poets and historians, unquestionably would have proved an heroic and military character. Had he ascended the throne, the whole face of our history might have been changed; the days of Agincourt and Cressy had been revived, and Henry IX had rivalled Henry V. It is remarkable that Prince Henry resembled that monarch in his features, as Ben Jonson has truly recorded, though in a complimentary verse, and as we may see by his picture, among the ancient English ones at Dulwich college. Merlin, in a masque by Jonson, addresses Prince Henry,

> 'Yet rests that other thenderbolt of war,
> Harry the Fifth; to whom in face you are
> So like, as fate would have you so in worth.'

A youth who perished in his eighteenth year has furnished the subject of a volume, which even the deficient animation of its writer has not deprived of attraction.§ If the juvenile age of Prince Henry has proved such a theme for our admiration, we may be curious to learn what this extraordinary youth was, even at an earlier period. Authentic anecdotes of children are rare; a child has seldom a biographer by his side. We have indeed been recently treated with 'Anecdotes of Children,' in the 'Practical Education' of the literary family of the Edgeworths; but we may presume, that as Mr Edgeworth delighted in pieces of curious machinery in his house, these automatic infants, poets, and metaphysicians, of whom afterwards we have heard no more, seem to have resembled other automata, moving without any native impulse.

Prince Henry, at a very early age, not exceeding five years, evinced a thoughtfulness of character, singular in a child: something in the formation of this early character may be attributed to the Countess of Mar. This lady had been the nurse of James I, and to her care the king entrusted the prince. She is described in a manuscript of the times, as an 'ancient, virtuous, and severe lady, who was the prince's governess from his cradle.' At the age of five years the prince was consigned to his tutor, Mr (afterwards Sir) Adam Newton, a man of learning and capacity, whom the prince at length chose for his secretary. The severity of the old countess, and the strict discipline of his tutor, were not received without affection and reverence; although not at times without a shrewd excuse, or a turn of pleasantry, which latter faculty the princely boy seems to have possessed in a very high degree.

The prince early attracted the attention, and excited the hopes of those who were about his person. A manuscript narrative has been preserved, which was written by one who tells us, that he was 'an attendant upon the prince's person, since he was under the age of three years, having always diligently observed his disposition, behaviour, and speeches.'* It was at the earnest desire of Lord and Lady Lumley, that the writer of these anecdotes drew up this relation. The manuscript is without date, but as Lord Lumley died in April, 1609, and leaving no heir, his library was then purchased for the prince, Henry could not have reached his fifteenth year; this manuscript was evidently composed earlier; so that the *latest* anecdotes could not have occurred beyond his thirteenth or fourteenth year—a time of life, when few children can furnish a curious miscellany about themselves.

The writer set down every little circumstance he considered worth noticing, as it occurred. I shall attempt a sort of arrangement of the most interesting, to show, by an unity of the facts, the characteristic touches of the mind and dispositions of the princely boy.

Prince Henry in his childhood rarely wept, and endured pain without a groan. When a boy wrestled with him in earnest, and threw him, he was not 'seen to whine or weep at the hurt.' His sense of justice was early; for when his playmate the little Earl of Mar, ill treated one of his pages, Henry reproved his puerile friend: 'I love you because you are my lord's son and my cousin: but, if you be not better conditioned, I will love such an one better,' naming the child that had complained of him.

The first time he went to the town of Stirling to meet the king, observing without the gate of the town a stack of corn, it fancifully struck him with the shape of the top he used to play with; and the child exclaimed, 'That's a good top.' 'Why do you not then play with it?' he answered; 'Set you it up for me, and I will play with it.' This is just the fancy which we might expect in a lively child, with a shrewdness in the retort, above its years.

His martial character was perpetually discovering itself. When asked what instrument he liked best? he answered, 'a trumpet.' We are told that none could dance with more grace, but that he never delighted in dancing; while he performed his heroical exercises with pride and delight, more particularly when before the king, the constable of Castile, and other ambassadors. He was instructed by his master to handle and toss the pike, to march and hold himself in an affected style of stateliness, according to the martinets of those days; but he soon rejected such petty and artificial fashions; yet to show that his dislike arose from no want of skill in a trifling accomplishment, he would sometimes resume it only to laugh at it, and instantly return to his own natural demeanor. On one of these occasions one of these martinets observing that they could never be good soldiers unless they always kept true order and measure in marching, 'What then must they do,' cried Henry, 'when they wade through a swift running water?' In all things freedom of action from his own native impulse he preferred to the settled rules of his teachers; and when his physician told him that he rode too fast, he replied, 'Must I ride by rules of physic?' When he was eating a cold capon in cold weather, the physician told him that that was not meat for the weather. 'You may see, doctor,' said Henry, 'that my cook is no astronomer.' And when the same physician observing him eat cold and hot meat together, protested against it, 'I cannot mind that now,' said the royal boy facetiously, 'though they should have run at tilt together in my belly.'

His national affections were strong. When one reported to Henry that the King of France had said that his bastard, as well as the bastard of Normandy, might conquer England,—the princely boy exclaimed, 'I'll to cuffs with him, if he go about any such means.'—There was a dish

* The word in the original is, insistance; an expressive word as used by the French ambassador; but which Boyer, in his Dictionary, doubts whether it be French, although he gives a modern authority; the present is much more ancient.

† The Duke of Norfolk was, 'without comparison, the first subject in England; and the qualities of his mind corresponded with his high station,' says Hume. He closed his career, at length, the victim of love and ambition, in his attempt to marry the Scottish Mary. So great and honourable a man could only be a criminal by halves; and, to such, the scaffold, and not the throne, is reserved, when they engage in enterprises, which, by their secrecy, in the eyes of a jealous sovereign, assume the form and guilt of a conspiracy

‡ Hume, vol. V, ch. 39; at the close of 1566.

§ Dr. Birch's Life of this Prince.

* Harleian MS. 6391.

of jelly before the prince in the form of a crown, with three lilies: and a kind of buffoon, whom the prince used to banter, said to the prince that that dish was worth a crown. 'Aye!' exclaimed the future English hero, 'I would I had that crown!'—'It would be a great dish,' rejoined the buffoon. 'How can that be,' replied the prince, 'since you value it but a crown?'—When James I asked him whether he loved Englishmen or Frenchmen better, he replied, 'Englishmen, because he was of kindred to more noble persons of England than of France;' and when the king inquired whether he loved the English or Germans better? he replied, the English; on which the king observing that his mother was a German, the prince replied, 'Sir, you have the wit thereof.' A southern speech, adds the writer, which is as much as to say—you are the cause thereof.

Born in Scotland, and heir to the crown of England, at a time when the mutual jealousies of the two nations were running so high, the boy often had occasion to express the unity of affection, which was really in his heart. Being questioned by a nobleman, whether, after his father, he had rather be a king of England or Scotland? he asked, 'which of them was best?' being answered, that it was England, 'Then,' said the Scottish born prince, 'would I have both!' And once in reading this verse in Virgil,

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,

the boy said he would make use of that verse for himself, with a slight alteration, thus—

'Anglus Scotusne mihi nullo discrimine agetur.'

He was careful to keep alive the same feeling for another part of the British dominions, and the young prince appears to have been regarded with great affection by the Welsh; for when once the prince asked a gentleman at what mark he should shoot? the courtier pointed with levity at a Welshman who was present. 'Will you see then,' said the princely boy, 'how I will shoot at Welshmen?' Turning his back from him, the Prince shot his arrow in the air.—When a Welshman who had taken a large carouse, in the fulness of his heart and his head, said in the presence of the king, that the prince should have 40,000 Welshmen to wait upon him against any king in Christendom: the king, not a little jealous, hastily inquired, 'To do what?' the little prince turned away the momentary alarm by his facetiousness, 'To cut off the heads of 40,000 leeks.'

His bold and martial character was discoverable in minute circumstances like these. Eating in the king's presence a dish of milk, the king asked him why he ate so much child's meat? 'Sir, it is also man's meat,' Henry replied;—and immediately after, having fed heartily on a partridge, the king observed, that that meat would make him a coward, according to the prevalent notions of the age respecting diet; to which the young prince replied, 'Though it be but a cowardly fowl, it shall not make me a coward.'—Once taking strawberries with two spoons, when one might have sufficed, our infant Mars gaily exclaimed, 'The one I use as a rapier, and the other as a dagger.'

Adam Newton appears to have filled his office as preceptor with no servility to the capricious fancies of the princely boy. Desirous, however, of cherishing the generous spirit and playful humour of Henry, his tutor encouraged a freedom of jesting with him, which appears to have been carried at times to a degree of momentary irritability on the side of the tutor, by the keen humour of the boy. While the royal pupil held his master in equal reverence and affection, the gayety of his temper sometimes twitched the equability or the gravity of the preceptor. When Newton, wishing to set an example to the prince in heroic exercises, one day practised the pike, and tossing it with such little skill as to have failed in the attempt, the young prince telling him of his failure, Newton obviously lost his temper, observing, that 'to find fault was an evil humour.' 'Master, I take the humour of you.' 'It becomes not a prince,' observed Newton. 'Then,' retorted the young prince, 'doth it worse become a prince's master?'—Some of these harmless bickerings are amusing. When his tutor, playing at shuffle board with the prince, blamed him for changing so often, and taking up a piece, threw it on the board, and missed his aim, the prince smilingly exclaimed, 'Well thrown, master;' on which the tutor, a little vexed, said 'he would not strive with a prince at shuffle board.' Henry observed, 'Yet you gownsmen should be best at such exercises, which are not meet for men who are more stirring.' The tutor, a little irritated, said, 'I am meet for whipping of boys.' 'You vaunt then,' retorted the prince, 'that which a ploughman or cart driver can do better than you.' 'I can do more,' said the tutor, 'for I can govern foolish children.' On which the prince, who, in his respect for his tutor, did not care to carry the jest further, rose from table, and in a low voice to those near him said, 'He had need be a wise man that could do that.'—Newton was sometimes severe in his chastisements; for when the prince was playing at goff, and having warned his tutor who was standing by in conversation, that he was going to strike the ball, and having lifted up the goff-club, some one observing, 'Beware, Sir, that you hit not Mr Newton?' the prince drew back the club, but smilingly observed, 'Had I done so, I had but paid my debts.'—At another time, when he was amusing himself with the sports of a child, his tutor wishing to draw him to more manly exercises, amongst other things, said to him in good humour, 'God send you a wise wife!' 'That she may govern you and me!' said the prince. The tutor observed, that 'he had one of his own;' the prince replied, 'But mine, if I have one, would govern your wife, and by that means would govern both you and me.'—Henry, at this early age, excelled in a quickness of reply, combined with reflection, which marks the precocity of his intellect. His tutor having laid a wager with the prince that he could not refrain from standing with his back to the fire, and seeing him forget himself once or twice, standing in that posture, the tutor said, 'Sir, the wager is won; you have failed twice;' 'Master,' replied Henry, 'Saint Peter's cock crew thrice.' A musician having played a voluntary in his presence, was requested to play the same again. 'I could not for the kingdom of Spain,' said the musician, 'for this were harder than for a preacher to repeat word by word a sermon that he had not learned by rote.' A clergyman standing by, observed that he thought a preacher might do that; 'Perhaps,' rejoined the young prince, 'for a bishoprick!'

The natural facetiousness of his temper appears frequently in the good humour with which the little prince was accustomed to treat his domestics. He had two of opposite characters, who were frequently set by the ears for the sake of the sport; the one, Murray, nick-named 'the tailor,' loved his liquor; and the other was a stout 'trencherman.' The king desired the prince to put an end to these brawls, and to make the men agree and that the agreement should be written and subscribed by both. 'Then,' said the prince, 'must the drunken tailor subscribe it with chalk, for he cannot write his name, and then I will make them agree upon this condition—that the trencherman shall go into the cellar and drink with Will Murray, and Will Murray shall make a great wallet for the trencherman to carry his victuals in.'—One of his servants having cut the prince's finger, and sucked out the blood with his mouth, that it might heal the more easily, the young prince, who expressed no displeasure at the accident, said to him pleasantly, 'If, which God forbid! my father, myself, and the rest of his kindred should fail, you might claim the crown, for you have now in you the blood royal.'—Our little prince once resolved on a hearty game of play, and for this purpose only admitted his young gentlemen, and excluded the men; it happened that an old servant, not aware of the injunction, entered the apartment, on which the prince told him he might play too; and when the prince was asked why he admitted this old man rather than the other men, he rejoined, 'Because he had a right to be of their number, for *Senex bis puer*.

Nor was Henry susceptible of gross flattery, for when once he wore white shoes, and one said he longed to kiss his foot, the prince said to the fawning courtier, 'Sir I am not the pope;' the other replied that he would not kiss the pope's foot, except it were to bite off his great toe. The prince gravely rejoined; 'At Rome you would be glad to kiss his foot, and forget the rest.'

It was then the mode, when the king or the prince travelled, to sleep with their suite at the house, of the nobility; and the loyalty and zeal of the host were usually displayed in the reception given to the royal guests. It happened that in one of these excursions the prince's servants complained that they had been obliged to go to bed supperless, through the pinching parsimony of the house, which the little prince at the time of hearing seemed to take no great notice of. The next morning the lady of the house coming to pay her respects to him she found him turning over a volume that had many pictures in it; one of which was a painting of a company sitting at a banquet: this he showed her. 'I invite you madam, to a feast.' 'To what feast?' she asked. 'To this feast,' said the boy. 'What, would your highness give me but a painted

feast?' Fixing his eye on her, he said, 'No better, madam, is found in this house.' There was a delicacy and greatness of spirit in this ingenious reprimand, far excelling the wit of a child.

According to this anecdote-writer, it appears that James I probably did not delight in the martial dispositions of his son, whose habits and opinions were, in all respects, forming themselves opposite to his own tranquil and literary character. The writer says that, 'his majesty, with the tokens of love to him, would sometimes interlace sharp speeches, and other demonstrations of fatherly severity.' Henry, who however lived, though he died early, to become a patron of ingenious men and a lover of genius, was himself at least as much enamoured of the pike as of the pen. The king, to rouse him to study, told him, that if he did not apply more diligently to his book, his brother duke Charles, who seemed already attached to study, would prove more able for government and for the cabinet; and that himself would be only fit for field exercises and military affairs. To his father, the little prince made no reply: but when his tutor one day reminded him of what his father had said, to stimulate our young prince to literary diligence, Henry asked, whether he thought his brother would prove so good a scholar? His tutor replied, that he was likely to prove so. 'Then,' rejoined our little prince will I make Charles archbishop of Canterbury.

Our Henry was devoutly pious and rigid in never permitting before him any licentious language or manners. It is well known that James I had a habit of swearing,—innocent expletives in conversation, which, in truth, only expressed the warmth of his feelings: but in that age, when Puritanism had already possessed half the nation, an oath was considered as nothing short of blasphemy. Henry once made a keen allusion to this verbal frailty of his father's; for when he was told that some hawks were to be sent to him, but it was thought that the king would intercept some of them, he replied 'He may do as he pleases, for he shall not be put to the oath for the matter.' The king once asking him what were the best verses he had learned in the first book of Virgil, Henry answered, These:

Rex erat Æneas nobis quo justior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis.

Such are a few of the puerile anecdotes of a prince who died in early youth, gleaned from a contemporary manuscript, by an eye and ear witness. They are trifles, but trifles consecrated by his name. They are genuine! and the philosopher knows how to value the indications of a great and heroic character. There are among them some, which may occasion an inattentive reader to forget that they are all the speeches and the actions of a child!

THE DIARY OF A MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.

Of court-etiquette, few are acquainted with its mysteries, and still fewer have lost themselves in its labyrinth of forms. Whence its origin? Perhaps from those grave and courtly Italians, who, in their petty pompous courts, made the whole business of their effeminate days consist in *punctillios;* and, wanting realities to keep themselves alive, affected the mere shadows of life and action, in a world of these mockeries of state. It suited well the genius of a people who boasted of elementary works, to teach how affronts were to be given, and how to be taken; and who had some reason to pride themselves in producing the Cortegiano of Castiglione, and the Galateo of Della Casa. They carried this refining temper into the most trivial circumstances, when a court was to be the theatre and monarchs and their representatives the actors. Precedence, and other honorary discriminations, establish the useful distinctions of ranks, and of individuals; but their minuter court forms, subtilised by Italian conceits, with an erudition of precedents, and a logic of nice distinctions, imparted a mock dignity of science to the solemn fopperies of a master of the ceremonies, who exhausted all the faculties of his soul on the equiponderance of the first place of inferior degree with the last of a superior; who turned into a political contest the placing of a chair and a stool; made a reception at the stairs'-head, or at the door, raise a clash between two rival nations; a visit out of time require a negotiation of three months; or an awkward invitation produce a sudden fit of sickness; while many a rising antagonist, in the formidable shapes of ambassadors, were ready to despatch a courier to their courts, for the omission or neglect, of a single *punctillio.* The pride of nations, in pacific times, has only these means to maintain their jealousy of power: yet should not the people be grateful to the sovereign who confines his campaigns to his drawing-room; whose field-marshal is a tripping master of the ceremonies; whose stratagems are only to save the inviolability of court-etiquette; and whose battles of peace are only for precedence?

When the Earls of Holland and Carlisle, our ambassadors extraordinary to the court of France in 1624, were at Paris, to treat of the marriage of Charles with Henrietta, and to join in a league against Spain, before they showed their propositions, they were desirous of ascertaining in what manner Cardinal Richelieu would receive them. The Marquis of Ville-aux-Clers was employed in this negotiation, which appeared at least as important as the marriage and the league. He brought for answer, that the cardinal would receive them as he did the ambassadors of the Emperor and the King of Spain; that he could not give them the right hand in his own house, because he never honoured in this way those ambassadors; but that, in reconducting them out of his room, he would go farther than he was accustomed to do, provided that they would permit him to cover this unusual proceeding with a pretext, that the others might not draw any consequences from it in their favour. Our ambassadors did not disapprove of this expedient, but they begged time to receive the instructions of his majesty. As this would create a considerable delay, they proposed another, which would set at rest, for the moment, the *punctillio.* They observed, that if the cardinal would feign himself sick, they would go to see him: on which the cardinal immediately went to bed, and an interview, so important to both nations, took place, and articles of great difficulty were discussed, by the cardinal's bedside! When the Nuncio Spada would have made the cardinal jealous of the pretensions of the English ambassadors, and reproached him with yielding his precedence to them, the cardinal denied this. 'I never go before them, it is true, but likewise I never accompany them; I wait for them only in the chamber of audience, either seated in the most honourable place, or standing, till the table is ready: I am always the first to speak, and the first to be seated; and besides I have never chosen to return their visit, which has made the Earl of Carlisle so outrageous.'*

Such was the ludicrous gravity of those court-etiquettes, or *punctillios,* combined with political consequences, of which I am now to exhibit a picture.

When James I ascended the throne of his united kingdoms, and promised himself and the world long halcyon days of peace, foreign princes, and a long train of ambassadors from every European power, resorted to the English court. The pacific monarch, in emulation of an office which already existed in the courts of Europe, created that of Master of the Ceremonies, after the mode of France, observes Roger Coke.† This was now found necessary to preserve the state, and allay the perpetual jealousies of the representatives of their sovereigns. The first officer was Sir Lewis Lewkner,‡ with an assistant, Sir John Finett, who, at length, succeeded him under Charles I, and seems to have been more amply blest with the genius of the place; his soul doated on the honour of the office; and in that age of peace and of ceremony, we may be astonished at the subtilty of his inventive shifts and contrivances, in quieting that school of angry and rigid boys whom he had under his care—the ambassadors of Europe!

Sir John Finett, like a man of genius, in office, and living too in an age of diaries, has not resisted the pleasant labour of perpetuating his own narrative.§ He has told every circumstance with a chronological exactitude, which passed in his province as master of the ceremonies; and when we consider that he was a busy actor amidst the

* La Vie de Card. Richelieu, anonymous, but written by J. Le Clerc, 1695, vol. I. p. 116—125.

† 'A Detection of the Court and State of England,' vol. I, 13.

‡ Stowe's Annals, p. 824.

§ I give the title of this rare volume, 'Finetti Philoxenis: Some choice observations of Sir John Finett, Knight, and master of the ceremonies to the two last kings; touching the reception and precedence, the treatment and audience, the punctillios and contests of foreign ambassadors in England. Legati ligant Mundum. 1656.' This very curious diary was published after the author's death, by his friend James Howell, the well-known writer; and Oldys, whose literary curiosity scarcely any thing in our domestic literature has escaped, has analysed the volume with his accustomed care. He mentions that there was a manuscript in being, more full than the one published: of which I have not been able to learn further.

British Librarian, p. 168.

whole diplomatic corps, we shall not be surprised by discovering, in this small volume of great curiosity, a vein of secret and authentic history; it throws a new light on many important events, in which the historians of the times are deficient, who had not the knowledge of this assiduous observer. But my present purpose is not to treat Sir John with all the ceremonious *punctillios*, of which he was himself the arbiter; nor to quote him on grave subjects, which future historians may well do.

This volume contains the ruptures of a morning, and the peace-makings of an evening; sometimes it tells of 'a *clash* between the Savoy and Florence ambassadors for precedence;'—now of '*questions* betwixt the Imperial and Venetian ambassadors, concerning *titles* and *visits*,' how they were to address one another, and who was to pay the first visit!—then 'the Frenchman takes *exceptions* about *placing*.' This historian of the levee now records, 'that the French ambassador gets ground of the Spanish;' but soon after, so eventful were these drawing room politics, that a day of festival has passed away in suspense, while a privy council has been hastily summoned, to inquire *why* the French ambassador had 'a defluction of rheum in his teeth, besides a fit of the ague,' although he hoped to be present at the same festival next year! or being invited to a mask, declared 'his stomach would not agree with cold meats:' 'thereby pointing' (shrewdly observes Sir John) 'at the invitation and presence of the Spanish ambassador, who, at the mask *the Christmas before*, had appeared in the first place.'

Sometimes we discover our master of the ceremonies disentangling himself, and the lord chamberlain, from the most provoking perplexities, by a clever and civil lie. Thus it happened, when the Muscovite ambassador would not yield precedence to the French nor Spaniard. On this occasion, Sir John, at his wits end, contrived an obscure situation, in which the Russ imagined he was highly honoured, as there he enjoyed a full sight of the king's face, though he could see nothing of the entertainment itself; while the other ambassadors were so kind as 'not to take exception,' not caring about the Russian, from the remoteness of his country, and the little interest that court then had in Europe! But Sir John displayed even a bolder invention when the Muscovite, at his reception at Whitehall, complained that only one lord was in waiting at the stairs-head, while no one had met him in the court-yard. Sir John assured him that in England it was considered a greater honour to be received by one lord than by two!

Sir John discovered all his acumen in the solemn investigation of 'Which was the upper end of the table?' Arguments and inferences were deduced from precedents quoted; but as precedents sometimes look contrary ways, this affair might still have remained *sub judice*, had not Sir John oracularly pronounced that 'in spite of the chimneys in England, where the best man sits is that end of the table.' Sir John, indeed, would often take the most enlarged view of things; as when the Spanish ambassador, after hunting with the king at Theobalds, dined with his majesty in the privy chamber, his son Don Antonio dined in the council chamber with some of the king's attendants. Don Antonio seated himself on a stool at the end of the table. 'One of the gentlemen ushers took exception at this, being, he said, irregular and unusual, that place being ever wont to be reserved *empty for state*!' In a word, no person in the world was ever to sit on that stool; but Sir John, holding a conference before he chose to disturb the Spanish grandee, finally determined that this was the *superstition* of a gentleman-usher, and it was therefore neglected. Thus Sir John could, at a critical moment, exert a more liberal spirit, and risk an empty stool against a little ease and quiet; which were no common occurrences with that martyr of state, a master of ceremonies!

But Sir John, to me he is so entertaining a personage that I do not care to get rid of him, had to overcome difficulties which stretched his fine genius on tenter hooks. Once, rarely did the like unlucky accident happen to the wary master of the ceremonies, did Sir John exceed the civility of his instructions, or rather his half-instructions. Being sent to invite the Dutch ambassador, and the States' commissioners, then a young and new government, to the ceremonies of St George's day, they inquired whether they should have the same respect paid to them as other ambassadors? The bland Sir John, out of the milkiness of his blood, said he doubted it not. As soon, however, as he returned to the lord chamberlain, he discovered, that he had been sought for up and down, to stop the invitation. The lord chamberlain said, Sir John had exceeded his commission, if he had invited the Dutchmen 'to stand in the closet of the queen's side; because the Spanish ambassador would never endure them *so near him, where there was but a thin wainscot board between, and a window which might be opened!*' Sir John said gently, he had done no otherwise than he had been desired; which, however, the lord chamberlain, in *part*, denied, (cautious and civil!) 'and I was not so unmannerly as to contend against, (supple, but uneasy!) This affair ended miserably for the poor Dutchmen. Those new republicans were then regarded with the most jealous contempt by all the ambassadors, and were just venturing on their first dancing steps, to move among crowned heads. The Dutch now resolved not to be present; declaring they had just received an *urgent invitation*, from the Earl of Exeter, to dine at Wimbledon. A piece of *supercherie* to save appearances; probably the happy contrivance of the combined geniuses of the lord chamberlain and the master of the ceremonies!

I will now exhibit some curious details from these archives of fantastical state, and paint a courtly world, where politics and civility seem to have been at perpetual variance.

When the Palatine arrived in England to marry Elizabeth, the only daughter of James the First, 'the feasting and jolity' of the court were interrupted by the discontent of the archduke's ambassador, of which these were the material points:

Sir John waited on him, to honour with his presence the solemnity on the second or third days, either to dinner or supper, or both.

The archduke's ambassador paused: with a troubled countenance inquiring whether the Spanish ambassador was invited? 'I answered, answerable to my instructions in case of such demand, that he was sick, and could not be there. He was yesterday, quoth he, so well, as that the offer might have very well been made him, and perhaps accepted.'

To this Sir John replied, that the French and Venetian ambassadors holding between them one course of correspondence, and the Spanish and the archduke's another, their invitations had been usually joint.

This the archduke's ambassador denied; and affirmed, that they had been separately invited to Masks, &c, but he had never;—that France had always yielded precedence to the archduke's predecessors, when they were but Dukes of Burgundy, of which he was ready to produce 'ancient proofs;' and that Venice was a mean republic, a sort of burghers, and a handful of territory, compared to his monarchical sovereign:—and to all this he added, that the Venetian bragged of the frequent favours he had received.

Sir John returns in great distress to the lord chamberlain and his majesty. A solemn declaration is drawn up, in which James I most gravely laments that the archduke's ambassador has taken this offence; but his majesty offers these most cogent arguments in his own favour: that the Venetian had announced to his majesty, that his republic had ordered his men new liveries on the occasion, an honour, he adds, not usual with princes—the Spanish ambassador, not finding himself well for the first day (because, by the way, he did not care to dispute precedence with the Frenchman,) his majesty conceiving that the solemnity of the marriage being one continued act through divers days, it admitted neither *prius* nor *posterius*: and then James proves too much, by boldly asserting, that the *last day* should be taken for the *greatest day!* As in other cases, for instance in that of Christmas, where Twelfth-day, the last day, is held as the greatest!

But the French and Venetian ambassadors, so envied by the Spanish and the archduke's, were themselves not less chary, and crustily fastidious. The insolent Frenchman first attempted to take precedence of the Prince of Wales; and the Venetian stood upon this point, that they should sit on chairs, though the prince had but a stool; and, particularly, that the carver should not stand before him! 'But,' adds Sir John, 'neither of them prevailed in their reasonless pretences.'

Nor was it peaceable even at the nuptial dinner, which closed with the following catastrophe of etiquette:

Sir John having ushered among the countesses the lady of the French ambassador, he left her to the ranging of the lord chamberlain, who ordered she should be placed at the

table next beneath the countesses and above the baronesses. But lo! 'The viscountess of Effingham standing to her *woman's right*, and possessed already of her proper place (as she called it,) would not remove lower, so *held the hand* of the ambassatrice, till after dinner, when the French ambassador, informed of the difference and opposition, called out for his wife's coach!' With great trouble, the French lady was persuaded to stay, the Countess of Kildare, and the Viscountess of Haddington, making no scruple of yielding their places. Sir John, unbending his gravity, facetiously adds, 'The Lady of Effingham, in the interim, forbearing (with rather too much than too little stomach) both her supper and her company.' This spoilt child of quality, tugging at the French ambassadress to keep her down, mortified to be seated at the side of the French woman that day, frowning and frowned on, and going supperless to bed, passed the wedding-day of the Palatine and Princess Elizabeth, like a cross girl on a form.

One of the most subtle of these men of *punctillio*, and the most troublesome, was the Venetian ambassador; for it was his particular aptitude to find fault, and pick out jealousies among all the others of his body.

On the marriage of the Earl of Somerset, the Venetian was invited to the mask, but not the dinner, as last year the reverse had occurred. The Frenchman, who drew always with the Venetian, at this moment chose to act by himself on the watch of precedence, jealous of the Spaniard newly arrived. When invited, he inquired if the Spanish ambassador was to be there? and humbly beseeched his majesty to be excused from indisposition. We shall now see Sir John put into the most lively action, by the subtle Venetian.

'I was scarcely back at court with the French ambassador's answer, when I was told, that a gentleman from the Venetian ambassador had been to seek me; who, having at last found me, said that his lord desired me, that if ever I would do him favour, I would take the pains to come to him instantly. I, winding the cause to be some new buzz gotten into his brain, from some intelligence he had from the French of that morning's proceeding, excused my present coming, that I might take further instructions from the lord chamberlain; wherewith as soon as I was sufficiently armed, I went to the Venetian.'

But the Venetian would not confer with Sir John, though he sent for him in such a hurry, except in presence of his own secretary. Then the Venetian desired Sir John to repeat the *words* of his *invitation*, and *those* also of his own *answer!* which poor Sir John actually did! For he adds, 'I yielded, but not without discovering my insatisfaction to be so peremptorily pressed on, as if he had meant to trip me.'

The Venetian having thus compelled Sir John to con over both invitation and answer, gravely complimented him on his correctness to a title! Yet still was the Venetian not in less trouble: and now he confessed that the king had given a formal invitation to the French ambassador,—and not to him!

This was a new stage in this important negotiation: it tried all the diplomatic sagacity of Sir John, to extract a discovery; and which was, that the Frenchman had, indeed, conveyed the intelligence secretly to the Venetian.

Sir John now acknowledged that he had suspected as much when he received the message, and not to be taken by surprise, he had come prepared with a long apology, ending for peace sake, with the same formal invitation for the Venetian. Now the Venetian insisted again that Sir John should deliver the invitation in the *same precise words* as it had been given to the Frenchman. Sir John, with his never-failing courtly docility, performed it to a syllable. Whether both parties during all those proceedings could avoid moving a risible muscle at one another, our grave authority records not.

The Venetian's final answer seemed now perfectly satisfactory, declaring he would not excuse his absence as the Frenchman had, on the most frivolous pretence; and further, he expressed his high satisfaction with last year's substantial testimony of the royal favour, in the public honours conferred on him, and regretted that the quiet of his majesty should be so frequently disturbed by these *punctillios*, about invitations, which so often 'over-thronged his guests at the feast.'

Sir John now imagined that all was happily concluded, and was retiring with the sweetness of a dove, and the quietness of a mouse, to fly to the lord chamberlain,—when behold the Venetian would not relinquish his hold, but turned on him 'with the reading of another scruple, *et hinc illæ lachrimæ!* asking whether the archduke's ambassador was also invited?' Poor Sir John, to keep himself clear 'from categorical asseverations,' declared 'he could not resolve him.' Then the Venetian observed, 'Sir John was dissembling! and he hoped and imagined that Sir John had in his instructions, that he was first to have gone to him (the Venetian,) and on his return to the archduke's ambassador.' Matters now threatened to be as irreconcilable as ever, for it seems the Venetian was standing on the point of precedency with the archduke's ambassador. The political Sir John, wishing to gratify the Venetian at no expense, adds, 'he thought it ill manners to mar a belief of an ambassador's making,'—and so allowed him to think that he had been invited before the archduke's ambassador!

This Venetian proved himself to be, to the great torment of Sir John, a stupendous genius in his own way; ever on the watch to be treated *al paro di teste coronate*—equal with crowned heads; and, when at a tilt, refused being placed among the ambassadors of Savoy and the States-general, &c, while the Spanish and French ambassadors were seated alone on the opposite side. The Venetian declared that this would be a diminution of his quality; *the first place of an inferior degree being ever held worse than the last of a superior.* This refined observation delighted Sir John, who dignifies it as an axiom, yet afterwards came to doubt it with a *sed de hoc quære*—query this! If it be true in politics, it is not so in common sense according to the proverbs of both nations; for the honest English declares, that 'Better be the *head* of the yeomanry than the *tail* of the gentry;' while the subtile Italian has it, '*E meglio esser testa di Luccio, che coda di Storione;*' better be the head of a pike than the tail of a sturgeon.' But before we quit Sir John, let us hear him in his own words, reasoning with that fine critical tact, which he undoubtedly possessed, on right and left hands, but reasoning with infinite modesty as well as genius. Hear this sage of *punctillios*, this philosopher of courtesies.

'The Axiom before delivered by the Venetian ambassador was *judged*, upon *discourse* I had with *some of understanding*, to be of value in a *distinct company*, but *might be otherwise in a joint assembly!*' And then Sir John, like a philosophical historian, explores some great public event —'As at the conclusion of the peace at Vervins (the only part of the peace he cared about,) the French and Spanish meeting, contended for precedence—who should sit at the right hand of the pope's *legate*; an expedient was found, of sending into France for the pope's *nuncio* residing there, who, seated at the right hand of the said *legate* (the legate himself sitting at the table's end,) the French ambassador being offered the choice of the next place, he took that at the legate's left hand, leaving the second at the right hand to the Spanish, who, taking it, persuaded himself to have the better of it; *sed de hoc quære.*' How modestly, yet how shrewdly insinuated!

So much, if not too much, of the Diary of a Master of the Ceremonies; where the important personages strangely contrast with the frivolity and foppery of their actions.

By this work it appears that all foreign ambassadors were entirely entertained, for their diet, lodgings, coaches, with all their train, at the cost of the English monarch, and on their departure received customary presents of considerable value; from 1000 to 5000 ounces of gilt plate; and in more cases than one, the meanest complaints were made by the ambassadors, about short allowances. That the foreign ambassadors in return made presents to the masters of the ceremonies, from thirty to fifty 'pieces,' or in plate or jewel; and some so grudgingly, that Sir John Finett often vents his indignation, and commemorates the indignity. As thus,—on one of the Spanish ambassadors-extraordinary waiting at Deal for three days, Sir John, 'expecting the wind with the patience of an *hungry entertainment* from a *close-handed ambassador*, as his *present to me* at his parting from Dover being but an old gilt livery pot, that had lost his fellow not worth above 12 pounds, accompanied with two pair of Spanish gloves to make it almost 13, to my shame and his.' When he left this scurvy ambassador-extraordinary to his fate aboard the ship, he exults that 'the cross-winds held him in the Downs almost a seven-night before they would blow him over.'

From this mode of receiving ambassadors, two inconveniences resulted; their perpetual jars of *punctillios*, and their singular intrigues to obtain precedence, which so

completely harrassed the patience of the most pacific sovereign, that James was compelled to make great alterations in his domestic comforts, and was perpetually embroiled in the most ridiculous contests. At length Charles I perceived the great charge of these embassies, ordinary and extraordinary, often on frivolous pretences; and with an empty treasury, and an uncomplying parliament, he grew less anxious for such ruinous honours.* He gave notice to foreign ambassadors, that he should not any more 'defray their diet, nor provide coaches for them, &c.' 'This frugal purpose' cost Sir John many altercations, who seems to view it, as the glory of the British monarch being on the wane. The unsettled state of Charles was appearing in 1636, by the querulous narrative of the master of the ceremonies; the etiquettes of the court were disturbed by the erratic course of its great star; and the master of the ceremonies was reduced to keep blank letters to superscribe, and address to any nobleman who was to be found, from the absence of the great officers of state. On this occasion the ambassador of the Duke of Mantova, who had long desired his parting audience, when the king objected to the unfitness of the place he was then in, replied, 'if it were under a tree, it should be to him as a palace.'

Yet although we smile at this science of etiquette and these rigid forms of ceremony, when they were altogether discarded, a great statesman lamented them, and found the inconvenience and mischief in the political consequences which followed their neglect. Charles II, who was no admirer of these regulated formalities of court-etiquette, seems to have broken up the pomp and pride of the former master of the ceremonies; and the grave and the great chancellor of human nature, as Warburton calls Clarendon, censured and felt all the inconveniences of this open intercourse of an ambassador with the king. Thus he observed in the case of the Spanish ambassador, who, he writes, 'took the advantage of the license of the court, where no rules of formalities were yet established (and to which the king himself was not enough enclined) but all doors open to all persons; which the ambassador finding, he made himself a domestic, came to the king at all hours, and spake to him when, and as long as he would without any ceremony, or *desiring an audience according to the old custom;* but came into the bed-chamber while the king was dressing himself, and mingled in all discourses with the same freedom he would use in his own. And from this never heard-of license, introduced by the *French* and the *Spaniard at this time without any dislike in the king, though not permitted in any court in Christendom*, many inconveniences and mischiefs broke in, which could never after be shut out.'†

DIARIES—MORAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

We converse with the absent by letters, and with ourselves by diaries; but vanity is more gratified by dedicating its time to the little labours which have a chance of immediate notice and may circulate from hand to hand, than by the honester pages of a volume reserved only for solitary contemplation; or to be a future relic of ourselves, when we shall no more hear of ourselves.

Marcus Antoninus's celebrated work entitled *Των εις εαυτον Of the things which concern himself*, would be a good definition of the use and purpose of a diary. Shaftesbury calls a diary, 'A Faultbook,' intended for self-correction; and a Colonel Hardwood in the reign of Charles I kept a diary, which, in the spirit of the times, he entitled 'Slips, Infirmities, and Passages of providence.' Such a diary is a moral instrument, should the writer exercise it on himself and on all around him. Men then wrote folios concerning themselves; and it sometimes happened, as proved by many that I have examined in manuscript, that often writing in retirement they would write when they had nothing to write.

Diaries must be out of date in a lounging age; although I have myself known several who have continued the practise with pleasure and utility. One of our old writers quaintly observes, that 'the ancients used to take their stomach-pill of self-examination every night. Some used little books, or tablets, which they tied at their girdles, in which they kept a memorial of what they did, against their night-reckoning.' We know that Titus, the delight of mankind as he has been called, kept a diary of all his actions, and when at night he found upon examination that he had performed nothing memorable, he would exclaim, '*Amici! diem perdidimus!*' Friends! we have lost a day!

Among our own countrymen, in times more favourable for a concentrated mind than in this age of scattered thoughts and of the fragments of genius, the custom long prevailed; and we their posterity are still reaping the benefit of their lonely hours, and diurnal records. It is always pleasing to recollect the name of Alfred, and we have deeply to regret the loss of a manuel which this monarch, so strict a manager of his time, yet found leisure to pursue; it would have interested us more even than his translations, which have come down to us. Alfred carried in his bosom memorandum leaves, in which he made collections from his studies, and took so much pleasure in the frequent examination of this journal, that he called it his *hand-book*, because, says Spelman, day and night he ever had it in hand with him. This manual, as my learned friend Mr Turner, in his elaborate and philosophical Life of Alfred, has shown by some curious extracts from Malmsbury, was the repository of his own occasional literary reflections. An association of ideas connects two other of our illustrious princes with Alfred.

Prince Henry, the son of James I, our English Marcellus, who was wept by all the Muses, and mourned by all the brave in Britain, devoted a great portion of his time to literary intercourse; and the finest geniuses of the age addressed their works to him, and wrote several at the princes's suggestion: Dallington, in the preface of his curious 'Aphorisms, Civil and Militare,' has described Prince Henry's domestic life: 'Myself,' says he, 'the unablest of many in that academy, for so was his family, had this *especial employment for his proper use*, which he pleased favourably to entertain, and *often to read over*.

The diary of Edward VI, written with his own hand, conveys a notion of that precocity of intellect, in that early educated prince, which would not suffer his infirm health to relax in his royal duties. This prince was solemnly struck with the feeling that he was not seated on a throne to be a trifler or a sensualist; and this simplicity of mind is very remarkable in the entries of his diary; where on one occasion, to remind himself of the causes of his secret proffer of friendship to aid the Emperor of Germany with men against the Turk, and to keep it at present secret from the French court, the young monarch inserts, 'this was done on intent to get some friends. The reasonings be in my desk.' So zealous was he to have before him a state of public affairs, that often in the middle of the month he recalls to mind passages which he had omitted in the beginning: what was done every day of moment, he retired into his study to set down. Even James II wrote with his own hand the daily occurrences of his times, his reflections and conjectures; and bequeathed us better materials for history than 'perhaps any sovereign prince has left behind him.' Adversity had schooled him into reflection, and softened into humanity a spirit of bigotry; and it is something in his favour, that after his abdication he collected his thoughts, and mortified himself by the penance of a diary. Could a Clive or a Cromwell have composed one? Neither of these men could suffer solitude and darkness; they started at their casual recollections!—what would they have done, had memory marshalled their crimes, and arranged them in the terrors of chronology?

When the national character retained more originality and individuality than our monotonous habits now admit, our later ancestors displayed a love of application, which was a source of happiness, quite lost to us. Till the middle of the last century, they were as great economists of their time, as of their estates; and life with them was not one hurried, yet tedious festival. Living more within

* Charles I, had, however adopted them, and long preserved the stateliness of his court with foreign powers, as appears by these extracts from manuscript letters of the time:

Mr. Mead writes to Sir M. Stuteville, July 25, 1629. 'His majesty was wont to answer the French ambassador in his own language; now he speaks in English, and by an interpreter. And so doth Sir Thomas Edmondes to the French king, contrary to the ancient custom: so that altho' of late we have not equalled them in arms, yet now we shall equal them in ceremonies.'

Oct. 31, 1628.

'This day fortnight the States' ambassador going to visit my lord treasurer about some business, whereas his lordship was wont always to bring them but to the stair's head, he then, after a great deal of courteous resistance on the ambassador's part, attended him through the hall and court-yard, even to the very boot of his coach.' Sloane MSS. 4178

† Clarendon's Life. vol. II, p. 160.

themselves, more separated, they were therefore more original in their prejudices, their principles, and in the constitution of their minds. They resided more on their estates, and the metropolis was usually resigned to the men of trade in their royal Exchange, and the preferment hunters among the back-stairs at Whitehall. Lord Clarendon tells us in his 'Life' that his grand-father in James the First's time had never been in London after the death of Elizabeth, though he lived thirty years afterwards; and his wife, to whom he had been married forty years, had never once visited the metropolis. On this fact he makes a curious observation; 'The wisdom and frugality of that time being such, that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journey, but upon important business, and their wives never; by which providence they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in their house, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbours.' This will appear a very coarse homespun happiness, and these must seem very gross virtues to our artificial feelings; yet this assuredly created a national character; made a patriot of every country gentleman; and, finally, produced in the civil wars some of the most sublime and original characters that ever acted a great part on the theatre of human life.

This was the age of Diaries! The head of almost every family formed one. Ridiculous people may have written ridiculous diaries, as Elias Ashmole's; but many of our greatest characters in public life have left such monuments of their diurnal labours.

These diaries were a substitute to every thinking man for our newspapers, magazines, and annual registers; but those who imagine that *these* are a substitute for the scenical and dramatic life of the diary of a man of genius, like Swift who wrote one, or even of a sensible observer, who lived amidst the scenes he describes, only show that they are better acquainted with the mere ephemeral and equivocal labours.

There is a curious passage in a letter of Sir Thomas Bodley, recommending to Sir Francis Bacon, then a young man on his travels, the mode by which he should make his life 'profitable to his country and his friends.' His expressions are remarkable. 'Let all these riches be treasured up, not only in your memory, where time may lessen your stock, but rather in *good writings* and *books of account*, which will keep them safe for your use hereafter.' By these *good writings* and *books of account*, he describes the diaries of a student and an observer; these 'good writings' will preserve what wear out in the memory, and these 'books of account' render to a man an account of himself to himself.

It was this solitary reflection and industry which assuredly contributed so largely to form the gigantic minds of the Seldons, the Camdens, the Cokes, and others of that vigorous age of genius. When Coke fell into disgrace, and retired into private life, the discarded statesman did not pule himself into a lethargy, but on the contrary seemed almost to rejoice that an opportunity was at length afforded him of indulging in studies more congenial to his feelings. Then he found leisure not only to revise his former writings, which were thirty volumes written with his own hand, but what most pleased him, he was enabled to write a manual, which he called *Vade Mecum*, and which contained a retrospective view of his life, since he noted in that volume the most remarkable occurrences which had happened to him. It is not probable that such a MS. could have been destroyed but by accident; and it might, perhaps, yet be recovered.

'The interest of the public was the business of Camden's life,' observes Bishop Gibson; and, indeed, this was the character of the men of that age. Camden kept a diary of all occurrences in the reign of James I; not that at his advanced age, and with his infirm health, he could ever imagine that he should make use of these materials: but he did this, inspired by the love of truth, and of that labour which delights in preparing its materials for posterity. Bishop Gibson has made an important observation on the nature of such a diary, which cannot be too often repeated to those who have the opportunities of forming one; and for them I transcribe it. 'Were this practised by persons of learning and curiosity, who have the opportunities of seeing into the public affairs of a kingdom, the short hints and strictures of this kind would often set things in a truer light than regular histories.'

A student of this class was Sir Symonds D'Ewes, an independent country gentleman, to whose zeal we owe the valuable journals of parliament in Elizabeth's reign, and who has left in manuscript a voluminous diary, from which may be drawn some curious matters. In the preface to his journals, he has presented a noble picture of his literary reveries, and the intended productions of his pen. They will animate the youthful student, and show the active genius of the gentlemen of that day; the present diarist observes, 'Having now finished these volumes, I have already entered upon other and greater labours, conceiving myself not to be born for myself alone,'

'Qui vivat sibi solus, homo nequit esse beatus,
Malo mori, nam sic vivere nolo mihi.'

He then gives a list of his intended historical works, and adds 'These I have proposed to myself to labour in, besides diverse others, smaller works: like him that shoots at the sun, not in hopes to reach it, but to shoot as high as possibly his strength, art, or skill, will permit. So though I know it impossible to finish all these during my short and uncertain life, having already entered into the thirtieth year of my age, and having many unavoidable cares of an estate and family, yet if I can finish a little in each kind, it may hereafter stir up some able judges to add an end to the whole:

'Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori.'

Richard Baxter, whose facility and diligence, it is said, produced one hundred and forty-five distinct works, wrote, he himself says, 'in the crowd of all my other employments.' Assuredly the one which may excite astonishment is his voluminous auto-biography, forming a folio of more than seven hundred closely-printed pages; a history which takes a considerable compass, from 1615 to 1648; whose writer pries into the very seed of events, and whose personal knowledge of the leading actors of his times throws a perpetual interest over his lengthened pages. Yet this was not written with a view of publication by himself; he still continued this work, till time and strength wore out the hand that could no longer hold the pen, and left it to the judgment of others, whether it should be given to the world.

These were private persons. It may excite our surprise to discover that our statesmen, and others engaged in active public life, occupied themselves with the same habitual attention to what was passing around them in the form of diaries, or their own memoirs, or in forming collections for future times, with no possible view but for posthumous utility. They seem to have been inspired by the most genuine passion of patriotism, and an awful love of posterity. What motive less powerful could induce many noblemen and gentlemen to transcribe volumes; to transmit to posterity authentic narratives, which would not even admit of contemporary notice; either because the facts were then well known to all, or of so secret a nature as to render them dangerous to be communicated to their own times. They sought neither fame nor interest; for many collections of this nature have come down to us without even the names of the scribes, which have been usually discovered by accidental circumstances. It may be said, that this toil was the pleasure of idle men:—the idlers then were of a distinct race from our own. There is scarcely a person of reputation among them, who has not left such laborious records of himself. I intend drawing up a list of such diaries and memoirs; which derive their importance from the diarists themselves. Even the women of this time partook of the same thoughtful dispositions. It appears that the Duchess of York, wife of James II, and the daughter of Clarendon drew up a narrative of his life; the celebrated Duchess of Newcastle has formed a dignified biography of her husband: Lady Fanshaw's Memoirs are partially known by some curious extracts; and recently Mrs Hutchinson's Memoirs of her Colonel delighted every curious reader.

Whitelocke's 'Memorials' is a diary full of important public matters; and the noble editor, the Earl of Anglesea, observes, that 'our author not only served the state, in several stations, both at home and in foreign countries, but likewise conversed with books, and made himself a large provision from his studies and contemplation, like that noble Roman Portius Cato, as described by Nepos. He was all along so much in business, one would not imagine he ever had leisure for books; yet, who considers his studies might believe he had been always shut up with his friend Selden, and the dust of action never fallen on his gown.' When Whitelocke was sent on an embassy to Swe-

den, he journalized it; it amounts to two bulky quartos, extremely curious. He has even left us a history of England.

Yet all is not told of Whitelocke; and we have deeply to regret the loss, or at least the concealment, of a work addressed to his family, which apparently would be still more interesting, as exhibiting his domestic habits and feelings; and affording a model for those in public life, who had the spirit to imitate such greatness of mind, of which we have not many examples. Whitelocke had drawn up a great work, which he entitled '*Remembrances of the Labours of Whitelocke in the Annales of his Life, for the Instruction of his Children.*' To Dr Morton, the editor of Whitelocke's 'Journal of the Swedish Embassy,' we owe the notice of this work, and I shall transcribe his dignified feelings in regretting the want of these MSS. 'Such a work, and by such a father, is become the inheritance of every child, whose abilities and station in life may at any time hereafter call upon him to deliberate for his country—and for his family and person, as parts of the great whole; and I confess myself to be one of those who lament the suppression of that branch of the *Annales* which relates to the author himself in his *private capacity;* they would have afforded great pleasure, as well as instruction, to the world in their entire form. The first volume, containing the first twenty years of his life, may one day see the light; but the greatest part has hitherto escaped my inquiries.' This is all we know of a work of equal moral and philosophical curiosity. The preface, however, to these 'Remembrances' has been fortunately preserved, and it is an extraordinary production. In this it appears that Whitelocke himself owed the first idea of his own work to one left by his father, which existed in the family, and to which he repeatedly refers his children. He says, 'The memory and worth of your deceased grandfather deserves all honour and imitation, both from you and me; his LIBER FAMELICUS, his own story, written by himself, *will be left to you*, and was an encouragement and precedent to this larger work.' Here is a family picture quite new to us; the heads of the house are its historians, and these records of the heart were animated by examples and precepts, drawn from their own bosoms; and as Whitelocke feelingly expresses it, 'all is recommended to the perusal, and intended for the instruction of my own house, and almost in every page you will find a dedication to you, my dear children.'

The habit of laborious studies, and a zealous attention to the history of his own times, produced the Register and Chronicle of Bishop Kennett, 'containing matters of fact, delivered in the words of the most authentic papers and records, all daily entered and commented on:' it includes an account of all pamphlets as they appeared. This history, more valuable to us than to his own contemporaries, occupies two large folios; of which only one has been printed, a zealous labour, which could only have been carried on from a motive of pure patriotism. It is, however, but a small part of the diligence of the bishop, since his own manuscripts form a small library of themselves.

The malignant vengeance of Prynne in exposing the diary of Laud to the public eye lost all its purpose, for nothing appeared more favourable to Laud than this exposition of his private diary. We forget the harshness in the personal manners of Laud himself, and sympathize even with his errors, when we turn over the simple leaves of this diary, which obviously was not intended for any purpose but for his own private eye and collected meditations. There his whole heart is laid open; his errors are not concealed, and the purity of his intentions is established. Laud, who had too haughtily blended the prime minister with the archbishop, still, from conscientious motives, in the hurry of public duties, and in the pomp of public honours, could steal aside into solitude, to account to God and himself for every day, and 'the evil thereof.'

The diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon, who inherited the industry of his father, has partly escaped destruction; it presents us with a picture of the manners of the age; from whence, says Bishop Douglas, we may learn that at the close of the last century, a man of the first quality made it his constant practice to pass his time without shaking his arm at a gaming table, associating with jockies at Newmarket, or murdering time by a constant round of giddy dissipation, if not of criminal indulgence. Diaries were not uncommon in the last age: Lord Anglesey, who made so great a figure in the reign of Charles II, left one behind him; and one said to have been written by the Duke of Shrewsbury still exists.

But the most admirable example is Lord Clarendon's History of his own 'Life,' or rather of the court, and every event and person passing before him. In this moving scene he copies nature with freedom, and has exquisitely touched the individual character. There that great statesman opens the most concealed transactions, and traces the views of the most opposite dispositions; and though engaged, when in exile, in furthering the royal intercourse with the loyalists, and when, on the restoration, conducting the difficult affairs of a great nation, a careless monarch, and a dissipated court, yet besides his immortal history of the civil wars, 'the chancellor of human nature' passed his life in habitual reflection, and his pen in daily employment. Such was the admirable industry of our later ancestors; their diaries and their memoirs are its monuments!

James II is an illustrious instance of the admirable industry of our ancestors. With his own hand this prince wrote down the chief occurrences of his times, and often his instant reflections and conjectures. Perhaps no sovereign prince, said Macpherson, has been known to have left behind him better materials for history. We at length possess a considerable portion of his diary, which is that of a man of business and of honest intentions, containing many remarkable facts which had otherwise escaped from our historians.

The literary man has formed diaries purely of his studies, and the practice may be called *journalizing the mind*, in a summary of studies, and a register of loose hints and *sbozzos*, that sometimes happily occur; and like Ringelbergius, that enthusiast for study, whose animated exhortations to young students have been aptly compared to the sound of a trumpet in the field of battle, marked down every night, before going to sleep, what had been done during the studious day. Of this class of diaries, Gibbon has given us an illustrious model; and there is an unpublished quarto of the late Barré Roberts, a young student of genius, devoted to curious researches, which deserves to meet the public eye. I should like to see a little book published with this title, '*Otium delitiosum in quo objecta vel in actione, vel in lectione, vel in visione ad singulos dies Anni* 1629 *observata representantur.*' This writer was a German, who boldly published for the course of one year, whatever he read or had seen every day in that year. As an experiment, if honestly performed, this might be curious to the philosophical observer; but to write down every thing, may end in something like nothing.

A great poetical contemporary of our own country does not think that even DREAMS should pass away unnoted; and he calls this register, his *Nocturnals*. His dreams are assuredly poetical; as Laud's, who journalized his, seems to have been made up of the affairs of state and religion; the personages are his patrons, his enemies, and others, his dreams are scenical and dramatic. Works of this nature are not designed for the public eye; they are domestic annals, to be guarded in the little archives of a family; they are offerings cast before our Lares.

> Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
> The forms our pencil or our pen design'd;
> Such was our youthful air, and shape and face,
> Such the soft image of our youthful mind.
>
> SHENSTONE.

LICENSERS OF THE PRESS.

In the history of literature, and perhaps in that of the human mind, the institution of the Licensers of the Press, and Censors of Books, was a bold invention, designed to counteract that of the Press itself; and even to convert this newly discovered instrument of human freedom into one which might serve to perpetuate that system of passive obedience, which had so long enabled modern Rome to dictate her laws to the universe. It was thought possible in the subtilty of Italian *Astuzia* and Spanish monachism, to place a sentinel on the very thoughts, as well as on the persons of authors; and in extreme cases, that books might be condemned to the flames, as well as heretics.

Of this institution, the beginnings are obscure, for it originated in caution and fear; but as the work betrays the workman, and the national physiognomy the native, it is evident that so inquisitorial an act could only have originated in the inquisition itself.* Feeble or partial attempts

* Dr. C. Symmons has denounced Sixtus IV, as 'the first who placed the press under the control of a state-inquisitor.' Life of Milton, p. 214. I am not acquainted with his authority, but as Sixtus IV, died as early as 1484, I suspect this writer meant Sixtus V, who was busy enough with this office. Mil-

might previously have existed, for we learn that the monks had a part of their libraries called the *inferno*, which was not the part which they least visited, for it contained, or hid, all the prohibited books which they could smuggle into it. But this inquisitorial power assumed its most formidable shape in the council of Trent, when some gloomy spirits from Rome and Madrid, where they are still governing, foresaw the revolution of this new age of books. The triple-crowned pontiff had in vain rolled the thunders of the Vaccican, to strike out of the hands of all men the volumes of Wickliffe, of Huss, and of Luther, and even menaced their eager readers with death. At this council Pius IV was presented with a catalogue of books of which they denounced that the perusal ought to be forbidden: his bull not only confirmed this list of the condemned, but added rules how books should be judged.* Subsequent popes enlarged these catalogues, and added to the rules, as the monstrous novelties started up. Inquisitors of books were appointed; at Rome they consisted of certain cardinals and 'the master of the holy palace;' and literary inquisitors were elected at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Naples, and for the Low Countries; they were watching the ubiquity of the human mind. These catalogues of prohibited books were called *Indexes;* and at Rome a body of these literary despots are still called 'the Congregation of the Index.' The simple *Index* is a list of condemned books never to be opened; but the *Expurgatory Index* indicates those only prohibited till they have undergone a purification. No book was to be allowed on any subject, or in any language, which contained a single position, an ambiguous sentence, even a word, which in the most distant sense, could be construed opposite to the doctrines of the supreme authority of this council of Trent; where it seems to have been enacted, that all men, literate and illiterate, prince and peasant, the Italian, the Spaniard, and the Netherlander should take the mint-stamp of their thoughts from the council of Trent, and millions of souls be struck off at one blow, out of the same used mould.

The sages who compiled these Indexes, indeed, long had reason to imagine that passive obedience was attached to the human character; and therefore they considered, that the publications of their adversaries required no other notice, than a convenient insertion in their Indexes. But the heretics diligently reprinted them with ample prefaces and useful annotations; Dr James, of Oxford, republished an Index with due animadversions. The parties made an opposite use of them; while the catholic crossed himself at every title, the heretic would purchase no book which had not been indexed. One of their portions exposed a list of those authors whose heads were condemned as well as their books; it was a catalogue of men of genius.

The results of these Indexes were somewhat curious. As they were formed in different countries, the opinions were often diametrically opposite to each other. The learned Arias Montanus, who was a chief inquisitor in the Netherlands, and concerned in the Antwerp Index, lived to see his own works placed in the Roman Index; while the inquisitor of Naples was so displeased with the Spanish Index, that he persisted to assert, that it had never been printed at Madrid! Men who began by insisting that all the world should not differ from their opinions, ended by not agreeing with themselves. A civil war raged among the Index-makers: and if one criminated, the other retaliated. If one discovered ten places necessary to be expurgated, another found thirty, and a third inclined to place the whole work in the condemned list. The inquisitors at length became so doubtful of their own opinions, that they sometimes expressed in their license for printing, that they 'tolerated the reading, after the book had been corrected by themselves, till such time as the work should be considered worthy of some further correction.' The expurgatory Indexes excited louder complaints than those which simply condemned books; because the purgers and castrators, as they were termed, or, as Milton calls them, 'the executioners of books,' by omitting, or interpolating passages, made an author say, or unsay, what the inquisitors chose: and their editions, after the death of the authors, were compared to the erasures or forgeries in records; for the books which an author leaves behind him, with his last corrections, are like his last will and testament, and the public are the legitimate heirs of an author's opinions.

The whole process of these expurgatory Indexes, that 'rakes through the entrails of many an old good author, with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb,' as Milton says, must inevitably draw off the life-blood, and leave an author a mere spectre! A book in Spain and Portugal passes through six or seven courts before it can be published, and is supposed to recommend itself by the information, that it is published with *all* the necessary privileges. They would sometimes keep works from publication till they had 'properly qualified them, *interem se calificam*,' which in one case is said to have occupied them during forty years. Authors of genius have taken fright at the gripe of 'the master of the holy palace,' or the lacerating scratches of the 'corrector general por su magestad.' At Madrid and Lisbon, and even at Rome, this licensing of books has confined most of their authors to the body of the good fathers themselves.

The Commentaries on the Luciad, by Faria de Souza, had occupied his zealous labours for twenty-five years, and were favourably received by the learned. But the commentator was brought before this tribunal of criticism and religion, as suspected of heretical opinions; when the accuser did not succeed before the inquisitors of Madrid, he carried the charge to that of Lisbon; an injunction was immediately issued to forbid the sale of the Commentaries, and it cost the commentator an elaborate defence, to demonstrate the catholicism of the poet and himself. The Commentators finally were released from perpetual imprisonment.

This system has prospered to admiration, in keeping them all down to a certain meanness of spirit, and happily preserved stationary and childish stupidity through the nation, on which so much depended.

Nani's History of Venice is allowed to be printed, because it contained *nothing against princes*. Princes then were either immaculate, or historians false. The History of Guicciardini is still scarred with the merciless wound of the papistic censor; and a curious account of the origin and increase of papal power was long wanting in the third and fourth book of his history. Velly's History of France would have been an admirable work, had it not been printed at Paris!

When the insertions in the Index were found of no other use than to bring the peccant volumes under the eyes of the curious, they employed the secular arm in burning them in public places. The history of these literary conflagrations has often been traced by writers of opposite parties; for the truth is, that both used them; zealots seem all formed of one material, whatever be their party. They had yet to learn, that burning was not confuting, and that these public fires were an advertisement by proclamation. The publisher of Erasmus's Colloquies intrigued to procure the burning of his book, which raised the sale to twenty-four thousand!

A curious literary anecdote has reached us of the times of Henry VIII. Tonstall, Bishop of London, whose extreme moderation, of which he was accused at the time, preferred burning books to that of authors, which was then getting into practice; to testify his abhorrence of Tindal's principles, who had printed a translation of the New Testament, a sealed book for the multitude, thought of purchasing all the copies of Tindal's translation, and annihilating them in the common flame. This occurred to him when passing through Antwerp in 1529, then a place of refuge for the Tindalists. He employed an English merchant there for this business, who happened to be a secret follower of Tindal, and acquainted him with the bishop's intention. Tindal was extremely glad to hear of the project, for he was desirous of printing a more correct edition of his version; but the first impression still hung on his hands, and he was too poor to make a new one; he furnished the English merchant with all his unsold copies,

lot, in his history of France, mentions that Philip II, had a catalogue printed of books prohibited by the Spanish inquisition; and Paul IV, the following year, 1559, ordered the holy office at Rome to publish a similar catalouge. Such was the origin of what was called the Index. However, we have an Index printed at Venice in 1543, Peignot's Livres condamnés, I, 256. The most ancient at the British Museum is one of Antwerp, 1570. The learned Dr James, the first chief librarian of the Bodleian, derives this institution from the council of Trent, held in 1542. See 'The Mystery of the Indices Expurgatorii,' p. 372. These Indexes appear to have been very hard to be obtained, for Dr James says, that the Index of Antwerp was discovered accidentally by Junius, who reprinted it; the Spanish and Portuguese was never known till we took Cadiz; and the Roman Index was procured with great trouble. p. 291.

* This bull is dated March 24, 1564.

which the bishop as eagerly bought, and had them all publicly burnt in Cheapside: which the people not only declared was 'a burning of the word of God,' but it so inflamed the desire of reading that volume, that the second edition was sought after at any price; and when one of the Tindalists, who was sent here to sell them, was promised by the lord chancellor in a private examination, that he should not suffer if he would reveal who encouraged and supported his party at Antwerp, the Tindalist immediately accepted the offer, and assured the lord chancellor that the greatest encouragement was from Tonstall, the Bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression, and enabled them to produce a second!

In the reign of Henry VIII, we seem to have burnt books on both sides; it was an age of unsettled opinions; in Edward's, the Catholic works were burnt; and Mary had her Pyramids of Protestant volumes; in Elizabeth's, political pamphlets fed the flames; and libels in the reign of James I, and his sons.

Such was this black dwarf of literature, generated by Italian craft and Spanish monkery, which, however, was fondly adopted as it crept in among all the nations of Europe. France cannot exactly fix on the era of her *Censeurs de Livres*;* and we ourselves, who gave it its death-blow, found the custom prevail without any authority from our statutes. The practice of licensing books was unquestionably derived from the inquisition, and was applied here first to books of religion. Britain long groaned under the leaden stamp of an *Imprimatur*,† and long witnessed men of genius either suffering the vigorous limbs of their productions to be shamefully mutilated in public, or voluntarily committing a literary suicide in their own manuscripts. Camden declared that he was not suffered to print all his Elizabeth, and sent those passages over to De Thou, the French historian, who printed his history faithfully two years after Camden's first edition, 1615.—The same happened to Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII, which has never been given according to the original. In the Poems of Lord Brooke, we find a lacuna of the first twenty pages: it was a poem on religion, cancelled by the order of Archbishop Laud. The Great Sir Matthew Hale ordered that none of his works should be printed after his death; as he apprehended, that, in the licensing of them, some things might be struck out or altered, which he had observed, not without some indignation, had been done to those of a learned friend; and he preferred bequeathing his uncorrupted mss to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, as their only guardians; hoping that they were a treasure worth keeping.‡ Contemporary authors have frequent allusions to such books, imperfect and mutilated at the caprice or the violence of a licenser.

The laws of England have never violated the freedom and the dignity of its press. 'There is no law to prevent the printing of any book in England, only a decree in the star-chamber,' said the learned Selden.§ Proclamations were occasionally issued against authors and books; and foreign works were, at times, prohibited. The freedom of the press was rather circumvented, than openly attacked, in the reign of Elizabeth; who dreaded those Roman Catholics who were at once disputing her right to the throne, and the religion of the state. Foreign publications, or 'books from any parts beyond the seas,' were therefore prohibited.‖ The press, however, was not free under the reign of a sovereign, whose high-toned feelings, and the exigencies of the times, rendered as despotic in *deeds*, as the pacific James was in *words*. Although the press had then no restrictions, an author was always at the mercy of the government. Elizabeth too had a keen scent after what she called treason, which she allowed to take in a large compass. She condemned one author (with his publisher) to have the hand cut off which wrote his book, and she hanged another.* It was Sir Francis Bacon, or his father, who once pleasantly turned aside the keen edge of her regal vindictiveness; for when Elizabeth was inquiring, whether an author, whose book she had given him to examine, was not guilty of treason? he replied, 'Not of treason, madam; but of robbery, if you please; for he has taken all that is worth noticing in him from Tacitus and Sallust.' With the fear of Elizabeth before his eyes, Holinshed castrated the volumes of his History. When Giles Fletcher, after his Russian embassy, congratulated himself with having escaped with his head, and on his return, wrote a book called 'The Russian Commonwealth,' describing its tyranny, Elizabeth forbad the publishing of the work. Our Russian merchants were frightened, for they petitioned the queen to suppress the work; the original petition with the offensive passages exists among the Lansdowne manuscripts. It is curious to contrast this fact with another better known, under the reign of William III; then the press had obtained its perfect freedom, and even the shadow of the sovereign could not pass between an author and his work. When the Danish ambassador complained to the king of the freedom which Lord Molesworth had exercised on his master's government, in his account of Denmark; and hinted that, if a Dane had done the same with the King of England, he would, on complaint, have taken the author's head off;—'That I cannot do,' replied the sovereign of a free people, 'but, if you please, I will tell him what you say, and he shall put it into the next edition of his book.' What an immense interval between the feelings of Elizabeth and William! with hardly a century betwixt them!

James I proclaimed Buchanan's history, and a political tract of his, at 'the Mercat Cross;' and every one was to bring his copy 'to be perusit and purgit of the offensive and extraordinare materis,' under a heavy penalty. Knox, whom Milton calls 'the Reformer of a Kingdom,' was also curtailed; and 'the sense of that great man shall, to all posterity, be lost for the fearfulness, or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser.'

The regular establishment of licencers of the press appeared under Charles I. It must be placed among the projects of Laud, and the king, I suspect, inclined to it; for, by a passage in a manuscript letter of the times, I find that when Charles printed his speech on the dissolution of the parliament, which excited such general discontent, some one printed Queen Elizabeth's last speech, as a companion-piece. This was presented to the king by his own printer John Bill, not from a political motive, but merely by way of complaint that another had printed without leave or license, that which, as the king's printer, he asserted was his own copy-right. Charles does not appear to have been pleased with the gift, and observed, 'You printers print anything.' Three gentlemen of the bed-chamber, continues the writer, standing by, commended Mr Bill very much, and prayed him to come oftener with such rarities to the king, because they might do some good.*

One of the consequences of this persecution of the press was the raising up of a new class of publishers, under the government of Charles I, those who became noted for, what was then called, 'unlawful and unlicensed books.' Sparkes,

* Peignot's Dict. des Livres condamnés, vol. I, p. 266.

† Oxford and Cambridge still grasp at this shadow of departed literary tyranny; they have their Licensers and their Imprimatura.

‡ Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale.

§ Sir Thomas Crew's Collection of the Proceedings of the Parliament, 1628, p. 71.

‖ The consequence of this prohibition was, that our own men of learning were at a loss to know what arms the enemies of England, and of her religion, were fabricating against us. This was absolutely necessary, which appears by a curious fact in Strype's Life of Whitgift: there we find a license for the importation of foreign books, granted to an Italian merchant, who was to collect abroad this sort of libels; but he was to deposit them with the archbishop and the privy council, &c. A few, no doubt, were obtained by the curious, Catholic or Protestant. Strype's Life of Whitgift, p. 268.

* The author, with his publisher, who had their right hands cut off, was John Stubbs of Lincoln's Inn, a hot-headed Puritan, whose sister was married to Thomas Cartwright, the head of that faction. This execution took place upon a scaffold, in the market-place at Westminster. After Stubbs had his right hand cut off, with his left he pulled off his hat, and cried, with a loud voice, 'God save the queen!' the multitude standing deeply silent, either out of horror at this new and unwonted kind of punishment, or else out of commiseration of the man, whose character was unblemished. Camden who was a witness to this transaction, has related it. The author, and the printer, and the publisher, were condemned to this barbarous punishment, on an act of Philip and Mary, against the authors and publishers of seditious writings. Some lawyers were honest enough to assert that the sentence was erroneous, for that act was only a temporary one, and died with Queen Mary; but, of these honest lawyers, one was sent to the Tower, and another was so sharply reprimanded, that he resigned his place as a judge in the common pleas. Other lawyers, as the lord chief justice, who fawned on the prerogative far more than than in the Stuart-reigns, asserted, that Queen Mary was a king; and that an act made by any king, unless repealed, must always exist, because the King of England never dies!

† A letter from J. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville, July 19, 1628. Sloane MSS. 4176.

the publisher of Prynne's 'Histriomastix,' was of this class I have already entered more particularly into this subject.* The Presbyterian party in Parliament, who thus found the press closed on them, vehemently cried out for its freedom; and it was imagined, that when they had ascended into power, the odious office of a licenser of the press would have been abolished; but these pretended friends of freedom, on the contrary, discovered themselves as tenderly alive to the office as the old government, and maintained it with the extremest rigour. Such is the political history of mankind.

The literary fate of Milton was remarkable; his genius was castrated alike by the monarchical and the republican government. The royal licenser expunged several passages from Milton's history, in which Milton had painted the superstition, the pride, and the cunning of the Saxon Monks, which the sagacious licenser applied to Charles II and the bishops; but Milton had before suffered as merciless a mutilation from his old friends the republicans; who suppressed a bold picture, taken from life, which he had introduced into his History of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines. Milton gave the unlicensed passages to the Earl of Anglesea, a literary nobleman, the editor of Whitelocke's Memorials; and the castrated passages, which could not be licensed in 1670, was received with peculiar interest when separately published in 1681.† 'If there be found in an author's book one sentence of a ventrous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting every low decrepid humour of their own, they will not pardon him their dash.'

This office seems to have lain dormant a short time under Cromwell, from the scruples of a conscientious licenser, who desired the council of state in 1649 for reasons given, to be discharged from that employment. This Mabot, the licenser, was evidently deeply touched by Milton's address for 'The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.' The office was, however, revived on the restoration of Charles II; and through the reign of James II the abuses of licensers were unquestionably not discouraged; their castrations of books reprinted appear to have been very artful; for in reprinting Gage's 'Survey of the West Indies,' which originally consisted of twenty-two chapters, in 1648 and 1657, with a dedication to Sir Thomas Fairfax,—in 1677, after expunging the passages in honour of Fairfax, the dedication is dexterously turned into a preface; and the twenty-second chapter being obnoxious for containing particulars of the artifices of 'the papaline,'‡ in converting the author, was entirely chopped away by the licenser's hatchet. The castrated chapter, as usual, was preserved afterwards separately. Literary despotism at least is short-sighted in its views, for the expedients it employs are certain of overturning themselves.

On this subject we must not omit noticing one of the noblest and most eloquent prose compositions of Milton; 'the Areopagitica: a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.' It is a work of love and inspiration, breathing the most enlarged spirit of literature; separating, at an awful distance from the multitude, that character 'who was born to study and to love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but, perhaps, for that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose PUBLISHED LABOURS advance the good of mankind.'

One part of this unparallelled effusion turns on 'the quality which ought to be in every licenser.' It will suit our new licensers of public opinion, a laborious corps well known, who constitute themselves without an act of star-chamber. I shall pick out but a few sentences, that I may add some little facts, casually preserved, of the ineptitude of such an officer.

'He who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in his censure. If he be of such worth as behoves him, there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journey-work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets. There is no book acceptable, unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, whereof three pages would not down at any time, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure.—What advantages is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an *Imprimatur?*—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising licenser? When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleasured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a Pupie with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.'

The reader may now follow the stream in the great original; I must, however, preserve one image of exquisite sarcasm.

'Debtors and delinquents walk about without a keeper; but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailor in their title; nor is it to the common people less than a reproach: for if we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vitious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion, as to be able to take nothing but through the glister-pipe of a licenser!'

The ignorance and stupidity of these censors were often, indeed, as remarkable as their exterminating spirit. The noble simile of Milton, of Satan with the rising-sun, in the first book of the Paradise Lost, had nearly occasioned the suppression of our national epic: it was supposed to contain a treasonable allusion. The tragedy of Arminius, by one Paterson, who was an amanuensis of the poet Thomson, was intended for representation, but the dramatic censor refused a license; as Edward and Eleanora was not permitted to be performed, being considered a party work, our sagacious state-critic imagined that Peterson's *own* play was in the same predicament by being in the same hand-writing! The French have retained many curious facts of the singular ineptitude of these censors. Malebranche said, that he could never obtain an approbation for his research after truth, because it was unintelligible to his censors; and, at length Mezeray, the historian, approved of it as a book of geometry. Latterly in France, it is said, that the greatest geniuses were obliged to submit their works to the critical understanding of persons who had formerly been low dependents on some man of quality, and who appear to have brought the same servility of mind to the examination of works of genius. There is something, which, on the principle of incongruity and contrast, becomes exquisitely ludicrous, in observing the works of men of genius allowed to be printed, and even commended by certain persons who have never printed their names but to their licenses. One of these gentlemen suppressed a work, because it contained principles of government, which appeared to him not conformable to the laws of Moses. Another said to a geometrician, 'I cannot permit the publication of your book: you dare to say, that between to given points, the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion? If your work appeared, I should make enemies of all those who find, by crooked ways, an easier admittance into court, than by a straight line. Consider their number! At this moment the censors in Austria appear singularly inept; for, not long ago, they con-

* See 'Calamities of Authors,' vol. II, p. 116.

† It is a quarto tract, entitled 'Mr. John Milton's Character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines in 1641; omitted in his other works, and never before printed, and very seasonable for these times. 1681.' It is inserted in the uncastrated edition of Milton's prose works in 1738. It is a retort on the Presbyterian Clement Walker's History of the Independents; and Warburton in his admirable characters of the historians of this period, alluding to Clement Walker, says, 'Milton was even with him in the fine and severe character he draws of the Presbyterian administration.'

‡ So Milton calls the Papists.

demned as heretical, two books; of which one, entitled '*Principes de la Trigonometrie*,' the censor would not allow to be printed, because the *Trinity*, which he imagined to be included in trigonometry, was not permitted to be discussed: and the other, on the '*Destruction of Insects*,' he insisted had a covert allusion to the *Jesuits*, who, he conceived, were thus malignantly designated.*

A curious literary anecdote has been recorded of the learned Richard Turion, who was a contributor. Compelled to insert in one of his works the qualifying opinions of the censor of the Sorbonne, he inserted them within crotchets. But a strange misfortune attended this contrivance. The printer, who was not let into the secret, printed the work without these essential marks; by which means the enraged author saw his own peculiar opinions overturned in the very work written to maintain them.

These appear trifling minutiæ; and yet, like a hair in a watch, which utterly destroys its progress, these little ineptiæ obliged writers to have recourse to foreign presses; compelled a Montesquieu to write with concealed ambiguity, and many to sign a recantation of principles which they could never change. The recantation of Selden, extorted from his hand on his suppressed 'Historie of Tithes,' humiliated a great mind; but it could not remove a particle from the masses of his learning, nor darken the luminous conviction of his reasonings; nor did it diminish the number of those who assented to his principles. Recantations usually prove the force of authority, rather than the change of opinion. When a Dr Pocklington was condemned to make a recantation, he hit the etymology of the word, while he caught at the spirit—he began thus: 'If *canto* be to sing, *recanto* is to sing again.' So that he rechanted his offending opinions, by repeating them in his *recantation*.

At the revolution in England, licenses for the press ceased; but its liberty did not commence till 1694, when every restraint was taken off by the firm and decisive tone of the commons. It was granted, says our philosophic Hume, 'to the great displeasure of the king and his ministers, who, seeing nowhere, in any government during present or past ages, any example of such unlimited freedom, doubted much of its salutary effects; and probably, thought that no books or writings would ever so much improve the general understanding of men, as to render it safe to entrust them with indulgence so easily abused.'

And the present moment verifies the prescient conjecture of the philosopher. Such is the licentiousness of our press, that some, not perhaps the most hostile to the cause of freedom, would not be averse to manacle authors once more with an Imprimatur. It will not be denied that Erasmus was a friend to the freedom of the press; yet he was so shocked at the licentiousness of Luther's pen, that there was a time when he considered it as necessary to restrain its liberty. It was then as now. Erasmus had, indeed, been miserably calumniated, and expected future libels. I am glad, however, to observe, that he afterwards, on a more impartial investigation, confessed that such a remedy was much more dangerous than the disease. To restrain the liberty of the press can only be the interest of the individual, never that of the public; one must be a patriot here: we must stand in the field with an unshielded breast, since the safety of the people is the supreme law. There were, in Milton's days, some who said of this institution, that, although the inventors were bad, the thing, for all that, might be good. 'This may be so,' replies the vehement advocate for 'unlicensed printing.' But as the commonwealths have existed through all ages, and have forborne to use it, he sees no necessity for the invention; and held it as a dangerous and suspicious fruit from the tree which bore it. The ages of the wisest commonwealths, Milton seems not to have recollected, were not diseased with the popular infection of publications issuing at all hours, and propagated with a celerity on which the ancients could not calculate. The learned Dr *James*, who has denounced the invention of the *Indexes*, confesses, however, that it was not unuseful when it restrained the publications of atheistic and immoral works. But it is our lot to bear with all the consequent evils, that we may preserve the good inviolate; since as the profound Hume has declared, 'The Liberty of Britain is gone for ever, when such attempts shall succeed.'

A constitutional sovereign will consider the freedom of the press as the sole organ of the feelings of the people. Calumniators he will leave to the fate of calumny; a fate similar to those, who, having over-charged their arms with the fellest intentions, find that the death which they intended for others, in bursting, only annihilates themselves.

* Peignot's Dict. des Livres condamnés, vol. I, 286.

OF ANAGRAMS AND ECHO VERSES.

The 'true' modern critics on our elder writers are apt to thunder their anathemas on innocent heads: little versed in the eras of our literature, and the fashions of our wit, popular criticism must submit to be guided by the literary historian.

Kippis condemns Sir Symonds D'Ewes for his admiration of two anagrams, expressive of the feelings of the times. It required the valour of Falstaff to attack extinct anagrams; and our pretended English Bayle thought himself secure, in pronouncing all anagramatists to be wanting in judgment and taste: yet, if this mechanical critic did not know something of the state and nature of anagrams in Sir Symonds's day, he was more deficient in that curiosity of literature, which his work required, than plain honest Sir Symonds in the taste and judgment of which he is so contemptuously deprived. The author who thus decides on the taste of another age by those of his own day, and whose knowledge of the national literature does not extend beyond his own century, is neither historian nor critic. The truth is, that Anagrams were then the fashionable amusements of the wittiest and the most learned.

Kippis says, and others have repeated, 'That Sir Symonds D'Ewes's judgment and taste, with regard to wit, were as contemptible as can well be imagined, will be evident from the following passage taken from his account of Carr Earl of Somerset and his wife: 'This discontent gave many satirical wits occasion to vent themselves into stingie [stinging] libels, in which they spared neither the persons nor families of that unfortunate pair. There came also two anagrams to my hands, *not unworthy to be owned by the rarist wits of this age*.' These were, one very descriptive of the lady; and the other, of an incident in which this infamous woman was so deeply criminated.

'FRANCES HOWARD,	THOMAS OVERBURIE,
Car finds a Whore,	*O! O! base Murther!*'

This sort of wit is not falser at least than the criticism which infers that D'Ewes's 'judgment and taste were as contemptible as can well be;' for he might have admired these anagrams, which, however, are not of the nicest construction, and yet not have been so destitute of those qualities of which he is so authoritatively divested.

Camden has a chapter in his 'Remains' on Anagrams, which he defines to be a dissolution of a (person's) name into its letters, as its elements; and a new connexion into words is formed by their transposition, if possible without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters: and the words must make a sentence applicable to the person named. The Anagram is complimentary or satirical; it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic.

Such difficult trifles it may be convenient at all times to discard; but, if ingenious minds can convert an Anagram into a means of exercising their ingenuity, the things themselves will necessarily become ingenious. No ingenuity can make an Acrostic ingenious; for this is nothing but a mechanical arrangement of the letters of a name, and yet this literary folly long prevailed in Europe.

As for Anagrams, if antiquity can consecrate some follies, they are of very ancient date. They were classed among the Hebrews, among the cabalistic sciences; they pretended to discover occult qualities in proper names; it was an oriental practice; and was caught by the Greeks. Plato had strange notions of the influence of *Anagrams* when drawn out of persons' names; and the later Platonists are full of the mysteries of the anagrammatic virtues of names. The chimerical associations of the character and qualities of a man with his name anagrammatised may often have instigated to the choice of a vocation, or otherwise affected his imagination.

Lycophon has left some on record: two on Ptolomeus Philadelphus, King of Egypt, and his Queen Arsinoe. The king's name was thus anagrammatised:

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ

Ἀπο μελιτος, MADE OF HONEY

and the queen's'

ΑΡΣΙΝΟΙΙ,

Ηρας τον. JUNO'S VIOLET.

Learning, which revived under Francis the First in

France, did not disdain to cultivate this small flower of wit. Dawcat had such a felicity in making these trifles, that many illustrious persons sent their names to him to be anagrammatised. Le Laboureur, the historian, was extremely pleased with the anagram made on the mistress of Charles IX of France. Her name was

Marie Touchet,
Je charme tout.

which is historically just.

In the assassin of Henry III,

Frere Jacques Clement,

they discovered

C'est l'enfer qui m'a cree.

I preserve a few specimens of some of our own anagrams. The mildness of the government of Elizabeth, contrasted with her intrepidity against the Iberians, is thus picked out of her title; she is made the English ewe-lamb, and the lioness of Spain.

Elizabetha Regina Angliæ,
Anglis Agna, Hiberiæ Lea.

The unhappy history of Mary Queen of Scots, the deprivation of her kingdom, and her violent death, were expressed in this Latin anagram:

Maria Steuarda Scotorum Regina.
Trusa vi Regnis, morte amara cado.

and in

Maria Stevarta.
Veritas Armata.

Another fanciful one on our James I, whose rightful claim to the British monarchy, as the descendant of the visionary Arthur, could only have satisfied genealogists of romance reading:

Charles James Steuart,
Claims Arthur's seat.

Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, considered himself fortunate when he found in the name of his sovereign, the strongest bond of affection to his service. In the dedication he rings loyal changes on the name of his liege, *James Stuart;* in which he finds *a just master!*

The anagram on Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, on the restoration of Charles II, included an important date in our history:

Georgius Monke, Dux de Aumarle,
Ego Regem reduxi Ano. Sa MDCLVV.

A slight reversing of the letters in a name produced a happy compliment: as in *Vernon* was found *Renoun:* and the celebrated Sir Thomas *Wiat* bore his own designation in his name, *a Wit.* Of the poet *Waller* the anagrammatist said,

'His brows need not with Lawrel to be bound,
Since in his name with Lawrel he is crown'd.

Randle Holmes, who has written a very extraordinary volume on heraldry, was complimented by an expressive anagram:

Lo, Men's Herald!

These anagrams were often devoted to the personal attachments of love or friendship. A friend delighted to twine his name with the name of his friend. *Crashawe*, the poet, had a literary intimate of the name of *Car*, who was his posthumous editor; and, in prefixing some elegiac lines, discovers that his late friend Crashawe was Car; for so the anagram of *Crashawe* runs: *He was Car.* On this quaint discovery, he has indulged all the tenderness of his recollections:

'Was Car then Crashawe, or was Crashawe Car?
Since both within one name combined are.
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car; 'tis Love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So Crashawe's still the same, &c.'

A happy anagram on a person's name might have a moral effect on the feelings: as there is reason to believe, that certain celebrated names have had some influence on the personal character. When one *Martha Nicolson* was found out to be *Soon calm in heart*, the anagram, in becoming familiar to her, might afford an opportune admonition. But, perhaps, the happiest of anagrams was that produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I were usually against the government, she was, at length, brought by them into the court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name

Eleanor Davies.
Reveal O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an L, and too little by an S; yet *Daniel* and *reveal* was in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the scriptures, to no purpose, she poising text against text:—one of the deans of the arches, says Heylin, shot her thorough and thorough with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver: he took a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram:

Dame Eleanor Davies.
Never so mad a Ladie!

The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state —and we hear no more of this prophetess!

Thus much have I written in favour of Sir Symonds D'Ewes's keen relish of 'a stingie anagram;' and on the error of those literary historians, who do not enter into the spirit of the age they are writing on.

We find in the Scribleriad, the Anagrams appearing in the land of false wit:

'But with still more disorder'd march advance,
(Nor march it seem'd, but wild fantastic dance,
The uncouth Anagrams, distorted train,
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain.'

C. II, 161

The fine humour of Addison was never more playful than in his account of that anagrammatist, who, after shutting himself up for half a year, and having taken certain liberties with the name of his mistress, discovered, on presenting his anagram, that he had mis-spelt her surname; by which he was so thunderstruck with his misfortune, that in a little time after he lost his senses, which, indeed, had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

One Frenzelius, a German, prided himself on perpetuating the name of every person of eminence who died by an anagram; but by the description of the bodily pain he suffered on these occasions, when he shut himself up for those rash attempts, he seems to have shared in the dying pangs of the mortals whom he so painfully celebrated. Others appear to have practiced this art with more facility. A French poet, deeply in love, in one day sent his mistress, whose name was *Magdelaine*, three dozen of anagrams on her single name!

Even old Camden, who lived in the golden age of anagrams, notices the *difficilia quæ pulchra*, the charming difficulty, 'as a whetstone of patience to them that shall practise it. For some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, tear their paper, when the names were fair for somewhat, and caught nothing therein.' Such was the troubled happiness of an anagrammatist: yet, adds our venerable author, notwithstanding 'the sour sort of critics, good anagrams yield a delightful comfort, and pleasant motion in honest minds.'

When the mania of making Anagrams prevailed, the little persons at court flattered the great ones by inventing anagrams for them; and when the wit of the maker proved to be as barren as the letters of the name, they dropped or changed them, raving with the alphabet and racking their wits. Among the manuscripts of the grave Sir Julius Cæsar, one cannot but smile at a bundle emphatically endorsed 'Trash.' It is a collection of these court anagrams; a remarkable evidence of that ineptitude to which mere fashionable wit can carry the frivolous.

In consigning this intellectual exercise to oblivion, we must not confound the miserable and the happy together. A man of genius would not consume an hour in extracting even a fortunate anagram from a name, although on an extraordinary person or occasion its appositeness might be worth an epigram. Much of its merit will arise from the association of ideas; a trifler can only produce what is trifling, but an elegant mind may delight by some elegant

allusion, and a satirical one by its causticity. We have some recent ones, which will not easily be forgotten.

A similar contrivance, that of Echo Verses, may here be noticed. I have given a specimen of these in a modern French writer, whose sportive pen has thrown out so much wit and humour in his Echoes.* Nothing ought to be contemned which, in the hands of a man of genius, is converted into a medium of his talents. No verses have been considered more contemptible than these, which, with all their kindred, have been anathematized by Butler, in his exquisite character of 'a small poet,' in his 'Remains,' whom he describes as 'tumbling through the hoop of an anagram' and 'all those gambols of wit.' The philosophical critic will be more tolerant than was the orthodox church of wit in that day, which was, indeed, alarmed at the fantastical heresies which were then prevailing. I say not a word in favour of unmeaning Acrostics; but Anagrams and Echo Verses may be shown capable of reflecting the ingenuity of their makers. I preserve a copy of Echo Verses, which exhibit a curious picture of the state of our religious fanatics, the Roundheads of Charles I, as an evidence, that in the hands of a wit, even such things can be converted into the instruments of wit.

At the end of a comedy presented at the entertainment of the prince, by the scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, in March 1641, printed for James Calvin, 1642, the author, Francis Cole, holds in a print a paper in one hand, and a round hat in another. At the end of all is this humorous little poem.

THE ECCHO!

New Eccho, on what's religion grounded?
Round-head!
Whose its professor most considerable?
Rabble!
How do these prove themselves to be the godly?
Oddly!
But they in life are known to be the holy.
O lie!
Who are these preachers, men or women-common?
Common!
Come they from any universitie?
Citie!
Do they not learning from their doctrine sever?
Ever!
Yet they pretend that they do edifie;
O fie!
What do you call it then, to fructify?
Ay
What Church have they, and what pulpits?
Pits!
But now in chambers the Conventicle;
Tickle!
The godly sisters shrewdly are belied.
Bellied!
The godly number then will soon transcend.
End!
As for the temples they with zeal embrace them.
Rase them!
What do they make of bishop's hierarchy?
Archie!†
Are crosses, images, ornaments their scandall?
All!
Nor will they leave us many ceremonies,
Monies!
Must even religion down for satisfaction.
Faction.
How stand they affected to the government civil?
Evil!
But to the king they say they are most loyal.
Lye all.
Then God keep King and State from these same men.
Amen!

ORTHOGRAPHY OF PROPER NAMES.

We are often perplexed to decide how the names of some of our eminent men ought to be written; and we find that they are even now written diversely. The truth is that our orthography was so long unsettled among us, that it appears by various documents of the times which I have seen, that persons were at a loss how to write their own names, and most certainly have written them variously. I have sometimes suspected that estates may have been lost, and descents confounded, by such uncertain and disagreeing signatures of the same person. In a late suit respecting the Duchess of Norfolk's estate, one of the ancestors has his name printed *Higden*, while in the genealogy it appears *Hichden*. I think I have seen Ben *Jonson's* name written by himself with an *h*; and *Dryden* made use of an *i*. I have seen an injunction to printers with the sign manual of Charles II, not to print Samuel *Butler* esquire's book or poem called Hudibras without his consent: but I do not know whether Butler thus wrote his name. As late as in 1660 a Dr *Croone* was at such a loss to have his name pronounced rightly, that he tried six different ways of writing it, as appears by printed books; Cron, Croon, Crown, Crone, Croone, and Crowne; all which appear under his own hand, as he wrote it differently at different periods of his life. In the subscription book of the Royal Society he writes *W. Croone*, but in his will at the Commons he signs *W. Crone*. *Ray* the naturalist informs us in his letters, p. 72, that he first wrote his name *Wray*, but afterwards omitted the *W*. Dr *Whitby*, in books published by himself, writes his name sometimes *Whitsby*. And among the Harleian Manuscripts there is a large collection of letters, to which I have often referred; written between 1620 and 1630 by Joseph *Mead:* and yet in all his printed letters, and his works, even within that period, it is spelt *Mede:* by which signature we recognize the name of a learned man better known to us: it was long before I discovered the letter writer to have been this scholar. Oldys, in some curious manuscript memoirs of his family, has traced the family name through a great variety of changes, and sometimes it is at such variance, that the person indicated will not always appear to have belonged to the family. We saw recently an advertisement in the newspapers offering five thousand pounds to prove a marriage in the family of the Knevetts, which occurred about 1633. What most disconcerts the inquirers is their discovery that the family name was written in six or seven different ways; a circumstance which I have no doubt will be found in most family names in England. Fuller mentions that the name of *Villers* was spelt *fourteen* different ways in the deeds of that family.

I shall illustrate this subject by the history of the names of two of our most illustrious countrymen, Shakspeare and Rawleigh.

We all remember the day, when a violent literary controversy was opened, nor is it yet closed, respecting the spelling of our poet's name. One great editor persisted in his triumphant discovery, by printing *Shakspere*, while another would only partially yield, *Shakspeare;* but all parties seemed willing to drop the usual and natural derivation of his name, in which we are surely warranted from a passage in a contemporary writer, who alludes by the name to a conceit of his own, of the *martial* spirit of the poet. The truth seems to be, then, that personal names were written by the ear, since the persons themselves did not attend to the accurate writing of their own names, which they changed sometimes capriciously and sometimes with anxious nicety. Our great poet's name appears *Shakspere* in the register of Stratford church; it is *Shackspeare* in the body of his will, but that very instrument is indorsed Mr *Shackspere's* will. He himself has written his name in two different ways, *Shakspeare* and *Shakspere*. Mr Colmon says, the poet's name in his own county is pronounced with the first *a* short, which accounts for this mode of writing the name, and proves that the orthoepy rather than the orthography of a person's name was most attended to; a very questionable and uncertain standard.

Another remarkable instance of this sort is the name of Sir Walter *Rawley*, which I am myself uncertain how to write; although I have discovered a fact which proves how it should be pronounced.

Rawley's name was spelt by himself and by his contemporaries in all sorts of ways. We find it Ralegh, Raleigh, Rawleigh, Raweley, and Rawly; the last of which at least preserves it pronunciation. This great man, when young, appears to have subscribed his name 'Walter *Raweley* of the Middle Temple' to a copy of verses, printed among others prefixed to a satire called the Steel-glass, in George Gascoigne's Works, 1576. Sir Walter was then a young student, and these verses both by their spirit and signature cannot fail to be his; however this matter is doubtful, for the critics have not met elsewhere with his name thus written. The orthoepy of the name of this great man I can establish by the following fact. When

* See p. 79.

† An allusion probably to Archibald Armstrong, the fool or privileged jester of Charles I, usually called Archy, who had a quarrel with Archbishop Laud, and of whom many arch things are on record; there is a little jest-book very high-priced and of little worth which bears the title of Archee's Jests

Sir Walter was first introduced to James I on the king's arrival in England, with whom, being united with an opposition party, he was no favourite; the Scottish monarch gave him this broad reception: 'Rawly! Rawly! true enough, for I think of thee very *Rawly*, mon!' There is also an enigma contained in a distich written by a lady of the times, which preserves the real pronunciation of the name of this extraordinary man.

'What's bad for the stomach, and the word of dishonour,
Is the name of the man, whom the king will not honour.'

Thus our ancient personal names were written down by the ear, at a period when we had no settled orthography; and even at a later period, not distant from our own times, some persons, it might be shown, have been equally puzzled how to write their names; witness the Thomsons, Thompsons; the Wartons, the Whartons, &c.

NAMES OF OUR STREETS.

Lord Orford has, in one of his letters, projected a curious work to be written in a walk through the streets of the metropolis, similar to a French work entitled 'Anecdotes des Rues de Paris.' I know of no such work, and suspect the vivacious writer alluded in his mind to Saint Foix's 'Essais historiques sur Paris,' a very entertaining work, of which the plan is that projected by his lordship. We have had Pennant's 'London,' a work of this description; but, on the whole, this is a superficial performance, as it regards manners, characters, and events. That antiquary skimmed every thing, and grasped scarcely any thing: he wanted the patience of research, and the keen spirit which revivifies the past. Should Lord Orford's project be carried into execution, or rather, should Pennant be hereafter improved, it would be first necessary to obtain the original names, or their meanings, of our streets, free from the disguise in which time has concealed them. We shall otherwise lose many characters of persons, and many remarkable events, of which their original denominations would remind the historian of our streets.

I have noted down a few of these modern misnomers, that this future historian may be excited to discover more.

Mincing-lane was *Mincheon-lane*; from tenements pertaining to the Mincheons, or the nuns of St Helen's in Bishopsgate-street.

Gutter-lane, corrupted from *Guthurun's-lane*; from its first owner, a citizen of great trade.

Blackwall-hall was *Bakewell's-hall*, from one Thomas Bakewell; and originally called *Basing's-haugh*, from a considerable family of that name, whose arms were once seen on the ancient building, and whose name is still perpetuated in *Basing's-lane*.

Finch-lane was *Finke's-lane*, from a whole family of this name.

Thread-needle-street, was originally *Thrid-needle-street*, as Samuel Clarke dates it from his study there.

Billiter-lane is a corruption of *Belzetter's lane*; from the first builder or owner.

Crutched-friars was *Crowched* or *Crossed-friars*.

Lothbury was so named from the noise of founders at their work, and, as Howel pretends, this place was called *Lothbury* 'disdainedly.'

Garlick-hill was *Garlick-hithe*, or *hive*, where garlick was sold.

Fetter-lane has been erroneously supposed to have some connexion with the *fetters* of criminals. It was in Charles the First's time written *Fewter-lane*, and is so in Howel's Londinopolis, who explains it as *Fewters* (or idle people) lying there as in a way leading to gardens. It was the haunt of these *Faitors*, or 'mighty beggars.' The *Faitour*, that is, a *defaytor*, or *defaulter*, became *Fewtor*, and in the rapid pronounciation, or conception, of names, *Fewtor* has ended in *Fetter-lane*.

Gracechurch-street, sometimes called *Gracious-street*, was originally *Grass-street*, from a herb-market there.

Fenchurch-street, from a fenny or moorish ground by a river-side.

Galley-key has preserved its name, but its origin may have been lost. Howel, in his 'Londinopolis,' says, 'here dwelt strangers called *Galley-men*, who brought wine, &c, in *Galleys*.

Greek-street, says Penant, 'I am sorry to degrade into *Grig-street*;' whether it alludes to the little vivacious eel, or to the merry character of its tenants, he does not resolve.

Bridewell was *St Bridget's well*, from one dedicated to Saint Bride or Bridget.

Marybone was *St Mary-on-the-Bourne*, corrupted to *Mary-bone*; as *Holborn* was *Old Bourne*, or the Old River; *Bourne* being the ancient English for *river*; hence the Scottish *Burn*.

Newington was *New-town*.

Maiden-lane was so called from an image of the virgin, which, in catholic days, had stood there, as Bagford writes to Hearne; and he says, that the frequent sign of the *Maiden-head* was derived from 'our Lady's-head.'

Lad-lane was originally *Lady's-lane*, from the same personage.

Rood-lane was so denominated from a Rood, or Jesus on the cross, there placed, which was held in great regard.

Piccadilly was named after a hall called *Piccadilla-hall*, a place of sale for *Piccadillies* or *Turn-overs*; a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about 1614. It has preserved its name uncorrupted: for Barnabe Rich, in his 'Honestie of the Age,' has this passage on 'the body-makers that do swarm through all parts, both of London and about London. The body is still pampered up in the very dropsy of excess. He that some fortie years sithens should have asked after a *Pickadilly*, I wonder who would have understood him; or could have told what a *Pickadilly* had been, either fish or flesh.'

Strype notices that in the liberties of Saint Catharine is a place called *Hangman's-gains*; the traders of *Hammes* and *Guynes*, in France, anciently resorted there; thence the strange corruption.

Smithfield is a corruption of *Smoothfield*: smith signifies smooth, from the Saxon *smeth*. An antiquarian friend had seen it described in a deed as *campus planus*, which confirms the original meaning. It is described in Fitz Stephen's account of London, written before the twelfth century, as a plain field, both in reality and name, where every Friday there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses, brought hither to be sold. Thither come to look or buy, a great number of earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts, proudly prancing. This ancient writer continues a minute description, and perhaps gives the earliest one of a horse-race in this country. It is remarkable that *Smithfield* should have continued as a market for cattle for more than six centuries with only the loss of its vowels.

This is sufficient to show how the names of our streets require either to be corrected or explained, by their historian. The French, among the numerous projects for the moral improvement of civilized man, had one, which, had it not been polluted by a horrid faction, might have been directed to a noble end. It was to name streets after eminent men. This would at least preserve them from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling, and of glory, to the rising genius of every age. With what excitement and delight may the young contemplatist, who first studies at Gray's Inn, be reminded of *Verulam*-buildings!

The names of streets will often be found connected with some singular event, or the character of some person. Not long ago, a Hebrew, who had a quarrel with his community, built a neighbourhood at Bethnal-green, and retained the subject of his anger in the name which the houses bear, of *Purim*-place. This may startle some theological antiquary at a remote period, who may idly lose himself in abstruse conjectures on the sanctity of a name, derived from a well known Hebrew festival: and, perhaps, colonize the spot with an ancient horde of Israelites.

SECRET HISTORY OF EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

It is an odd circumstance in literary research, that I am enabled to correct a story which was written about 1680. The Aubrey papers, recently published with singular faithfulness, retaining all their peculiarities, even to the grossest errors, were memoranda for the use of Anthony Wood's great work. But besides these, the Oxford antiquary had a very extensive literary correspondence, and it is known, that when speechless and dying, he evinced the fortitude to call in two friends to destroy a vast multitude of papers: about two bushels full were ordered for the fire, lighted for the occasion: and, 'as he was expiring he expressed both his knowledge and approbation of what was done, by throwing out his hands.' These two bushels full were not, however, all his papers; his more private ones he had ordered not to be opened for seven years.

I suspect also, that a great number of letters were not burnt on this occasion; for I have discovered a manuscript written about 1720 to 1730, and which, the writer tells us, consists of 'Excerpts out of Anthony Wood's papers.' It is closely written, and contains many curious facts not to be found elsewhere, as far as I have hitherto discovered. These papers of Anthony Wood probably still exist in the Ashmolean Museum: should they have perished, in that case this solitary manuscript will be the sole record of many interesting particulars not known to the public.

By these I correct a little story, which may be found in the Aubrey papers, Vol. III, 395. It is an account of one Nicholas Hill, a man of great learning, and in the high confidence of a remarkable and munificent Earl of Oxford, travelling with him abroad. I transcribe the printed Aubrey account.

'In his travels with his lord (I forget whether Italy or Germany, but I think the former,) a poor man begged him to give him a penny. "A penny!" said Mr Hill. "What do'st say to ten pounds?" "Ah! ten pounds," said the beggar: "that would make a man happy." N. Hill gave him immediately ten pounds, and putt it downe upon account. Item, *to a beggar ten pounds to make him happy!*—The point of this story has been marred in the telling: it was drawn up from the following one, which must have been the original. This extract was made from a letter by Aubrey to A. Wood, dated July 15, 1689. 'A poor man asked Mr Hill, his lordship's steward, once to give him sixpence, or a shilling, for an alms. "What dost say if I give thee ten pounds? "Ten pounds! *that would make a man of me!*" Hill gave it him, and put down in his account, "Item, 10*l* *for making a man*," which his lordship inquiring about for the oddness of the expression, not only allowed, but was pleased with it.'

This philosophical humourist was the steward of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, in the reign of Elizabeth. The peer was a person of elegant accomplishments; and Lord Orford, in his 'Noble Authors,' has given a higher character of him than perhaps he may deserve. He was of the highest rank, in great favour with the queen, and, to employ the style of the day, when all our fashions and our poetry were moulding themselves on the Italian model, he was the 'Mirrour of Tuscanismo;' and, in a word, this coxcombical peer, after a seven years' residence in Florence, returned highly 'Italianated.' The ludicrous motive of this peregrination is given in the present manuscript account. Haughty of his descent and his alliance, irritable with effeminate delicacy and personal vanity, a little circumstance, almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of absence from the court of England, ere it could be forgotten. Once making a low obeisance to the queen before the whole court, this stately and inflated peer suffered a mischance which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion—it was 'light as air!' But this accident so sensibly hurt his mawkish delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes on his royal mistress. He resolved from that day 'to be a banished man,' and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent in those years forty thousand pounds. On his return he presented the queen with embroidered gloves and perfumes, then for the first time introduced into England, as Stowe has noticed. Part of the new presents seem to have some reference to the earl's former mischance. The queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority states, that the masculine sense of Elizabeth could not abstain from congratulating the noble coxcomb; perceiving, she said, that at length my lord forgot the mentioning the little mischance of seven years ago!

The peer's munificence abroad was indeed the talk of Europe; but the secret motive of this was as wicked as hat of his travels had been ridiculous. This earl of Oxford had married the daughter of Lord Burleigh, and, when this great statesman would not consent to save the life of the Duke of Norfolk, the friend of this earl, he swore to revenge himself on the countess, out of hatred to his father-in-law. He not only forso k her, but studied every means to waste that great inheritance which had descended to him from his ancestors. Secret history often startles us with unexpected discoveries: the personal affectations of this earl induce him to quit a court, where he stood in the highest favour, to domesticate himself abroad; and a family pique was the motive of that splendid prodigality which, at Florence, could throw into shade the court of Tuscany itself.

ANCIENT COOKERY AND COOKS.

The memorable grand dinner given by the classical doctor in Peregrine Pickle has indisposed our tastes for the cookery of the ancients; but, since it is often 'the cooks who spoil the broth,' we cannot be sure but that even 'the black Lacedæmonian,' stirred by the spear of a Spartan, might have had a poignancy for him, which did not happen on that occasion.

Their cookery must have been superior to our humbler art, since they could find dainties in the tough membranous parts of the matrices of a sow, and the flesh of young hawks, and a young ass. The elder Pliny tells, that one man had studied the art of fattening snails with paste so successfully, that the shells of some of his snails would contain many quarts.* The same monstrous taste fed up those prodigious goose livers; a taste still prevailing in Italy. Swine were fattened with whey and figs; and even fish in their ponds were increased by such artificial means. Our prize oxen might astonish a Roman, as much as one of their crammed peacocks would ourselves. Gluttony produces monsters, and turns away from nature to feed on unwholesome meats. The flesh of young foxes about autumn, when they fed on grapes, is praised by Galen; and Hippocrates equals the flesh of puppies to that of birds. The humorous Dr King, who has touched on this subject, suspects that many of the Greek dishes appear charming from their mellifluous terminations, resounding with a *ploios* and *toios*.†

The numerous descriptions of ancient cookery which Athenæus has preserved indicate an unrivalled dexterity and refinement: and the ancients, indeed, appear to have raised the culinary art into a science, and dignified cooks into professors. They had writers who exhausted their erudition and ingenuity in verse and prose; while some were proud to immortalise their names by the invention of a poignant sauce, or a popular *gateau*. Apicius, a name immortalised, and now synonymous with a gorger, was the inventor of cakes called Apicians; and one Aristoxenes, after many unsuccessful combinations, at length hit on a peculiar manner of seasoning hams, thence called Aristoxenians. The name of a late nobleman among ourselves is thus invoked every day.

Of these *Eruditæ gulæ*, Archestratus, a culinary philosopher, composed an epic or didactic poem on good eating. His 'Gastrology' became the creed of the epicures, and its pathos appears to have made what is so expressively called 'their mouths water.' The idea has been recently successfully imitated by a French poet. Archestratus thus opens his subject:

> 'I write these precepts for immortal Greece,
> That round a table delicately spread,
> Or, three, or four, may sit in choice repast,
> Or five at most. Who otherwise shall dine,
> Are like a troop marauding for their prey.'

The elegant Romans declared, that a repast should not consist of less in number than the Graces, nor of more than the Muses. They had, however, a quaint proverb, which Alexander ab Alexandro has preserved, not favourable even to so large a dinner-party as nine; it turns on a play of words:

> 'Septem convivium, Novem convicium facere.'‡

An elegant Roman, meeting a friend, regretted he could not invite him to dinner, 'because my number is complete.'

When Archestratus acknowledges that some things are for the winter, and some for the summer, he consoles himself, that though we cannot have them at the same time, yet, at least, we may talk about them at all times.

This great genius seems to have travelled over land and seas that he might critically examine the things themselves, and improve, with new discoveries, the table-luxuries. He indicates the places for peculiar edibles, and exquisite potables; and promulgates his precepts with the zeal of a

* Nat. Hist. Lib. IX, 56.

† See his works, collected by Mr Nichols, vol. I, 139. I have no doubt, that Dr King's description of the Virtuoso Bentivoglio, with his 'bill of fare out of Athenæus,' suggested to Smollet his celebrated scene.

‡ Genial. Dierum, II, 283, Lug. 1673. The writer has collected in this chapter a variety of curious particulars on this subject.

sublime legislator, who is dictating a code designed to ameliorate the imperfect state of society.

A philosopher worthy to bear the title of cook, or a cook worthy to be a philosopher, according to the numerous curious passages scattered in Athenæus, was an extraordinary genius, endowed not merely with a natural aptitude, but with all acquired accomplishments. The philosophy, or the metaphysics, of cookery appears in the following passage:

'Know then, the Cook, a dinner that's bespoke
Aspiring to prepare, with prescient zeal
Should know the tastes and humours of the guests;
For if he drudges through the common work,
Thoughtless of manner, careless what the place
And seasons claim; and what the favouring hour
Auspicious to his genius may present,
Why, standing midst the multitude of men,
Call we this plodding fricasseer a Cook?
Oh differing far! and one is not the other!
We call indeed the general of an army
Him who is charged to lead it to the war;
But the true general is the man whose mind,
Mastering events, anticipates, combines;
Else is he but a leader to his men!
With our profession thus: the first who comes
May with a humble toil, or slice, or chop,
Prepare the ingredients, and around the fire
Obsequious, him I call a fricasseer!
But ah! the cook a brighter glory crowns!
Well skill'd is he to know the place, the hour,
Him who invites, and him who is invited,
What fish in season makes the market rich,
A choice delicious rarity! I know
That all, we always find; but always all,
Charms not the palate, critically fine.
Archestratus, in culinary lore
Deep for his time, in this more learned age,
Is wanting: and full oft he surely talks
Of what he never ate. Suspect his page,
Nor load thy genius with a barren precept.
Look not in books for what some idle sage
So idly raved; for cookery is an art
Comporting ill with rhetoric; 'tis an art
Still changing, and of momentary triumph!
Know on thyself thy genius must depend.
All books of cookery, all helps of art,
All critic learning, all commenting notes,
Are vain, if void of genius, thou wouldst cook!
The culinary sage thus spoke; his friend
Demands 'Where is the ideal cook thou paint'st?'
'Lo, I the man!' the savouring sage replied.
'Now be thine eyes the witness of my art!
This tunny dress, so odorous shall steam,
The spicy sweetness so shall steal thy sense,
That thou in a delicious reverie
Shalt slumber heavenly o'er the attic dish!'

In another passage a Master-Cook conceives himself to be a pupil of Epicurus, whose favourite but ambiguous axiom, that 'Voluptuousness is the sovereign good,' was interpreted by the *bon-vivans* of antiquity in the plain sense.

MASTER COOK.

Behold in me a pupil of the school
Of the sage Epicurus.

FRIEND.

Thou a sage!

MASTER COOK.

Ay! Epicurus too was sure a cook,
And knew the sovereign good. Nature his study,
While practice perfected his theory.
Divine philosophy alone can teach
The difference which the fish Glociscus* shows
In winter and in summer; how to learn
Which fish to choose, when set the Pleiades,
And at the solstice. 'Tis change of seasons
Which threats mankind, and shakes their changeful frame.
This dost thou comprehend? Know, what we use
In season, is most seasonably good!

FRIEND.

Most learned cook, who can observe these canons?

MASTER COOK.

And therefore phlegm and colics make a man
A most indecent guest. The aliment
Dress'd in my kitchen is true aliment;
Light of digestion easily it passes;
The chyle soft-blending from the juicy food
Repairs the solids.

FRIEND.

Ah! the chyle! the solids!
Thou new Democritus! thou sage of medicine!
Versed in the mysteries of the Iatric art!

MASTER COOK.

Now mark the blunders of our vulgar cooks!
See them prepare a dish of various fish,
Showering profuse the pounded Indian grain;
An overpowering vapour, gallimaufry!
A multitude confused of pothering odours!
But, know, the genius of the art consists
To make the nostrils feel each scent distinct;
And not in washing plates to free from smoke.
I never enter in my kitchen, I!
But sit apart, and in the cool direct;
Observant of what passes, scullions toil.

FRIEND.

What dost thou there?

MASTER COOK.

I guide the mighty whole;
Explore the causes, prophesy the dish.
'Tis thus I speak: 'Leave, leave that ponderous ham
Keep up the fire, and lively play the flame
Beneath those lobster-patties; patient here,
Fix'd as a statue, skim, incessant skim.
Steep well this small Glociscus in its sauce,
And boil that sea-dog in a cullender;
This eel requires more salt and majoram;
Roast well that piece of kid on either side
Equal; that sweetbread boil not over much.'
'Tis thus, my friend, I make the concert play

FRIEND.

O man of science! 'tis thy babble kills!

MASTER COOK.

And then no useless dish my table crowds,
Harmonious ranged, and consonantly just!

FRIEND.

Ha! what means this?

MASTER COOK.

Divinest music all;
As in a concert instruments resound,
My ordered dishes in their courses chime.
So Epicurus dictated the art
Of sweet voluptuousness, and ate in order,
Musing delighted o'er the sovereign good!
Let raving stoics in a labyrinth
Run after virtue; they shall find no end.
Thou, what is foreign to mankind, abjure!

FRIEND.

Right honest Cook! thou wak'st me from their dreams!

Another Cook informs us that he adapts his repasts to his personages.

I like to see the faces of my guests,
To feed them as their age and station claim.
My kitchen changes, as my guests inspire
The various spectacle; for lovers now,
Philosophers, and now for financiers.
If my young royster be a mettled spark,
Who melts an acre in a savoury dish
To charm his mistress, scuttle-fish and crabs,
And all the shelly-race, with mixture due
Of cordials filtered, exquisitely rich.
For such a host, my friend! expends much more
In oil than cotton; solely studying love!
To a philosopher, that animal
Voracious, solid ham and bulky feet;
But to the financier, with costly niceness,
Glociscus rare, or rarity more rare.
Insensible the palate of old age,
More difficult than the soft lips of youth
To move, I put much mustard in their dish;
With quickening sauces make their stupor keen,
And lash the lazy blood that creeps within.

Another genius, in tracing the art of Cookery, derives

* The commentators have not been able always to assign known names to the great variety of fish, particularly sea-fish, the ancients used, many of which we should revolt at. One of their dainties was a shell-fish, prickly like a hedge-hog, called Echinus. They ate the dog-fish, the star-fish, porpoises or sea-hogs, and even seals. In Dr Moffet's regimen of diet, an exceeding curious writer of the reign of Elizabeth, republished by Oldys, may be found an ample account of the 'sea-fish' used by the ancients. Whatever the Glociscus was, it seems to have been of great size, and a shell-fish, as we may infer from the following curious passage in Athenæus. A father, informed that his son is leading a dissolute life, enraged, remonstrates with his pedagogue;—'Knave! thou art the fault! hast thou ever known a philosopher yield himself so entirely to the pleasures thou tellest me of?' The pedagogue replies by a Yes! and that the sages of the portico are great drunkards, and none know better than they how to attack a Glociscus.

from it nothing less than the origin of society; and I think that some philosopher has defined Man to be 'a cooking animal.'

Cook.

The art of cookery drew us gently forth
From that ferocious light when void of faith
The Anthropophaginian ate his brother!
To cookery we owe well-ordered states,
Assembling men in dear society.
Wild was the earth, man feasting upon man,
When one of nobler sense and milder heart
First sacrificed an animal; the flesh
Was sweet; and man then ceased to feed on man!
And something of the rudeness of those times
The priest commemorates; for to this day,
He roasts the victim's entrails without salt.
In those dark times, beneath the earth lay hid
The precious salt, that gold of cookery!
But when its particles the palate thrill'd,
The source of seasonings, charm of cookery! came.
They served a paunch with rich ingredients stored;
And tender kid, within two covering plates,
Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved!
At length a miracle not yet perform'd,
They minced the meat which roll'd in herbage soft
Nor meat nor herbage seem'd, but to the eye
And to the taste, the counterfeited dish
Mimick'd some curious fish; invention rare!
Then every dish was season'd more and more,
Salted, or sour, or sweet, and mingled oft
Oatmeal and honey. To enjoy the meal
Men congregated in the populous towns,
And cities flourish'd, which we cooks adorn'd,
With all the pleasures of domestic life.

An arch-cook insinuates, that there remain only two 'pillars of the state,' besides himself, of the school of Sinon, one of the great masters of the condimenting art. Sinon, we are told, applied the elements of all the arts and sciences to this favourite one. Natural philosophy could produce a secret seasoning for a dish; and architecture the art of conducting the smoke out of a chimney; which, says he, if ungovernable, makes a great difference in the dressing. From the military science he derived a sublime idea of order; drilling the under-cooks, marshalling the kitchen, hastening one, and making another a sentinel.

We find however, that a portion of this divine art, one of the professors acknowledges to be vapouring and bragging!—a seasoning in this art, as well as in others. A cook ought never to come unaccompanied by all the pomp and parade of the kitchen: with a scurvy appearance, he will be turned away at sight; for all have eyes, but a few only understanding.

Another occult part of this profound mystery, besides vapouring, consisted, it seems, in filching. Such is the counsel of a patriarch to an apprentice! a precept which contains a truth for all ages of cookery.

'Carion! time well thy ambidextrous part
Nor always filch. It was but yesterday,
Blundering, they nearly caught thee in the fact;
None of thy balls had livers, and the guests,
In horror, pierced their airy emptiness.
Not even the brains were there, thou brainless hound!
If thou art hired among the middling class,
Who pay thee freely, be thou honourable!
But for this day, where now we go to cook
E'en cut the master's throat for all I care;
"A word to th' wise," and show thyself my scholar!
There thou mayst filch and revel, all may yield
Some secret profit to thy sharking hand.
'Tis an old miser gives a sordid dinner,
And weeps o'er every sparing dish at table;
Then if I do not find thou dost devour
All thou canst touch, e'en to the very coals,
I will disown thee! Lo! Old skin-flint comes;
In his dry eyes what parsimony stares!'

These cooks of the ancients, who appears to have been hired for a grand dinner, carried their art to the most whimsical profession. They were so dexterous as to be able to serve up a whole pig boiled on one side, and roasted on the other. The cook who performed this feat defies his guests to detect the place where the knife had separated the animal, or how it was contrived to stuff the belly with an olio, composed of thrushes and other birds, slices of the matrices of a sow, the yolk of eggs, the bellies of hens with their soft eggs, flavoured with a rich juice, and minced meats highly spiced. When this cook is entreated to explain this secret art, he solemnly swears by the manes of those who braved all the dangers of the Plain of Marathon, and combated at sea at Salamis, that he will not reveal the secret that year. But of an incident, so triumphant in the annals of the gastric art, our philosopher would not deprive posterity of the knowledge. The animal had been bled to death by a wound under the shoulder, whence, after a copious effusion, the master-cook extracted the entrails, washed them with wine, and hanging the animal by the feet, he crammed down the throat the stuffings already prepared. Then covering the half of the pig with a paste of barley thickened with wine and oil, he put it in a small oven, or on a heated table of brass, where it was gently roasted with all due care: when the skin was browned, he boiled the other side; and then taking away the barley paste, the pig was served up, at once boiled and roasted. These cooks with a vegetable could counterfeit the shape, and the taste of fish and flesh. The king of Bithynia, in some expedition against the Scythians, in the winter and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent longing for a small fish called *aphy*—a pilchard, a herring, or an anchovy. His cook cut a turnip to the perfect imitation of its shape; then fried in oil, salted, and well powdered with the grains of a dozen black poppies, his majesty's taste was so exquisitely deceived, that he praised the root to his guests as an excellent fish. This transmutation of vegetables into meat or fish is a province of the culinary art which we appear to have lost; yet these are *cibi innocentes*, compared with the things themselves. No people are such gorgers of mere animal food as our own; the art of preparing vegetables, pulse, and roots, is scarcely known in this country. This cheaper and healthful food should be introduced among the common people, who neglect them from not knowing how to dress them. The peasant, for want of this skill, treads underfoot the best meat in the world; and sometimes the best way of dressing it is least costly.

The gastric art must have reached to its last perfection, when we find that it had its history; and that they knew how to ascertain the era of a dish with a sort of chronological exactness. The philosophers of Athenæus at table dissert on every dish, and tell us of one called *mœta*, that there was a treatise composed on it; that it was first introduced at Athens, at the epocha of the Macedonian empire, but that it was undoubtedly a Thessalian invention; the most sumptuous people of all the Greeks. The *mœti* was a term at length applied to any dainty, of excessive delicacy, always served the last.

But, as no art has ever attained perfection without numerous admirers, and as it is the public which only can make such exquisite cooks, our curiosity may be excited to inquire, whether the patrons of the gastric art were as great enthusiasts as its professors?

We see they had writers who exhausted their genius on these professional topics; and books of cookery were much read: for a comic poet, quoted by Athenæus, exhibits a character exulting in having procured 'The new Kitchen of Philoxenus, which,' says he, 'I keep for myself to read in my solitude.' That these devotees to the culinary art undertook journeys to remote parts of the world, in quest of these discoveries, sufficient facts authenticate. England had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from about Sandwich. Juvenal* records, that Montanus was so well skilled in the science of good eating, that he could tell by the first bite, whether they were English or not. The well known Apicius poured into his stomach an immense fortune. He usually resided at Minturna, a town in Campania, where he ate shrimps at a high price: they were so large, that those of Smyrna, and the prawns of Alexandria, could not be compared with the shrimps of Minturna. However, this luckless epicure was informed, that the shrimps in Africa were more monstrous; and he embarks without losing a day. He encounters a great storm, and through imminent danger arrives at the shores of Africa. The fishermen bring him the largest for size their nets could furnish. Apicius shakes his head: 'Have you never any larger?' he inquires. The answer was not favourable to his hopes. Apicius rejects them, and fondly remembers the shrimps of his own Minturna. He orders his pilot to return to Italy, and leaves Africa with a look of contempt.

A fraternal genius was Philoxenus: he whose higher wish was to possess a crane's neck, that he might be the longer in savouring his dainties; and who appears to have invented some expedients which might answer, in some

* Sat. IV. 140.

degree, the purpose. This impudent epicure was so little attentive to the feelings of his brother-guests, that in the hot bath, he avowedly habituated himself to keep his hands in the scalding water; and even used to gargle his throat with it, that he might have less impediment in swallowing the hottest dishes. He bribed the cooks to serve up the repast smoking hot, that he might gloriously devour what he chose before any one else could venture to touch the dish. It seemed as if he had used his fingers to handle fire. 'He is an oven, not a man!' exclaimed a grumbling fellow-guest. Once having embarked for Ephesus, for the purpose of eating fish, his favourite food, he arrived at the market, and found all the stalls empty. There was a wedding in the town, and all the fish had been bespoken. He hastens to embrace the new married couple, and singing an epithalamium, the dithyrambic epicure enchanted the company. The bridegroom was delighted by the honour of the presence of such a poet, and earnestly requested he would come on the morrow. 'I will come, young friend, if there is no fish at the market!'—It was this Philoxenus who, at the table of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, having near him a small barbel, and observing a large one near the prince, took the little one, and held it to his ear. Dionysius inquired the reason. 'At present,' replied the ingenious epicure, 'I am so occupied by my Galatea' (a poem in honour of the mistress of the tyrant,) that I wished to inquire of this little fish, whether he could give me some information about Nereus; but he is silent, and I imagine that they have taken him up too young: I have no doubt that old one, opposite to you, would perfectly satisfy me.' Dionysius rewarded the pleasant conceit with the large barbel.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SATURNALIA.

The Stagirite discovered that our nature delights in imitation, and perhaps in nothing more than in representing personages, different from ourselves, in mockery of them; in fact, there is a passion for masquerade in human natnre. Children discover this propensity; and the populace, who are the children of society, through all ages have been humoured by their governors with festivals and recreations, which are made up of this malicious transformation of persons and things; and the humble orders of society have been privileged by the higher, to please themselves by burlesquing and ridiculing the great, at short seasons, as some consolation for the rest of the year.

The Saturnalia of the Romans is a remarkable instance of this characteristic of mankind. Macrobius could not trace the origin of this institution, and seems to derive it from the Grecians; so that it might have arisen in some rude period of antiquity, and among another people. The conjecture seems supported by a passage in Gibbon's Miscellanies,* who discovers traces of this institution among the more ancient nations; and Huet imagined that he saw in the jubilee of the Hebrews some similar usages. It is to be regretted that Gibbon does not afford us any new light on the cause in which originated the institution itself. The jubilee of the Hebrews was the solemn festival of an agricultural people but bears none of the ludicrous characteristics of the Roman Saturnalia.

It would have been satisfactory to have discovered the occasion of the inconceivable licentiousness which was thus sanctioned by the legislator,—this overturning of the principles of society, and this public ridicule of its laws, its customs, and its feelings. We are told, these festivals, dedicated to Saturn, were designed to represent the natural equality which prevailed in his golden age; and for this purpose the slaves were allowed to change places with the masters. This was, however, giving the people a false notion of the equality of men: for, while the slave was converted into the master, the pretended equality was as much violated as in the usual situation of the parties. The political misconception of this term of natural equality seems, however, to have been carried on through all ages; and the political Saturnalia had lately nearly thrown Europe into a state of that worse than slavery, where slaves are masters.

The Roman Saturnalia were latterly prolonged to a week's debauchery and folly; and a diary of that week's words and deeds would have furnished a copious chronicle of *Facetiæ* Some notions we acquire from the laws of the Saturnalia of Lucian, an Epistle of Seneca's,† and from Horace, who, from his love of quiet, retired from the city during this noisy season.

It was towards the close of December, that all the town was in an unusual motion, and the children every where invoking Saturn; nothing now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment; all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one-tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jolity. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purpose of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth, adapted to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the utmost freedom of raillery, and truth, with their masters:* sitting with them at table, dressed in their clothes, playing all sorts of tricks, telling them of their faults to their faces, while they smutted them. The slaves were imaginary kings, as indeed a lottery determined their rank; and as their masters attended them, whenever it happened that these performed their office clumsily, doubtless with some recollections of their own similar misdemeanors, the slave made the master leap into the water head-foremost. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Glasses of all sizes were to be ready, and all were to drink when and what they chose; none but the most skilful musicians and tumblers were allowed to perform, for those people are worth nothing unless exquisite, as the Saturnalian laws decreed. Dancing, singing, and shouting, and carrying a female musician thrice around on their shoulders, accompanied by every grotesque humour they imagined, were indulged in that short week, which was to repay the many in which the masters had their revenge for the reign of this pretended equality. Another custom prevailed at this season: the priests performed their sacrifices to Saturn bare-headed, which Pitiscus explains in the spirit of this extraordinary institution, as designed to show that time discovers, or as in the present case of the bare-headed priests, uncovers, all things.

Such was the Roman Saturnalia, the favourite popular recreation of Paganism; and as the sports and games of the people outlast the date of their empires, and are carried with them, however they may change their name and their place on the globe, the grosser pleasures of the Saturnalia were too well adapted to their tastes to be forgotten. The Saturnalia, therefore, long generated the most extraordinary institutions among the nations of modern Europe; and, what seems more extraordinary than the unknown origin of the parent absurdity itself, the Saturnalia crept into the services and offices of the christian church. Strange it is to observe at the altar, the rites of religion burlesqued, and all its offices performed with the utmost buffoonery. It is only by tracing them to the Roman Saturnalia, that we can at all account for these grotesque sports —that extraordinary mixture of libertinism and profaneness, so long continued under christianity.

Such were the feasts of the ass, the feast of fools or madmen, *fetes des fous*—the feast of the bull—of the innocent—and that of the *soudiacres*, which perhaps, in its original term, meant only sub-deacons, but their conduct was expressed by the conversion of a pun into *soudiacres* or *diacres saouls*, drunken deacons. Institutions of this nature, even more numerous than the historian has usually recorded, and varied in their mode, seem to surpass each other in their utter extravagance.†

These profane festivals were universally practised in the middle ages, and, as I shall show, comparatively even in modern times. The ignorant and the careless clergy then imagined it was the securest means to retain the populace, who were always inclined to these pagan revelries.

* Miscellaneous Works, vol. V, 504.

† Seneca, Epist. 18.

* Horace, in his dialogue with his slave Davus, exhibits a lively picture of this circumstance. Lib. II, Sat. 7.

† A large volume might be composed on these grotesque, profane, and licentious feasts. Du Cange notices several under different terms in his Glossary—Festum Asinorum, Kalendæ, Cervula. A curious collection has been made by the Abbé Artigny, in the fourth and seventh volumes of his Memoires d'Histoire, &c. Du Radier, in his Recreations Historiques, vol. I, p. 109, has noticed several writers on the subject, and preserves one on the hunting of a man, called Adam, from Ash-Wednesday to Holy-Thursday, and treating him with a good supper at night, peculiar to a town in Saxony. See Ancillon's Melange Critique, &c. I, 39, where the passage from Raphael de Volterra is found at length. In my learned friend, Mr Turner's second volume of his History of England, p. 367, will be found a copious and a curious note on this subject.

These grotesque festivals have sometimes amused the pens of foreign and domestic antiquaries; for our own country has participated as keenly in these irreligious foleries. In the feast of asses, an ass covered with sacerdotal robes was gravely conducted to the choir, where service was performed before the ass, and a hymn chanted in as discordant a manner as they could contrive; the office was a medley of all that had been sung in the course of the year; pails of water were flung at the head of the chanters; the ass was supplied with drink and provender at every division of the service; and the asinines were drinking, dancing, and braying for two days. The hymn to the ass has been preserved; each stanza ends with the burden 'Hez! Sire Ane, hez!' 'Huzza! Seignior Ass, Huzza!' On other occasions, they put burnt old shoes to fume in the censers; ran about the church leaping, singing, and dancing obscenely; scattering ordure among the audience; playing at dice upon the altar! while a *boy-bishop*, or a *pope of fools*, burlesqued the divine service. Sometimes they disguised themselves in the skins of animals, and pretending to be transformed into the animal they represented, it became dangerous, or worse, to meet these abandoned fools. There was a *precentor of fools*, who was shaved in public, during which he entertained the populace with all the balderdash his genius could invent. We had in Leicester, in 1415, what was called a *glutton mass*; during the five days of the festival of the Virgin Mary. The people rose early to mass, during which they practised eating and drinking with the most zealous velocity, and, as in France, drew from the corners of the altar the rich puddings placed there.

So late as in 1645, a pupil of Gassendi, writing to his master what he himself witnessed at Aix on the feast of the Innocence, says, 'I have seen, in some monasteries in this province, extravagances solemnized, which the pagans would not have practised. Neither the clergy, nor the guardians, indeed, go to the choir on this day, but all is given up to the lay-brethren, the cabbage-cutters, the errand-boys, the cooks and scullions, the gardeners; in a word, all the menials fill their places in the church, and insist that they perform the offices proper for the day.—They dress themselves with all the sacerdotal ornaments, but torn to rags, or wear them inside out; they hold in their hands the books reversed or sideways, which they pretend to read with large spectacles without glasses, and to which they fix the shells of scooped oranges, which render them so hideous, that one must have seen these madmen to form a notion of their appearance; particularly while dangling the censers, they keep shaking them in derision, and letting the ashes fly about their heads and faces, one against the other. In this equipage they neither sing hymns, nor psalms, nor masses; but mumble a certain gibberish as shrill and squeaking as a herd of pigs whipped on to market. The nonsense-verses they chant are singularly barbarous:

'Hæc est clara dies, clararum clara dierum,
Hæc est festa dies, festarum festa dierum.'*

There are scenes which equal any which the humour of the Italian burlesque poets have invented, and which might have entered with effect into the 'Malmantile racquistato' of Lippi; but that they should have been endured amidst the solemn offices of religion, and have been performed in cathedrals, while it excites our astonishment, can only be accounted for by perceiving that they were, in truth, the Saturnalia of the Romans. Mr Turner observes, without perhaps having a precise notion that they were copied from the Saturnalia, that 'It could be only by rivalling the pagan revelries, that the christian ceremonies could gain the ascendancy.' Our historian further observes, that these 'licentious festivities were called the *December liberties*, and seem to have begun at one of the most solemn seasons of the christian year, and to have lasted through the chief part of January.' This very term as well as the time, agrees with that of the ancient Saturnalia:

Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ka majores voluerunt, utere: narra.'
Hor. Lib. II, Sat.

The Roman Saturnalia, thus transplanted into christian churches, had for its singular principle, that of inferiors, whimsically and in mockery, personifying their superiors with a licensed licentiousness. This forms a distinct characteristic from those other popular customs and pastimes, which the learned have also traced to the Roman, and even more ancient nations.

* Thiers, Traite des Jeux, p. 449.

Our present inquiry is, to illustrate that proneness in man, of delighting to reverse the order of society, and ridiculing its decencies.

Here we had our *boy-bishop*, a legitimate descendant of this family of foolery. On St Nicholas's day, a saint who was the patron of children, the boy-bishop with his *mitra parva* and a long crosier, attended by his school-mates as his diminutive prebendaries, assumed the title and state of a bishop. The child-bishop preached a sermon, and afterwards, accompanied by his attendants, went about singing, and collecting his pence: to such theatrical processions in collegiate bodies, Warton attributes the custom, still existing at Eton, of going *ad montem*. But this was a tame mummery, compared with the grossness elsewhere allowed in burlesquing religious ceremonies. The English, more particularly after the Reformation, seem not to have polluted the churches with such abuses. The relish for the Saturnalia, was not, however, less lively here than on the Continent; but it took a more innocent direction, and was allowed to turn itself into civil life: and since the people would be gratified by mock dignities, and claimed the privilege of ridiculing their masters, it was allowed them by our kings and nobles; and a troop of grotesque characters, frolicsome great men, delighting in merry mischief, are recorded in our domestic annals.

The most learned Selden, with parsimonious phrase and copious sense, has thus compressed the result of an historical dissertation: he derives our ancient Christmas sports at once from the true, though remote, source.—'Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia; the same time, the same number of holy-days; then the master waited upon the servant like the *lord of misrule*.'* Such is the title of a facetious potentate, who, in this notice of Selden's, is not further indicated, for this personage was familiar in his day, but of whom the accounts are so scattered, that his offices and his glory are now equally obscure. The race of this nobility of drollery, and this legitimate king of all hoaxing and quizz, like mightier dynasties, has ceased to exist.

In England our festivities at Christmas appear to have been more entertaining than in other countries. We were once famed for merry Christmas and their pies: witness the Italian proverb, '*Ha piu di fare che i forni di Natale in Inghil-terra*:' 'He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.' Wherever the king resided, there was created for that merry season a Christmas prince, usually called 'the *Lord of Misrule*:' and whom the Scotch once knew under the significant title of 'the *Abbot of Unreason*.' His office, according to Stowe, was 'to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholder.'—Every nobleman, and every great family surrendered their houses, during this season, to the Christmas prince, who found rivals or usurpers in almost every parish; and more particularly, as we shall see, among the grave students in our inns of court.

The Italian Polydore Vergil, who, residing here, had clearer notions of this facetious personage, considered the Christmas Prince as peculiar to our country. Without venturing to ascend in his genealogy, we must admit his relationship to that ancient family of foolery we have noticed, whether he be legitimate or not. If this whimsical personage, at his creation, was designed to regulate 'misrule,' his lordship, invested with plenary power, came himself, at length, to delight too much in his 'merry disports.' Stubbes, a morose puritan in the reign of Elizabeth, denominates him 'a grand captaine of mischiefe,' and has preserved a minute description of all his wild doings in the country; but as Strutt has anticipated me in this amusing extract, I must refer to his 'Sports and Pastimes of the People of England,' p. 254. I prepare another scene of unparalleled Saturnalia, among the grave judges and serjeants of the law, where the Lord of Misrule is viewed amidst his frolicsome courtiers, with the humour of hunting the fox and the cat with ten couple of hounds round their great hall, among the other merry disports of those joyous days when sages could play like boys.

For those who can throw themselves back amidst the grotesque humours and clumsy pastimes of our ancestors, who, without what we think to be taste, had whim and merriment—there has been fortunately preserved a curious history of the manner in which 'A grand Christmas' was kept at our Inns of Court, by the grave and learned Dug-

* Selden's Table-talk.

dale, in his 'Origines Juridiciales:' it is a complete festival of foolery, acted by the students and law officers.—They held for that season every thing in mockery; they had a mock parliament, a Prince of *Sophie*, or Wisdom, an honourable order of Pegasus, a high constable, marshal, a master of the game, a ranger of the forest, lieutenant of the tower, which was a temporary prison for Christmas delinquents, all the paraphernalia of a court burlesqued by these youthful sages before the boyish judges.

The characters personified were in the costume of their assumed offices. On Christmas day, the constable marshal, accoutred with a complete gilded 'harness,' showed that every thing was to be chivalrously ordered; while the lieutenant of the Tower, in 'a fair white armour,' attended with his troop of halberdiers; and the Tower was then placed beneath the fire. After this opening followed the costly feasting; and then nothing less than a hunt with a pack of hounds in their hall!

The master of the game dressed in green velvet, and the ranger of the forest in green satin, bearing a green bow and arrows, each with a hunting horn about their necks, blowing together three blasts of venery (or hunting), they pace round about the fire three times. The master of the game kneels to be admitted into the service of the high-constable. A huntsman comes into the hall, with nine or ten couple of hounds, bearing on the end of his staff a purse-net, which holds, a fox and a cat: these were let loose and hunted by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire.

These extraordinary amusements took place after their repast; for these grotesque Saturnalia appeared after that graver part of their grand Christmas. Supper ended, the constable marshal presented himself with drums playing, mounted on a stage borne by four men, and carried round; at length he cries out 'a lord! a lord!' &c, and then calls his mock court every one by name.

Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlshurt.
Sir Randall Rackabite, of Rascal hall, in the county of Rake-hell.
Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monkery, in the county of Mad Mopery.
Sir Bartholowme Bald-breech of Buttock-bury, in the county of Break-neck.*

They had also their mock arraignments. The king's serjeant, after dinner or supper, 'oratour-like,' complained that the constable-marshal had suffered great disorders to prevail; the complaint was answered by the common-serjeant, who was to show his talent at defending the cause. The king's-serjeant replies; they rejoin, &c: till one at length is committed to the Tower, for being found most deficient. If any offender contrives to escape from the lieutenant of the Tower into the buttery, and brought into the hall a manchet (or small loaf) upon the point of a knife, he was pardoned; for the buttery in this jovial season was considered as a sanctuary. Then began the *revels*. Blount derives this term from the French *reveiller*, to awake from sleep. These were sports of dancing, masking, comedies, &c. (for some were called solemn revels,) used in great houses, and were so denominated because they were performed by night; and these various pastimes were regulated by a master of the revels.

Amidst 'the grand Christmass,' a personage of no small importance was 'the Lord of Misrule.' His lordship was abroad early in the morning, and if he lacked any of his officers, he entered their chamber, to drag forth the loiterers; but after breakfast his lordship's power ended, and it was in suspense till night, when his personal presence was paramount, or as Dugdale expresses it, 'and then his power is most potent.'

Such once were the pastimes of the whole learned bench; and when once it happened that the under-barristers did not dance on Candlemas-day, according to the ancient order of the society, when the judges were present, the whole bar was offended, and at Lincoln's-Inn were by decimination put out of commons, for example sake; and if the same omission were repeated, they were to be fined or disbarred; for these dancings were thought necessary, 'as much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times.' I cannot furnish a detailed notice of these pastimes; for Dugdale, whenever he indicates them, spares his gravity from recording the evanescent frolics, by a provoking *&c, &c, &c*.

The dance 'round about the coal-fire' is taken off in the 'Rehearsal.' These revels have also been ridiculed by Donne in his Satires, Prior in his Alma, and Pope in his Dunciad. 'The judge to dance, his brother serjeants calls.'*

'The Lord of Misrule,' in the inns of court, latterly did not conduct himself with any recollection of '*Medio tutissimus ibis*,' being unreasonable; but the 'sparks of the Temple,' as a contemporary calls them, had gradually, in the early part of Charles I's reign, yielded themselves up to excessive disorders. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his MS. diary in 1620, has noticed their choice of a lieutenant, or lord of misrule, who seems to have practised all the mischief he invented; and the festival days, when 'a standing table was kept,' were accompanied by dicing, and much gaming, oaths, execrations, and quarrels: being of a serious turn of mind, he regrets this, for he adds, 'the sport, of itself, I conceive to be lawful.'

I suspect that the last memorable act of a Lord of Misrule of the inns of court occured in 1627, when the Christmas game became serious. The Lord of Misrule then issued an edict to his officers to go out at Twelfth-night to collect his rents, in the neighbourhood of the Temple, at the rate of five shillings a house; and on those who were in their beds, or would not pay, he levied a distress. An unexpected resistance at length occurred in a memorable battle with the Lord Mayor in person:—and how the Lord of Misrule for some time stood victor, with his gunner, and his trumpeter, and his martial array: and how heavily and fearfully stood my Lord Mayor amidst his 'watch and ward;' and how their lordships agreed to meet half way, each to preserve his independent dignity, till one knocked down the other: and how the long halberds clashed with the short swords: how the Lord Mayor valorously took the Lord Misrule prisoner with his own civic hand: and how the Christmas prince was immured in the Counter: and how the learned Templars insisted on their privilege, and the unlearned of Ram's-alley and Fleet-street asserted their right of saving their crown-pieces: and finally how this combat of mockery and earnestness was settled, not without the introduction of 'a God,' as Horace allows on great occasions, in the interposition of the king and the attorney-general—altogether the tale had been well told in some comic epic; but the wits of that day let it pass out of their hands.

I find this event, which seems to record the last desperate effort of a 'Lord of Misrule,' in a manuscript letter of the learned Mede to Sir Martin Stuteville; and some particulars are collected from Hammond L'Estrange's Life of Charles I.

'*Jan.* 12, 1627–8.

'On Saturday the Templars chose one Mr Palmer their Lord of Misrule, who on Twelfth-eve, late in the night, sent out to gather up his rents at five shillings a house, in Ram-alley and Fleet-street. At every door they came they winded the Temple horn, and if at the second blast or summons they within opened not the door, then the Lord of Misrule cried out, 'Give fire, gunner!' His gunner was as a robustious Vulcan, and the gun or petard itself was a huge overgrown smith's hammer. This being complained of to my Lord Mayor, he said he would be with them about eleven o'clock on Sunday night last; willing that all that ward should attend him with their halberds, and that himself, besides those that came out of his house should bring the Watches along with him. His lordship, thus attended, advanced as high as Ram-alley in martial equipage; when forth came the Lord of Misrule, attended by his gallants out of the Temple-gate, with their swords, all armed *in cuerpo*. A halberdier had the Lord of Misrule come to my Lord Mayor. He answered, No! let the Lord Mayor come to me! At length they agreed to meet halfway; and, as the interview of rival princes is never without danger of some ill accident, so it happened in this: for first, Mr Palmer being quarrelled with, for not pulling

* A rare quarto tract seems to give an authentic narrative of one of these grand Christmas-keepings, exhibiting all their whimsicality and burlesque humour: it is entitled 'Gesta Grayorum; or the History of the high and mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole, Archduke of Stapulia and Bernardia (Staple's and Bernard's Inns,) Duke of High and Nether-Holborn, Marquess of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, &c, Knight and Sovereign of the most heroical order of the Helmet, who reigned and died A. D. 1594.' It is full of burlesque speeches and addresses. As it was printed in 1688, I suppose it was from some manuscript of the times; the preface gives no information.

* The last Revels held. See Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 273.

off his hat to my Lord Mayor, and giving cross answers, the halberds began to fly about his ears, and he and his company to brandish their swords. At last being beaten to the ground, and the Lord of Misrule sore wounded, they were fain to yield to the longer and more numerous weapon. My Lord Mayor taking Mr Palmer by the shoulder, led him to the Competr, and thrust him in at the prison-gate with a kind of indignation; and so notwithstanding his hurts, he was forced to lie among the common prisoners for two nights. On Tuesday the king's attorney became a suitor to my Lord Mayor for their liberty; which his lordship granted upon condition they should repay the gathered rents, and do reparations upon broken doors. Thus the game ended. Mr Attorney-General, being of the same house, fetched them in his own coach, and carried them to the court, where the King himself reconciled my Lord Mayor and them together with joining all hands; the gentlemen of the Temple being this Shrove-tide to present a Mask, to their Majesties, over and besides the King's own great Mask, to be performed at the Banqueting-house by an hundred actors.'

Thus it appears, that although the grave citizens did well and rightly protect themselves, yet, by the attorney-general taking the Lord of Misrule in his coach, and the king giving his royal interference between the parties, that they considered that this Lord of Foolery had certain ancient privileges; and it was, perhaps, a doubt with them, whether this interference of the Lord Mayor might not be considered as severe and unseasonable. It is probable, however, that the arm of the civil power brought all future Lords of Misrule to their senses. Perhaps this dynasty in the empire of foolery closed with this Christmas prince, who fell a victim to the arbitrary taxation he levied. I find after this, orders made for the Inner Temple, for 'preventing of that general scandal and obloquie, which the House hath heretofore incurred in time of Christmas:' and that 'there be not any going abroad out of the gates of this House, by any *lord* or others, to break open any house, or take any thing in the name of rent or a distress.'

These 'Lords of Misrule,' and their mock court and royalty, appear to have been only extinguished with the English sovereignty itself, at the time of our republican government. Edmund Gayton tells a story, to show the strange impressions of strong fancies: as his work is of great rarity, I shall transcribe the story in his own words, both to give a conclusion to this inquiry, and a specimen of his style of narrating this sort of little things. 'A gentleman importuned, at a fire-night in the public hall, to accept the high and mighty place of a mock-emperor, which was duly conferred upon him by seven mock-electors. At the same time, with much wit and ceremony, the emperor accepted his chair of state, which was placed in the highest table in the hall; and at his instalment all pomp, reverence, and signs of homage were used by the whole company; insomuch that our emperor, having a spice of self-conceit before, was soundly peppered now, for he was instantly metamorphosed into the stateliest, gravest, and commanding soul, that ever eye beheld. Taylor acting Arbaces, or Swanston D'Amboise, were shadows to him: his pace, his look, his voice, and all his garb, was altered. Alexander upon his elephant, nay, upon the castle upon that elephant, was not so high; and so close did this imaginary honour stick to his fancy, that for many years he could not shake off this one night's assumed deportments, until the times came that drove all monarchical imaginations out, not only of his head, but every ones.'* This mock 'emperor' was unquestionably one of these 'Lords of Misrule,' or 'a Christmas Prince.' The 'public hall' was that of the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn. And it was natural enough, when the levelling equality of our theatrical and practical commonwealths were come into vogue, that even the shadowy regality of mockery startled them, by reviving the recollections of ceremonies and titles, which some might incline, as they afterwards did, seriously to restore. The 'Prince of Christmas' did not, however, attend the Restoration of Charles II.

The Saturnalian spirit has not been extinct even in our days. The Mayor of Garrat, with the mock addresses and burlesque election, was an image of such satirical exhibitions of their superiors, so delightful to the people. France, at the close of Louis XIV's reign, first saw her imaginary 'Regiment de la Calotte,' which was the terror of the sinners of the day, and the blockheads of all times. This 'regiment of the scull-caps' originated in an officer and a wit, who, suffering from violent head aches, was recommended the use of a scull cap of lead: and his companions, as great wits, formed themselves into a regiment, to be composed only of persons distinguished by their extravagances in words or in deeds. They elected a general, they had their arms blazoned, and struck medals, and issued 'brevets,' and 'lettres patentes,' and granted pensions to certain individuals, stating their claims to be enrolled in the regiment for some egregious extravagance. The wits versified these army commissions; and the idlers, like pioneers, were busied in clearing their way, by picking up the omissions and commissions of the most noted characters. Those who were favoured with its 'brevets' intrigued against the regiment; but at length they found it easier to wear their 'calotte,' and say nothing. This society began in raillery and playfulness, seasoned by a spice of malice. It produced a great number of ingenious and satirical little things. That the privileges of the 'calotte' were afterwards abused, and calumny too often took the place of poignant satire, is the history of human nature, as well as of 'the calotins.'*

Another society in the same spirit has been discovered in one of the lordships of Poland. It was called 'The Republic of Baboonery.' The society was a burlesque model of their own government: a king, chancellor, counsellors, archbishops, judges, &c. If a member would engross the conversation, he was immediately appointed orator of the republic. If he spoke with impropriety, the absurdity of his conversation usually led to some suitable office created to perpetuate his folly. A man talking too much of dogs, would be made a master of the buck hounds: or vaunting his courage, perhaps a field marshal; and if bigoted on disputable matters and speculative opinions in religion, he was considered to be nothing less than an inquisitor. This was a pleasant and useful project to reform the manners of the Polish youth; and one of the Polish kings good-humouredly observed, that he considered himself 'as much King of Baboonery, as King of Poland.' We have had in our own country some attempts at similar Saturnalia; but their success has been so equivocal that they hardly afford materials for our domestic history.

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

In the south aisle of Westminister Abbey stands a monument erected to the memory of Lady Grace Gethin. A statue of her ladyship represents her kneeling, holding a book in her right hand. This accomplished lady was considered as a prodigy in her day, and appears to have created a feeling of enthusiasm for her character. She died early, having scarcely attained to womanhood, although a wife; for 'all this goodness and all this excellence was bounded within the compass of twenty years.'

But it is her book commemorated in marble, and not her character, which may have merited the marble that chronicles it, which has excited my curiosity and my suspicion. After her death a number of loose papers were found in her hand-writing, which could not fail to attract, and, perhaps, astonish their readers, with the maturity of thought and the vast capacity which had composed them. These relicks of genius were collected together, methodized under heads, and appeared with the title of 'Reliquæ Gethinianæ; or some remains of Grace Lady Gethin, lately deceased: being a collection of choice discourses, pleasant apothegms, and witty sentences; written by her for the most part by way of Essay and at spare hours; published by her nearest relations to preserve her memory. Second Edition, 1700.'

Of this book, considering that comparatively it is modern, and the copy before me is called a second edition, it is somewhat extraordinary that it seems always to have been a very scarce one. Even Ballard, in his Memoirs of Learned Ladies, 1750, mentions that these remains are 'very difficult to be procured;' and Sir William Musgrave in a manuscript note observed, that 'this book was very scarce.' It bears now a high price. A hint is given in the preface that the work was chiefly printed for the use of her friends; yet, by a second edition, we must infer that the public at large were so. There is a poem prefixed

* Pleasant notes upon Don Quixotte, by Edmund Gayton, Esq, folio, 1654, p. 24.

* Their 'brevets,' &c, are collected in a litte volume, 'Recueil des pièces du Regiment de la Calotte; a Paris chez Jaques Colombat, Imprimeur privilegie du Regiment. L'an de l'Ere Calotine 7726.' From the date we infer, that the true calotine is as old as the creation.

with the signature W. C. which no one will hesitate to pronounce is by Congreve; he wrote indeed another poem to celebrate this astonishing book, for, considered as the production of a young lady, it is a miraculous, rather than a human production. The last lines in this poem we might expect from Congreve in his happier vein, who contrives to preserve his panegyric amidst that caustic wit, with which he keenly touched the age.

A Poem in Praise of the Author.

I that hate books, such as come daily out
By public licence to the reading rout,
A due religion yet observe to this;
And here assert, if any thing's amiss,
It can be only the compiler's fault,
Who has ill-drest the charming author's thought—
That was all right: her beauteous looks were join'd
To a no less admired excelling mind.
But oh! this glory of frail Nature's dead,
As I shall be that write, and you that read.*
Once, to be out of fashion, I'll conclude
With something that may tend to public good:
I wish that piety, from which in heaven
The fair is placed—to the lawn sleeves were given;
Her justice—to the knot of men whose care
From the raised millions is to take their share.
W. C.'

The book claimed all the praise the finest genius could bestow on it. But let us hear the editor.—He tells us, that 'It is a vast disadvantage to authors to publish their *private undigested thoughts*, and *first notions hastily set down*, and designed only as materials for a future structure.' And he adds, 'That the work may not come short of that great and just expectation which the world had of her while she was alive, and still has of every thing that is the genuine product of her pen, they must be told that this *was written for the most part in haste*, were her *first conceptions* and overflowings of her luxuriant fancy, noted with *her pencil at spare hours*, or as *she was dressing*, as her Παρεργον only; and *set down just as they came into her mind*.'

All this will serve as a memorable example of the cant and mendacity of an editor! and that total absence of critical judgment that could assert such matured reflection, in so exquisite a style, could ever have been 'first conceptions, just as they came into the mind of Lady Gethin, as she was dressing.'

The truth is, that Lady Gethin may have had little concern in all these 'Reliquiæ Gethinianæ.' They indeed might well have delighted their readers; but those who had read Lord Bacon's Essays, and other writers, such as Owen Feltham, and Osborne, from whom these relics are chiefly extracted, might have wondered that Bacon should have been so little known to the families of the Nortons and the Gethins, to whom her ladyship was allied; to Congreve and to the editor; and still more particularly to subsequent compilers, as Ballard in his Memoirs, and lately the Rev. Mark Noble in his Continuation of Granger, who both, with all the innocence of criticism, give specimens of these 'Relicks,' without a suspicion that they were transcribing literally from Lord Bacon's Essays! Unquestionably Lady Gethin herself intended no imposture: her mind had all the delicacy of her sex; she noted much from the book she seems most to have delighted in; and nothing less than the most undiscerning friends could have imagined that every thing written by the hand of this young lady was her 'first conceptions;' and *apologise* for some of the finest thoughts, in the most vigorous style which the English language can produce. It seems, however, to prove that Lord Bacon's essays were not much read at the time this volume appeared.

The marble book in Westminster Abbey must, therefore, lose most of its leaves; but it was necessary to discover the origin of this miraculous production of a young lady. What is Lady Gethin's, or what is not hers, in this miscellany of plagairisms, it is not material to examine. Those passages in which her ladyship speaks in her own person probably are of original growth: of this kind many evince great vivacity of thought, drawn from actual observation on what was passing around her; but even among these are intermixed the splendid passages of Bacon and other writers.

I shall not crowd my pages with specimens of a very suspicious author. One of her subjects has attracted my attention; for it shows the corrupt manners of persons of fashion who lived between 1680 and 1700. To find a mind so pure and elevated as Lady Gethin's unquestionably was discussing whether it were most advisable to have for a husband a general lover, or one attached to a mistress, and deciding by the force of reasoning in favour of the dissipated man (for a woman, it seems, had only the alternative,) evinces a public deprivation of morals. These manners were the wretched remains of the Court of Charles II, when Wycherley, Dryden, and Congreve seem to have written with much less invention, in their indecent plots and language, than is imagined.

'I know not which is worse, to be wife to a man that is continually changing his *loves*, or to an husband that hath but one mistress whom he loves with a constant passion. And if you keep some measure of civility to her, he will at least esteem you; but he of the roving humour plays an hundred frolics that divert the town and perplex his wife. She often meets with her husband's mistress, and is at a loss how to carry herself towards her. 'Tis true the constant man is ready to sacrifice, every moment, his whole family to his love; he hates any place where she is not, is prodigal in what concerns his love, covetous in other respects; expects you should be blind to all he doth, and though you can't but see, yet must not dare to complain. And tho' both he who lends his heart to whosoever pleases it, and he that gives it entirely to one, do both of them require the exactest devoir from their wives, yet I know not if it be not better to be wife to an unconstant husband (provided he be something discreet) than to a constant fellow who is always perplexing her with his inconstant humour. For the unconstant lovers are commonly the best humoured; but let them be what they will, women ought not to be unfaithful for Virtue's sake and their own, nor to offend by example. It is one of the best bonds of charity and obedience in the wife if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous.

'Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.'

The last degrading sentence is found in some writer, whose name I cannot recollect. Lady Gethin, with an intellect so superior to that of the women of that day, had no conception of the dignity of the female character, the claims of virtue, and the duties of honour. A wife was only to know obedience and silence: however, she hints that such a husband should not be jealous! There was a sweetness in revenge reserved for some of these married women.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Robinson Crusoe, the favourite of the learned and the unlearned, of the youth and the adult; the book that was to constitute the library of Rousseau's Emelius, owes its secret charm to its being a new representation of human nature, yet drawn from an existing state; this picture of self-education, self-inquiry, self-happiness, is scarcely a fiction, although it includes all the magic of romance; and is not a mere narrative of truth, since it displays all the forcible genius of one of the most original minds our literature can boast. The history of the work is therefore interesting. It was treated in the author's time as a mere idle romance, for the philosophy was not discovered in the story; after his death it was considered to have been pillaged from the papers of Alexander Selkirk, confided to the author, and the honour, as well as the genius, of De Foe were alike questioned.

The entire history of this work of genius may now be traced, from the first hints to the mature state, to which only the genius of De Foe could have wrought it.

The adventures of Selkirk are well known: he was found on the desert island of Juan Fernandez, where he had formerly been left, by Woodes Rogers and Edward Cooke, who in 1712 published their voyages, and told the extraordinary history of Crusoe's prototype, with all those curious and minute particulars which Selkirk had freely communicated to them. This narrative of itself is extremely interesting; and has been given entire by Captain Burney; it may also be found in the Biographia Britannia.

In this artless narrative we may discover more than the embryo of Robinson Crusoe. The first appearance of Selkirk, 'a man clothed in goats skins, who looked more wild than the first owners of them.' The two huts he had

* Was this thought, that strikes with a sudden effect, in the mind of Hawkesworth, when he so pathetically concluded his last paper?

built, the one to dress his victuals, the other to sleep in; his contrivance to get fire, by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together; his distress for the want of bread and salt, till he came to relish his meat without either; his wearing out his shoes, till he grew so accustomed to be without them, that he could not for a long time afterwards, on his return home, use them without inconvenience; his bedstead of his own contriving, and his bed of goat skins; when his gunpowder failed, his teaching himself by continual exercise to run as swiftly as the goats; his falling from a precipice in catching hold of a goat, stunned and bruised, till coming to his senses he found the goat dead under him; his taming kids to divert himself by dancing with them and his cats; his converting a nail into a needle; his sewing his goat skins with little thongs of the same; and when his knife was worn to the back, contriving to make blades out of some iron hoops. His solacing himself in this solitude by singing psalms, and preserving a social feeling in his fervent prayers. And the habitation which Selkirk had raised, to reach which, they followed him 'with difficulty, climbing up and creeping down many rocks, till they came at last to a pleasant spot of ground full of grass and of trees, where stood his two huts, and his numerous tame goats showed his solitary retreat;' and finally, his indifference to return to a world, from which his feelings had been so perfectly weaned. Such were the first rude materials of a new situation in human nature: an European in a primeval state, with the habits or mind of a savage.

The year after this account was published, Selkirk and his adventures attracted the notice of Steele; who was not likely to pass unobserved a man and a story so strange and so new. In his paper of 'The Englishman,' Dec. 1713, he communicates further particulars of Selkirk. Steele became acquainted with him; he says, that 'he could discern that he had been much separated from company from his aspect and gesture. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude.' Steele adds another very curious change in this wild man, which occurred some time after he had seen him. 'Though I frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absense, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him. Familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.' De Foe could not fail of being struck by these interesting particulars of the character of Selkirk; but probably it was another observation of Steele which threw the germ of Robinson Crusoe into the mind of De Foe. 'It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he was a man of sense, give an account of the *different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude.*

The work of De Foe, however, was no sudden ebullition; long engaged in political warfare, condemned to suffer imprisonment, and at length struck by a fit of apoplexy, this unhappy and unprosperous man of genius on his recovery was reduced to a comparative state of solitude. To his injured feelings and lonely contemplations, Selkirk in his desert Isle, and Steele's vivifying hint, often occurred; and to all these we perhaps owe the instructive and delightful tale, which shows man what he can do for himself, and what the fortitude of piety does for man. Even the personage of Friday is not a mere coinage of his brain; a Mosquito Indian, described by Dampier, was the prototype. Robinson Crusoe was not given to the world till 1719; seven years after the publication of Selkirk's adventures. Selkirk could have no claims on De Foe; for he had only supplied the man of genius with that which lies open to all; and which no one had, or perhaps could have converted into the wonderful story we possess but De Foe himself. Had De Foe not written Robinson Crusoe, the name and story of Selkirk had been passed over like others of the same sort; yet Selkirk has the merit of having detailed his own history, in a manner so interesting, as to have attracted the notice of Steele, and to have inspired the genius of De Foe.

After this, the originality of Robinson Crusoe will no longer be suspected; and the idle tale which Dr Beattie has repeated of Selkirk having supplied the materials of his story to De Foe, from which our author borrowed his work, and published for his own profit, will be finally put to rest. This is due to the injured honour and the genius of De Foe.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT DRAMAS.

Literature, and the arts connected with it, in this free country, have been involved with its political state, and have sometimes flourished or declined with the fortunes, or been made instrumental to the purposes of the parties which had espoused them. Thus in our dramatic history, in the early period of the Reformation, the Catholics were secretly working on the stage; and long afterwards the royalist party, under Charles I, possessed it till they provoked their own ruin. The Catholics, in their expiring cause, took refuge in the theatre, and disguised the invectives they would have vented in sermons, under the more popular forms of the drama, where they freely ridiculed the chiefs of the *new religion*, as they termed the Reformation, and 'the new Gospellers,' or those who quoted their Testament as an authority for their proceedings. Fuller notices this circumstance. 'The popish priests, though unseen, stood behind the hangings, or lurked in the lyring house.'* These found supporters among the elder part of their auditors, who were tenacious of their old habits and doctrines; and opposers in the younger, who eagerly adopted the term reformation in its full sense.

This conduct of the Catholics called down a proclamation from Edward VI, when we find that the government was most anxious, that these pieces should not be performed in 'the English tongue;' so that we may infer that the government was not alarmed at treason in Latin. This proclamation states, 'that a great number of those that be common players of interludes or plays, as well within the city of London as elsewhere, who for the most part play such interludes as contain matter tending to sedition, &c, &c, whereupon are grown, and daily are like to grow, much division, tumult, and uproars in this realm. The king charges his subjects that they should not openly or secretly play in *the English tongue*, any kind of *Interlude, Play, Dialogue*, or other matter set forth in *form of Play*, on pain of imprisonment, &c.'

This was, however, but a temporary prohibition; it cleared the stage for a time of these Catholic dramatists; but *reformed Interludes*, as they were termed, were afterwards permitted.

These Catholic dramas would afford some speculations to historical inquirers: we know they made very free strictures on the first heads of the Reformation, on Cromwell, Cranmer, and their party; but they were probably overcome in their struggles with their prevailing rivals. Some may yet possibly lurk in their manuscript state. We have, printed, one of these Moralities, or moral plays, or allegorical dramatic pieces, which succeeded the Mysteries in the reign of Henry VIII, entitled 'Every Man:' in the character of that hero, the writer not unaptly designates Human Nature herself.† This comes from the Catholic school, to recall the auditors back to the forsaken ceremonies of that church; but it levels no strokes of personal satire on the Reformers. Percy observed that from the solemnity of the subjects, the summoning of man out of the world by death, and by the gravity of its conduct, not without some attempts, however rude, to excite terror and pity, this morality may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy. Such ancient simplicity is not worthless to the poetical antiquary: although the mere modern reader would soon feel weary at such inartificial productions, yet the invention which may be discovered in these rude pieces would be sublime, warm with the colourings of a Gray or a Collins.

On the side of the reformed we have no deficiency of attacks on the superstitions and idolatries of the Romish church; and Satan, and his old son Hypocrisy, are very busy at their intrigues with another hero called 'Lusty Juventus,' and the seductive mistress they introduce him to, 'Abominable Living:' this was printed in the reign of Edward VI. It is odd enough to see quoted in a dramatic performance chapter and verse, as formally as if a sermon were to be performed. There we find such rude learing as this:—

> 'Read the V, to the Galatians, and there you shall see
> That the flesh rebelleth against the spirit'—

or in homely rhymes like these,

> 'I will show you what St Paul doth declare
> In his epistle to the Hebrews, and the X chapter.

* Eccl. Hist. Book VII, 290.

† It has been preserved by Hawkins in his 'Origin of the English Drama,' Vol. I.

In point of historical information respecting the pending struggle between the Catholics and the 'new Gospellers,' we do not glean much secret history from these pieces: yet they curiously exemplify that regular progress in the history of man, which has shown itself in the more recent revolutions of Europe: the old people still clinging, from habit and affection, to what is obsolete, and the younger ardent in establishing what is new; while the balance of human happiness trembles between both.

Thus 'Lusty Juventus' conveys to us in his rude simplicity the feeling of that day. Satan, in lamenting the downfall of superstition, declares that

> 'The old people would believe still in my laws,
> But the younger sort lead them the contrary way—
> They will live as the Scripture teacheth them.'

Hypocrisy when informed by his old master, the Devil, of the change that 'Lusty Juventus' has undergone, expresses his surprise; attaching that usual odium of meanness on the early reformers, in the spirit that the Hollanders were nick-named at their first revolution by their lords the Spaniards, 'Les Gueux,' or the Beggars.

> 'What, is Juventus become so tame
> To be a new Gospeller?'

But in his address to the young reformer, who asserts that he is not bound to obey his parents but 'in all things honest and lawful,' Hypocrisy thus vents his feeling;

> Lawful, quoth ha? Ah! fool! foo!
> Wilt thou set men to school
> When they be old?
> I may say to you secretly,
> The world was never merry
> Since children were so bold;
>
> Now every boy will be a teacher,
> The father a fool, the child a preacher;
> This is pretty gear!
> The foul presumption of youth
> Will shortly turn to great ruth,
> I fear, I fear, I fear!'

In these rude and simple lines there is something like the artifice of composition: the repetition of words in the first and the last lines, was doubtless intended as a grace in the poetry. That the ear of the poet was not unmusical, amidst the inartificial construction of his verse, will appear in this curious catalogue of holy things, which Hypocrisy has drawn up, not without humour, in asserting the services he had performed for the Devil.

> 'And I brought up such superstition
> Under the name of holiness and religion,
> That deceived almost all.
>
> As—holy cardinals, holy popes
> Holy vestments, holy copes,
> Holy hermits, and friars,
> Holy priests, holy bishops,
> Holy monks, holy abbots,
> Yea, and all obstinate liars.
>
> Holy pardons, holy beads
> Holy saints, holy images,
> With holy holy blood.
> Holy stocks, holy stones
> Holy clouts, holy bones,
> Yea, and holy holy wood.
>
> Holy skins, holy bulls,
> Holy rochets, and cowls,
> Holy crutches and staves,
> Holy hoods, holy caps,
> Holy mitres, holy hats,
> And good holy holy knaves.
>
> Holy days, holy fastings,
> Holy twitching, holy tastings,
> Holy visions and sights,
> Holy wax, holy lead,
> Holy water, holy bread,
> To drive away the spirits.
>
> Holy fire holy palme,
> Holy oil, holy cream,
> And holy ashes also;
> Holy broaches, holy rings,
> Holy kneeling, holy censings,
> And a hundred trim-trams mo.
>
> Holy crosses, holy bells,
> Holy reliques, holy Jouels,
> Of mine own invention;
> Holy candles, holy tapers,
> Holy parchments, holy papers;—
> Had not you a holy son?

Some of these Catholic dramas were long afterwards secretly performed among Catholic families. In an unpublished letter of the times, I find a cause in the star-chamber respecting a play being acted at Christmas 1614, at the house of Sir John Yorke; the consequences of which were heavy fines and imprisonment. The letter writer describes it, as containing 'many foul passages to the vilifying of our religion and exacting of popery, for which he and his lady, as principal procurers, were fined one thousand pounds apiece, and imprisoned in the Tower for a year; two or three of his brothers at five hundred pounds apiece, and others in other sums.'

THE HISTORY OF THE THEATRE DURING ITS SUPPRESSION.

A period in our dramatic annals has been passed over during the progress of the civil wars, which indeed was one of silence, but not of repose in the theatre. It lasted beyond the death of Charles I, when the fine arts seemed also to have suffered with the monarch. The theatre, for the first time in any nation, was abolished by a public ordinance, and the actors, and consequently all that family of genius who by their labours or their tastes are connected with the drama, were reduced to silence. The actors were forcibly dispersed and became even some of the most persecuted objects of the new government.

It may excite our curiosity to trace the hidden footsteps of this numerous fraternity of genius. Hypocrisy and Fanaticism had, at length, triumphed over Wit and Satire. A single blow could not, however, annihilate those never dying powers; nor is suppression always extinction.—Reduced to a state which did not allow of uniting in a body, still their habits and their affections could not desert them: actors would attempt to resume their functions, and the genius of the authors, and the taste of the people would occasionally break out, though scattered and concealed.

Mr Gifford has noticed, in his introduction to Massinger, the noble contrast between our actors at that time, with those of revolutionary France, when, to use his own emphatic expression, 'One wretched actor only deserted his sovereign; while of the vast multitude fostered by the nobility and the royal family of France, not one individual adhered to their cause: all rushed madly forward to plunder and assassinate their benefactors.'

The contrast is striking, but the result must be traced to a different principle; for the cases are not parallel as they appear. The French actors did not occupy the same ground as ours. Here the fanatics shut up the theatre, and extirpated the art and the artists; there, the fanatics enthusiastically converted the theatre into an instrument of their own revolution, and the French actors therefore found an increased national patronage. It was natural enough that actors would not desert a flourishing profession. 'The plunder and assassinations,' indeed, were quite peculiar to themselves as Frenchmen, not as actors.

The destruction of the theatre here was the result of an ancient quarrel between the puritanic party and the whole *corps dramatique*. In this little history of plays and players, like more important history, we perceive how all human events form but a series of consequences, linked together; and we must go back to the reign of Elizabeth to comprehend an event which occurred in that of Charles the First. It has been perhaps peculiar to this land of contending opinions, and of happy and unhappy liberty, that a gloomy sect was early formed, who, drawing, as they fancied, the principles of their conduct from the literal precepts of the Gospel, formed those views of human nature which were more practicable in a desert than a city, and which were rather suited to a monastic order than a polished people. These were our Puritans, who at first, perhaps from utter simplicity, among other extravagant reforms, imagined that of the extinction of the theatre.—Numerous works from that time fatigued their own pens and their readers' heads, founded on literal interpretations of the Scriptures, which were applied to our drama, though written ere our drama existed; voluminous quotations from the Fathers, who had only witnessed farcical interludes and licentious pantomimes: they even quoted classical authority to prove that 'a stage player' was considered infamous among the Romans; among whom, however, Roscius, the admiration of Rome, received the princely remuneration of a thousand denarii per diem; the tragedian Esopus bequeathed about 150,000*l* to his son:* remunerations, which show the high regard in which the great actors were held among the Roman people.

A series of writers might be collected of these antidra-

* Macrobius, Saturn. lib. III, l. 14.

matists. The licentiousness of our comedies had too often indeed presented a fair occasion for their attacks; and they at length succeeded in purifying the stage: we owe them this good, but we owe little gratitude to that blind zeal which was desirous of extinguishing the theatre, which wanted the taste also to feel that the theatre was a popular school of morality; that the stage is a suppliment to the pulpit; where virtue, according to Plato's sublime idea, moves our love and affections when made visible to the eye. Of this class among the earliest writers, was Stephen Gosson, who in 1579 published 'the school of abuse, or a pleasant Invective against Poets, Players, Jesters, and such like Catterpillars.' Yet this Gosson dedicated his work to Sir Philip Sidney, a great lover of plays, and one who has vindicated their morality in his 'Defence of Poesy.' The same puritanic spirit soon reached our universities; for when a Dr Gager had a play performed at Christ's Church, Dr. Reynolds of Queen's College, terrified at the Satanic novelty, published 'The Ouerthrow of Stage plays, 1593;' a tedious invective, foaming at the mouth of its text with quotations and authorities; for that was the age when authority was stronger than opinion, and the slightest could awe the readers. Reynolds takes great pains to prove that a stage play is infamous, by the opinions of antiquity; that a theatre corrupts morals, by those of the Fathers; but the most reasonable point of attack is 'the sin of boys wearing the dress and affecting the airs of women.' This was too long a flagrant evil in the theatrical economy. To us there appears something so repulsive in the exhibition of boys, or men, personating female characters, that one cannot conceive how they could ever have been tolerated as a substitute for the spontaneous grace, the melting voice, and the soothing looks of a female. It was quite impossible to give the tenderness of a woman to any perfection of feeling, in a personating male; and to this cause may we not attribute that the female characters have been made a chief personage among our elder poets, as they would assuredly have been had they not been conscious that the male actor could not have sufficiently affected the audience? A poet who lived in Charles the Second's day, and who has written a prologue to Othello, to introduce the *first actress* on our stage, has humorously touched on this gross absurdity.

'Our women are defective, and so sized,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguised,
For to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With brows so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
When you call *Desdemona*——enter *Giant*.'

Yet at the time the absurd custom prevailed, Tom Nash, in his Pierce Pennilesse, commends our stage for not having, as they had abroad, women actors, or 'courtezans,' as he calls them: and even so late as in 1650, when women were first introduced on our stage, endless are the apologies for the *indecorum* of this novel usage! Such are the difficulties which occur even in forcing bad customs to return to nature; and so long does it take to infuse into the multitude a little common sense! It is even probable that this happy revolution originated from mere necessity, rather than from choice; for the boys who had been trained to act female characters before the Rebellion, during the present suspension of the theatre, had grown too masculine to resume their tender office at the Restoration; and, as the same poet observes,

'Doubting we should never play agen,
We have play'd all our women into men;'

so that the introduction of women was the mere result of necessity:—hence all these apologies for the most natural ornament of the stage.

This volume of Reynolds seems to have been the shadow and precursor of one of the most substantial of literary monsters, in the tremendous 'Histriomastix, or the Player's Scourge,' of Prynne, in 1633. In that volume, of more than a thousand closely printed quarto pages, all that was ever written against plays and players, perhaps, may be found: what followed, could only have been transcripts from a genius who could raise at once the Mountain and the Mouse. Yet Collier, so late as in 1698, renewed the attack still more vigorously, and with final success; although he left room for Arthur Bedford a few years, afterwards, in his 'Evil and Danger of Stage plays:' in which extraordinary work he produced 'seven thousand instances, taken out of plays of the present century;' and a catalogue of 'fourteen hundred texts of scripture, ridiculed by the age.' This religious anti-dramatist must have been more deeply read in the drama than even its most fervent lovers. His piety pursued too deeply the study of such impious productions; and such labours were probably, not without more amusement than he ought to have found in them.

This stage persecution, which began in the reign of Elizabeth, had been necessarily resented by the theatrical people, and the fanatics were really objects too tempting for the traders in wit and satire to pass by. They had made themselves very marketable; and the puritans, changing their character with the times, from Elizabeth to Charles I, were often the *Tartuffes* of the stage. But when they became the government itself, in 1642, all the theatres were suppressed, because 'stage plaies do not suit with seasons of humiliation; but fasting and praying have been found very effectual.' This was but a mild cant, and the suppression, at first, was only to be temporary. But as they gained strength, the hypocrite, who had at first only struck a gentle blow at the Theatre, with redoubled vengeance buried it in its own ruins. Alexander Brome, in his verses on Richard Brome's comedies, discloses the secret motive.

——— ''Tis worth our note,
Bishops and *players*, both suffer'd in one vote:
And reason good, for *they* had cause to fear them;
One did suppress their schisms, and t' other JEER THEM.
Bishops were guiltiest, for they swell'd with riches;
T' other had naught but verses, songs and speeches,
And by their ruin, the state did no more
But rob the spittle, and unrag the poor.'

They poured forth the long suppressed bitterness of their souls six years afterwards, in their ordinance of 1648, for 'the suppression of all stage plaies, and for the taking down all their boxes, stages, and seats whatsoever, that so there might be no more plays acted.' 'Those proud parroting players' are described as 'a sort of superbious ruffians; and, because sometimes the asses are clothed in lions' skins, the dolts imagine themselves somebody, and walke in as great state as Cæsar.' This ordinance against 'boxes, stages, and seats,' was without a metaphor, a war of extermination. They passed their ploughshare over the land of the drama, and sowed it with their salt; and the spirit which raged in the governing powers appeared in the deed of one of their followers. When an actor had honourably surrendered himself in battle to this spurious 'saint,' he exclaimed, 'Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently,' and shot his prisoner because he was an actor.

We find some account of the dispersed actors in that curious morsel of 'Historia Histrionica,' preserved in the twelfth volume of Dodsley's Old Plays; full of the traditionary history of the Theatre, which the writer appears to have gleaned from the reminiscences of the old cavalier, his father.

The actors were 'Malignants' to a man, if we except that 'wretched actor,' as Mr Gifford distinguishes him, who was, however, only such for his politics: and he pleaded hard for his treason, that he really was a presbyterian, although an actor. Of these men, who had lived in the sunshine of a court, and amidst taste and criticism, many perished in the field, from their affection for their royal master. Some sought humble occupations; and not a few, who, by habits long indulged, and their own turn of mind, had hands too delicate to put to work, attempted often to entertain secret audiences, and were often dragged to prison.

These disturbed audiences were too unpleasant to afford much employment to the actors. Francis Kirkman, the author and bookseller, tells us they were often seized on by the soldiers, and stripped and fined at their pleasure. A curious circumstance occurred in the economy of these strolling theatricals: these seizures often deprived them of their wardrobe; and among the stage directions of the time, may be found among the exits and the entrances, these; *Enter the red coat—Exit hat and cloak*, which were no doubt, considered not as the least precious parts of the whole living company: they were at length obliged to substitute painted cloth for the splendid habits of the drama.

At this epoch a great comic genius, Robert Cox, invented a peculiar sort of dramatic exhibition, suited to the necessities of the time, short pieces which he mixed with other amusements, that these might disguise the acting. It was under the pretence of rope dancing, that he filled

the Red Bull playhouse, which was a large one, with such a confluence that as many went back for want of room as entered. The dramatic contrivance consisted of a combination of the richest comic scenes into one piece, from Shakspeare, Marston, Shirley, &c. concealed under some taking title; and these pieces of plays were called 'Humours' or 'Drolleries.' These have been collected by MARSH, and reprinted by KIRKMAN, as put together by Cox, for the use of theatrical booths at the fairs.* The argument prefixed to each piece serves as its plot; and drawn as most are from some of our dramas, these 'Drolleries' may still be read with great amusement, and offer, seen altogether, an extraordinary specimen of our natural humour. The price this collection obtains among book-collectors is excessive. In 'The bouncing Knight or the Robbers robbed' we recognize our old friend Falstaff, and his celebrated adventure: 'The Equal Match' is made out of 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife;' and thus most. There are, however, some original pieces by Cox himself, which were the most popular favourites; being characters created by himself, for himself, from ancient farces: such were, 'The Humours of John Swabber, Simpleton the Smith,' &c. These remind us of the extempore comedy and the pantomimical characters of Italy, invented by actors of genius. This Cox was the delight of the city, the country, and the universities: assisted by the greatest actors of the time, expelled from the theatre, it was he who still preserved alive, as if it were by stealth, the suppressed spirit of the drama. That he merited the distinctive epithet of 'the incomparable Robert Cox, as Kirkman calls him, we can only judge by the memorial of our mimetic genius which will be best given in Kirkman's words. 'As meanly as you may now think of these Drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now living; the incomparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces. How have I heard him cried up for his *John Swabber*, and *Simpleton the Smith;* in which he being to appear with a large piece of bread and butter, I have frequently known several of the female spectators and auditors to long for it; and once that well-known natural *Jack Adams of Clerkenwell*, seeing him with bread and butter on the stage, and knowing him, cried out 'Cuz! Cuz! give me some!' to the great pleasure of the audience. And so naturally did he act the Smith's part, that being at a fair in a country town, and that farce being presented, the only master-smith of the town came to him, saying, 'Well, although your father speaks so ill of you, yet when the fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more than I give any other journyman.' Thus was he taken for a smith bred, that was, indeed, as much of any trade.'

To this low state the gloomy and exasperated fanatics, who had so often smarted under the satirical whips of the dramatists, had reduced the drama itself; without, however, extinguishing the talents of the players, or the finer ones of those who once derived their fame from that noble arena of genius ,the English stage. At the first suspension of the theatre by the Long Parliament in 1642, they gave vent to their feelings in an admirable satire. About this time, 'petitions' to the parliament from various classes were put into vogue; multitudes were presented to the House from all parts of the country and from the city of London; and some of these were extraordinary. The *porters*, said to have been 15,000 in number, declaimed with great eloquence on the blood-sucking malignants for insulting the priviliges of parliament, and threatened to come to extremities, and make good the saying 'necessity has no law;' there was one from the *beggars*, who declared, that by means of the bishops and popish lords they knew not where to get bread; and we are told of a third from the *tradesmen's wives*, in London, headed by a brewer's wife: all these were encouraged by their party, and were alike 'most thankfully accepted.'

The satirists soon turned this new political trick of 'petitions,' into an instrument for their own purpose: we have 'Petitions of the Poets,'—of the House of Commons to the King,—Remonstrances to the Porters' Petition, &c: spirited political satires. One of these, the 'Players Petition to the Parliament,' after being so long silenced, that they might play again, is replete with sarcastic allusions. It may be found in that rare collection entitled 'Rump Songs, 1662,' but with the usual incorrectness of the press in that day. The following extract I have corrected by a manuscript copy:

'Now while you reign, our low petition craves
That we, the king's true subjects and your slaves,
May in our comic mirth and tragic rage
Set up the theatre, and show the stage;
This shop of truth and fancy, where we vow
Not to act any thing you disallow:
We will not dare at your strange votes to jeer,
Or personate King PYM* with his state-fleer;
Aspiring Cataline shall be forgot,
Bloody Sejanus, or whoe'er could plot
Confusion 'gainst a state; the war betwixt
The parliament and just Harry the Sixth
Shall have no thought or mention, 'cause their power
Not only placed, but lost him in the Tower;
Nor will we parallel, with least suspicion,
Your synod with the Spanish inquisition.
All these, and such like maxims as may mar
Your soaring plots, or show you what you are,
We shall omit, lest our inventions shake them:
Why should the men be wiser than you make them?
We think there should not such a difference be
'Twixt our profession and your quality;
You meet, plot, act, talk high with minds immense;
The like with us, but only we speak sense
Inferior unto yours; we can tell how
To depose kings, there we know more than you,
Although not more than what we would; then we
Likewise in our vast privilege agree;
But that yours is the larger; and controls
Not only lives and fortunes, but men's souls,
Declaring by an enigmatic sense
A privilege on each man's conscience,
As if the trinity could not consent
To save a soul but by the parliament.
We make the people laugh at some strange show,
And as they laugh at us, they do at you;
Only i' the contrary we disagree,
For you can make them cry faster than we.
Your tragedies more real are express'd,
You murder men in earnest, we in jest;
There we come short! but if you follow thus,
Some wise men fear you will come short of us.
As humbly as we did begin, we pray,
Dear schoolmasters, you'll give us leave to play
Quickly before the king comes; for we would
Be glad to say you've done a little good
Since ye have sat; your play is almost done
As well as ours—would it had ne'er begun!
But we shall find, ere the last act be spent,
Enter the King, exeunt the Parliament.
And *Heigh then up we go!* who by the frown
Of guilty members have been voted down,
Until a legal trial show us how
You used the king, and *Heigh then up go you!*
So pray your humble slaves with all their powers,
That when they have their due, you may have yours.

Such was the petition of the suppressed players in 1642; but, in 1653, their secret exultation appears although the stage was nor yet restored to them in some verses prefixed to RICHARD BROME's Plays, by ALEXANDER BROME, which may close our little history. Alluding to the theatrical people, he moralizes on the fate of players;

'See the strange twirl of times! when such poor things
Outlive the dates of parliaments or kings!
This revolution makes exploded wit

* The title of this collection is 'The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, in select pieces of Drollery, digested into scenes by way of Dialogue. Together with variety of Humours of several nations, fitted for the pleasure and content of all persons, either in Court, City, Country, or Camp. The like never before published, printed for H. Marsh, 1662,' again printed for F. Kirkman, 1672. To Kirkman's edition is prefixed a curious print representing the inside of a Bartholomew-fair theatre. Several characters are introduced. In the middle of the stage, a clown with a fool's cap peeps out of the curtain with a lable from his mouth, 'Tu quoque,' which perhaps was a cant expression used by clowns or fools. Then a changeling, a simpleton, a French dancing master, Clause the beggar, Sir John Falstaff and hostess. Our notion of Falstaff by this print seems very different from that of our ancestors; their Falstaff is no extravaganza of obesity, and he seems not to have required, to be Falstaff, so much 'stuffing' as ours does

* Pym was then at the head of the commons, and was usually deputed to address personally the motley petitioners. We have a curious speech he made to the tradesmen's wives in Echard's History of England, vol. II, 260

Now see the fall of those that ruin'd it;
And the condemned Stage hath now obtain'd
To see her executioners arraign'd.
There's nothing permanent: those high great men
That rose from dust, to dust may fall again;
And fate so orders things, that the same hour
Sees the same man both in contempt and power;
For the multitude, in whom the power doth lie,
Do in one breath cry *Hail!* and *Crucify*.'

At this period, though deprived of a Theatre, the taste for the drama was, perhaps, the more lively among its lovers; for, besides the performances already noticed, sometimes contrived at, and sometimes protected by bribery, in Oliver's time they stole into a practice of privately acting at noblemen's houses, particularly at Holland house, at Kensington; and 'Alexander Goffe, *the woman-actor*, was the jackall, to give notice of time and place to the lovers of the drama,' according to the writer of 'Historia Histrionica.' The players, urged by their necessities, published several excellent manuscript plays, which they had hoarded in their dramatic exchequers, as the sole property of their respective companies. In one year appeared fifty of these new plays. Of these dramas many have, no doubt, perished; for numerous titles are recorded, but the plays are not known: yet some may still remain in their manuscript state, in hands not capable of valueing them. All our old plays were the property of the actors, who bought them for their own companies. The immortal works of Shakspeare had not descended to us, nad not Heminge and Condell felt no sympathy for the fame of their friend. They had been scattered and lost, and, perhaps, had not been discriminated among the numerous manuscript plays of that age. One more effort, during this suspension of the drama, was made in 1655, to recall the public attention to its productions. This was a very curious collection by John Cotgrave, entitled 'The English Treasury of Wit and Language, collected out of the most, and best, of our English Dramatic Poems.' It appears by Cotgrave's Preface, that 'The Dramatic Poem,' as he calls our tragedies and comedies, 'had been of late too much slighted.' He tells us how some, not wanting in wit themselves, but 'through a stiff and obstinate prejudice, have, in *this neglect*, lost the benefit of many rich and useful observations; not duly considering, or believing, that the *framers* of them were the most fluent and redundant wits that this age, or I think any other, ever knew.' He enters further into this just panegyric of our old dramatic writers, whose acquired knowledge in ancient and modern languages, and whose luxuriant fancies, which they derived from no other sources but their own native growth, are viewed to great advantage in Cotgrave's common places; and, perhaps, still more in Hayward's 'British Muse,' which collection was made under the supervisal, and by the valuable aid of Oldys, an experienced conterer of these relishing morsels.

DRINKING CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

The ancient Bacchus, as represented in gems and statues, was a youthful and graceful divinity; he is so described by Ovid, and was so painted by Barry. He has the epithet of *Psilas*, or *Wings*, to express the light spirits which give wings to the soul. His voluptuousness was joyous and tender: and he was never viewed reeling with intoxication. According to Virgil:

Et quocunque deus circum caput egit honestum.
Georg. II, 392.

which Dryden, contemplating on the red faced boorish boy astride on a barrel on our sign posts, tastelessly sinks into gross vulgarity:

'On whate'er side he turns his hottest face.'

This latinism of *honestum*, even the literal inelegance of Davidson had spirit enough to translate, 'Where'er the god hath moved around his *graceful head*.' The hideous figure of ebriety, in its most disgusting stage, the ancients exposed in the bestial Silenus and his crew; and with these rather than with the Ovidian and Virgilian deity, our own convivial customs have assimilated.

We shall, probably, outlive that custom of hard drinking, which was so long one of our national vices. The Frenchman, the Italian, and the Spaniard, only taste the luxury of the grape, but seem never to have indulged in set convivial parties, or drinking matches, as some of the northern people. Of this folly of ours, which was, however, a borrowed one, and which lasted for two centuries, the history is curious: the variety of its modes and customs; its freaks and extravagances; the technical language introduced to raise it into an art; and the inventions contrived to animate the progress of the thirsty souls of its votaries.

Nations, like individuals, in their intercourse are great imitators; and we have the authority of Camden, who lived at the time, for asserting that 'the English in their long wars in the Netherlands first learnt to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking others' healths to impair their own. Of all the northern nations, they had been before this most commended for their sobriety.' And the historian adds, 'that the vice had so diffused itself over the nation, that in our days it was first restrained by severe laws.'*

Here we have the authority of a grave and judicious historian for ascertaining the first period and even origin of this custom; and that the nation had not, heretofore, disgraced itself by such prevalent ebriety is also confirmed by one of those curious contemporary pamphlets of a popular writer, so invaluable to the philosophical antiquary.

Tom Nash, a town wit of the reign of Elizabeth, long before Camden wrote her history, in his 'Pierce Pennilesse,' had detected the same origin.—'Superfluity in drink,' says this spirited writer, 'is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries, is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spet at him, and warned all our friends out of his company.'*

Such was the fit source of this vile custom, which is further confirmed by the barbarous dialect it introduced into our language; all the terms of drinking which once abounded with us, are, without exception, of a base northern origin.† But the best account I can find of all the refinements of this new science of potation, when it seems to have reached its height, is in our Tom Nash, who being himself one of these deep experimental philosophers, is likely to disclose all the mysteries of the craft.

* Camden's History of Queen Elizabeth, Book III. Many statutes against drunkenness, by way of prevention, passed in the reign of James I. Our law looks on this vice as an aggravation of any offence committed, not as an excuse for criminal misbehaviour. See Blackstone, Book IV, C. 2, Sect. III. In Mr. Gifford's Massinger, vol. II, 458, is a note, to show that when we were young scholars, we soon equalled, if we did not surpass, our masters. Mr Gilchrist there furnishes an extract from Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, which traces the origin of this exotic custom to the source mentioned; but the whole passage from Baker is literally transcribed from Camden.

† Nash's Pierce Penilesse, 1595, Sig. F 2.

‡ These barbarous phrases are Dutch, Danish, or German. The term skinker, a filler of wine, a butler or cup-bearer, according to Phillips; and in taverns, as appears by our dramatic poets, a drawer is Dutch; or according to Dr Nott, purely Danish, from skenker.

Half-seas over, or nearly drunk, is likely to have been a proverbial phrase from the Dutch, applied to that state of ebriety by an idea familiar with those water-rats. Thus, opzee, Dutch, means literally over-sea. Mr Gifford has recently told us in his Jonson, that it was a name given to a stupefying beer introduced into England from the low-countries; hence op-zee or over-sea; and freezen in German, signifies to swallow greedily: from this vile alliance they compounded a harsh term, often used in our old plays. Thus Jonson:

'I do not like the dulness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch.'
Alchemist, A. 4, S. 2.

And Fletcher has 'upsee-freeze;' which Dr Nott explains in his edition of Decker's Gull's Hornbook, as 'a tipsy draught, or swallowing liquor till drunk.' Mr Gifford says it was the name of Friesland beer; the meaning, however, was 'to drink swinishly like a Dutchman.'

We are indebted to the Danes for many of our terms of jollity; such as a rouse and a carouse. Mr Gifford has given not only a new, but a very distinct explanation of these classical terms in his Massinger. 'A rouse was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a carouse. Barnaby Rich notices the carouse as an invention for which the first founder merited hanging. It is necessary to add, that there could be no rouse, or carouse unless the glasses were emptied.' Although we have lost the terms, we have not lost the practice, as those who have the honour of dining in public parties are still gratified by the animating cry of 'gentlemen, charge your glasses.'

According to Blount's Glossographia, carouse is a corruption of two old German words, gar signifying all, and aust,

He says, 'Now, he is nobody that cannot drink *super-nagulum; carouse* the hunter's *hoope;* quaff *vpse freze crosse;* with *healths, gloves, mumpes, frolickes,* and a thousand such domineering inventions.'*

Drinking super-nagulum, that is *on the nail*, is a device, which Nash says is new come out of France; but it had probably a northern origin, for far northward it still exists. This new device consisted in this, that after a man, says Nash, hath turned up the bottom of the cup to drop it on his nail, and make a pearl with what is left, which if it shed, and cannot make it stand on, by reason there is too much, he must drink again for his penance.

The custom is also alluded to by Bishop Hall, in his satirical romance of '*Mundus alter et idem*,' 'A Discovery of a New World;' a work which probably Swift read, and did not forget. The Duke of Tenterbelly in his oration, when he drinks off his large goblet of twelve quarts on his election, exclaims, should he be false to their laws, 'Let never this goodly-formed goblet of wine go jovially through me; and then he set it to his mouth, stole it off every drop, save *a little remainder*, which he was by custom to *set upon his thumb's nail*, and lick it off as he did.'

The phrase is in Fletcher:

I am thine ad unguem———

that is, he would drink with his friend to the last. In a manuscript letter of the times, I find an account of Columbo the Spanish ambassador being at Oxford, and drinking healths to the Infanta. The writer adds, 'I shall not tell you how our doctors pledged healths to the Infanta and the archduchess; and if any left *too big a snuff*, Columbo would cry, *supernaculum! supernaculum!*'

This Bacchic freak seems stills preserved; for a recent traveller, Sir George Mackenzie, has noticed the custom in his travels through Iceland. 'His host having filled a silver cup to the brim, and put on the cover, then held it towards the person who sat next to him, and desired him to take off the cover, and look into the cup; a ceremony intended to secure fair play in filling it. He drank our health, desiring to be excused from emptying the cup, on account of the indifferent state of his health; but we were informed at the same time that if any one of us should neglect any part of the ceremony, or *fail to invert the cup, placing the edge on one of the thumbs* as a proof that we had swallowed every drop, the defaulter would be obliged by the laws of drinking to fill the cup again, and drink it off a second time. In spite of their utmost exertions, the penalty of a second draught was incurred by two of the company; we were dreading the consequences of having swallowed so much wine, and in terror lest the cup should be sent round again.'

Carouse the hunter's hoop—'Carouse' has been already explained: *the hunter's hoop* alludes to the custom of hoops being marked on a drinking-pot, by which every man was to measure his draught. Shakespeare makes the jacobin Jack Cade, among his furious reformations, promise his friends that 'there shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; *the three hooped-pot shall have ten hoops*, and I will make it felony to drink small beer.' I have elsewhere observed that our modern Bacchanalians, whose feats are recorded by the bottle, and who insist on an equality in their rival combats, may discover some ingenuity in that invention among our ancestors of their *peg-tankards*, of which a few may yet occasionally be found in Derbyshire;† the invention of an age less refined than out: so that to drink garaus is to drink all out: hence carouse.

* Pierce Pennilesse, Sig. F 2, 1593.

† These inventions for keeping every thirsty soul within bounds are alluded to by Tom Nash: I do not know that his authority will be great as an antiquary, but the things themselves he describes he had seen. He tells us that 'King Edgar because his subjects should not offend in swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain iron cups to be chained to every fountain and well-side; and at every vintner's door with iron pins in them, to stint every man how much he should drink, and he who went beyond one of those pins forfeited a penny for every draught.'

Pegge, in his Anonymiana, has minutely described these peg-tankards, which confirms this account of Nash, and nearly the antiquity of the custom. 'They have in tho inside a row of eight pins one above another, from top to bottom: the tankards hold two quarts, so that there is a gill of ale, i. e. half a pint of Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg or pin; the second was to empty to the next pin, &c, by which means the pins were so many measures to the compotators, making them all drink alike, or the same quantity; and as the present, when we have heard of globular glasses and bottles, which by their shape cannot stand, but roll about the table; thus compelling the unfortunate Bacchanalian to drain the last drop, or expose his recreant sobriety.

We must have recourse again to our old friend Tom Nash, who acquaints us with some of 'the general rules and inventions for drinking, as good as printed precepts or statutes by act of parliament, that go from drunkard to drunkard; as, still to *keep your first man*; not to leave any *flocks* in the bottom of the cup; *to knock the glass on your thumb* when you have done; to have some *shoeing-horn* to pull on your wine, as a rasher on the coals or a red herring.'

Shoeing-horns, sometimes called *gloves*, are also described by Bishop Hall in his 'Mundus alter et idem.' 'Then, sir, comes me up *a service of shoeing-horns* of all sorts; salt cakes, red herrings, anchovies, and gammon of bacon, and abundance of such *pullers on*.' That famous surfeit of Rhenish and pickled herrings, which banquet proved so fatal to Robert Green, a congenial wit and associate of our Nash, was occasioned by these *shoeing-horns*.

Massinger has given a curious list of 'a service of shoeing-horns:'

——— I usher
Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast
As yet I never cook'd; 'tis not Botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavear,
Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,
For our Italian delicate oil'd mushrooms,
And yet *a drawer-on too*;* and if you show not
An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
(For it will not stay a preface) I am ashamed,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.
Massinger, the Guardian A. 2, S. 3.

To *knock the glass on the thumb*, was to show they had performed their duty. Barnaby Rich describes this custom; after having drank, the president 'turned the bottom of the cup upwards, and in ostentation of his dexterity, gave it a fillip, to make it cry *ting*.'

They had among these 'domineering inventions' some which we may imagine never took place, till they were told by 'the hollow cask,'

'How the waning night grew old.'

Such were *flap-dragons*, which were small combustible bodies fired at one end and floated in a glass of liquor, which an experienced toper swallowed unharmed, while yet blazing. Such is Dr Johnson's accurate description, who seems to have witnessed what he so well describes.* the distance of the pins was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, the company would be very liable by this method to get drunk, especially when, if they drank short of the pin or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again. In archbishop Anselm's Canons, made in the council at London in 1102, priests are enjoined not to go to drinking-bouts, nor to drink to pegs. The words are 'Ut Presbyteri non eant ad potationes, nec ad Pinnas bibant.' (Wilkins, vol. I, p. 382.) This shows the antiquity of this invention, which at least was as old as the Conquest.

* And yet a drawer-on too; [i. e. an incitement to appetite: the phrase is yet in use. This drawer-on was also technically termed a puller-on, and a shoeing-horn in drink.

On 'the Italian delicate oil'd mushrooms,' still a favourite dish with the Italians, I have to communicate some curious knowledge. In an original manuscript letter dated Hereford, 15 Nov. 1659, the name of the writer wanting, but evidently the composition of a physician who had travelled, I find that the dressing of Mushrooms was then a novelty. The learned writer laments his error that he disdained to learn the cookery that occurred in my travels, by a sullen principle of mistaken devotion, and thus declined the great helps I had to enlarge and improve human diet.' This was an age of medicine, when it was imagined that the health of mankind essentially depended on diet; and Moffet had written his curious book on this principle. Our writer, in noticing the passion of the Romans for mushrooms, which was called 'an imperial dish,' says, 'he had eaten it often at Sir Henry Wotton's table (our resident ambassador at Venice,) always dressed by the inspection of his Dutch-Venetian Johana, or of Nic. Oudart, and truly it did deserve the old applause as I found it at his table; it was far beyond our English food. Neither did any of us find it of hard digestion, for we did not eat like Adamites, but as modest men would eat of musk-melons. If it were now lawful to hold any kind of intelligence with Nic. Oudart, I would only ask him Sir Henry Wotton's art of dressing mushrooms, and I hope that is not high treason.' Sloane MSS, 4292.

† See Mr Douce's curious 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' Vol. I, 467: a gentleman more intimately conversant with our

When Falstaff says of Poins's acts of dexterity to ingratiate himself with the prince, that 'he drinks off *candle-ends* for flap-dragons,' it seems that this was likewise one of these 'frolics,' for Nash notices that the liquor was 'to be stirred about with *a candle's end* to make it taste better, and not to hold your peace while the pot is stirring,' no doubt to mark the intrepidity of the miserable 'skinker.' The most illustrious feat of all is one, however, described by Bishop Hall. If the drinker 'could put his finger into the flame of the candle without playing hit-I-miss-I! he is held a sober man, however otherwise drunk he might be.' This was considered as a trial of victory among these 'canary birds,' or bibbers of canary wine.*

We have a very common expression to describe a man in a state of ebriety, that 'he is as drunk as a beast,' or that 'he is beastly drunk.' This is a libel on the brutes, for the vice of ebriety is perfectly human. I think the phrase is peculiar to ourselves; and I imagine I have discovered its origin. When ebriety became first prevalent in our nation, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was a favourite notion among the writers of the time, and on which they have exhausted their fancy, that a man in the different stages of ebriety showed the most vicious quality of different animals; or that a company of drunkards exhibited a collection of brutes, with their different characteristics.

'All dronkardes are beasts,' says George Gascoigne in a curious treatise on them,* and he proceeds in illustrating his proposition; but the satirist Nash has classified eight kinds of 'drunkards;' a fanciful sketch from the hand of a master in humour, and which could only have been composed by a close spectator of thier manners and habits.'

'The first is *ape-drunk*, and he leaps and sings and hollows and danceth for the heavens; the second is *lyon-drunk*, and he flings the pots about the house, calls the hostess w—e, breaks the glass-windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him; the third is *swine-drunk*, heavy, lumpish, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink and a few more clothes; the fourth is *sheepe-drunk*, wise in his own conceit when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is *maudlen-drunk*, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, 'By God! captain, I love thee, go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me, as I do of thee: I would (if it pleased God) I could not love theo so well as I do,' and then he puts his finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is *martin-drunk*, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself sober ere he stir; the seventh is *goat-drunk*, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery. The eight is *fox-drunk*, when he is crafty-drunk, as many of the Dutchmen be, which will never bargain but when they are drunk. All these *species*, and more, I have seen practised in *one company at one sitting*: when I have been permitted to remain sober amongst them only to note their several humours.' These beast-drunkards are characterised in a frontispiece to a curious tract on Drunkenness where the men are represented with heads of apes, swine, &c, &c.

A new era in this history of our drinking-parties occurred about the time of the Restoration, when politics heated their wine, and drunkenness and loyalty became more closely connected. As the puritanic coldness wore off, the people were perpetually, in 1650, warmed in drinking the king's health on their knees; and among various kinds of 'ranting cavalierism,' the cavaliers during Cromwell's usurpation usually put a crumb of bread into their glass, and before they drank it off, with cautious ambiguity exclaimed, 'God send this *crum well* down!' which by the way preserves the orthoepy of that extraordinary man's name, and may be added to the instances adduced in the present volume 'On the orthography of proper names. We have a curious account of a drunken bout by some royalists, told by Whitelocke in his Memorials. It bore some resemblance to the drinking-party of Catiline: they mingled their own blood with their wine.* After the Restoration, Burnet complains of the excess of convivial loyalty. 'Drinking the king's health was set up by too many as a distinguished mark of loyalty, and drew many into great excess after his majesty's restoration.†

ancient domestic manners than, perhaps, any single individual in the country.

* This term is used in 'Bancroft's two books of Epigrams and Epitaphs,' 1639. I take it to have been an accepted one of that day

† A delicate diet for daintie mouthde dronkardes, wherein the fowle abuse of common carowsing and quaffing with hartie draughtes is honest'ie admonished. By George Gascoigne, Esquier. 1576.

* I shall preserve the story in the words of Whitelocke; it was something ludicrous, as well as terrific.

From Berkshire (in May 1650) that five drunkards agreed to drink the king's health in their blood, and that each of them should cut off a piece of his buttock and fry it upon the gridiron, which was done by four of them, of whom one did bleed so exceedingly, that they were fain to send for a chirurgeon, and so were discovered. The wife of one them hearing that her husband was amongst them, came to the room, and taking up a pair of tongs laid about her, and so saved the cutting of her husband's flesh.' Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 453, second edition.

† Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A writer of penetration sees connexions in literary anecdotes which are not immediately perceived by others; in his hands anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. Facts of themselves are barren; it is when these facts pass through our reflections, and become interwoven with our feelings, or our reasonings, that they are the finest illustrations; that they assume the dignity of 'philosophy teaching by example;' that, in the moral world, they are what the wise system of Bacon inculcated in the natural knowledge deduced from experiments; the study of Nature in her operations. 'When examples are pointed out to us,' says Lord Bolingbroke, 'There is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority; we yield to fact, when we resist speculation.'

For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. In literary biography a man of genius always finds something which relates to himself. The studies of artists have a great uniformity, and their habits of life are monotonous. They have all the same difficulties to encounter, although they do not all meet with the same glory. How many secrets may the man of genius learn from literary anecdotes! important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies; warned sometimes by failures, and often animated by watching the incipient and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected; from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unfinished labour. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life is revealed to him by a literary anecdote; and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigour of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure the medicine which restores our health. How superficial is that cry of some impertinent pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim, 'Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!' I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.

Dr Johnson devoted one of his periodical papers to a defence of anecdotes, and expresses himself thus on certain collectors of anecdotes: 'They are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished *Addison* from the rest of mankind,— the *irregularity of his pulse*; nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of *Malherbe*, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominant opinions; one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble gentlemen*, because either word included the sense of both.'

These just observations may, perhaps, be further illustrated by the following notices. Dr J. Warton has informed the world, that *many of our poets have been handsome*. This, certainly, neither concerns the world, nor the class of poets. It is trifling to tell us that Dr Johnson was accustomed '*to cut his nails to the quick*.' I am not much gratified by being informed, that Menage wore a *greater number of stockings* than any other person, except-

ing one, whose name I have really forgotten. The biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says, that *two things were remarkable* of this *scholar*. The *first*, that he studied on the floor, lying prostrate on a carpet, with his books about him; and *secondly*, that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which he used to inform his friends he had in common with Alexander the Great! This admirable biographer should have told us whether he frequently turned from his very uneasy attitude. Somebody informs us, that Guy Patin resembled Cicero, whose statue is preserved at Rome; on which he enters into a comparison of Patin with Cicero; but a man may resemble a statue of Cicero, and yet not Cicero. Baillet loads his life of Descartes with a thousand minutiæ, which less disgrace the philosopher than the biographer. Was it worth informing the public, that Descartes was very particular about his wigs; that he had them manufactured at Paris; and that he always kept four? That he wore green taffety in France: but that in Holland he quitted taffety for cloth; and that he was fond of omelets of eggs?

It is an odd observation of Clarendon in his own life, that 'Mr Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr Hales; and it *was an age in which there were many great and wonderful men of* THAT SIZE.' Lord Falkland, formerly Sir Lucius Carey, was of low stature and smaller than most men; and of Sidney Godolphin, 'There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient in his friendship for Mr Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company where he was the properer man.' This irrelevant observation of Lord Clarendon is an instance where a great mind will sometimes draw inferences from accidental coincidences, and establish them into a general principle; as if the small size of the men had even the remotest connexion with their genius and their virtues. Perhaps, too, there was in this a tincture of the superstitions of the times: whatever it was, the fact ought not to have degraded the truth and dignity of historical narrative. We have writers who cannot discover the particulars which characterise THE MAN,—their souls, like damp gun-powder, cannot ignite with the spark when it falls on them.

Yet of anecdotes which appear trifling, something may be alleged in their defence. It is certainly safer for *some* writers, to give us all they know, than to try their discernment for rejection. Let us sometimes recollect, that the page over which we toil will probably furnish materials for authors of happier talents. I would rather have a Birch, or a Hawkins, appear heavy, cold, and prolix, than any thing material which concerns a Tillotson or a Johnson should be lost. It must also be confessed, that an anecdote, or a circumstance, which may appear inconsequential to a reader, may bear some remote or latent connexion; a biographer who has long contemplated the character he records, sees many connections which escape an ordinary reader. Kippis, in closing the life of the diligent Dr Birch, has, from his own experience no doubt, formed an apology for that minute research, which some have thought this writer carried to excess. 'It may be alleged in our author's favour, that a man who has a deep and extensive acquaintance with a subject, often sees a connection and importance in some smaller circumstances, which may not immediately be discerned by others; and, on that account, may have reasons for inserting them, that will escape the notice of superficial minds.'

CONDEMNED POETS.

I flatter myself that those readers who have taken any interest in my works have not conceived me to have been deficient in the elevated feeling which, from early life, I have preserved for the great Literary character: if time weakens our enthusiasm, it is the coldness of age which creeps on us, but the principle is unalterable which inspired the sympathy. Who will not venerate those Master-spirits 'whose published labours advance the good of mankind, and those books which are 'the precious life-blood of a Master-spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life?' But it has happened that I have more than once incurred the censure of the inconsiderate and the tasteless, for attempting to separate those writers who exist in a state of perpetual illusion; who live on querulously, which is an evil for themselves, and to no purpose of life, which is an evil to others. I have been blamed for exemplifying 'the illusions of writers in verse,'* by the remarkable case of Percival Stockdale,* who, after a condemned silence of nearly half a century, like a vivacious spectre throwing aside his shroud in gaiety, came forward a venerable man in his eightieth year, to assure us of the immortality of one of the worst poets of his age; and for this, wrote his own memoirs, which only proved, that when authors are troubled with a literary hallucination, and possess the unhappy talents of reasoning in their madness, a little raillery, if it cannot cure, may serve at least as a salutary regimen.

I shall illustrate the case of condemned authors who will still be pleading after their trials, by a foreign dramatic writer. Among those incorrigible murmurers at public justice, not the least extraordinary was a Mr Peyraud de Beaussol, who, in 1775, had a tragedy, 'Les Arsacides,' in six acts, printed, not as it was acted, as Fielding says, on the title-page of one of his comedies, but as it was damned.

In a preface, this 'Sir Fretful,' more inimitable than that original, with all the gravity of a historical narrative, details the public conspiracy; and with all the pathetic touches of a shipwrecked mariner—the agonies of his literary egotism.

He declares, that it is absurd for the town to condemn a piece which they can only know by the title, for heard it had never been! And yet he observes, with infinite naivete, 'My piece is as generally condemned as if the world had it all by heart.'

One of the great objections against this tragedy was its monstrous plan of six acts; this innovation did not lean towards improvement in the minds of those who had endured the long sufferings of tragedies of the accepted size. But the author offers some solemn reasons to induce us to believe that six acts were so far from being too many, that the piece had been more perfect with a seventh! Mr de Beaussol had perhaps, been happy to have known, that other dramatists have considered, that the usual restrictions are detrimental to a grand genius. Nat. Lee, when too often drunk, and sometimes in Bedlam, wrote a play in twenty-five acts.

Our philosophical dramatist, from the constituent principles of the human mind, and the physical powers of man, and the French nation more particularly, deduces the origin of the Sublime, and the faculty of attention. The plan of his tragedy is agreeable to these principles: Monarchs, Queens, and Rivals, and every class of men;—it is therefore grand! and the acts can be listened to, and therefore it is not too long! It was the high opinion that he had formed of human nature and the French people, which at once terrified and excited him to finish a tragedy, which, he modestly adds, 'may not have the merit of any single one; but which one day will be discovered to include the labour bestowed on fifty!'

No great work was ever produced without a grand plan. 'Some critics,' says our author, 'have ventured to assert that my six ac[illegible]y easily be reduced [illegible]al five, without injury to the conduct [illegible]. To reply to this required a complete analysis of the tragedy, which, having been found more voluminous than the tragedy itself, he considerately 'published separately.' It would be curious to ascertain whether a single copy of the analysis of a condemned tragedy was ever sold. And yet this critical analysis was such an admirable and demonstrative criticism, that the author assures us that it proved the absolute impossibility, 'and the most absolute too,' that his piece could not suffer the slightest curtailment. It demonstrated more—that 'the gradation and the development of interest required necessarily *seven Acts!* but, from dread of carrying this innovation too far, the author omitted *one Act* which passed behind the scenes!† but which ought to have come in between the fifth and sixth! Another point is proved, that the attention of an audience, the physical powers of man, can be kept up with interest much longer than has been calculated: that his piece only takes up two hours and three quarters, or three hours at most, if some of the most impassioned parts were but declaimed rapidly.‡

* Calamities of Authors, Vol. II, p. 318.

* It first appeared in a Review of his 'Memoirs.'

† The words are 'Un derriere la scene.' I am not sure of the meaning, but an act behind the scenes would be perfectly in character with this dramatic bard.

‡ The exact reasoning of Sir Fretful, in the Critic, when Mrs Dangle thought his piece 'rather too long,' while he proves his play was 'a remarkably short play.'—'The first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read

Now we come to the history of all the disasters which happened at the acting of this tragedy. 'How can people complain that my piece is tedious, when, after the first act, they would never listen ten minutes to it? Why did they attend to the first scenes, and even applaud one? Let me not be told, because these were sublime, and commanded the respect of the cabal raised against it; because there are other scenes far more sublime in the piece, which they perpetually interrupted. Will it be believed, that they pitched upon the scene of the sacrifice of Volgesie, as one of the most tedious?—the scene of Volgesie which is the finest in my piece; not a verse, not a word in it, can be omitted!* Every thing tends towards the catastrophe; and it reads in the closet as well as it would affect us on the stage. I was not, however, astonished at this: what men hear, and do not understand, is always tedious; and it was recited in so shocking a tone by the actress, who, not having entirely recovered from a fit of illness, was flurried by the tumult of the audience. She declaimed in a twanging tone, like psalm-singing; so that the audience could not hear, among these fatiguing discordances (he means their own hissing,) nor separate the thoughts and words from the full chant which accompanied them. They objected perpetually to the use of the word *Madame*, between two female rivals, as too comic; one of the pit, when an actress said *Madame*, cried out, 'Say *Princesse!*' This disconcerted the actress. They also objected to the words *a propos* and *mal apropos*. Yet, after all, how are there too many *Madames* in the piece, since they do not amount to forty-six in the course of forty-four scenes? Of these, however, I have erased half.'

This historian of his own wrongheadedness proceeds, with all the simplicity of this narrative, to describe the hubbub.

'Thus it was impossible to connect what they were hearing with what they had heard. In the short intervals of silence, the actors, who during the tumult, forgot their characters, tried with difficulty to recover their conception. The conspirators were prepared to a man; not only in their head, but some with written notes had their watch words to set their party agoing. They seemed to act with the most extraordinary concert; they seemed to know the exact moment when they were to give the word, and drown, in their hurly-burly, the voice of the actor, who had a passionate part to declaim, and thus break the connection between the speakers. All this produced so complete an effect that it seemed as if the actors themselves had been of the conspiracy, so wilful and so active was the execution of the plot. It was particularly during the fifth and sixth acts that the cabal was most outrageous; they knew these were the most beautiful, and deserved particular attention. Such a humming arose, that the actors seemed to have had their heads turned; some lost their voice, some declaimed at random, the prompter in vain cried out, nothing was heard and every thing was said; the actor who could not hear the catch-word, remained disconcerted and silent; the whole was broken, wrong and right; it was all Hebrew. Nor was this all; the actors behind the scene were terrified, and they either come forwards trembling, and only watching the signs of their brother actors, or would not venture to show themselves. The machinist only, with his scene shifters, who felt so deep an interest in the fate of my piece, was tranquil and attentive to his duty, to produce a fine effect. After the hurly-burly was over, he left the actors mute with their arms crossed. He opened the scenery! and not an actor could enter on it! The pit, more clamorous than ever, would not suffer the denouement! Such was the conduct, and such the intrepidity, of the army employed to besiege the Arsacides! Such the cause of that accusation of tediousness made against a drama, which has most evidently the contrary defect!'

Such is the history of a damned dramatist, written by himself, with a truth and simplicity worthy of a happier fate. It is admirable to see a man, who was himself so deeply involved in the event, preserve the observing calmness which could discover the minutest occurrence; and, allowing for his particular conception of the cause, detailing them with the most rigid veracity. This author was unquestionably a man of the most honourable probity, and not destitute of intellectual ability; but he must serve as a useful example of that wrongheaded nature in some men, which has produced so many 'Abbots of Unreason' in society, whom it is in vain to convince by a reciprocation of arguments; who, assuming false principles, act rightly according to themselves; a sort of rational lunacy, which, when it discovers itself in politics and religion, and in the more common affairs of life, has produced the most unhappy effects; but this fanaticism, when confined to poetry, only amuses us with the ludicrous; and, in the persons of Monsieur De Beaussol, and of Percival Stockdale, may offer some very fortunate self-recollections in that calamity of authors, which I have called 'The Illusions of Writers in Verse.'

you the whole, from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts. The watch here, you know, is the critic.'

* Again Sir Fretful; when Dangle 'ventures to suggest that the interest rather falls off in the fifth act;'—'Rises, I believe you mean, sir;'—'No, I don't, upon my word.'—'Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off; no, no, it don't fall off.'

ACAJOU AND ZIRPHILE.

As a literary curiosity, and as a supplemental anecdote to the article of PREFACES,* I cannot pass over the suppressed preface to the 'Acajou et Zirphile,' of Du Clos, which of itself is almost a singular instance of hardy ingenuity, in an address to the public.

This single volume is one of the most whimsical of fairy tales, and an amusing satire, originating in an odd circumstance. Count Tessin, the Swedish Ambassador at the Court of France, had a number of grotesque designs made by Boucher, the king's painter, and engraved by the first artists. The last plate had just been finished when the count was recalled, and appointed Prime Minister and Governor to the Crown Prince, a place he filled with great honour; and in emulation of Fenelon, composed letters on the Education of a Prince, which have been translated. He left behind him in France all the plates in the hands of Boucher, who having shown them to Du Clos for their singular invention, regretted that he had bestowed so much fancy on a fairy tale, which was not to be had; Du Clos, to relieve his regrets, offered to invent a tale to correspond with these grotesque subjects. This seemed not a little difficult. In the first plate, the author appears in his morning gown, writing in his study, surrounded by apes, rats, butterflies, and smoke. In another, a Prince is drest in French costume of 1740, strolling full of thought in 'the shady walks of ideas.' In a third plate, the Prince is conversing with a fairy who rises out of a gooseberry which he had plucked: two dwarfs discovered in an other gooseberry, give a sharp fillip to the Prince, who seems much embarrassed by their tiny maliciousness. In another walk he eats an apricot, which opens with the most beautiful of faces, a little melancholy, and leaning on one side. In another print, he finds the body of this lovely face and the hands, and he adroitly joins them together. Such was the set of these incomprehensible and capricious inventions, which the lighter fancy and ingenuity of Du Clos converted into a fairy story, full of pleasantry and satire.†

Among the novelties of this small volume, not the least remarkable is the dedication of this fairy romance to the public, which excited great attention, and charmed and provoked our author's fickle patron. Du Clos here openly ridicules, and dares his protector and his judge. This hazardous attack was successful, and the author soon acquired the reputation which he afterwards maintained, of being a writer who little respected the common prejudices of the world. Freron replied by a long criticism, entitled 'Réponse du Public à l'Auteur d'Acajou; but its severity was not discovered in its length; so that the Public, who had been so keenly ridiculed, and so hardily braved in the light and sparkling page of the haughty Du Clos, preferred the caustic truths and the pleasant insult.

In this 'Epistle to the Public,' the author informs us that, 'excited by example, and encouraged by the success he had often witnessed, he designed to write a piece of nonsense. He was only embarrassed by the choice of subject. Politics, Morals, and Literature, were equally the same to me; but I found, strange to say, all these matters pre-occupied by persons who seem to have laboured with the same view. I found silly things in all kinds, and I saw myself under the necessity of adopting the reasonable

* Vol. I, p. 101.

† The plates of the original edition are in the quarto form; they have been poorly reduced in the common editions in twelves.

ones to become singular; so that I do not yet despair that we may one day discover truth, when we shall have exhausted all our errors.

'I first proposed to write down all erudition, to show the freedom and independence of genius, whose fertility is such as not to require borrowing any thing from foreign sources; but I observed that this had sunk into a mere common place, trite and trival, invented by indolence, adopted by ignorance, and which adds nothing to genius.

'Mathematics, which has succeeded to erudition, begins to be unfashionable; we know at present indeed that one may be as great a dizzard in resolving a problem as in restoring a reading. Every thing is compatible with genius, but nothing can give it!

'For the *bel esprit*, so much envied, so much sought after, it is almost as ridiculous to pretend to it, as it is difficult to attain. Thus the scholar is contemned, the mathematician tires, the man of wit and genius is hissed. What is to be done?'

Having told the whimsical origin of this tale, Du Clos continues; 'I do not know, my dear Public, if you will approve of my design; however, it appears to me ridiculous enough to deserve your favour; for, to speak to you like a friend, you appear to unite all the stages of human life, only to experience all their cross accidents. You are a child to run after trifles; a youth when driven by your passions; and in mature age, you conclude you are wise, because your follies are of a more solemn nature, for you grow old only to dote; to talk at random, to act without design, and to believe you judge, because you pronounce sentence.

'I respect you greatly; I esteem you but little; you are not worthy of being loved. These are my sentiments respecting you; if you insist on others from me in that case

'I am,

'Your most humble and obedient servant.'

The caustic pleasantry of this 'Epistle dedicatory' was considered by some mawkish critics so offensive, that when the editor of the 'Cabinet de Fées,' a vast collection of fairy tales, republished this little playful satire and whimsical fancy piece, he thought proper to cancel the 'Epistle;' concluding that it was entirely wanting in that respect with which the public ought to be addressed! This editor, of course was a Frenchman: we view him in the ridiculous attitude of making his profound bow, and expressing all this 'high consideration' for this same 'Public,' while, with his opera hat in his hand, he is sweeping away the most poignant and delectable page of Acajou and Zirphile.

TOM O' BEDLAMS.

The history of a race of singular mendicants, known by the name of *Tom o' Bedlams*, connects itself with that of our poetry. Not only will they live with our language, since Shakspeare, has perpetuated their existence, but they themselves appear to have been the occasion of creating a species of wild fantastic poetry, peculiar to our nation.

Bethlem Hospital formed, in its original institution, a contracted and penurious charity; its governors soon discovered that the metropolis furnished them with more lunatics than they had calculated on; they also required from the friends of the patients a weekly stipend, besides clothing. It is a melancholy fact to record in the history of human nature, that when one of their original regulations prescribed that persons who put in patients should provide their clothes, it was soon observed that the poor lunatics were frequently perishing by the omission of this slight duty from those former friends; so soon forgotten were they whom none found an interest to recollect.—They were obliged to open contributions to provide a wardrobe.*

In consequence of the limited resources of the Hospital, they relieved the establishment by frequently discharging patients whose cure might be very equivocal. Harmless lunatics thrown thus into the world, often without a single friend, wandered about the country, chanting wild ditties, and wearing a fantastical dress to attract the notice of the charitable, on whose alms they lived. They had a kind of *costume*, which I find described by Randle Holme in a curious and extraordinary work.†

'The Bedlam has a long staff, and a cow or ox horn by his side; his clothing fantastic and ridiculous; for being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins (ribands,) feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a wandering and dissembling knave.' This writer here points out one of the grievances resulting from licensing even harmless lunatics to roam about the country; for a set of pretended madmen, called 'Abram men,' a cant term for certain sturdy rogues, concealed themselves in their *costume*, covered the country, and pleaded the privileged denomination when detected in their depredations.'*

Sir Walter Scott first obligingly suggested to me that these roving lunatics were out door pensioners of Bedlam, sent about to live as well as they could with the pittance granted by the hospital.

The fullest account that I have obtained of these singular persons is drawn from the manuscript note transcribed from some of Aubrey's papers, which I have not seen printed.

'Till the breaking out of the civil wars, *Tom o' Bedlams* did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; *i. e.* they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long as printed in some works.† They could not get it off; they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any

* Stowe's Survey of London, Book I.

† 'The Academy of Armory,' Book II, c. 3, p. 161. This is a singular work, where the writer has contrived to turn the barren subjects of Heraldy into an entertaining Encyclopædia, containing much curious knowledge on almost every subject but this folio more particularly exhibits the most copious vocabulary of old English terms. It has been said that there are not more than twelve copies extant of this very rare work, which is probably not true.

* In that curious source of our domestic history, the 'English Villanies' of Decker, we find a lively description of the 'Abram Cove,' or Abram man, the impostor who personated a Tom o' Bedlam. He was terribly disguised with his grotesque rags, his staff, his knotted hair, and with the more disgusting contrivances to excite pity, still practised among a class of our mendicants, who, in their cant language, are still said 'to sham Abraham.' This impostor was, therefore, as suited his purpose and the place, capable of working on the sympathy, by uttering a silly maunding, or demanding of charity, or terrifying the easy fears of women, children, and domestics as he wandered up and down the country: they refused nothing to a being who was as terrific to them as 'Robin Good-fellow,' or 'Raw-head and bloody-bones.' Thus, as Edgar expresses it, 'sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with prayers,' the gestures of this impostor were 'a counterfeit puppet-play: they came with a hollow noise, whooping, leaping, gambolling, wildly dancing, with a fierce or distracted look.' These sturdy mendicants were called 'Tom of Bedlam's band of mad-caps,' or 'Poor Tom's flock of wild geese.' Decker has preserved their 'Maund,' or begging—'Good worship master, bestow your reward on a poor man that hath been in Bedlam without Bishopgate, three years, four months, and nine days, and bestow one piece of small silver towards his fees, which he is indebted there, of 3*l*, 13*s*, 7 1-2*d*,' (or to such effect.)

Or, 'Now dame, well and wisely, what will you give poor Tom? One pound of your sheep's feathers to make poor Tom a blanket? or one cutting of your sow's side, no bigger than my arm; or one piece of your salt meat to make poor Tom a sharing horn; or one cross of your small silver, towards a pair of shoes; well and wisely, give poor Tom an old sheet to keep him from the cold; or an old doublet and jerkin of my master's; well and wisely, God save the king and his council.' Such is a history drawn from the very archives of mendicity and imposture; and written perhaps as far back as the reign of James I; but which prevailed in that of Elizabeth, as Shakspeare has so finely shown in his Edgar. This maund, and these assumed manners and costume, I should not have preserved from their utter penury, but such was the rude material which Shakspeare has worked up into that most fanciful and richest vein of native poetry, which pervades the character of the wandering Edgar, tormented by 'the foul fiend,' when he

——————bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast.

And the poet proceeds with a minute picture of 'Bedlam beggars.' See Lear, A. II, S. 3.

† Aubrey's information is perfectly correct; for those impostors who assumed the character of Tom o' Bedlams for their own nefarious purposes used to have a mark burnt in their arms, which they showed as the mark of Bedlam. 'The English Villanies of Decker,' C. 17, 1648.

one of them.' The civil wars, probably, cleared the country of all sorts of vagabonds; but among the royalists or the parliamentarians, we did not know that in their rank and file they had so many Tom o' Bedlams.

I have now to explain something in the character of Edgar in Lear, on which the commentators seem to have ingeniously blundered, from an imperfect knowledge of the character which Edgar personates.

Edgar, in wandering about the country for a safe disguise, assumes the character of these *Tom o' Bedlams;* he thus closes one of his distracted speeches, 'Poor Tom, *Thy horn is dry!*' On this Johnson is content to inform us, that men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn and blow it through the streets.' This is no explanation of Edgar's allusion to the *dryness* of his horn. Steevens adds a fanciful note, that Edgar alludes to a proverbial expression *Thy horn is dry*, designed to express that a man had said all he could say; and further Steevens supposes that Edgar speaks these words *aside;* as if he had been quite weary of *Tom o' Bedlam's part*, and could not keep it up any longer. The reasons of all this conjectural criticism are a curious illustration of perverse ingenuity. Aubrey's manuscript note has shown us that the Bedlam's horn was also *a drinking horn*, and Edgar closes his speech in the perfection of the assumed character, and not as one who has grown weary of it, by making the mendicant lunatic desirous of departing from a heath, to march, as he cries 'to wakes, and fairs and market towns—Poor Tom! thy horn is dry!' as more likely places to solicit alms; and he is thinking of his *drink money*, when he cries that '*his horn is dry*.'

An itinerant lunatic, chanting wild ditties, fancifully attired, gay with the simplicity of childhood, yet often moaning with the sorrows of a troubled man, a mixture of character at once grotesque and plaintive, became an interesting object to poetical minds. It is probable that the character of Edgar, in the Lear of Shakspeare, first introduced the hazardous conception into the poetical world. Poems composed in the character of a Tom o' Bedlam appear to have formed a fashionable class of poetry among the wits; they seem to have held together poetical contests, and some of these writers became celebrated for their successful efforts, for old Isaac Walton mentions a 'Mr. William Basse as one who has made the choice songs of the "Hunter in his career," and of "Tom o'Bedlam," and many others of note.' Bishop Percy, in his 'Reliques of ancient English Poetry,' has preserved six of what he calls 'Mad Songs,' expressing his surprise that the English should have 'more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours,' for such are not found in the collections of songs of the French, Italian, &c, and nearly insinuates, for their cause, that we are perhaps more liable to the calamity of madness than other nations. This superfluous criticism had been spared had that elegant collector been aware of the circumstance which had produced this class of poems, and recollected the more ancient original in the Egdar of Shakspeare. Some of the 'Mad Songs,' the Bishop has preserved, are of too modern a date to suit the title of his work; being written by Tom D'Urfey, for his comedies of Don Quixote. I shall preserve one of more ancient date, fraught with all the wild spirit of this peculiar character.*

This poem must not be read without a perpetual reference to the personated character. Delirious and fantastic, strokes of sublime imagination are mixed with familiar comic humour, and even degraded by the cant language; for the gipsy habits of life of these 'Tom o' Bedlams' had confounded them with 'the progging Abram men.' These luckless beings are described by Decker as sometimes exceeding merry, and could do nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own brain; now they danced, now they would do nothing but laugh and weep, or were dogged and sullen both in look and speech. All they did, all they sung, was alike unconnected; indicative of the desultory and rambling wits of the chanter.

A TOM-A-BEDLAM SONG.

From the bag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the book of moons defend ye!

That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken;
Nor travel from
Yourselves with Tom
Abroad, to beg your bacon.

CHORUS.

Nor never sing any food and feeling,
Money, drink, or cloathing;
Come dame or maid,
Be not afraid,
For Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enraged;
And of forty been
Three times fifteen
In durance soundly caged.

In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
In stubble soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips ding, dong,
And a wholesome hunger plenty.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
And a cruise of cockle pottage,
And a thing thus—tall,
Sky bless you all,
I fell into this dotage.

I slept not till the Conquest;
Till then I never waked;
Till the roguish boy
Of love where I lay,
Me found, and stript me naked.

When short I have shorn my sow's face,
And swigg'd my horned barrel;
In an oaken Inn
Do I pawn my skin,
As a suit of gilt apparel:

The morn's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my morrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music, to my sorrow.

The palsie plague these pounces,
When I prig your pigs or pullen;
Your culvers take
Or mateless make
Your chanticlear and sullen;

When I want provant with *Humphrey* I sup,
And when benighted,
To repose in Paul's
With waking souls
I never am affrighted.

I know more than Apollo,
For, oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping;

The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior;
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;

With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey!

The last stanza of this Bedlam song contains the seeds of exquisite romance; a stanza worth many an admired poem.

* I discovered the present in a very scarce collection, entitled 'Wit and Drollery,' 1661; an edition, however, which is not the earliest of this once fashionable miscellany.

INTRODUCTION OF TEA, COFFEE, AND CHOCOLATE.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire: and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

In our own recollection, strange imaginations impeded the first period of Vaccination; when some families, terrified by the warning of a physician, conceived their race would end in a species of Minotaurs:

Semiboveque virum, semivirumque bovem.

We smile at the simplicity of the men of nature, for their mistaken notions at the first introduction among them of exotic novelties; and yet, even in civilized Europe, how long a time those whose profession, or whose reputation, regulate public opinion, are influenced by vulgar prejudices, often disguised under the imposing form of science! and when their ludicrous absurdities and obstinate prejudices enter into the matters of history, it is then we discover that they were only imposing on themselves and on others.

It is hardly credible that on the first introduction of the Chinese leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment; or the American leaf, whose sedative fumes made it so long a universal favourite; or the Arabian berry, whose aroma exhilarates its European votaries; that the use of these harmless novelties should have spread consternation in the nations of Europe, and have been anathematized by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Yet this seems to have happened. Patin, who wrote so furiously against the introduction of antimony, spread the same alarm at the use of tea, which he calls 'l'impertinente nouveauté du siecle.' In Germany, Hanneman considered tea-dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and Dr Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, suspected that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published against the use of this shrub, from various motives. In 1670 a Dutch writer says it was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay-water. 'The progress of this famous plant,' says an ingenious writer, 'has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues.'*

The history of the Tea-shrub, written by Dr Lettsom, is usually referred to on this subject; I consider it little more than a plagiarism on Dr Short's learned and curious dissertation on Tea, 1730, 4to. Lettsom has superadded the solemn trifling of his moral and medical advice.

These now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients nor those of the middle ages tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the use of this shrub are the casual notices of travellers, who seem to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it: a Russian Ambassador, in 1639, who resided at the Court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of tea for the Czar, 'as it would only incumber him with a commodity for which he had no use. The appearance of 'a black water' and an acrid taste seems not to have recommended it to the German Olearius in 1633. Dr Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried from home great store of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese for tea; and received three or four pounds of tea for one of sage: but at length the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate, for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained; according to the common accounts, it came into England from Holland, in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity; the custom of drinking tea became fashionable, and a pound weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East-India Companies, the honour of introducing its use into Europe may be claimed by both. Dr Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James I, for the first fleet set out in 1600; but, had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty had been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East-India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as in 1641, for in a scarce 'Treatise of Warm Beer,' where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot in preference to cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Maffei's account, that 'they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called *Chia*, hot.' The word *Chia* is the Portuguese term for tea retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese; while our intercourse with the Chinese made us no doubt adopt their term *Theh*, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portuguese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term *Bohea*, tea which comes from the country of *Vouhi*; and that of *Hyson* was the name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

The best account of the early use, and the prices of tea in England, appears in the hand-bill of one who may be called our first *Tea-maker*. This curious hand-bill bears no date, but as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings in 1660, this bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway in Exchange-alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have.

'Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s to 50s a pound.'

Probably, tea was not in general use domestically so late as in 1687; for in the diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, he registers that 'Pere Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drank in China.' Had his lordship been in the general habit of drinking tea, he had not, probably, made it a subject for his diary.

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. Yet an Italian intended to have occûpied the place of honour; that admirable traveller Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople, 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informing him, that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he calls '*Cahué*,' or as the word is written in an Arabic and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford 1569, on 'the nature of the drink *Kauhi* or Coffee.' As this celebrated traveller lived in 1652, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drank at Rome: this remains for the discovery of some member of the 'Arcadian Society.' Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also 'a Pilgrim,' and well knew what was '*Caffa*,' which 'they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it, good they say for digestion and mirth.'

It appears by Le Grand's 'Vie privée des Francois,' that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance, was inviting: it was probably attributed by the gay to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups, in which it was poured; the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions turned the heads of

* Edinburgh Review, 1816, p. 117.

the Parisian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation, and in 1672, an Armenian at Paris at the fair-time opened a coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smoke and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect coffee houses. A Florentine, one Procope, celebrated in his day as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices: he embellished his apartment, and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses, repaired to Procope's; where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to inhale the fresh and fragrant steam. Le Grand says, that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, Rousseau, &c, met; but the mild steams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortune and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses at Paris. We, however, had the use before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his hand-bill, in which he sets forth,

'The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publiquely made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head.'

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both in medicinal and domestic views. The use of coffee, indeed seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to have been more universally used, as it still is on the Continent; and its use is connected with a resort for the idle and the curious: the history of coffee-houses is often that of the manners, the morals, and the politics, of a people. Even in its native country, the government discovered that extraordinary fact, and the use of the Arabian berry was more than once forbidden where it grows; for Ellis, in his 'History of Coffee,' 1774, refers to an Arabian ms. in the King of France's library, which shows that coffee-houses in Asia were sometimes suppressed. The same fate happened on its introduction into England.

Among a number of poetical satires against the use of coffee, I find a curious exhibition, according to the exaggerated notions of that day, in 'A cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its colours,' 1663. The writer, like others of his contemporaries, wonders at the odd taste which could make Coffee a substitute for Canary.

'For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink!
Pure English apes! ye may, for ought I know,
Would it but mode—learn to eat spiders too.*
Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
The name of coffee so much called upon;
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon,
Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed;
Or Cataline's conspirators, as they stood
Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood?
The merriest ghost of all your sires would say,
Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
O'er tavern-bars into a farrier's shop,
Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.
Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
Beaumont and Fletcher's in your rounds appear,
They would not find the air perfumed with one
Castilian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
When they but men would speak as the Gods do,
They drank pure nectar as the Gods drink too,
Sublim'd with rich Canary—say shall then
These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men,
These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dashit with diurnals and the books of news.'

* This witty poet was not without a degree of prescience; the luxury of eating spiders has never indeed become 'modish,' but Mons. Lalande, the French astronomer, and one or two humble imitators of the modern philosopher, have shown this triumph over vulgar prejudices, and were Epicures of this stamp.

Other complaints arose from the mixture of the company in the first coffee-houses. In 'A broad-side against Coffee, or the marriage of the Turk,' 1672, the writer indicates the growth of the fashion:

'Confusion huddles all into one scene,
Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean;
For now, alas! the drench has credit got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not.
That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature!
But custom is but a remove from nature.'

In 'The Women's petition against Coffee,' 1664, they complained that 'it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought: that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies: and on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee.' It was now sold in convenient penny-worths; for in another poem in praise of a coffee-house, for the variety of information obtained there, it is called 'a penny university!

Amidst these contests of popular prejudices, between the lovers of forsaken Canary, and the terrors of our females at the barrenness of an Arabian desert, which lasted for twenty years, at length the custom was universally established; nor were there wanting some reflecting minds desirous of introducing the use of this liquid among the labouring classes of society, to wean them from strong liquors. Howel, in noticing that curious philosophical traveller, Sir Henry Blount's 'Organon Salutis,' 1659, observed that 'this coffa-drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations: formerly apprentices, clerks, &c, used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good-fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation.' Here it appears, what is most probable, that the use of this berry was introduced by other Turkish merchants, besides Edwards and his servant Pasqua. But the custom of drinking coffee among the labouring classes does not appear to have lasted; and when it was recently even the cheapest beverage, the popular prejudices prevailed against it, and run in favour of tea. The contrary practice prevails on the continent, where beggars are viewed making their coffee in the street. I remember seeing the large body of shipwrights at Helvoetsluys summoned by a bell, to take their regular refreshment of coffee; and the fleets of Holland were not then built by arms less robust than the fleets of Britain.

The frequenting of coffee houses is a custom which has declined within our recollection, since institutions of a higher character, and society itself, has so much improved within late years. These were, however, the common assemblies of all classes of society. The mercantile man, the man of letters, and the man of fashion, had their appropriate coffee houses. The Tatler dates from either to convey a character of his subject. In the reign of Charles II, 1675, a proclamation for some time shut them all up, having become the rendezvous of the politicians of that day. Roger North has given, in his Examen, a full account of this bold stroke; it was not done without some apparent respect to the British Constitution, the court affecting not to act against law, for the judges were summoned to a consultation, when, it seems, the five who met did not agree in opinion. But a decision was contrived that 'the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade; but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalize great men, it might also be a common nuisance.' A general discontent, in consequence, as North acknowledges, took place, and emboldened the merchants and retailers of coffee and tea to petition; and permission was soon granted to open the houses to a certain period, under a severe admonition, that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read in them; and hinder every person from spreading scan-

dalous reports against the government. It must be confessed, all this must have frequently puzzled the coffee house master to decide what was scandalous, what book was fit to be licensed to be read, and what political intelligence might be allowed to be communicated. The object of the government was, probably, to intimidate, rather than to persecute, at that moment.

Chocolate the Spaniards brought from Mexico where, it was denominated *Choccollatti*; it was a coarse mixture of ground cacao and Indian corn with rocou; but the Spaniards, liking its nourishment, improved it into a richer compound, with sugar, vanilla, and other aromatics. The immoderate use of chocolate, in the seventeenth century, was considered as so violent an inflamer of the passions, that Joan. Fran. Rauch published a treatise against it, and enforced the necessity of forbidding the *monks* to drink it; and adds, that if such an interdiction had existed, the scandal with which that holy order had been branded might have proved more groundless. This *Disputatio medico-dietetica de aere et esculentis, nec-non de potû*, Vienna, 1624, is a *rara avis* among collectors. This attack on the monks, as well as on chocolate, is said to be the cause of its scarcity; for we are told that they were so diligent in suppressing this treatise, that it is supposed not a dozen copies exist. We had chocolate houses in London long after coffee houses; they seemed to have associated something more elegant and refined in their new term when the other had become common. Roger North thus inveighs against them: 'The use of coffee houses seems much improved by a new invention, called chocolate houses, for the benefit of rooks and cullies of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest, and the summons of W——— seldom fails; as if the devil had erected a new University, and those were the colleges of its professors, as well as his schools of discipline.' Roger North, a high tory, and attorney general to James II, observed however, that these rendezvous were often not entirely composed of those 'factious gentry he so much dreaded;' for he says, 'This way of passing time might have been stopped at first before people had possessed themselves of some convenience from them of meeting for short despatches, and passing evenings with small expenses.' And old Aubrey, the small Boswell of his day, attributes his general acquaintance to 'the modern advantage of coffee houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted but with their own relations, and societies:' a curious statement, which proves the moral connexion with society of all sedentary recreations which induce the herding spirit.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S LOVE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Herbert, the faithful attendant of Charles I, during the two last years of the king's life, mentions, 'a diamond seal with the king's arms engraved on it. The history of this 'diamond seal' is remarkable; and seems to have been recovered by the conjectural sagacity of Warburton, who never exercised his favourite talent with greater felicity. The curious passage I transcribe may be found in a manuscript letter to Dr Birch.

'If you have read Herbert's account of the last days of Charles the First's life, you must remember he tells a story of a diamond seal, with the arms of England cut into it. This King Charles ordered to be given, I think, to the prince. I suppose you don't know what became of this seal, but would be surprised to find it afterwards in the Court of Persia. Yet there Tavernier certainly carried it, and offered it to sale, as I certainly collect from these words of vol. I, p. 541. "Me souvenant de ce qui etoit arrivé au Chevalier de Reville," &c. He tells us he told the Prime Minister what was engraved on the diamond was the arms of a Prince of Europe, but, says he, I would not be more particular, remembering the case of Reville. Reville's case was this: he came to seek employment under the Sophy, who asked him "where he had served?" He said, "in England under Charles I, and that he was a captain in his guards."—"Why did you leave his service?" "He was murdered by cruel rebels."—"And how had you the impudence," says the Sophy, "to survive him?" And so disgraced him. Now Tavernier was afraid if he had said the arms of England had been on the seal, that they would have occasioned the inquiry into the old story. You will ask how Tavernier got this seal? I suppose, that the prince, in his necessities, sold it to Tavernier, who was at Paris when the English court was there. What made me recollect Herbert's account on reading this, was the singularity of an impress cut on the diamond, which Tavernier represents as a most extraordinary rarity. Charles I was a great virtuoso, and delighted particularly in sculpture and painting.'

This is an instance of conjectural evidence where a historical fact seems established on no other authority than the ingenuity of a student, exercised in his library on a private and secret event a century after it had occurred. The diamond seal of Charles I, may, probably, be yet discovered in the treasures of the Persian Sovereign.

Warburton, who had ranged with keen delight through the age of Charles I, the noblest and the most humiliating in our own history, and in that of the world perpetually instructive, has justly observed the king's passion for the fine arts. It was indeed such, that had the reign of Charles I, proved prosperous, that sovereign about 1640 would have anticipated those tastes, and even that enthusiasm, which are still almost foreign to the nation.

The mind of Charles I was moulded by the Graces. His favourite Buckingham was probably a greater favourite, for those congenial tastes, and the frequent exhibition of those splendid masks and entertainments, which combined all the picture of ballet dances, with the voice of music; the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier, the duke's architect, the bosom friend of Rubens. There was a costly magnificence in the *fetes* at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious researchers are aware: they eclipsed the splendour of the French Court; for Bassompiere, in one of his despatches, declares he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, theatrical changes, and those of the tables, and the music; the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door made like that of the monasteries, which admitted only one person at a time. The following extract from a manuscript letter of the times conveys a lively account of one of these *fetes*.

'Last Sunday at night, the duke's grace entertained their majesties and the French ambassador at York House, with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life, that the queens majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen,' together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds.* At another time, 'The king and queen were entertained at supper, at Gerbier, the duke's painter's house, which could not stand him in less than a thousand pounds.' Sir Symonds D'Ewes mentions banquets at 500*l*. The fullest account I have found of one of these entertainments, which at once show the curiosity of the scenical machinery, and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen, and the white dresses with white heron's plumes and jewelled head dresses, and ropes of pearls of the ladies, was in a manuscript letter of the times, with which I supplied the editor of Jonson, who has preserved the narrative in his memoirs of that poet.†—'Such were the magnificent entertainments,' says Mr. Gifford, in his introduction to Massinger, 'which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached, even in thought.' That the expenditure was costly, proves that the greater encouragement was offered to artists; nor should Buckingham be censured, as some will incline to, for this lavish expense; it was not unusual with the great nobility then; for the literary Duchess of Newcastle mentions that an entertainment of this sort, which the duke gave to Charles I, cost her lord between four and five thousand pounds. The ascetic puritan would indeed abhor these scenes; but their magnificence was also designed to infuse into the national character gentler feelings and more elegant tastes. They charmed even those fiercer republican spirits in their tender youth: MILTON owes his Arcades and his delightful Comus to a mask at Ludlow Castle; and WHITELOCKE, who was himself an actor and manager, in 'a splendid royal mask of the four Inns of courts joining together' to go to court about the time that Prynne published his Histriomastix, 'to manifest the differ-

* Sloane MSS, 5176, letter 867.

† Mr Gifford's Memoirs of Jonson, p. 88.

ence of their opinions from Mr. Prynne's new learning,'—seems, even at a later day, when drawing up his 'Memorials of the English Affairs,' and occupied by graver concerns, to have dwelt with all the fondness of reminiscence on the stately shows and masks of his more innocent age; and has devoted in a chronicle which contracts many an important event in a single paragraph, six folio columns to a minute and very curious description of 'these dreams past, and these vanished pomps.'

Charles the First, indeed, not only possessed a critical tact, but extensive knowledge in the fine arts and the relics of antiquity. In his flight in 1642, the king stopped at the abode of the religious family of the Farrars at Gidding, who had there raised a singular monastic institution among themselves. One of their favourite amusements had been to form an illustrated Bible, the wonder and the talk of the country. In turning it over, the king would tell his companion the Palsgrave, whose curiosity in prints exceeded his knowledge, the various masters, and the character of their inventions. When Panzani, a secret agent of the Pope, was sent over to England to promote the Catholic cause, the subtile and elegant Cardinal Barberini, called the protector of the English at Rome, introduced Panzani to the king's favour by making him appear an agent rather for procuring him fine pictures, statues, and curiosities; and the earnest inquiries and orders given by Charles I prove his perfect knowledge of the most beautiful existing remains of ancient art. 'The statues go on prosperously,' says Cardinal Barberini in a letter to Mazarine, 'nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if in exchange we might be so happy as to have the King of England's name among those Princes who submit to the Apostolic See.' Charles I was particularly urgent to procure a statue of Adonis in the Villa Ludovisia; every effort was made by the queen's confessor, Father Philips, and the vigilant Cardinal at Rome; but the inexorable Duchess of Fiano would not suffer it to be separated from her rich collection of statues and paintings, even for the chance conversion of a whole kingdom of heretics.*

This monarch, who possessed 'four and twenty palaces, all of them elegantly and completely furnished,' and formed very considerable collections. 'The value of pictures had doubled in Europe, by the emulation between our Charles and Philip IV of Spain, who was touched with the same elegant passion.' When the rulers of fanaticism began their reign, 'all the king's furniture was put to sale; his pictures, disposed of at very low prices, enriched all the collections in Europe: the cartoons when complete were only appraised at 300*l*, though the whole collection of the king's curiosities were sold at above 50,000*l*.† Hume adds, 'the very library and medals at St James's were intended by the generals to be brought to auction, in order to pay the arrears of some regiments of cavalry; but Selden, apprehensive of this loss, engaged his friend Whitelocke, then lord-keeper of the commonwealth, to apply for the office of librarian. This contrivance saved that valuable collection.' This account is only partly correct: the love of books, which formed the passion of the two learned scholars whom Hume notices, fortunately intervened to save the royal collection from the intended scattering; but the pictures and medals were, perhaps, objects too slight in the eyes of the book-learned; they were resigned to the singular fate of appraisement. After the Restoration very many books were missing, but scarcely a third part of the medals remained: of the strange manner in which these precious remains of ancient art and history were valued and disposed of, the following account may not be read without interest.

In March 1648, the parliament ordered commissioners to be appointed to inventory the goods and personal estate of the late king, queen, and prince, and appraise them for the use of the public. And in April 1648, an act, adds Whitelocke, was committed, for inventorying the late king's goods, &c.‡

This very inventory I have examined. It forms a magnificent folio, of near a thousand pages, of an extraordinary dimension, bound in crimson velvet, and richly gilt, written in a fair large hand, but with little knowledge of the objects which the inventory writer describes. It is entitled 'An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, &c, belonging to King Charles I, sold by order of the Council of State, from the year 1649 to 1652.' So that from the decapitation of the king, a year was allowed to draw up the inventory; and the sale proceeded during three years.

From this manuscript catalogue* to give long extracts were useless; it has afforded, however some remarkable observations. Every article was appraised, nothing was sold under the affixed price, but a slight competition sometimes seemed to have raised the sum; and when the council of state could not get the sum appraised, the gold and silver was sent to the Mint; and assuredly many fine works of art were valued by the ounce. The names of the purchasers appear: they are usually English, but probably many were the agents of foreign courts. The coins or medals were thrown promiscuously into drawers: one drawer, having twenty-four medals, was valued at 2*l*, 10*s*; another of twenty at 1*l*; another of twenty-four at 1*l*; and one drawer, containing forty-six silver coins with the box, was sold for 5*l*. On the whole, medals seem not to have been valued at much more than a shilling a piece. The appraiser was certainly no antiquary.

The king's curiosities in the Tower Jewel-house generally fetched above the price fixed; the toys of art could please the unlettered minds that had no conception of its works.

The temple of Jerusalem, made of ebony and amber, fetched 25*l*.

A fountain of silver, for perfumed waters, artificially made to play of itself, sold for 30*l*.

A chess board, said to be Queen Elizabeth's, inlaid with gold, silver, and pearls, 23*l*.

A conjuring drum from Lapland, with an almanac cut on a piece of wood.

Several sections in silver of a Turkish gallery, a Venetian gondola, an Indian canoe, and a first rate man of war.

A Saxon king's mace used in war, with a ball full o spikes, and the handle covered with gold plates, and enamelled, sold for 37*l*, 8*s*.

A gorget of massy gold, chased with the manner of a battle, weighing thirty-one ounces, at 3*l*, 10*s*, per ounce, was sent to the Mint.

A Roman shield of buff leather, covered with a plate of gold, finely chased with a Gorgon's head, set round the rim with rubies, emeralds, turquoise stones, in number 137, 132*l*, 12*s*.

The pictures, taken from Whitehall, Windsor, Wimbledon, Greenwich, Hampton Court, &c, exhibit, in number, an unparalleled collection. By what standard they were valued, it would, perhaps, be difficult to conjecture; from 50*l* to 100*l*, seems to have been the limits of the appraiser's taste and imagination. Some whose price is whimsically low may have been thus rated, from a political feeling respecting the portrait of the person; there are, however, in this singular appraised catalogue, two pictures, which were rated at, and sold for, the remarkable sums of one and of two thousand pounds. The one was a sleeping Venus by Corregio, and the other a Madonna by Raphael. There was also a picture by Julio Romano, called 'The great piece of the Nativity,' at 500*l*. 'The little Madonna and Christ,' by Raphael, at 800*l*. 'The great Venus and Parde,' by Titian, at 600*l*. These seem to have been the only pictures, in this immense collection, which reached a picture's price. The inventory writer had, probably, been instructed by the public voice of their value; which, however, would in the present day, be considered much under a fourth. Rubens' 'Woman taken in Adultery,' described as a large picture, sold for 20*l*; and his 'Peace and Plenty, with many figures big as the life,' for 100*l*. Titian's pictures seem generally valued at 100*l*.—Venus dressed by the Graces, by Guido, reached to 200*l*.

The Cartoons of Raphael, here called 'The Acts of the Apostles,' notwithstanding their subject was so congenial to the popular feelings, and only appraised at 300*l*, could find no purchaser!

The following full lengths of celebrated personages were rated at these whimsical prices:

Queen Elizabeth, in her parliament robes, valued 1*l*.

* See Gregorio Panzani's Memoirs of his agency in England. This work long lay in manuscript, and was only known to us in the Catholic Dodd's Church History, by partial extracts. It was at length translated from the Italian MS., and published by the Rev. Joseph Berington; a curious piece of our own secret history.

† Hume's History of England, VII. 342. His authority is the Parl. Hist. XIX. 83.

‡ Whitelocke's Memorials.

* Harl MS. 4898.

The Queen mother in mourning habit, valued 3*l*.
Buchanan's picture, valued 3*l*, 10*s*.
The King, when a youth in coats, valued 2*l*.
The picture of the Queen, when she was with child, sold for five shillings.

King Charles on horseback, by Sir Anthony Vandyke, was purchased by Sir Balthazar Gerbier, at the appraised price of 200*l*.

The greatest sums were produced by the tapestry and arras hangings, which were chiefly purchased for the service of the Protector. Their amount exceeds 30,000*l*. I note a few.

At Hampton Court, ten pieces of arras hangings of Abraham, containing 826 yards, at 10*l* a yard, 8260*l*.

Ten pieces of Julius Cæsar, 717, ells, at 7*l*, 5019*l*.

One of the cloth of estates is thus described:

'One rich cloth of estate of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, having the arms of England within a garter, with all the furniture suitable thereunto. The state containing these stones following: two cameos or agates, twelve crysolites, twelve ballases or garnets, one sapphire seated in chases of gold, one long pearl pendant, and many large and small pearls, valued at 500*l*, sold for 602*l*, 10*s*, to Mr Oliver, 4 February, 1649.

Was plain Mr Oliver, in 1649, who we see was one of the earlier purchasers, shortly after 'the Lord Protector?' All the 'cloth of estate' and 'arras hangings' were afterwards purchased for the service of the Protector: and one may venture to conjecture that when Mr Oliver purchased this 'rich cloth of estate,' it was not without a latent motive of its service to the new owner.*

There is one circumstance remarkable in the feeling of Charles I for the fine arts: it was a passion without ostentation or egotism; for although this monarch was inclined himself to participate in the pleasures of a creating artist, the king having handled the pencil and composed a poem; yet he never suffered his private dispositions to prevail over his more majestic duties. We do not discover in history that Charles I was a painter and a poet. Accident and secret history only reveal this softening feature in his grave and king-like character. Charles sought no glory from, but only indulged his love for art and the artists. There are three manuscripts on his art, by Leonardo de Vinci, in the Ambrosian library, which bear an inscription that a King of England, in 1639, offered one thousand guineas of gold for each. Charles, too, suggested to the two great painters of his age, the subjects he considered worthy of their pencils, and had for his 'closet-companions,' those native poets, for which he was censured in 'evil times,' and even by Milton!

Charles I, therefore, if ever he practised the arts he loved, it may be conjectured, was impelled by the force of his feelings; his works or his touches, however unskilful, were at least their effusions, expressing the full language of his soul. In his imprisonment at Carisbrook Castle, the author of the 'Eikon Basilike,' solaced his royal woes by composing a poem, entitled in the very style of this memorable volume, 'Majesty in Misery, or an Imploration to the King of Kings;' and, like that volume, it contains stanzas fraught with the most tender and solemn feeling: such a subject, in the hands of such an author, was sure to produce poetry, although in the unpractised poet we may want the versifier. A few stanzas will illustrate this conception of part of his character:

'The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

'With my own power my majesty they wound;
In the king's name, the king 's himself uncrown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.'

After a pathetic description of his queen, 'forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb,' and 'Great Britain's heir forced into France,' where,

'Poor child, he weeps out his inheritance!'

Charles continues:

'They promise to erect my royal stem;
To make me great, to advance my diadem;
If I will first fall down, and worship them!
But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they 'll force me to make bread of stones.'

And implores, with a martyr's piety, the Saviour's forgiveness for those who were more misled than criminal:

'Such as thou know'st do not know what they do.'*

As a poet and a painter, Charles is not popularly known, but this article was due, to preserve the memory of the royal votary's ardour and pure feelings for the love of the Fine Arts.†

THE SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES I, AND HIS QUEEN HENRIETTA.

The secret history of Charles I, and his queen Henrietta of France, opens a different scene from the one exhibited in the passionate drama of our history.

The king is accused of the most spiritless uxoriousness; and the chaste fondness of a husband is placed among his political errors. Even Hume conceives that his queen 'precipitated him into hasty and imprudent counsels,' and Bishop Kennet had alluded to 'the influence of a stately queen over an affectionate husband.' The uxoriousness of Charles is re-echoed by all the writers of a certain party. This is an odium which the king's enemies first threw out to make him contemptible; while his apologists imagined that, in perpetuating this accusation, they had discovered, in a weakness which has at least something amiable, some palliation for his own political misconduct. The factious, too, by this aspersion, promoted the alarm they spread in the nation, of the king's inclination to popery; yet, on the contrary, Charles was then making a determined stand, and at length triumphed over a Catholic faction, which was ruling his queen; and this at the risk and menace of a war with France. Yet this firmness too has been denied him, even by his apologist Hume; that historian on his preconceived system imagined, that every action of Charles I originated in the Duke of Buckingham, and that the duke pursued his personal quarrel with Richelieu, and taking advantage of these domestic quarrels, had persuaded Charles to dismiss the French attendants of the queen.‡

There are, fortunately, two letters from Charles I to Buckingham, preserved in the state-papers of Lord Hardwicke, which set this point to rest: these decisively prove, that the whole matter originated with the king himself, and that Buckingham had tried every effort to persuade him to the contrary; for the king complains, that he had been too long overcome by his persuasions, but that he was now 'resolved it must be done, and that shortly!'§

It is remarkable, that the character of a queen, who is imagined to have performed so active a part in our history, scarcely ever appears in it; when abroad, and when she returned to England, in the midst of a winter-storm, bringing all the aid she could to her unfortunate consort, those who witnessed this appearance of energy imagined that her character was equally powerful in the cabinet. Yet Henrietta, after all, was nothing more than a volatile woman; one who had never studied, never reflected, and whom nature had formed to be charming and haughty, but whose vivacity could not retain even a state-secret for an hour, and whose talents were quite opposite to those of deep political intrigue.

Henrietta viewed even the characters of great men with all the sensations of a woman. Describing the Earl of Strafford to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person: 'Though not handsome,' said she, 'he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man

* Some may be curious to learn the price of gold and silver about 1660. It appears by this manuscript inventory that the silver sold at 4*s*, 11*d*, per oz: and gold at 3*l*, 10*s*; so that the value of these metals has little varied during the last century and a half.

* This poem is omitted in the great edition of the king's works, published after the Restoration; and was given by Burnet from a manuscript in his 'Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton;' but it had been published in Perrenchief's 'Life of Charles I.'

† This article was composed without any recollection that a part of the subject had been anticipated by Lord Orford. In the 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' many curious particulars are noticed: the story of the king's diamond seal had reached his lordship, and Vertue had a mutilated transcript of the inventory of the king's pictures, &c, discovered in Moorfields; for, among others, more than thirty pages at the beginning, relating to the plate and jewels, were missing. The manuscript in the Harleian collection is perfect. Lord Orford has also given an interesting anecdote to show the king's discernment in the knowledge of the hands of the painters, which confirms the little anecdote I have related from the Farrars.

‡ Hume, vol. VI, p. 284.

§ Lord Hardwicke's state-papers, II, 2, 3.

in the world.' Landing at Burlington bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house; and several shot reaching it, her favourite, Jermyn requested her to fly; she safely reached a cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a lap dog asleep in its bed, she flew back, and, amidst the cannon-shot, returned with this other favourite. The queen related this incident of the lap dog to her friend Madame Motteville; these ladies considered it as a complete woman's victory. It is in these memoirs we find, that when Charles went down to the house, to seize on the five leading members of the opposition, the queen could not retain her lively temper, and impatiently babbled the plot; so that one of the ladies in attendance despatched a hasty note to the parties, who, as the king entered the house, had just time to leave it. Some have dated the ruin of his cause to the failure of that impolitic step, which alarmed every one zealous for that spirit of political freedom which had now grown up in the commons. Incidents like these mark the feminine dispositions of Henrietta. But when at sea, in danger of being taken by a parliamentarian, the queen commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and domestics; we perceive how, on every trying occasion, Henrietta never forgot that she was the daughter of Henry IV; that glorious affinity was inherited by her with all the sexual pride; and hence, at times, that energy in her actions which was so far above her intellectual capacity.

And, indeed, when the awful events she had witnessed were one by one registered in her melancholy mind, the sensibility of the woman subdued the natural haughtiness of her character; but, true woman! the feeling creature of circumstances, at the Restoration she resumed it, and when the new court of Charles II would not endure her obsolete haughtiness, the dowager-queen left it in all the full bitterness of her spirit. An habitual gloom, and the meagerness of grief, during the commonwealth had changed a countenance once the most lively, and her eyes, whose dark and dazzling lustre was even celebrated, then only shone in tears. When she told her physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, that she found her understanding was failing her, and seemed terrified lest it was approaching to madness, the court physician, hardly courtly to fallen majesty, replied, 'Madam, fear not that; for you are already mad.' Henrietta had lived to contemplate the awful changes of her reign, without comprehending them.

Waller, in the profusion of poetical decoration, makes Henrietta so beautiful, that her beauty would affect every lover 'more than his private loves.' She was 'the whole world's mistress.' A portrait in crayons of Henrietta at Hampton-court sadly reduces all his poetry, for the miraculous was only in the fancy of the court poet. But there may be some truth in what he says of the eyes of Henrietta.

> Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself, had thrown
> As bright and fierce a lightning as his own.'

And in another poem there is one characteristic line

> —— Such radiant eyes,
> Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies.'

In a MS. letter of the times, the writer describes the queen as 'nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and a brave lady.'* In the MS. journal of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who saw the queen on her first arrival in London, cold and puritanic as was that antiquary, he notices with some warmth 'the features of her face, which were much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye.'† She appears to have possessed French vivacity both in her manners and her conversation: in the history of a queen, an accurate conception of her person enters for something.

Her talents were not of that order which could influence the revolutions of a people. Her natural dispositions might have allowed her to become a politician of the toilette, and she might have practised those slighter artifices, which may be considered as so many political coquetries. But Machiavellian principles, and involved intrigues, of which she has been so freely accused, could never have entered into her character. At first she tried all the fertile inventions of a woman to persuade the king that she was his humblest creature, and the good people of England, that she was quite in love with them. Now that we know that no female was ever more deeply tainted with Catholic bigotry; and that, haughty as she was, this princess suffered the most insulting superstitions, inflicted as penances by her priests, for this very marriage with a Protestant prince, the following new facts relating to her first arrival in England, curiously contrast with the mortified feelings she must have endured by the violent suppression of her real ones.

We must bring forward a remarkable and unnoticed document in the Embassies of Marshal Bassompiere.* It is nothing less than a most solemn obligation contracted with the Pope and her brother, the King of France, to educate her children as Catholics, and only to choose Catholics to attend them. Had this been known either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne. The fate of both her sons shows how faithfully she performed this treasonable contract. This piece of secret history opens the concealed cause of those deep impressions of that faith, which both monarchs sucked in with their milk; that triumph of the cradle over the grave which most men experience: Charles II died a Catholic, James II lived as one.

When Henrietta was on her way to England, a legate from Rome arrested her at Amiens, requiring the princess to undergo a penance, which was to last sixteen days, for marrying Charles without the papal dispensation. The queen stopped her journey, and wrote to inform the king of the occasion. Charles, who was then waiting for her at Canterbury, replied, that if Henrietta did not instantly proceed, he would return alone to London. Henrietta doubtless sighed for the Pope and the penance, but she set off the day she received the king's letter. The king, either by his wisdom or his impatience, detected the aim of the Roman pontiff, who, had he been permitted to arrest the progress of a Queen of England for sixteen days in the face of all Europe, would thus have obtained a tacit supremacy over a British Monarch.

When the king arrived at Canterbury, although not at the moment prepared to receive him, Henrietta flew to meet him, and with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, kneeling at his feet, she kissed his hand, while the king, bending over her, wrapt her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unusual with those of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion; *Sire. Je suis venue en ce paie de votre Majesté, pour être usée et commandée de vous.** It had been rumoured that she was of a very short stature, but, reaching to the king's shoulder, his eyes were cast down to her feet, seemingly observing whether she used art to increase her height. Anticipating his thoughts, and playfully showing her feet, she declared, that 'she stood upon her own feet, for thus high I am, and neither higher or lower.' After an hour's conversation in privacy, Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the court; and the king, who had already dined, performing the office of her carver, cut a pheasant and some venison. By the side of the queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her to be cautious that she set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his court were now to be gained over, as well as John the Baptist. She affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her new heretical subjects then present; but we may conceive the pangs of so confirmed a devotee! She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked about this time whether she could abide a Hugonot? she replied, 'Why not?—Was not my father one?' Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many 'good signs of hope,' as a contemporary in a manuscript letter expresses it, induced many of the English to believe that Henrietta might even become one of themselves! Sir Symonds D'Ewes, as appears by his manuscript diary, was struck by 'her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, which were so sweet and humble!'‡ However, this was in the first days of her arrival, and these 'sweet and humble looks' were not constant ones; for a courtier at White-

* Sloane MSS, 4176.
† Harl. MSS. 646

* Ambassades du Marechal de Bassompiere, Vol. III, 42.
† A letter from Dr Meddus to Mr Mead, 17 Jan. 1625. 4177, Sloane MSS.
‡ Sir S. D'Ewe's Journal of his life. Harl. MS 646. We have seen our puritanic antiquary describing the person of the queen with some warmth; but 'he could not abstain from deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of true religion,' a circumstance that Henrietta would have as zealously regretted for Sir Symonds himself!

hall, writing to a friend, observes, that 'the queen, however little of stature, yet is of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, otherwise full of spirit and vigour, and seems of more than ordinary resolution; and he adds an incident of one of her 'frowns.' The room in which the queen was at dinner being somewhat overheated with the fire and company, 'she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl.'* We may already detect the fair waxen mask melting away on the features it covered, even in one short month!

By the marriage contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment, composed of her own people; and this had been contrived to be not less than a small French colony, exceeding three hundred persons. It composed, in fact, a French faction, and looks like a covert project of Richelieu's to further his intrigues here, by opening a perpetual correspondence with the discontented Catholics of England. In the instructions of Bassompiere, one of the alleged objects of the marriage is the general good of the Catholic religion, by affording some relief to those English who professed it. If however, that great statesman ever entertained this political design, the simplicity and pride of the Roman priests here completely overturned it; for in their blind zeal they dared to extend their domestic tyranny over majesty itself.

The French party had not long resided here, ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Catholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the queen, by herself; while Charles was compelled, by the popular cry, to forbid any English Catholics to serve the queen, or to be present at the celebration of her mass. The king was even obliged to employ poursuivants or king's messengers, to stand at the door of her chapel to seize on any of the English who entered there, while on these occasions the French would draw their swords to defend these concealed Catholics. 'The queen and hers' became an odious distinction in the nation. Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; they were not less reserved in private. The following anecdote of saying a grace before the king, at his own table, in a most indecorous race run between the catholic priest and the king's chaplain, is given in a manuscript letter of the times.

'The King and queen dining together in the presence'† Mr Hacket (chaplain to the Lord Keeper Williams)‡ being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away; whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When dinner was done, the confessor thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr Hacket, but Mr Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr Hacket, with such a confusion, that the king in great passion instantly rose from the table, and, taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bedchamber.'§ It is with difficulty we conceive how such a scene of priestly indiscretion should have been suffered at the table of an English sovereign.

Such are the domestic accounts I have gleaned from MS. letters of the times; but particulars of a deeper nature may be discovered in the answer of the king's council to Marshal Bassompiere, preserved in the history of his embassy; this marshal had been hastily despatched as an extraordinary ambassador when the French party were dismissed. This state document, rather a remonstrance than a reply, states that the French household had formed a little republic within themselves, combining with the French resident ambassador, and inciting the opposition members in parliament; a practice usual with that intriguing court, even from the days of Elizabeth, as the original letters of the French ambassador of the time, which will be found in the present volume, amply show; and those of La Boderie in James the First's time, who raised a French party about prince Henry; and the correspondence of Barillon in Charles the second's reign is fully exposed in his entire correspondence published by Fox. The French domestics of the queen were engaged in lower intrigues; they lent their names to hire houses in the suburbs of London, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were educated and prepared to be sent abroad to Catholic seminaries. But the queen's priests, by those well known means which the Catholic religion sanctions, were drawing from the queen the minutest circumstances which passed in privacy between her and the king; indisposed her mind towards her royal consort, impressed on her a contempt of the English nation, and a disgust of our customs, and particularly, as has been usual with the French, made her neglect the English language, as if the queen of England held no common interest with the nation. They had made her residence a place of security for the persons and papers of the discontented. Yet all this was hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English queen by their monastic obedience; inflicting the most degrading penances. One of the most flagrant is alluded to in our history. This was a barefoot pilgrimage to Tyburn, where, one morning, under the gallows on which so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James I, she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints who had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause.* A manuscript letter of the times mentions that 'the priests had also made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset house to St James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! They have made her to go barefoot, to spin, and to eat her meat out of dishes, to wait at the table of servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. And if they dare thus insult (adds the writer) over the daughter, sister, and wife of so great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, to undergo!'†

One of the articles in the contract of marriage was, that the queen should have a chapel at St James's to be built and consecrated by her French bishop; the priests became very importunate, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state it ought, before the queen. The king's answer is not that of a man inclined to popery. 'If the queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and, if the great chamber is not wide enough, they might use the garden and, if the garden would not serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place.

The French priests and the whole party feeling themselves slighted, and sometimes worse treated, were breeding continual quarrels among themselves, grew weary of England, and wished themselves away; but many having purchased their places with all their fortune, would have been ruined by the breaking up of the establishment.—Bassompiere alludes to the broils and clamours of these French strangers, which exposed them to the laughter of the English court; and one cannot but smile in observing in one of the despatches of this great mediator between two kings and a queen, addressed to the minister, that one of the greatest obstacles which he had found in this difficult negotiation arose from the bedchamber women! The French king being desirous of having two additional women to attend the English queen, his sister, the ambassador declares, that 'it would be more expedient rather to diminish than to increase the number; for they all live so ill together, with such rancorous jealousies and enmities, that I have more trouble to make them agree than I shall find to accommodate the differences between the two kings. Their continual bickerings, and often their vituperative language, occasion the English to entertain the most contemptible and ridiculous opinions of our nation. I shall not, therefore, insist on this point, unless it shall please his majesty to renew it.'

The French bishop was under the age of thirty, and his authority was imagined to have been but irreverently treated by two beautiful viragos in that civil war of words which

* A letter to Mr Mead, July 1, 1625, Sloane MSS, 4176.

† At Hampton Court there is a curious picture of Charles and Henrietta dining in the presence. This regal honour, after its interruption during the Civil Wars, was revived in 1667 by Charles II, as appears by Evelyn's Diary. 'Now did his majesty again dine in the presence, in ancient style, with music and all the court ceremonies.'

‡ The author of the Life of this Archbishop and Lord Keeper; a voluminous folio, but full of curious matters. Ambrose Philips the poet abridged it.

§ A letter from Mr Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, October, 1625. 4177, Sloane MSS.

* There is a very rare print which has commemorated this circumstance.

† Mr Pory to Mr Mead, July, 1626. Harl. MSS, No. 383. The answer of the king's council to the complaints of Bassompiere is both copious and detailed in Vol. III, p. 166, of the 'Ambassades' of this Marshal.

was raging; one of whom, Madame St George, was in high favour, and most intolerably hated by the English.—Yet such was English gallantry, that the king presented this lady on her dismission with several thousand pounds and jewels. There was something inconceivably ludicrous in the notions of the English, of a bishop hardly of age, and the gravity of whose character was probably tarnished by French gesture and vivacity. This French establishment was daily growing in expense and number; a manuscript letter of the times states that it cost the king 240*l* a day, and had increased from three score persons to four hundred and forty, besides children!

It was one evening that the king suddenly appeared, and, summoning the French household, commanded them to take their instant departure—the carriages were prepared for their removal. In doing this, Charles had to resist the warmest intreaties, and even the vehement anger of the queen, who is said in her rage to have broken several panes of the window of the apartment, to which the king dragged her, and confined her from them.'*

The scene which took place among the French people, at the sudden announcement of the king's determination, was remarkably indecorous. They instantly flew to take possession of all the queen's wardrobe and jewels; they did not leave her, it appears, a change of linen, since it was with difficulty she procured one as a favour, according to some manuscript letters of the times. One of their extraordinary expedients was that of inventing bills, for which they pretended they had engaged themselves on account of the queen, to the amount of 10,000*l*, which the queen at first owned to, but afterwards acknowledged the debts were fictitious ones. Among these items was one of 400*l* for necessaries for her majesty; an apothecary's bill for drugs of 800*l*; and another of 150*l* for 'the bishop's unholy water,' as the writer expresses it. The young French bishop attempted by all sorts of delays to avoid this ignominious expulsion; till the king was forced to send his yeomen of the guards to turn them out from Somerset house, where the juvenile French bishop at once protesting against it, and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure 'head and shoulders.' It appears that to pay the debts and pensions, besides sending the French troops free home, cost 50,000*l*.

In a long procession of nearly forty coaches, after four days tedious travelling they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame George, whose vivacity is always described extravagantly French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap; an English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot; but no further notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of this English courtier.

But Charles did not show his kingly firmness only on this occasion: it did not forsake him when the French Marshal Bassompiere was instantly sent over to awe the king; Charles sternly offered the alternative of war, rather than permit a French faction to trouble an English court. Bassompiere makes a curious observation in a letter to the French Bishop of Mende, who had been just sent away from England; and which serves as the most positive evidence of the firm refusal of Charles I.—The French marshal, after stating the total failure of his mission, exclaims, 'See, sir, to what we are reduced! and imagine my grief, that the Queen of Great Britain has the pain of viewing my departure without being of any service to her; but if you consider that I was sent here to *make a contract of marriage observed, and to maintain the Catholic Religion in a country from which they formerly banished it to break a contract of marriage*, you will assist in excuring me of this failure.' The French marshal has also preserved the same distinctive feature of the nation, as well as of the monarch, who, surely to his honour as King of England, felt and acted on this occasion as a true Briton. 'I have found,' says the Gaul, 'humility among Spaniards, civility and courtesy among the Swiss, in the embassies I had the honour to perform for the king; but the English would not in the least abate of their natural pride and arrogance. The king is so resolute not to re-establish any French about the queen, his consort, and was so stern (rude) in speaking to me, that it is impossible to have been more so.' In a word, the French marshal, with all his vaunts and his threats, discovered that Charles I was the true representative of his subjects, and that the king had the same feelings with the people: this indeed was not always the case! this transaction took place in 1626, and when, four years afterwards, it was attempted again to introduce certain French persons, a bishop and a physician, about the queen, the king absolutely refused even a French physician who had come over with the intention of being chosen the queen's, under the sanction of the queen mother. This little circumstance appears in a manuscript letter from Lord Dorchester to Mr De Vic, one of the king's agents at Paris. After an account of the arrival of this French physician, his lordship proceeds to notice the former determinations of the king; 'yet this man,' he adds, 'hath been addressed to the ambassador to introduce him into the court, and the queen persuaded in clears and plaine terms to speak to the king to admit him as domestique. His majesty expressed his dislike at this proceeding, but contented himself to let the ambassador know that this doctor may return as hee is come, with intimation that he should do it speedily; the French ambassador, willing to help the matter, spake to the king that the said doctor might be admitted to kiss the queen's hand, and to carrie the news into France of her safe delivery; which the king excused by a civil answer, and has since commanded me to let the ambassador understand, that he had heard him as Monsieur de Fontenay in this particular, but, if he should persist and press him as ambassador, he should be forced to say that which would displease him.'—Lord Dorchester adds, that he informs Mr De Vic of these particulars, that he should not want for the information should the matter be revived by the French court, otherwise he need not notice it.*

By this narrative of secret history Charles I does not appear so weak a slave to his queen, as our writers echo from each other; and those who make Henrietta so important a personage in the cabinet, appear to have been imperfectly acquainted with their real talents. Charles, indeed, was deeply enamoured of the queen, for he was inclined to strong personal attachments; and 'the temperance of his youth, by which he had lived so free from personal vice,' as May the parliamentary historian expresses it, even the gay levity of Buckingham seems never, in approaching the king, to have violated. Charles admired in Henrietta all those personal graces which he himself wanted; her vivacity in conversation enlivened his own seriousness, and her gay volubility, the defective utterance of his own; while the versatility of her manners relieved his own formal habits. Doubtless the queen exercised the same power over this monarch which vivacious females are privileged by nature to possess over their husbands; she was often listened to, and her suggestions were sometimes approved: but the fixed and systematic principles of the character and the government of this monarch must not be imputed to the intrigues of a mere lively and volatile woman; we must trace them to a higher source; to his own inherited conceptions of the regal rights, if we would seek for truth, and read the history of human nature in the history of Charles I.

THE MINISTER—THE CARDINAL DUKE OF RICHELIEU.

Richelieu was the greatest of statesmen, if he who maintains himself by the greatest power is necessarily the greatest minister. He was called 'the King of the King.' After having long tormented himself and France, he left a great name and a great empire—both alike the victims of splendid ambition! Neither this great minister, nor this great nation, tasted of happiness under his mighty administration. He had, indeed, a heartlessness in his conduct which obstructed by no relentings those remorseless decisions which made him terrible. But, while he trode down the princes of the blood and the nobles, and drove his patroness the queen mother, into a miserable exile, and contrived that the king should fear and hate his brother, and all the cardinal-duke chose, Richelieu was grinding the face of the poor by exorbitant taxation, and converted every town in France into a garrison; it was said of him, that he never liked to be in any place where he was not the strongest. 'The commissioners of the exchequer and the commanders of the army believe them-

* A letter from Mr Pory to Mr Mead contains a full account of this transaction. Harl. MSS, 383.

* A letter from the Earl of Dorchester, 27 May, 1630. Harl. MSS, 7000 (160)

selves called to a golden harvest; and in the interim the cardinal is charged with the sins of all the world, and is even afraid of his life.' Thus Grotius speaks, in one of his letters, of the miserable situation of this great minister, in his account of the court of France in 1635, when he resided there as Swedish ambassador. Yet such is the delusion of these great politicians, who consider what they term *state interests* as paramount to all other duties, human or divine, that while their whole life is a series of oppression, of troubles, of deceit, and of cruelty, their *state conscience* finds nothing to reproach itself with. Of any other conscience, it seems absolutely necessary that they should be divested. Richelieu, on his death bed, made a solemn protestation, appealing to the last judge of man, who was about to pronounce his sentence, that he never proposed any thing but for the good of religion and the state; that is, the Catholic religion and his own administration. When Louis XIII, who visited him in his last moments, took from the hand of an attendant a plate with two yolks of eggs, that the King of France might himself serve his expiring minister, Richelieu died in all the self-delusion of a great minister.

The sinister means he practised, and the political deceptions he contrived, do not yield in subtility to the dark grandeur of his ministerial character. It appears that, at a critical moment, when he felt the king's favour was wavering, he secretly ordered a battle to be lost by the French, to determine the king at once not to give up a minister who, he knew, was the only man who could extricate him out of this new difficulty. In our great civil war, this minister pretended to Charles I that he was attempting to win the parliament over to him while he was backing their most secret projects against Charles. When a French ambassador addressed the parliament as an independent power, after the king had broken with it, Charles, sensibly affected, remonstrated with the French court; the minister disavowed the whole proceeding, and instantly recalled the ambassador, while at the very moment his secret agents were to their best embroiling the affairs of both parties.* The object of Richelieu was to weaken the English monarchy, so as to busy itself at home, and prevent its fleets and its armies thwarting his projects on the continent, lest England, jealous of the greatness of France, should declare itself for Spain the moment it had recovered its own tranquillity. This is a stratagem too ordinary with great ministers, those plagues on the earth, who, with their state reasons, are for cutting as many throats as God pleases among every other nation.†

A fragment of the secret history of this great minister may be gathered from that of some of his confidential agents. One exposes an invention of this minister's to shorten his cabinet labours, and to have at hand a screen, when that useful contrivance was requisite; the other, the terrific effects of an agent setting up to be a politician on his own account, against that of his master's.

Richelieu's confessor was one Father Joseph; but this man was designed to be employed rather in state affairs, than in those which concerned his conscience. This minister, who was never a penitent, could have none. Father Joseph had a turn for political negociation, otherwise he had not been the cardinal's confessor; but this turn was of that sort, said the Nuncio Spada, which was adapted to follow up to the utmost the views and notions of the minister, rather than to draw the cardinal to his, or to induce him to change a tittle of his designs. The truth is, that Father Joseph preferred going about in his chariot on ministerial missions, rather than walking solitary to his convent, after listening to the unmeaning confessions of Cardinal Richelieu. He made himself so intimately acquainted with the plans and will of this great minister, that he could venture, at a pinch, to act without orders; and foreign affairs were particularly consigned to his management. Grotius, when Swedish ambassador, knew them both. Father Joseph, he tells us, was employed by Cardinal Richelieu to open negociations, and put them in a way to succeed to his mind, and then the cardinal would step in, and undertake the finishing himself. Joseph took business in hand when they were green, and, after ripening them, he handed them over to the cardinal. In a conference which Grotius, held with the parties, Joseph began the treaty, and bore the brunt of the first contest. After a warm debate the cardinal interposed as arbitrator: 'A middle way will reconcile you,' said the minister, 'and as you and Joseph can never agree, I now make you friends.'*

That this was Richelieu's practice, appears from another similar personage mentioned by Grotius, but one more careless and less cunning. When the French ambassador, Leon Brulart, assisted by Joseph, concluded at Ratisbon a treaty with the Emperor's ambassador, on its arrival the cardinal unexpectedly disapproved of it, declaring that the ambassador had exceeded his instructions. But Brulart, who was an old statesman, and Joseph, to whom the cardinal confided his most secret views, it was not supposed could have committed such a gross error; and it was rather believed that the cardinal changed his opinions with the state of affairs, wishing for peace or war as they suited the French interests, or as he conceived they tended to render his administration necessary to the crown.† When Brulart, on his return from his embassy, found this outcry raised against him, and not a murmur against Joseph, he explained the mystery; the cardinal had raised this clamour against him merely to cover the instructions which he had himself given, and which Brulart was convinced he had received, through his organ Father Joseph: a man, said he, who has nothing of the Capuchin but the frock, and nothing of the Christian but the name: a mind so practised in artifices, that he could do nothing without deception; and during the whole of the Ratisbon negotiation, Brulart discovered that Joseph would never communicate to him any business till the whole was finally arranged: the sole object of his pursuits was to find means to gratify the cardinal. Such free sentiments nearly cost Brulart his head; for once in quitting the cardinal in warmth, the minister, following him to the door, and passing his hand over the other's neck, observed that, 'Brulart was a fine man, and it would be a pity to divide the head from the body.'

One more anecdote of this good Father Joseph, the favourite instrument of the most important and covert designs of this minister, has been preserved in the *Memorie Recondite* of Vittorio Siri,‡ an Italian Abbé, the Procopius of France, but afterwards pensioned by Mazarine. Richelieu had in vain tried to gain over Colonel Ornano, a man of talents, the governor of Monsieur, the only brother of Louis XIII; not accustomed to have his offers refused, he resolved to ruin him. Joseph was now employed to contract a particular friendship with Ornano, and to suggest to him, that it was full time that his pupil should be admitted into the council, to acquire some political knowledge. The advancement of Ornano's royal pupil was his own; and as the king had no children, the crown might descend to Monsieur. Ornano therefore took the first opportunity to open himself to the king, on the propriety of initiating his brother into affairs, either in council, or by a command of the army. This the king, as usual, immediately communicated to the Cardinal, who was well prepared to give the request the most odious turn, and to alarm his majesty with the character of Ornano, who, he said was inspiring the young prince with ambitious thoughts, that the next step would be an attempt to share the crown

* Clarendon details the political coquetries of Monsieur La Ferté; his 'notable familiarity with those who governed most in the two houses;' II, 93.

† Hume seems to have discovered in Estrades' Memoirs, the real occasion of Richelieu's conduct. In 1639, the French and Dutch proposed dividing the low-country provinces; England was to stand neuter. Charles replied to D'Estrades, that his army and fleet should instantly sail to prevent these projected conquests. From that moment the intolerant ambition of Richelieu swelled the venom of his heart, and he eagerly seized on the first opportunity of supplying the Covenanters in Scotland with arms and money. Hume observes, that Charles here expressed his mind with an imprudent candour; but it proves he had acquired a just idea of national interest. VI, 337. See on this a very curious passage in the Catholic Dodd's Church History, III, 22. He apologizes for his cardinal by asserting that the same line of policy was pursued here in England 'by Charles I himself, who sent fleets and armies to assist the Hugonots, or French rebels, as he calls them; and that this was the constant practice of Queen Elizabeth's ministry, to foment differences in several neighbouring kingdoms, and support their rebellious subjects, as the forces she employed for that purpose both in France, Flanders, and Scotland, are an undeniable proof.' The recriminations of politicians are the confessions of great sinners.

* Grotii Epistolæ, 375 and 380. fo. Ams. 1687. A volume which contains 2500 letters of this great man.

† La Vie du Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, anonymous, but written by Jean le Clerc, vol. I, 507. An impartial but heavy life of a great minister, of whom, between the panegyrics of his flatterers, and the satires of his enemies, it was difficult to discover a just medium

‡ Mem. Rec. vol. VI, 131.

itself with his majesty. The cardinal foresaw how much Monsieur would be offended by the refusal, and would not fail to betray his impatience, and inflame the jealousy of the king. Yet Richelieu bore still an open face and friendly voice for Ornano, whom he was every day undermining in the king's favour, till all terminated in a pretended conspiracy, and Ornano perished in the Bastile, of a fever, at least caught there. So much for the friendship of Father Joseph! And by such men and such means, the astute minister secretly threw a seed of perpetual hatred between the royal brothers, producing conspiracies, often closing in blood, which only his own haughty tyranny had provoked.

Father Joseph died regretted by Richelieu; he was an ingenious sort of a *creature*, and kept his carriage to his last day, but his name is only preserved in secret histories. The fate of Father Caussin, the author of the 'Cours Sainte,' a popular book among the Catholics for its curious religious stories, and whose name is better known than Father Joseph's, shows how this minister could rid himself of father-confessors who persisted, according to their own notions, to be honest men in spite of the minister. This piece of secret history is drawn from a manuscript narrative which Caussin left addressed to the general of the Jesuits.*

Richelieu chose Father Caussin for the king's confessor, and he had scarcely entered his office, when the cardinal informed him of the king's romantic friendship for Mademoiselle La Fayette, of whom the cardinal was extremely jealous. Desirous of getting rid altogether of this sort of tender connexion, he hinted to the new confessor that, however innocent it might be, it was attended with perpetual danger, which the lady herself acknowledged, and, 'warm with all the motions of grace,' had declared her intention to turn 'Religieuse;' and that Caussin ought to dispose the king's mind to see the wisdom of the resolution. It happened, however, that Caussin considered that this lady, whose zeal for the happiness of the people was well known, might prove more serviceable at court than in a cloister, so that the good father was very inactive in the business, and the minister began to suspect that he had in hand an instrument not at all fitted to it as Father Joseph.

'The motions of grace' were however, more active than the confessor, and mademoiselle retired to a monastery. Richelieu learned that the king had paid her a visit of three hours, and he accused Caussin of encouraging these secret interviews. This was not denied, but it was adroitly insinuated, that it was prudent not abruptly to oppose the violence of the king's passion, which seemed reasonable to the minister. The king continued these visits, and the lady, in concert with Caussin, impressed on the king the most unfavourable sentiments of the minister, the tyranny exercised over the exiled queen-mother, and the princes of the blood;† the grinding taxes he levied on the people, his projects of alliance with the Turk against the Christian sovereigns, &c. His majesty sighed; he asked Caussin if he could name any one capable of occupying the minister's place? Our simple politician had not taken such a consideration in his mind. The king asked Caussin whether he would meet Richelieu face to face? The Jesuit was again embarrassed, but summoned up the resolution with equal courage and simplicity.

Caussin went for the purpose: he found the king closeted with the minister; the conference was long, from which Caussin argued ill. He himself tells us, that weary of waiting in the ante-chamber, he contrived to be admitted into the presence of the king, when he performed his promise. But the case was altered! Caussin had lost his cause before he pleaded it, and Richelieu had completely justified himself to the king. The good father was told that the king would not perform his devotions that day, and that he might return to Paris. The next morning the whole affair was cleared up. An order from court prohibited this voluble Jesuit either from speaking or writing to any person; and farther drove him away in an inclement winter, sick in body and at heart, till he found himself an exile on the barren rocks of Quimper in Britany, where among the savage inhabitants, he was continually menaced by a prison or a gallows, which the terrific minister lost no opportunity to place before his imagination; and occasionally despatched a Paris Gazette, which distilled the venom of Richelieu's heart, and which, like the eagle of Prometheus, could gnaw at the heart of the insulated politician chained to his rock.*

Such were the contrasted fates of Father Joseph and Father Caussin! the one the ingenious *creature*, the other the simple oppositionist, of this great minister.

THE MINISTER—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD ADMIRAL, LORD GENERAL, &c. &c. &c.

'Had the Duke of Buckingham been blessed with a faithful friend, qualified with wisdom and integrity, the duke would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendant worthy actions, as any man in that age in Europe.' Such was the opinion of Lord Clarendon in the prime of life, when yet untouched by party feeling, he had no cause to plead, and no quarrel with truth.†

The portrait of Buckingham by Hume seems to me a character dove-tailed into a system, adjusted to his plan of lightening the errors of Charles I, by participating them among others. This character conceals the more favourable parts of no ordinary man: the spirit which was fitted to lead others by its own invincibility, and some qualities he possessed of a better nature. All the fascination of his character is lost in the general shade cast over it by the niggardly commendation, that 'he possessed *some* accomplishments of a courtier.' Some, indeed, and the most pleasing; but not all truly, for dissimulation and hypocrisy were arts unpractised by this courtier. 'His sweet and attractive manner, so favoured by the graces,' has been described by Sir Henry Wotton, who knew him well; while Clarendon, another living witness, tells us, that 'He was the most rarely accomplished the court had ever beheld; while some that found inconvenience in his nearness, intending by some affront to discountenance him, perceived he had masked under this gentleness a terrible courage, as could safely protect all his sweetnesses.'

The very errors and infirmities of Buckingham seem to have started from qualities of a generous nature; too devoted a friend, and too undisguised an enemy, carrying his loves and his hatreds on his open forehead;‡ too careless of calumny,§ and too fearless of danger; he was, in a

* It is quoted in the 'Remarques Critiques sur le Dictionnaire de Bayle,' Paris 1748. This anonymous folio volume was written by Le Sieur Joly, a canon of Dijon, and is full of curious researches, and many authentic discoveries. The writer is no philosopher, but he corrects and adds to the knowledge of Bayle. Here I found some original anecdotes of Hobby, from MS. sources, during that philosopher's residence at Paris, which I have given in 'Quarrels of Authors.'

† Montresor, attached to the Duke of Orleans, has left us some very curious memoirs, in two small volumes; the second preserving many historical documents of that active period. This spirited writer has not hesitated to detail his projects for the assassination of the tyrannical minister.

* In the first volume of this work, page 193, is a different view of the character of this extraordinary man: those anecdotes are of a lighter and satirical nature; they touch on 'the follies of the wise.'

† In 'The Disparity' to accompany 'The Parallel,' of Sir Henry Wotton; two exquisite cabinet-pictures, preserved in the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ; and at least equal to the finest 'Parallels' of Plutarch.

‡ The singular openness of his character was not statesmanlike. He was one of those whose ungovernable sincerity 'cannot put all their passions in their pockets.' He told the Count-Duke Olivarez, on quitting Spain, that 'he would always cement the friendship between the two nations, but with regard to you, sir, in particular, you must not consider me as your friend, but must ever expect from me all possible enmity and opposition.' The cardinal was willing enough, says Hume, 'to accept what was proffered, and on these terms the favourites parted.' Buckingham, desirous of accommodating the parties in the nation, once tried at the favour of the puritanic party, whose head was Dr Preston, master of Emanuel College. The duke was his generous patron, and Dr Preston, his most servile adulator. The most zealous puritans were offended at this intimacy; and Dr Preston, in a letter to some of his party, observed, that it was true that the duke was a vile and profligate fellow, but that there was no other way to come at him but by the lowest flattery; that it was necessary for the glory of God that such instruments should be made use of; and more in this strain. Some officious hand conveyed this letter to the duke, who, when Dr Preston came one morning, as usual, asked him whether he had ever disobliged him, that he should describe him to his party in such black characters. The doctor, amazed, denied the fact; on which the duke instantly produced the letter, then turned from him, never to see him more. It is said that from this moment he abandoned the puritan party, and attached himself to Laud. This story was told by Thomas Baker to W. Wotton, as coming from one well versed in the secret history of that time. Lansdowne MSS, 872, fo. 88.

§ A well-known tract against the Duke of Buckingham by

word, a man of sensation, acting from impulse; scorning, indeed, prudential views, but capable at all times of embracing grand and original ones; compared by the jealousy of faction to the Spenser of Edward II and even the Sejanus of Tiberius; he was no enemy to the people; often serious in the best designs, but volatile in the midst; his great error sprung from a sanguine spirit. 'He was ever,' says Wotton, 'greedy of honour and hot upon the public ends, but too confident in the prosperity of beginnings.' If Buckingham was a hero, and yet neither general nor admiral; a minister, and yet no statesman; if often the creature of popular admiration, he was at length hated by the people; if long envied by his equals, and betrayed by his own creatures,* 'delighting too much in the press and affluence of dependents and suitors, who are always burrs and sometimes the briars of favourites,' as Wotton well describes them; if one of his great crimes in the eyes of the people was, that 'his enterprises succeeded not according to their impossible expectation;' and that it was a still greater, that Buckingham had been the permanent favourite of two monarchs, who had spoilt their child of fortune; then may the future inquirer find something of his character which remains to be opened; to instruct alike the sovereign and the people, and 'be worthy to be registered among the great examples of time and fortune.'

Contrast the fate of Buckingham with that of his great rival, Richelieu. The one winning popularity and losing it; once in the Commons saluted as 'their redeemer,' till, at length, they resolved that 'Buckingham was the cause of all the evils and dangers to the king and kingdom.' Magnificent, open, and merciful; so forbearing, even in his acts of gentle oppression, that they were easily evaded; and riots and libels were infecting the country, till, in the popular clamour, Buckingham was made a political monster, and the dagger was planted in the heart of the incautious minister. The other statesman, unrelenting in his power, and grinding in his oppression, unblest with one brother-feeling, had his dungeons filled and his scaffolds raised, and died in safety and glory—a cautious tyrant!

There exists a manuscript memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who was one of those ingenious men whom Buckingham delighted to assemble about him; for this was one of his characteristics, that although the duke himself was not learned, yet he never wanted for knowledge; too early in life a practical man, he had not the leisure to become a contemplative one; he supplied this deficiency by perpetually 'sifting and questioning well' the most eminent for their experience and knowledge; and Lord Bacon, and the Lord Keeper Williams, as well as such as Gerbier, were admitted into this sort of intimacy. We have a curious letter by Lord Bacon, of advice to our minister, written at his own request; and I have seen a large correspondence with that subtile politician, the Lord Keeper Williams, who afterwards attempted to supplant him, to the same purpose. Gerbier was the painter and architect, and at the same time one of the confidential agents of Buckingham; the friend of Reubens the painter, with whom he was concerned in this country to open a Spanish negotiation, and became at length the master of the ceremonies to Charles II, in his exile. He was an actor in many scenes. Gerbier says of himself, that 'he was a minister who had the honour of public employment, and may therefore incur censure for declaring some passages of state more overtly than becomes such an one, but secrets are secrets but for a time; others may be wiser for themselves, but it is their silence which makes me write.'*

A mystery has always hung over that piece of knight-errantry, the romantic journey to Madrid, where the prime minister and the heir-apparent, in disguise, confided their safety in the hands of our national enemies; which excited such popular clamour, and indeed anxiety for the prince and the protestant cause. A new light is cast over this extraordinary transaction, by a secret which the duke imparted to Gerbier. The project was Buckingham's; a bright original view, but taken far out of the line of precedence. It was one of those bold inventions which no common mind could have conceived, and none but the spirit of Buckingham could have carried on with a splendour and mastery over the persons and events, which turned out, however, as unfavourable as possible.

The restoration of the imprudent Palatine, the son-in-law of James I, to the Palatinate which that prince had lost by his own indiscretion, when he accepted the crown of Bohemia, although warned of his own incompetency, as well as of the incapacity of those princes of the empire, who might have assisted him against the power of Austria and Spain, seemed however to a great part of our nation necessary to the stability of the protestant interests.—James I, was most bitterly run down at home for his civil pacific measures, but the truth is, by Gerbier's account, that James could not depend on one single ally, who had all taken fright, although some of the Germans were willing enough to be subsidized at 30,000*l* a month from England; which James had not to give, and which he had been a fool had he given; for though this war for the protestant interests was popular in England, it was by no means general among the German princes: the Prince Elector of Treves, and another prince, treated Gerbier coolly; and observed, that 'God in these days did not send prophets more to the protestants than to others, to fight against nations, and to second pretences which public incendiaries propose to princes, to engage them into unnecessary wars with their neighbours.' France would not go to war, and much less the Danes, the Swedes, and the Hollanders. James was calumniated for his timidity and cowardice; yet, says Gerbier, King James merited much of his people, though ill requited, choosing rather to suffer an eclipse of his personal reputation, than to bring into such hazard the reputation and force of his kingdoms in a war of no hopes.

As a father and a king, from private and from public motives, the restoration of the Palatinate had a double tie on James, and it was always the earnest object of his negotiations. But Spain sent him an amusing and literary ambassador, who kept him in play year after year, with merry tales and *bon mots*.† Those negociations had languished through all the tedium of diplomacy; the amusing promises of the courtly Gondomar were sure, on return of the courier, to bring sudden difficulties from the subtile Olivarez. Buckingham meditated by a single blow to

Dr George Eglisham, physician to James I, entitled 'The Forerunner of Revenge,' may be found in many of our collections. Gerbier, in his manuscript memoirs, gives a curious account of this political libeller, the model of that class of desperate scribblers. 'The falseness of his libels,' says Gerbier, 'he hath since acknowledged, though too late. During my residency at Bruxelles, this Eglisham desired Sir William Chaloner, who then was at Liege, to bear a letter to me, which is still extant: he proposed, if the king would pardon and receive him into favour again, with some competent subsistence, that he would recant all that he had said or written, to the disadvantage of any in the court of England, confessing that he had been urged thereunto by some combustious spirits, that for their malicious designs had set him on work.' Buckingham would never notice these and similar libels. Eglisham flew to Holland after he had deposited his political venom in his native country, and found a fate which every villanous factionist who offers to recant for 'a competent subsistence' does not always; he was found dead, assassinated in his walks by a companion. Yet this political libel, with many like it, are still authorities. 'George, Duke of Buckingham,' says Oldys, 'will not speedily outstrip Dr Eglisham's Fore-runner of Revenge.'

* The misery of prime ministers and favourites is a portion of their fate, which has not always been noticed by their biographers; one must be conversant with secret history, to discover the thorn in their pillow. Who could have imagined that Buckingham, possessing the entire affections of his sovereign, during his absence had reason to fear being supplanted? When his confidential secretary, Dr Mason, slept in the same chamber with the duke, he would give way at night to those suppressed passions which his unaltered countenance concealed by day. In the absence of all other ears and eyes, he would break out into the most querelous and impassioned language, declaring, that 'never his despatches to divers princes, nor the great business of a fleet, of an army, of a siege, of a treaty, of war and peace both on foot together, and all of them in his head at a time, did not so much break his repose, as the idea that some at home under his majesty, of whom he had well-deserved, were now content to forget him.' So short-lived is the gratitude observed to an absent favourite, who is most likely to fall by the creatures his own hands have made.

* Sloane MSS, 4181.

† Gerbier gives a curious specimen of Gondomar's pleasant sort of impudence. When James expressed himself with great warmth on the Spaniards under Spinola, taking the first town in the Palatinate, under the eyes of our ambassador, Gondomar, with Corvantic humour, attempted to give a new turn to the discussion; for he wished that Spinola had taken the whole Palatinate at once, for 'then the generosity of my master would be shown in all its lustre, by restoring it all again to the English ambassador, who had witnessed the whole operations.' James, however, at this moment was no longer pleased with the inexhaustible humour of his old friend, and set about trying what could be done

strike at the true secret, whether the Spanish court could be induced to hasten this important object, gained over by the proffered alliance with the English crown, from the lips of the prince himself. The whole scene dazzled with politics, chivalry, and magnificence; it was caught by the high spirit of the youthful prince, whom Clarendon tells us 'loved adventures;' and it was indeed an incident which has adorned more than one Spanish romance. The panic which seized the English, fearful of the personal safety of the prince, did not prevail with the duke, who told Gerbier that the prince run no hazard from the Spaniard, who well knew that while his sister, the fugitive Queen of Bohemia, with a numerous issue, was residing in Holland, the protestant succession to our crown was perfectly secured; and it was with this conviction, says Gerbier, that when the Count Duke Olivarez had been persuaded that the Prince of Wales was meditating a flight from Spain, that Buckingham with his accustomed spirit told him, that 'if love had made the prince steal out of his own country, yet fear would never make him run out of Spain, and that he should depart with an equipage as fitted a Prince of Wales.' This was no empty vaunt. An English fleet was then waiting in a Spanish port, and the Spanish court inviting our prince to the grand Escurial, attended the departure of Charles, as Hume expresses it with 'elaborate pomp.'

This attempt of Buckingham, of which the origin has been so often inquired into, and so oppositely viewed, entirely failed with the Spaniard. The catholic league outweighed the protestant. At first the Spanish court had been as much taken by surprise as the rest of the world; all parties seemed at their first interview highly gratified. 'We may rule the world together,' said the Spanish to the English minister. They were, however, not made by nature, or state interests, to agree at a second interview. The Lord Keeper Williams, a wily courtier and subtile politician, who, in the absence of his patron, Buckingham, evidently supplanted him in the favour of his royal master, when asked by James, 'Whether he thought this knight-errant pilgrimage would be likely to win the Spanish lady; answered with much political foresight, and saw the difficulty: 'If my lord marquis will give honour to the Count Duke Olivarez, and remember he is the favourite of Spain; or, if Olivarez will show honourable civility to my lord marquis, remembering he is the favourite of England, the wooing may be prosperous; but if my lord marquis should forget where he is, and not stoop to Olivarez; or if Olivarez, forgetting what guest he hath received with the prince, bear himself like a Castilian grandee to my lord marquis, the provocation may cross your majesty's good intentions.'* What Olivarez once let out, 'though somewhat in hot blood, that in the councils of the king the English match had never been taken into consideration, but from the time of the Prince of Wales's arrival at Madrid,' might have been true enough. The seven years which had passed in apparent negotiation resembled the scene of a *fata morgana;* an earth painted in the air—raised by the delusive arts of Gondomar and Olivarez. As they never designed to realise it, it would of course never have been brought into the councils of his Spanish majesty. Buckingham discovered, as he told Gerbier, that the Infanta by the will of her father, Philip III, was designed for the emperor's son; the catholic for the catholic, to cement the venerable system. When Buckingham and Charles had now ascertained that the Spanish cabinet could not adopt English and protestant interests, and Olivarez had convinced himself that Charles would never be a catholic, all was broken up; and thus a treaty of marriage, which had been slowly reared, during a period of seven years, when the flower seemed to take, only contained within itself the seeds of war.†

Olivarez and Richelieu were thorough-paced statesmen, in every respect the opposites of the elegant, the spirited, and the open Buckingham. The English favourite checked the haughty Castilian, the favourite of Spain, and the more than king-like cardinal, the favourite of France, with the rival spirit of his Island, proud of her equality with the continent.

There is a story that the war between England and France was occasioned by the personal disrespect shown by the Cardinal Duke Richelieu to the English duke, in the affronting mode of addressing his letters. Gerbier says the world are in a ridiculous mistake about this circumstance. The fact of the letters is true, since Gerbier was himself the secretary on this occasion. It terminated, however differently than is known. Richelieu, at least as haughty as Buckingham, addressed a letter, in a moment of caprice, in which the word Monsieur was level with the first line, avoiding the usual space of honour, to mark his disrespect. Buckingham instantly turned on the cardinal his own invention. Gerbier, who had written the letter, was also its bearer. The cardinal started at the first sight, never having been addressed with such familiarity, and was silent. On the following day, however, the cardinal recieved Gerbier civilly, and, with many rhetorical expressions respecting the duke, 'I know,' said he, 'the power and greatness of a high admiral of England; the *canons* of his great ships make way, and prescribe law more forcibly than the *canons* of the church, of which I am a member. I acknowledge the power of the favourites of great kings, and I am content to be a minister of state, and the duke's humble servant.' This was an apology made with all the *politesse* of a Gaul, and by a great statesman who had recovered his senses.

If ever minister of state was threatened by the prognostics of a fatal termination to his life, it was Buckingham; but his own fearlessness disdained to interpret them. The following circumstances, collected from manuscript letters of the times, are of this nature. After the sudden and unhappy dissolution of the parliament, popular terror showed itself in all shapes; and those who did not join in the popular terror showed itself in all shapes; and those who did not join in the popular cry were branded with the odious nickname of *the ducklins*.

A short time before the assassination of Buckingham, when the king, after an obstinate resistance, had conceded his assent to the 'Petition of Right,' the houses testified their satisfaction, perhaps their triumph, by their shouts of acclamation. They were propagated by the hearers on the outside, from one to the other till they reached the city: some confused account arrived before the occasion of these rejoicings was generally known: suddenly the bells began to ring, bonfires were kindled, and in an instant all was a scene of public rejoicing. But ominous indeed were these rejoicings, for the greater part was occasioned by a false rumour that the duke was to be sent to the Tower; no one inquired about a news which every one wished to hear; and so sudden was the joy, that a MS. letter says, 'the old scaffold on tower-hill was pulled down and burned by certain unhappy boys, who said they would have a new one built for the duke.' This mistake so rapidly prevailed as to reach even the country, which blazed with bonfires to announce the fall of Buckingham.* The shouts on the acquittal of the seven bishops, in 1688, did not speak in plainer language to the son's ear, when after the verdict was given, such prodigious acclamations of joy, seemed to set the king's authority at defiance: it spread itself not only into the city, but even to Hounslowheath, where the soldiers upon the news of it gave up a great shout, though the king was then actually at dinner in the camp.'† To the speculators of human nature, who find its history written in their libraries, how many plain lessons seem to have been lost on the mere politician, who is only such in the heat of action.

About a month before the duke was assassinated, occurred the murder by the populace of the man who was called 'The duke's devil.' This was a Dr Lambe, a man of infamous character; a dealer in magical arts, who lived by showing apparitions or selling the favours of the devil, and whose chambers were a convenient rendezvous for the curious of both sexes. This wretched man, who openly exulted in the infamous traffic by which he lived, when he was sober, prophesied that he should fall one day by the hands from which he received his death; and it was said he was as positive about his patron's. At the age of

* Hacket's life of Lord Keeper Williams, p. 115, pt 1, fo.

† The narrative furnished by Buckingham, and vouched by the prince to the parliament, agrees in the main with what the duke told Gerbier. It is curious to observe how the narrative seems to have perplexed Hume, who, from some preconceived system, condemns Buckingham, 'for the 'falsity of this long narrative, as calculated entirely to mislead the parliament.' He has, however, in the note [T] of this very volume, sufficiently marked the difficulties which hung about the opinion he has given in the text. The curious may find the narrative in Frankland's Annals, p. 89, and in Rushworth's Hist Coll. I, 119. It has many entertaining particulars.

* Letter from J. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville June 5, 1628 Harl. MSS, 7000.

† Memoirs of James II, vol. II. p. 163.

eighty, he was torn to pieces in the city, and the city was imprudently heavily fined 6000*l.* for not delivering up those who, in murdering this hoary culprit, were heard to say that they would handle his master worse, and would have minced his flesh, and have had every one a bit of him. This is one more instance of the political cannibalism of the mob. The fate of Dr Lambe served for a ballad, and the printer and singer were laid in Newgate.* Buckingham, it seems, for a moment contemplated his own fate in his wretched creature's, more particularly as another omen obtruded itself on his attention; for on the very day of Dr Lambe's murder, his own portrait in the council-chamber was seen to have fallen out of its frame; a circumstance as awful in that age of omens, as the portrait that walked from its frame in the 'Castle of Otranto,' but perhaps more easily accounted for. On the eventful day of Dr Lambe's being torn to pieces by the mob, a circumstance occurred to Buckingham, somewhat remarkable to show the spirit of the times. The king and the duke were in the Spring-gardens looking on the bowlers; the duke put on his hat. One Wilson a Scotchman, first kissing the duke's hands, snatched it off, saying, 'Off with your hat before the king.' Buckingham, not apt to restrain his quick feelings, kicked the Scotchman, but the king interfering, said 'Let him alone, George; he is either mad or a fool.' 'No, Sir,' replied the Scotchman, 'I am a sober man, and if your majesty would give me leave, I will tell you that of this man which many know, and none dare speak.' This was as a prognostic, an anticipation of the dagger of Felton!

About this time a libel was taken down from a post in Coleman-street by a constable and carried to the lord-mayor, who ordered it to be delivered to none but his majesty. Of this libel the manuscript letter contains the following particulars:

And on the assassination of the duke, I find two lines in a MS. letter:

The shepherd's struck, the sheep are fled!
For want of Lamb the wolf is dead!

'There is a scarce tract of 'A brief description of the notorious life of John Lambe, otherwise called Doctor Lambe,' &c, with a curious wood print of the mob pelting him in the street.

'Who rules the kingdom? The king
Who rules the king? The duke.
Who rules the duke? The devil.

Let the duke look to it; for they intend shortly to use him worse than they did the doctor; and if things be not shortly reformed, they will work a reformation themselves.'

The only advice the offended king suggested was to set a double watch every night! A watch at a post to prevent a libel being affixed to it was no prevention of libels being written, and the fact is, libels were now bundled and sent to fairs, to be read by those who would venture to read, to those who would venture to listen; both parties were often sent to prison. It was about this time, after the sudden dissolution of the parliament, that popular terror showed itself in various shapes, and the spirit which then broke out in libels by night was assuredly the same, which, if these political prognostics had been rightly construed by Charles, might have saved the eventual scene of blood. But neither the king nor his favourite had yet been taught to respect popular feelings. Buckingham, after all, was guilty of no heavy political crimes; but it was his misfortune to have been a prime minister, as Clarendon says, in 'a busy, querulous, froward time, when the people were uneasy under pretences of reformation, with some petulant discourses of liberty, which their great impostors scattered among them like glasses to multiply their fears.' It was an age, which was preparing for a great contest, where both parties committed great faults. The favourite did not appear odious in the eyes of the king, who knew his better dispositions more intimately than the popular party, who were crying him down. And Charles attributed to individuals, and 'the great impostors,' the clamours which had been raised.

But the plurality of offices showered on Buckingham rendered him still more odious to the people: had he not been created lord high admiral and general, he had never risked his character amidst the opposing elements, or before impregnable forts. But something more than his own towering spirit, or the temerity of vanity, must be alleged for his assumption of those opposite military characters.*

A peace of twenty years appears to have rusted the arms of our soldiers, and their commanders were destitute of military skill. The war with Spain was clamoured for; and an expedition to Cadiz, in which the duke was reproached by the people for not taking the command, as they supposed from deficient spirit, only ended in our undisciplined soldiers under bad commanders getting drunk in the Spanish cellars, insomuch that not all had the power to run away. On this expedition, some verses were handed about, which probably are now first printed, from a manuscript letter of the times; a political pasquinade which shows the utter silliness of this, 'Ridiculus Mus.'

VERSES ON THE EXPEDITION TO CADIZ.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
He flew away—and there was none!
There was a man that run a race,
When he ran fast—he ran apace!
There was a maid that eat an apple
When she eat two—she eat a couple'
There was an ape sat on a tree,
When he fell down—then down fell he
There was a fleet that went to Spain,
When it returned—it came again!

Another expedition to Rochelle, under the Earl of Denbigh, was indeed of a more sober nature, for the earl declined to attack the enemy. The national honour, among the other grievances of the people, had been long degraded; not indeed by Buckingham himself, who personally had ever maintained, by his high spirit, an equality, if not a superiority, with France and Spain. It was to win back the public favour by a resolved and public effort, that Buckingham a second time was willing to pledge his fortune, his honour, and his life, into one daring cast, and on the dyke of Rochelle to leave his body, or to vindicate his aspersed name. The garrulous Gerbier shall tell his own story, which I transcribe from his own hand-writing, of the mighty preparations, and the duke's perfect devotion to the cause, for among other rumours, he was calumniated as ever having been faithful to his engagements with the Protestants of Rochelle.

'The duke caused me to make certain works, according to the same model as those wherewith the Prince of Parma blew up, before Antwerp, the main dyke and estacado; they were so mighty strong, and of that quantity of powder, and so closely masoned in barks, that they might have blown up the half of a town. I employed therein of powder, stone-quarries, bombs, fire-balls, chains and iron balls, a double proportion to that used by the Duke of Parma, according to the description left thereof.'†

'The duke's intention to succour the Rochellers was manifest, as was his care to assure them of it. He commanded me to write and convey to them the secret advertisement thereof. The last advice I gave them from him contained these words, 'Hold out but three weeks, and God willing I will be with you, either to overcome or to die there.' The bearer of this received from my hands a hundred Jacobuses to carry it with speed and safety. The duke had disbursed three-score thousand pounds of his money upon the fleet; and lost his life ere he could get aboard. Nothing but death had hindered him or frustrated his design, of which I am confident by another very remarkable passage. 'The duke, a little before his departure from York-house, being alone with me in his garden, and giving me his last commands for my journey towards Italy and Spain, one Mr. Wigmore, a gentleman of his, coming to us, presented to his lordship a paper, said to come from the prophesying Lady *Davers*,‡ foretelling,

* Rushworth has preserved a burden of one of these songs.

Let Charles and George do what they can,
The duke shall die like Doctor Lamb.

* At the British Institution, some time back, was seen a picture of Buckingham, mounted on a charger by the sea-shore, crowded with tritons, &c. As it reflected none of the graces or beauty of the original, and seemed the work of some wretched apprentice of Rubens (perhaps Gerbier himself,) these contradictory accompaniments increased the suspicion that the picture could not be the duke's; it was not recollected generally that the favourite was both admiral and general; and that the duke was at once Neptune and Mars, ruling both sea and land.

† This machine seems noticed in Le Mercure François 1627, p. 863.

‡ Gerbier, a foreigner, scarcely ever writes an English name correctly, while his orthography is not always intelligible. He means here Lady Davies, an extraordinary character

that he should end his life that month; besides he had received a letter from a very considerable hand, persuading him to let some other person be sent on that expedition to command in his place; on which occasion the duke made this expression to me: "Gerbier, If God please I will go, and be the first man who shall set his foot upon the dyke before Rochel to die, or do the work, whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place." He had before told me the same in his closet, after he had signed certain despatches of my letters of credence to the Duke of Lorraine and Savoy, to whom I was sent to know what diversion they could make in favour of the king, in case the peace with Spain should not take. His majesty spoke to me, on my going towards my residency at Bruxelles, "Gerbier, I do command thee to have a continual care, to press the Infanta and the Spanish ministers there, for the restitution of the Palatinate; for I am obliged in conscience, in honour, and in maxim of state, to stir all the powers of the world, rather than to fail to try to the uttermost to compass this business."

In the week of that expedition, the king took 'George' with him in his coach to view the ships at Deptford on their departure for Rochelle, when he said to the duke 'George, there are some that wish that both these and thou mightest perish together; but care not for them; we will both perish together, if thou doest!'

A few days before the duke went on his last expedition, he gave a farewell mask and supper at Yorkhouse, to their majesties. In the mask the duke appeared followed by Envy with many open mouthed dogs, which were to represent the barkings of the people, while next came Fame and Truth; and the court allegory expressed the king's sentiment and the duke's sanguine hope.

Thus resolutely engaged in the very cause the people had so much at heart, the blood Buckingham would have sealed it with was shed by one of the people themselves; the enterprise, designed to retrieve the national honour, long tarnished, was prevented; and the Protestant cause suffered, by one who imagined himself to be, and was blest by nearly the whole nation, as a patriot! Such are the effects of the exaggerations of popular delusion.

I find the following epitaph on Buckingham, in a manuscript letter of the times. Its condensed bitterness of spirit gives the popular idea of his unfortunate attempts.

THE DUKE'S EPITAPH.

If idle trav'llers ask who lieth here,
Let the duke's tomb this for inscription bear;
Paint Cales and Rhé, make French and Spanish laugh;
Mix England's shame—and there's his epitaph!

Before his last fatal expedition, among the many libels which abounded, I have discovered a manuscript satire, entitled 'Rhodomontados.' The thoughtless minister is made to exult in his power over the giddy-headed multitude. Buckingham speaks in his own person; and we have here preserved those false rumours, and those aggravated feelings, then floating among the people: a curious instance of those heaped up calumnies, which are often so heavily laid on the head of a prime minister, no favourite with the people.

'Tis not your threats shall take me from the king!
Nor questioning my counsels and commands,
How with the honour of the state it stands;
That I lost Rhé, and with such loss of men,
As scarcely time can e'er repair again;
Shall aught affright me; or else care to see
The narrow seas from Dunkirk clear and free,
Or that you can enforce the king to believe,
I from the pirates a third share receive;
Or that I correspond with foreign states
(Whether the king's foes or confederates)
To plot the ruin of the king and state,
As erst you thought of the Palatinate;
Or that five hundred thousand pound doth lie
In the Venice bank to help Spain's majesty;
Or that three hundred thousand more doth rest
In Dunkirk, for the arch-duchess to contest
With England, whene'er occasion offers;
Or that by rapine I will fill my coffers;
Nor that an office in church, state, and court,
Is freely given, but they must pay me for't.
Nor shall you ever prove I had a hand
In poisoning of the monarch of this land:
Or the like hand by poisoning to intox
Southampton, Oxford, Hamilton, Lennox.
Nor shall you ever prove by magic charms,
I wrought the king's affection or his harms.
Nor fear I if ten Vitrys now were here,
Since I have thrice ten Ravilliacs as near.
My power shall be unbounded in each thing,
If once I use those words, 'I and my king.'
Seem wise, and cease then to perturb the realm
Or strive with him that sits and guides the helm.
I know your reading will inform you soon,
What creatures they were that barkt against the moon.
I'll give you better counsel as a friend:
Cobblers their latchets ought not to transcend;
Meddle with common matters, common wrongs,
To the house of commons common things belongs.'
Leave him the oar that best knows how to row,
And state to him that best the state doth know.
If I by industry, deep reach, or grace,
Am now arriv'd at this or that great place,
Must I, to please your inconsiderate rage,
Throw down mine honours? Will naught else assuage
Your furious wisdoms? True shall the verse be yet,
There's no less wit required to keep, than get.
Though Lamb be dead, I'll stand, and you shall see
I'll smile at them that can but bark at me.

and a supposed prophetess. This Cassandra hit the time in her dark predictions, and was more persuaded than ever that she was a prophetess.'

After Buckingham's death, Charles I cherished his memory warmly as his life, advanced his friends, and designed to raise a magnificent monument to his memory; and if any one accused the duke, the king always imputed the fault to himself. The king said, 'Let not the duke's enemies seek to catch at any of his offices, for they will find themselves deceived.' Charles called Buckingham 'his martyr!' and often said the world was much mistaken in the duke's character; for it was commonly thought the duke ruled his majesty; but it was much the contrary, having been his most faithful and obedient servant in all things, as the king said he would make sensibly appear to the world. Indeed after the death of Buckingham, Charles showed himself extremely active in business. Lord Dorchester wrote—'The death of Buckingham causes no changes; the king holds in his own hands the total direction, leaving the executory part to every man within the compass of his charge.* This is one proof, among many, that Charles I was not the puppet-king of Buckingham, as modern historians have imagined.

FELTON THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN.

Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, by the growing republican party, was hailed as a Brutus, rising, in the style of a patriotic bard,

'Refulgent from the stroke.' AKENSIDE

Gibbon has thrown a shade of suspicion even over Brutus's 'God-like stroke,' as Pope has exalted it. In Felton, a man acting from mixed and confused motives, the political martyr is entirely lost in the contrite penitent; he was, however, considered in his own day as a being almost beyond humanity. Mrs Macaulay has called him 'a lunatic,' because the duke had not been assassinated on the right principle. His motives appeared inconceivable to his contemporaries; for Sir Henry Wotton, who has written a life of the Duke of Buckingham observes, that 'what may have been the immediate or greatest motive of that felonious conception (the duke's assassination,) is even yet in the clouds.' After ascertaining that it was not private revenge, he seems to conclude that it was Dr Egglesheim's furious 'libel,' and the 'remonstrance' of the parliament, which, having made the duke 'one of the foulest monsters upon earth,' worked on the dark imagination of Felton.'

From Felton's memorable example, and some similar ones, one observation occurs worth the notice of every minister of state who dares the popular odium he has raised. Such a minister will always be in present danger of a violent termination to his career; for however he may be convinced that there is not political virtue enough in a whole people to afford 'the God-like stroke,' he will always have to dread the arm of some melancholy enthusiast, whose mind, secretly agitated by the public indignation, directs itself solely on him. It was sometime after having written this reflection, that I discovered the following notice of the Duke of Buckingham in the unpublished life of Sir Symonds D'Ewes. 'Some of his friends had advised him how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail, or some other secret defensive armour,

* Sloane MSS, 4178, letter 519

which the duke slighting said, "It needs not: there are no Roman spirits left."'*

An account of the contemporary feelings which sympathized with Felton, and almost sanctioned the assassin's deed, I gather from the MS. letters of the times. The public mind, through a long state of discontent, had been prepared for, and not without an obscure expectation of the mortal end of Buckingham. It is certain the duke received many warnings which he despised. The assassination kindled a tumult of joy throughout the nation, and a state-libel was written in strong characters in the faces of the people. The passage of Felton to London, after the assassination, seemed a triumph. Now pitied, and now blessed, mothers held up their children to behold the saviour of the country; and an old woman exclaimed, as Felton passed her, with a scriptural allusion to his short stature, and the mightiness of Buckingham, 'God bless thee little David!' Fenton was nearly sainted before he reached the metropolis. His health was the reigning toast among the republicans. A character somewhat remarkable, Alexander Gill (usher under his father Dr Gill, master of St Paul's school,) who was the tutor of Milton, and his dear friend afterwards, and, perhaps, from whose impressions in early life, Milton derived his vehement hatred of Charles, was committed by the star-chamber, heavily fined, and sentenced to lose his ears, on three charges, one of which arose from drinking a health to Felton. At Trinity College, Gill said that the king was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and say, *What lack ye?* than to govern a kimdom; that the duke was gone down to hell to see king James; and drinking a health to Felton, added he was sorry Felton had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act.† In the taste of that day they contrived a political anagram of his name, to express the immoveable self-devotion he showed after the assassination, never attempting to escape; and John Felton, for the nonce, was made to read,

Noh! flie not!

But while Felton's name was echoing through the kingdom, our new Brutus was at that moment exhibiting a piteous spectacle of remorse; so different often is the real person himself from the ideal personage of the public. The assassination with him was a sort of theoretical one, depending, as we shall show, on four propositions; so that when the king's attorney, as the attorney-general was then called, had furnished the unhappy criminal with an unexpected argument, which appeared to him to have overturned his, he declared that he had been in a mistake; and lamenting that he had not been aware of it before, from that instant his conscientious spirit sunk into despair. In the open court he stretched out his arm, offering it as the offending instrument to be first cut off; he requested the king's leave to wear sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes on his head, to carry a halter about his neck, in testimony of repentance; and that he might sink to the lowest point of contrition, he insisted on asking pardon not only of the duchess, the duke's mother, but even of the duke's scullion-boy; and a man naturally brave was seen always shedding tears, so that no one could have imagined that Felton had been 'a stout soldier.' These particulars were given by one of the divines who attended him, to the writer of the MS. letter.'‡

The character of Felton must not, however, be conceived from this agonizing scene of contrition. Of melancholy and retired habits, and one of those thousand officers, who had incurred disappointments, both in promotion and in arrears of pay, from the careless duke, he felt, perhaps, although he denied it, a degree of personal animosity towards him. A solitary man who conceives himself injured broods over his revenge. Felton once cut off a piece of his own finger, inclosing it in a challenge, to convince the person whom he addressed, that he valued not endangering his whole body, provided it afforded him an opportunity of vengeance.* Yet with all this, such was his love of truth and rigid honour, that Felton obtained the nick-name of 'honest Jack,' one which, after the assassination, became extremely popular through the nation. The religious enthusiasm of the times had also deeply possessed his mind, and that enthusiasm, as is well known, was of a nature that might easily occasion its votary to be mistaken for a republican.

Clarendon mentions that in his hat he had sewed a paper, in which were written a few lines of that remonstrance of the commons, which appeared to him to sanction the act. I have seen a letter from Lord Carlton to the queen, detailing the particulars; his lordship was one of those who saved Felton from the swords of the military around him, who in their vexation for the loss of their general the duke, which they considered to be the end of the war, and their ruin, would have avenged themselves. But though Felton, in conversation with Lord Carlton, confessed that by reading the remonstrance of the parliament it came into his head, that in committing the act of killing the duke, he should do his country a great good service, yet the paper sewed in his hat, thinkmg he might have fallen a victim in the attempt, was different from that described by Clarendon, and is thus preserved in this letter to the queen by Lord Carlton. 'If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself. Our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished. He is unworthy the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his king, and country. John Felton.'†

Felton's mind had however previously passed through a more evangelical process; four theological propositions struck the knife into the heart of the minister. The conscientious assassin, however accompanied the fatal blow with a prayer to Heaven, to have mercy on the soul of the victim; and never was a man murdered with more gospel than the duke. The following curious document I have discovered in the MS. letter.

'Propositions found in Felton's trunk, at the time he slew the duke.

1. There is no alliance nearer to any one than his country.

Except his God and his own soul, said the divines.

2. The safety of the people is the chiefest law.

Next to the law of God, said these divines.

3. No law is more sacred than the safety and welfare of the commonwealth.

Only God's law is more sacred, said the divines.

4. God himself hath enacted this law, that all things that are for the good profit and benefit of the commonwealth should be lawful.

The divines said, We must not do evil that good may come thereon.'

The gradual rise in these extraordinary propositions, with the last sweeping one, which includes every thing lawless as lawful for the common weal, was at least but feebly parried by the temperate divines, who, while they were so reasonably referring every thing to God, wanted the vulgar curiosity to inquire, or the philosophical discernment to discover, that Felton's imagination was driving every thing at the duke. Could they imagine that these were but subtile cobwebs, spun by a closet-speculator on human affairs? In those troubled times did they not give a thought to the real object of these inquiries? Or did they not care what befell a minion of the state?

There is one bright passage in the history of this unhappy man, who, when broken down in spirits, firmly asserted the rights of a Briton; and even the name of John Felton may fill a date in the annals of our constitutional freedom.

Felton was menaced with torture. Rushworth has noticed the fact, and given some imperfect notes of his speech, when threatened to be racked; but the following is not only more ample, but more important in its essential particulars. When Lord Dorset told him (says the MS. letter,) Mr Felton, it is the king's pleasure that you should be put to the torture, to make you confess your complices, and therefore prepare yourself for the rack: Felton answered, 'My lord, I do not believe that it is the king's pleasure, for he is a just and a gracious prince, and will not have his subject *tortured against law*. I do affirm upon

* Harl. MSS, 646.

† The MS. letter giving this account observes, that the words concerning his majesty were not read in open court, but only those relating to the duke and Felton.

‡ Clarendon notices that Felton was 'of a gentleman's family in Suffolk of good fortune and reputation.' I find that during his confinement, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Maltravers their son, 'he being of their blood,' says the letter-writer, continually visited him, gave many proofs of their friendship, and brought his 'winding-sheet;' for to the last they attempted to save him from being hung in chains: they did not succeed.

* Rushworth, vol. I, 638.

† Lansdowne MSS, 209. Auctioneer's Catalogue.

my salvation that my purpose was not known to any man living; but if it be his majesty's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatever his majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and none but yourself.'* This firm and sensible speech silenced them. A council was held, the judges were consulted; and on this occasion, they came to a very unexpected decision, that 'Felton ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law.' Thus the judges condemned what the government had constantly practised. Blackstone yields a fraternal eulogium to the honour of the judges on this occasion; but Hume more philosophically discovers the cause of this sudden tenderness. 'So much more exact reasoners with regard to law, had they become from *the jealous scruples of the House of Commons*.' An argument which may be strengthened from cases which are unknown to the writers of our history. Not two years before the present one, a Captain Brodeman, one who had distinguished himself among the 'bold speakers' concerning the king and the duke, had been sent to the Tower, and was reported to have expired on the rack; the death seems doubtful, but the fact of his having been racked is repeated in the MS. letters of the times. The rack has been more frequently used as a state-engine than has reached the knowledge of our historians; secret have been the deadly embraces of the Duke of Exeter's daughter.† It was only by an original journal of the transactions in the Tower that Burnet discovered the racking of Ann Askew, a narrative of horror! James the First incidentally mentions in his account of the powder-plot that this rack was *shown* to Guy Fawkes during his examination; and yet under this prince, mild as his temper was, it had been used in a terrific manner.‡ Elizabeth but too frequently employed this engine of arbitrary power; once she had all the servants of the Duke of Norfolk tortured. I have seen in a MS. of the times heads of charges made against some member of the House of Commons in Elizabeth's reign, among which is one for having written against torturing! Yet Coke, the most eminent of our lawyers, extols the mercy of Elizabeth in the trials of Essex and Southampton, because she had not used torture against their accomplices or witnesses. Was it for the head of law itself, as Coke was, to extol the *mercy* of the sovereign for not violating the laws, for not punishing the subject by an illegal act? The truth is, lawyers are rarely philosophers; the history of the heart, read only in statutes and law cases, presents the worst side of human nature: they are apt to consider men as wild beasts; and they have never spoken with any great abhorrence of what they so erroneously considered a means of obtaining confession. Long after these times, Sir George Mackenzie, a great lawyer in the reign of James II, used torture in Scotland. We have seen how the manly spirit of Felton, and the scruples of the Commons, wrenched the hidden law from judges who had hitherto been too silent; and produced that unexpected avowal, which condemned all their former practices. But it was reserved for better times, when philosophy combining with law, enabled the genius of Blackstone to quote with admiration the exquisite ridicule of torture, by Beccaria.

On a rumour that Felton was condemned to suffer torture, an effusion of poetry, the ardent breathings of a pure and youthful spirit, was addressed to the supposed political martyr, by Zouch Townley, of the ancient family of the Townleys in Lancashire, to whose last descendant the nation owes the first public collection of ancient art.§

* Harl. MSS, 7000. J. Mead to Sir Matt. Stuteville, Sept. 27, 1628.

† The rack, or brake, now in the Tower, was introduced by the Duke of Exeter in the reign of Henry VI, as an auxiliary to his project of establishing the civil law in this country; and in derision it was called his daughter. Cowel's Interp. voc. Rack.

‡ This remarkable document is preserved by Dalrymple; it is an indorsement in the hand-writing of secretary Winwood, respecting the examination of Peacham, a record whose graduated horrors might have charmed the speculative cruelty of a Domitian or a Nero. 'Upon these interrogatories, Peacham this day was examined before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture; notwithstanding, nothing could be drawn from him, he persisting still in his obstinate and insensible denials and former answer.' Dalrymple's Mem. and Letters of James I, p. 56.

§ Z. Townley in 1624 made the Latin oration in memory of Camden, reprinted by Dr Thomas Smith at the end of Camden's Life. Wood's Fasti. I find his name also among the verses addressed to Ben Jonson, prefixed to his work.

The poem I transcribe from a MS. copy of the times; it appears only to have circulated in that secret form, for the writer being summoned to the star chamber, and not willing to have any such poem addressed to himself, escaped to the Hague.

'To his confined friend, Mr Jo. Felton.

Enjoy thy bondage, make thy prison know
Thou hast a liberty, thou can'st not owe
To those base punishments; keep entire, since
Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience.
I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to affray,
Infeebling it with pity; nor dare I pray.
Thine act may mercy finde, least thy great story
Lose somewhat of its miracle and glory.
I wish thy merits, laboured cruelty;
Stout vengeance best befriends thy memory.
For I would have posterity to hear,
He that can bravely do can bravely bear.
Tortures may seem great in a coward's eye;
It 's no great thing to suffer, less to die.
Should all the clouds fall down, and in that strife
Lightning and thunder serve to take my life,
I would applaud the wisdom of my fate,
Which knew to value me of such a rate,
As to my fall to trouble all the sky,
Emptying upon me Jove's full armoury.
Serve in your sharpest mischiefs; use your rack,
Enlarge each joint, and make each sinew crack,
Thy soul before was straitened; thank thy doom,
To show her virtue, she hath larger room.
Yet sure if every artery were broke,
Thou would'st find strength for such another stroke
And now I leave thee unto Death and Fame,
Which lives to shake Ambition with thy name;
And if it were not sin, the court by it
Should hourly swear before the favourite.
Farewell! for thy brave sake we shall not send
Henceforth commanders, enemies to defend;
Nor will it our just monarchs henceforth please,
To keep an admiral, to lose the seas.
Farewell! undaunted stand, and joy to be
Of public service the epitome.
Let the duke's name solace and crown thy thrall;
All we for him did suffer, thou for all!
And I dare boldly write, as thou dar'st die,
Stout Felton, England's ransom, here doth lie!'

This it is to be a great poet. Felton, who was celebrated in such elevated strains, was, at that moment, not the patriot but the penitent. In political history it frequently occurs that the man who accidentally has effectuated the purpose of a party is immediately invested by them with all their favourite virtues; but in reality, having acted from motives originally insignificant and obscure, his character may be quite the reverse they have made him; and such was that of our 'honest Jack.' Had Townley had a more intimate acquaintance with his Brutus, we might have lost a noble poem on a noble subject.

JOHNSON'S HINTS FOR THE LIFE OF POPE.

I shall preserve a literary curiosity, which perhaps is the only one of its kind. It is an original memorandum of Dr Johnson's, of hints for the life of Pope written down as they were suggested to his mind in the course of his researches. The lines in italics, Johnson had scratched with red ink, probably after having made use of them. These notes should be compared with the life itself. The youthful student will find some use, and the curious be gratified in discovering the gradual labours of research and observation; and that art of seizing on those general conceptions which afterwards are developed by meditation, and illustrated by Genius. I once thought of accompanying these *hints* by the amplified and finished passages derived from them; but this is an amusement which the reader can contrive for himself. I have extracted the most material notes.

This fragment is a companion piece to the engraved fac-simile of a page of Pope's Homer in the present volume of this work, of which I shall now observe, that there never was a *more minutely perfect copy* of a manuscript.

That fac-simile was not given to show the autograph of Pope—a practice which has since so generally prevailed, but to exhibit to the eye of the student the fervour and the diligence required in every work of genius; this could only be done by showing the state of the manuscript itself, with all its erasures, and even its half formed lines; nor could

this effect be produced by giving only some of the corrections, which Johnson had already in printed characters.—My notion has been approved of, because it was comprehended by writers of genius; yet this fac-simile has been considered as nothing more than an autograph by those literary blockheads, who, without taste and imagination, intruding into the province of literature, find themselves as awkward as a once popular divine, in his 'Christian Life,' assures us would certain sinners in paradise—like 'pigs in a drawing room.'

POPE.

Nothing occasional. No haste. No rivals. No compulsion.
Practised only one form of verse. Facility from use.
Emulated former pieces. Cooper's-hill. Dryden's ode.
Affected to disdain flattery. *Not happy in his selection of Patrons. Cobham, Bollingbroke.**
Cibber's abuse will be better to him than a dose of hartshorn.
Poems long delayed.
Satire and praise late, alluding to something past.
He had always some poetical plan in his head.†
Echo to the sense.
Would not constrain himself too much.
Felicities of language. Watts.‡
Luxury of language.
Motives to study—want of health, want of money——helps to study—some small patrimony.
Prudent and frugal—pint of wine.

LETTERS.

Amiable disposition—but he gives his own character.
Elaborate. Think what to say—say what one thinks.
Letter on sickness to Steele.
On solitude. Ostentatious benevolence. Professions of sincerity.
Neglect of fame. Indifference about every thing.
Sometimes gay and airy, sometimes sober and grave.
Too proud of living among the great. Probably forward to make acquaintance. *No literary man ever talked so much of his fortune. Grotto. Importance. Post-office, letters open.*
Cant of despising the world.
Affectation of despising poetry.
His easiness about the critics.
Something of foppery.
His letters to the ladies—pretty.
Abuse of Scripture—not all early.
Thoughts in his letters that are elsewhere.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Ramsay missed the fall of man.
Others the immortality of the soul. Address to our Saviour.
Excluded by Berkley.
Bollingbroke's notions not understood.
Scale of Being *turn it in prose.*
Part and not the whole always said.
Conversation with Bol. R. 220.*
Bol. meant ill. Pope well.
Crouzas. Resnel. Warburton.
Good sense. Luxurious—felicities of language.
Loved labour—always poetry in his head.
Extreme sensibility. Ill-health, head-aches.
He never laughed.
No conversation.
No writings against Swift.
Parasitical epithets. Six lines of Iliad.†
He used to set down what occurred of thoughts—a line—a couplet.
The humorous lines and sinner. Prunello.‡
First line made for the sound, or v. versa.
Foul lines in Jervas.
More notice of books early than late.

DUNCIAD.

The line on Phillips borrowed from another poem.
Pope did not increase the difficulties of writing.
Postæ pulorum.

* He has added in the Life, the name of Burlington.

† In the Life Johnson gives Swift's complaint that Pope was never at leisure for conversation, because he had always some poetical scheme in his head.

‡ Johnson in the Life has given Watts' opinion of Pope's poetical diction.

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope.

† In the Life Johnson says, 'Expletives he very carefully rejected from his verses; but now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the six first lines of the Iliad might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning; and sometimes after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another.'

‡ He has a few double rhymes; but always, I think, unsuccessfully; except one in the Rape of the Lock. Life of Pope.

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SECOND SERIES

PREFACE

It may be useful to state the design of the present volume, which differs in its character from the preceding Series.

The form of essay-writing, were it now moulded even by the hand of the Raphael of Essayists, would fail in the attraction of novelty; Morality would now in vain repeat its counsels in a fugitive page, and Manners now offer but little variety to supply one. The progress of the human mind has been marked by the enlargement of our knowledge; and essay-writing seems to have closed with the century which it charmed and enlightened.

I have often thought that an occasional recurrence to speculations on human affairs, as they appear in private and in public history, and to other curious inquiries in literature and philosophy, would form some substitute for this mode of writing. These Researches, therefore, offer authentic knowledge for evanescent topics; they attempt to demonstrate some general principle, by induction from a variety of particulars —to develop those imperfect truths which float obscurely in the mind— and to suggest subjects, which, by their singularity, are new to inquiry, and which may lead to new trains of ideas. Such Researches will often form supplements to our previous knowledge.

In accustoming ourselves to discoveries of this nature, every research seems to yield the agreeable feeling of invention—it is a pleasure peculiar to itself—something which we ourselves have found out — and which, whenever it imparts novelty or interest to another, communicates to him the delight of the first discoverer.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

MODERN LITERATURE, BAYLE'S CRITICAL DICTIONARY.

A new edition of Bayle in France is now in a progressive state of publication; an event in literary history which could not have been easily predicted. Every work which creates an epoch in literature is one of the great monuments of the human mind; and Bayle may be considered as the father of literary curiosity, and of Modern Literature. Much has been alleged against our author: yet let us be careful to preserve what is precious. Bayle is the inventor of a work which dignified a collection of facts constituting his text, by the argumentative powers and the copious illustrations which charm us in his diversified commentary. Conducting the humble pursuits of an Aulus Gellius and an Atheneus, with a higher spirit he showed us the *philosophy of Books*, and communicated to such limited researches a value which they had otherwise not possessed.

This was introducing a study perfectly distinct from what is pre-eminently distinguished as 'classical learning,' and the subjects which had usually entered into philological pursuits. Ancient literature, from century to century, had constituted the sole labours of the learned, and 'Variæ lectiones' were long their pride and their reward. Latin was the literary language of Europe. The vernacular idiom in Italy was held in such contempt, that their youths were not suffered to read Italian books; their native productions; Varchi tells a curious anecdote of his father sending him to prison, where he was kept on bread and water, as a penance for his inveterate passion for reading Italian books! Dante was reproached by the erudite Italians for composing in his mother tongue, still expressed by the degrading designation of *il volgare*, which the 'resolute' John Florio renders 'to make common;' and to translate was contemptuously called *volgarizzare;* while Petrarch rested his fame on his Latin poetry, and called his Italian *nugellas vulgares!* With us, Roger Ascham was the first who boldly avowed '*To speak as the common people*, to think as wise men;' yet, so late as the time of Bacon, this great man did not consider his 'Moral Essays as likely to last in the moveable sands of a modern language, for he as anxiously had them sculptured in the marble of ancient Rome. Yet what had the great ancients themselves done, but trusted to their own *volgare?* The Greeks, the finest and most original writers of the ancients, observes Adam Ferguson, 'were unacquainted with every language but their own; and if they became learned, it was only by studying what they themselves had produced.'

During fourteen centuries, whatever lay out of the pale of classical learning was condemned as barbarism; in the mean while, however, amidst this barbarism, another literature was insensibly creating itself in Europe. Every people, in the gradual accessions of their vernacular genius, discovered a new sort of knowledge, one which more deeply interested their feelings and the times, reflecting the image, not of the Greeks and the Latins, but of themselves! A spirit of inquiry, originating in events which had never reached the ancient world, and the same refined taste in the arts of composition caught from the models of antiquity, at length raised up rivals, who competed with the great ancients themselves; and Modern Literature now occupies a space which looks to be immensity, compared with the narrow and the imperfect limits of the ancient. A complete collection of classical works, all the bees of antiquity, may be hived in a glass case; but those we should find only the milk and honey of our youth; to obtain the substantial nourishment of European knowledge, a library of ten thousand volumes will not satisfy our inquiries, nor supply our researches even on a single topic!

Let not, however, the votaries of ancient literature dread its neglect, nor be over jealous of their younger and Gothic sister. The existence of their favourite study is secured, as well by its own imperishable claims, as by the stationary institutions of Europe. But one of those silent revolutions in the intellectual history of mankind, which are not so obvious as those in their political state, seems now fully accomplished. The very term 'classical,' so long limited to the ancient authors, is now equally applicable to the most elegant writers of every literary people; and although Latin and Greek were long characterized as 'the learned languages,' yet we cannot in truth any longer concede that those are the most learned who are 'inter Græcos Græcissimi, inter Latinos Latinissimi,' any more than we can reject from the class of 'the learned,' those great writers, whose scholarship in the ancient classics may be very indifferent. The modern languages now have also become learned ones, when he who writes in them is imbued with their respective learning. He is a 'learned' writer who has embraced most knowledge on the particular subject of his investigation, as he is a 'classical' one who composes with the greatest elegance. Sir David Dalrymple dedicates his 'Memorials relating to the History of Britain' to the Earl of Hardwicke, whom he styles with equal happiness and propriety, 'Learned in British History.' 'Scholarship' has hitherto been a term reserved for the adept in ancient literature, whatever may be the mediocrity of his intellect; but the honourable distinction must be extended to all great writers in modern literature, if we would not confound the natural sense and propriety of things.

Modern literature may, perhaps, still be discriminated from the ancient, by a term it began to be called by at the Reformation, that of 'the New Learning.' Without supplanting the ancient, the modern must grow up with it; the further we advance in society, it will more deeply occupy our interests; and it has already proved what Bacon, casting his philosophical views retrospectively and prospectively, has observed, 'that Time was the greatest of innovators.'

When Bayle projected his 'Critical Dictionary,' he probably had no idea that he was about effecting a revolution in our libraries, and founding a new province in the dominion of human knowledge; creative genius often is itself the creature of its own age: it is but that reaction of public opinion, which is generally the fore-runner of some critical change, or which calls forth some wants which sooner or later will be supplied. The predisposition for the various, but neglected literature, and the curious, but the scattered knowledge, of the moderns, which had long been increasing, with the speculative turn of inquiry, prevailed in Europe, when Bayle took his pen to give the thing itself a name and an existence. But the great authors of modern Europe were not yet consecrated beings, like the ancients, and their volumes were not read from the chairs of universities; yet the new interests which had arisen in society, the new modes of human life, the new spread of knowledge, the curiosity after even the little things which concern us, the revelations of secret history, and the state papers which have sometimes escaped from national archives, the philosophical spirit which was hastening its steps and raising up new systems of thinking;

all alike required research and criticism, inquiry and discussion. Bayle had first studied his own age, before he gave the public his great work.

'If Bayle,' says Gibbon, 'wrote his dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chosen a better plan. It permitted him every thing, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a dictionary and of notes, he could pitch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased in those articles.'

'*Jacta est alea!*' exclaimed Bayle, on the publication of his dictionary, as yet dubious of the extraordinary enterprise: perhaps while going on with the work, he knew not at times, whither he was directing his course; but we must think, that in his own mind he counted on something, which might have been difficult even for Bayle himself to have developed. The author of the 'Critical Dictionary' had produced a voluminous labour, which, to all appearance, could only rank him among compilers and reviewers, for his work is formed of such materials as they might use. He had never studied any science; he confessed that he could never demonstrate the first problem in Euclid, and to his last day ridiculed that sort of evidence called mathematical demonstration. He had but little taste for classical learning, for he quotes the Latin writers curiously, not elegantly; and there is reason to suspect that he had entirely neglected the Greek. Even the erudition of antiquity usually reached him by the ready medium of some German Commentator. His multifarious reading was chiefly confined to the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With such deficiencies in his literary character, Bayle could not reasonably expect to obtain pre-eminence in any single pursuit. Hitherto his writings had not extricated him from the secondary ranks of literature, where he found a rival at every step; and without his great work, the name of Bayle at this moment had been buried among his controversialists, the rabid Jurieu, the cloudy Jacquelot, and the envious Le Clerc; to these, indeed, he sacrificed too many of his valuable days, and was still answering them, at the hour of his death. Such was the cloudy horizon of that bright fame which was to rise over Europe! Bayle, intent on escaping from all beaten tracks, while the very materials he used promised no novelty, for all his knowledge was drawn from old books, opened an eccentric route, where at least he could encounter no parallel; Bayle felt that if he could not stand alone, he would only have been an equal by the side of another. Experience had more than once taught this mortifying lesson; but he was blest with the genius which could stamp an inimitable originality on a folio.

This originality seems to have been obtained in this manner. The exhausted topics of classical literature he resigned as a province not adapted to an ambitious genius; sciences he rarely touched on, and hardly ever without betraying superficial knowledge, and involving himself in absurdity: but in the history of men, in penetrating the motives of their conduct, in clearing up obscure circumstances, in detecting the strong and the weak parts of him who he was trying, and in the cross-examination of the numerous witnesses he summoned, he assumed at once the judge and the advocate! Books for him were pictures of men's inventions, and the histories of their thoughts; for any book, whatever be its quality, must be considered as an experiment of the human mind.

In controversies, in which he was so ambi-dexterous—in the progress of the human mind, in which he was so philosophical—furnished, too, by his hoarding curiosity with an immense accumulation of details,—skilful in the art of detecting falsehoods amidst truths, and weighing probability against uncertainty—holding together the chain of argument from its first principles, to its remotest consequence—Bayle stands among those masters of the human intellect who taught us to think, and also to unthink! All, indeed, is a collection of researches and reasonings: he had the art of melting down his curious quotations with his own subtile ideas. He collects every thing: if truths, they enter into history; if fictions, into discussions: he places the secret by the side of the public story: opinion is balanced against opinion: if his arguments grow tedious, a lucky anecdote or an enlivening tale relieve the folio page; and, knowing the infirmity of our nature, he picks up trivial things to amuse us, while he is grasping the most abstract and ponderous. Human nature in her shifting scenery, and the human mind in its eccentric directions, open on his view; so that an unknown person or a worthless book, are equally objects for his speculation with the most eminent—they alike curiously instruct. Such were the materials, and such the genius of the man, whose follios, which seemed destined for the retired few, he open on parlour tables. The men of genius of his age studied them for instruction, the men of the world for their amusement. Amidst the mass of facts which he has collected, and the enlarged views of human nature which his philosophical spirit has combined with his researches, Bayle may be called the Shakspeare of dictionary makers; a sort of chimerical being, whose existence was not imagined to be possible before the time of Bayle.

But his errors are voluminous as his genius! and what do apologies avail? They only account for the evil which they cannot alter!

Bayle is reproached for carrying his speculations too far into the wilds of scepticism—he wrote in a distempered time; he was witnessing the *dragonades* and the *resurrections* of the Romish church; and he lived amidst the Reformed, or the French prophets, as we called them when they came over us, and in whom Sir Isaac Newton more than half believed; these testified that they heard angels singing in the air, while our philosopher was convinced that he was living among men for whom no angel would sing! Bayle had left persecutors to fly to fanatics, both equally appealing to the Gospel, but alike untouched by its blessedness! His impurities were a taste inherited from his favourite old writers, whose *naiveté* seemed to sport with the grossness which it touched, and neither in France, nor at home, had the age then attained to our moral delicacy: Bayle himself was a man without passions! His trivial matters were an author's compliance with the bookseller's taste, which is always that of the public. His scepticism is said to have thrown every thing into disorder. Is it more positive evil to doubt, than to dogmatise? Even Aristotle often pauses with a qualifying *perhaps*, and the egotist Cicero with a modest *it seems to me*. His scepticism has been useful in history, and has often shown how facts universally believed, are doubtful and sometimes must be false. Bayle, it is said, is perpetually contradicting himself; but a sceptic must doubt his doubts; he places the antidote close to the poison, and lays the sheath by the sword. Bayle has himself described one of those self-tormenting and many headed sceptics by a very noble figure, 'He was a Hydra who was perpetually tearing himself.'

The time has now come when Bayle may instruct without danger. We have passed the ordeals he had to go through; we must now consider him as the historian of our thoughts as well as of our actions; he dispenses the literary stores of the moderns, in that vast repository of their wisdom and their follies, which, by its originality of design, has made him an author common to all Europe. Nowhere shall we find a rival for Bayle! and hardly even an imitator! He compared himself, for his power of raising up, or dispelling objections and doubts, to 'the cloud-compelling Jove.' The great Leibnitz, who was himself a lover of his *varia eruditio*, applied a line of Virgil to Bayle, characterising his luminous and elevated genius:

'Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.'
Beneath his feet he views the clouds and stars.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BAYLE.

To know Bayle as a man, we must not study him in the folio Life of Des Maiseaux; whose laborious pencil, without colour, and without expression, loses in its indistinctness the individualising strokes of the portrait. Look for Bayle in his 'Letters,' those true chronicles of a literary man, when they solely record his own pursuits.

The personal character of Bayle was unblemished even by calumny—his executor, Basnage, never could mention him without tears! With simplicity which approached to an infantine nature, but with the fortitude of a Stoic, our literary philosopher, from his earliest days, dedicated himself to literature; the great sacrifice consisted of those two main objects of human pursuits—fortune and a family. Many an ascetic, who has headed an order, has not so religiously abstained from all worldly interests; yet let us not imagine that there was a sullenness in his stoicism; an icy misanthropy which shuts up the heart from its ebb and flow. His domestic affections through life were fervid. When his mother desired to receive his portrait, he sent her a picture of his heart! Early in life the mind of Bayle was strengthening itself by a philosophical resignation to all human events!

'I am indeed of a disposition neither to fear bad fortune, nor to have very ardent desires for good. Yet I lose this steadiness and indifference when I reflect, that your love to me makes you feel for every thing that happens to me. It is, therefore, from the consideration that my misfortunes would be a torment to you, that I wish to be happy; and when I think that my happiness would be all your joy, I should lament that my bad fortune should continue to persecute me; though, as to my own particular interest, I dare promise to myself that I shall never be very much affected by it.'

An instance occurred of those social affections in which a stoic is sometimes supposed to be deficient, which might have afforded a beautiful illustration to one of our most elegant poets. The remembrance of the happy moments which Bayle spent when young on the borders of the river Auriege, a short distance from his native town of Carlat, where he had been sent to recover from a fever, occasioned by an excessive indulgence in reading, induced him many years afterwards to devote an article to it in his 'Critical Dictionary,' for the sake of quoting the poet who had celebrated this obscure river; it was a 'Pleasure of Memory!' a tender association of domestic feeling!

The first step which Bayle took in life is remarkable.—He changed his religion and became a Catholic; a year afterwards he returned to the creed of his fathers. Posterity might not have known the story had it not been recorded in his Diary. The circumstance is thus curiously stated.

BAYLE'S DIARY.

Years of the Christian Æra.		Years of my age.	
1669.	Tuesday, March 19.	22	I changed my religion—next day I resumed the study of logic.
1670.	August 20.	23	I returned to the reformed religion, and made a private abjuration of the Romish religion in the hands of four ministers!

His brother was one of these ministers; while a Catholic, Bayle had attempted to convert him by a letter, long enough to evince his sincerity: but without his subscription, we should not have ascribed it to Bayle.

For this vacillation in his religion has Bayle endured bitter censure. Gibbon, who himself changed his, about the same 'year of his age,' and for as short a period, sarcastically observes of the first entry, that Bayle should have finished his logic before he changed his religion.' It may be retorted, that when he had learnt to reason, he renounced Catholicism! The true fact is, that when Bayle had only studied a few months at college, some books of controversial divinity by the Catholics, offered many a specious argument against the reformed doctrines; a young student was easily entangled in the nets of the Jesuits. But their passive obedience, and their transubstantiation, and other stuff woven in their looms, soon enabled such a man as Bayle to recover his senses. The promises and the caresses of the wily Jesuits were rejected, and the gush of tears of the brothers, on his return to the religion of his fathers, is one of the most pathetic incidents of domestic life.

Bayle was willing to become an expatriated man; to study from the love of study, in poverty and honour! It happens sometimes that great men are criminated for their noblest deeds by both parties.

When his great work appeared, the adversaries of Bayle reproached him with haste, while the author expressed his astonishment at his slowness. At first 'the Critical Dictionary,' consisting only of two folios, was finished in little more than four years; but in the life of Bayle this was equivalent to a treble amount with men of ordinary application. Bayle even calculated the time of his head-aches; 'My megrims would have left me had it been in my power to have lived without study; by them I lose many days in every month'—the fact is, that Bayle had entirely given up every sort of recreation except that delicious inebriation of his faculties, as we may term it for those who know what it is, which he drew from his books: we have his avowal. 'Public amusements, games, country jaunts, morning visits, and other recreations necessary to many students, as they tell us, were none of my business. I wasted no time on them, nor in any domestic cares; never soliciting for preferment, nor busied in any other way. I have been happily delivered from many occupations which were not suitable to my humour; and I have enjoyed the greatest and the most charming leisure that a man of letters could desire. By such means an author makes a great progress in a few years.'

Bayle, at Rotterdam, was appointed to a professorship of philosophy and history; the salary was a competence to his frugal life, and enabled him to publish his celebrated Review, which he dedicates 'to the glory of the city,' for *illa nobis hæc otia fecit.*

After this grateful acknowledgment he was unexpectedly deprived of the professorship. The secret history is curious. After a tedious war, some one amused the world by a chimerical 'Project of Peace,' which was much against the wishes and the designs of our William III.—Jurieu, the head of the Reformed party in Holland, a man of heated fancies, persuaded William's party that this book was a part of a secret cabal in Europe, raised by Louis XIV against William III; and accused Bayle as the author and promoter of this political confederacy. The magistrates, who were the creatures of William, dismissed Bayle without alleging any reason. To an ordinary philosopher it would have seemed hard to lose his salary because his antagonist was one

'Whose sword is sharper than his pen.'

Bayle only rejoiced at this emancipation, and quietly returned to his Dictionary. His feelings on this occasion he has himself perpetuated.

'The sweetness and repose I find in the studies in which I have engaged myself, and which are my delight, will induce me to remain in this city, if I am allowed to continue in it, at least till the printing of my Dictionary is finished; for my presence is absolutely necessary to the place where it is printed. I am no lover of money, nor of honours, and would not accept of any invitation, should it be made to me; nor am I fond of the disputes and cabals, and professorial snarlings, which reign in all our academies: *Canam mihi et Musæ.*' He was indeed so charmed by quiet and independence, that he was continually refusing the most magnificent offers of patronage: from Count Guiscard, the French ambassador; but particularly from our English nobility. The Earls of Shaftesbury, of Albermarle, and of Huntingdon, tried every solicitation to win him over to reside with them as their friend; and too nice a sense of honour induced Bayle to refuse the Duke of Shrewsbury's gift of two hundred guineas for the dedication of his dictionary, 'I have so often ridiculed dedications that I must not risk any,' was the reply of our philosopher.

The only complaint which escaped from Bayle was the want of books; an evil particularly felt during his writing the 'Critical Dictionary;' a work which should have been composed not distant from the shelves of a public library. Men of classical attainments, who are studying about twenty authors, and chiefly for their style, can form no conception of the state of famine to which an 'helluo librorum' is too often reduced in the new sort of study which Bayle founded. Taste when once obtained may be said to be no acquiring faculty, and must remain stationary; but Knowledge is of perpetual growth, and has infinite demands. Taste, like an artificial canal, winds through a beautiful country; but its borders are confined, and its term is limited; Knowledge navigates the ocean, and is perpetually on voyages of discovery. Bayle often grieves over the scarcity, or the want of books, by which he was compelled to leave many things uncertain, or to take them at second hand; but he lived to discover that trusting to the reports of others, was too often suffering the blind to lead the blind. It was this circumstance which induced Bayle to declare, that some works cannot be written in the country, and that the metropolis only can supply the wants of the literary man. Plutarch has made a similar confession; and the elder Pliny who had not so many volumes to turn over as a modern, was sensible to the wants of books, for he acknowledges that there was no book so bad by which we might not profit.

Bayle's peculiar vein of research and skill in discussion first appeared in his 'Pensées sur la Comete.' In December, 1680. a comet had appeared, and the public yet trembled at a portentous meteor, which they still imagined was connected with some forthcoming and terrible event! Persons as curious as they were terrified teased Bayle by their inquiries, but resisted all his arguments.

They found many things more than arguments in his amusing volumes: 'I am not one of the authors by profession,' says Bayle, in giving an account of the method he meant to pursue, 'who follow a series of views; who first project their subject, then divide it into books and chapters, and who only choose to work on the ideas they have planned. I, for my part, give up all claims to authorship, and shall chain myself to no such servitude. I cannot meditate with much regularity on one subject; I am too fond of change. I often wander from the subject, and jump into places of which it might be difficult to guess the way out; so that I shall make a learned doctor who looks for method quite impatient with me.' The work is indeed full of curiosities and anecdotes, with many critical ones concerning history.

At first it found an easy entrance into France, as a simple account of comets; but when it was discovered that Bayle's comet had a number of fiery tails concerning the French and the Austrians, it soon became as terrific as the comet itself, and was prohibited!

Bayle's 'Critique generale de l'histoire du Calvinisme par le Pere Maimbourg,' had more pleasantry than bitterness, except to the palate of the vindictive Father, who was of too hot a constitution to relish the delicacy of our author's wit. Maimbourg stirred up all the intrigues he could rouse to get the Critique burnt by the hangman at Paris. The lieutenant of the police, De la Reynie, who was among the many who did not dislike to see the Father corrected by Bayle, delayed this execution from time to time, till there came a final order. This lieutenant of the police was a shrewd fellow, and wishing to put an odium on the bigoted Maimbourg, allowed the irrascible Father to write the proclamation himself with all the violence of an enraged author. It is a curious specimen of one who evidently wished to burn his brother with his book. In this curious proclamation, which has been preserved as a literary curiosity, Bayle's 'Critique' is declared to be defamatory and calumnious, abounding with seditious forgeries, pernicious to all good subjects, and therefore is condemned to be torn to pieces, and burnt at the *Place de Greve*. All printers and booksellers are forbidden to print, or to sell, or disperse the said abominable book, under *pain of death*; and all other persons, of what quality or condition soever, are to undergo the penalty of exemplary punishment. De le Reynie must have smiled on submissively receiving this effusion from our enraged author; and to punish Maimbourg in the only way he could contrive, and to do at the same time the greatest kindness to Bayle, whom he admired, he dispersed three thousand copies of this proclamation to be posted up through Paris: the alarm and the curiosity were simultaneous; but the latter prevailed. Every book collector hastened to procure a copy so terrifically denounced, and at the same time so amusing. The author of the 'Livres condamné au feu' might have inserted this anecdote in his collection. It may be worth adding, that Maimbourg always affected to say that he had never read Bayle's work; but he afterwards confessed to Menage, that he could not help valuing a book of such curiosity. Jurieu was so jealous of its success, that Beauval attributes his personal hatred of Bayle to our young philosopher overshadowing that veteran.

The taste for literary history we owe to Bayle; and the great interest he communicated to these researches spread in the national tastes of Europe. France has been always the richest in these stores, but our acquisitions have been rapid; and Johnson, who delighted in them, elevated their means and their end, by the ethical philosophy and the spirit of criticism which he awoke. With Bayle, indeed, his minor works were the seed-plots; but his great Dictionary opened the forest.

It is curious, however, to detect the difficulties of early attempts, and the indifferent success which sometimes attends them in their first state. Bayle, to lighten the fatigue of correcting the second edition of his Dictionary, wrote the first volume of 'Résponses aux Questions d'un Provincial,' a supposititious correspondence with a country gentleman. It was a work of mere literary curiosity, and of a better description of miscellaneous writing than that of the prevalent fashion of giving thoughts and maxims, and fanciful characters, and idle stories, which had satiated the public taste: however the book was not well received. He attributes the public caprice to his prodigality of literary anecdotes, and other *minutiæ literariæ*, and his frequent quotations! but he defends himself with skill. 'It is against the nature of things to pretend that in a work to prove and clear up facts, an author should only make use of his own thoughts, or that he ought to quote very seldom. Those who say, that the work does not sufficiently interest the public, are doubtless in the right; but an author cannot interest the public except he discusses moral or political subjects. All others with which men of letters fill their books are useless to the public and we ought to consider them as only a kind of frothy nourishment in themselves; but which, however, gratify the curiosity of many readers, according to the diversities of their tastes. What is there for example, less interesting to the public than the *Bibliothèque Choisie* of Colomiés (a small bibliographical work;) yet is that work looked on as excellent in its kind. I could mention other works which are read, though containing nothing which interests the public.' Two years after, when he resumed these letters, he changed his plan; he became more argumentative, and more sparing of literary and historical articles. We have now certainly obtained more decided notions of the nature of this species of composition, and treat such investigations with more skill; still they are 'caviare to the multitude.' An accumulation of dry facts, without any exertion of taste or discussion, forms but the barren and obscure diligence of title-hunters. All things which come to the reader without having first passed through the mind, as well as the pen of the writer, will be still open to the fatal objection of insane industry raging with a depraved appetite for trash and cinders; and this is the line of demarcation which will for ever separate a Bayle from a Prosper Marchand, and a Warton from a Ritson: the one must be satisfied to be useful, but the other will not fail to delight. Yet something must be alleged in favour of those who may sometimes indulge researches too minutely; perhaps there is a point beyond which nothing remains but useless curiosity; yet this too may be relative. The pleasure of these pursuits is only tasted by those who are accustomed to them, and whose employments are thus converted into amusements. A man of fine genius, Addison relates, trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, upon being obliged to search into several rolls and records, at first found this a very dry and irksome employment; yet he assured me, that at last he took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero.

As for our Bayle, he exhibits a perfect model of the real literary character. He, with the secret alchymy of human happiness, extracted his tranquillity out of the baser metals, at the cost of his ambition and his fortune. Throughout a voluminous work, he experienced the enjoyment of perpetual acquisition and delight; he obtained glory, and he endured persecution. He died as he had lived, in the same uninterrupted habits of composition; for with his dying hand, and nearly speechless, he sent a fresh proof to the printer!

CICERO VIEWED AS A COLLECTOR.

Mr Fuseli, in the introduction to the second part of his Lectures, has touched on the character of Cicero, respecting his knowledge and feeling of Art, in a manner which excites our curiosity. 'Though,' says that eloquent lecturer, 'Cicero seems to have had as little *native taste* for painting and sculpture, and even less than he had taste for poetry, he had a conception of Nature, and with his usual acumen frequently scattered useful hints and pertinent observations. For many of these he might probably be indebted to Hortensius, with whom, though his rival in eloquence, he lived on terms of familiarity, and who was a man of declared taste, and one of the first collectors of the time.' The inquiry may amuse, to trace the progress of *Cicero's taste for the works of art*; which was probably a late, but an ardent pursuit with this celebrated man; and their actual enjoyment seems with him rather to have been connected with some future plan of life.

Cicero, when about forty-three years of age, seems to have projected the formation of a library and a collection of antiquities, with the remote intention of secession, and one day stealing away from the noisy honours of the republic. Although that great man remained too long a victim to his political ambition, yet at all times his natural dispositions would break out, and amidst his public avocations he often anticipated a time when life would be unvalued without uninterrupted repose: but repose, destitute of the ample furniture, and even of the luxuries of a mind occupying itself in literature and art, would only for him have opened the repose of a desert! It was rather his provident wisdom than their actual enjoyment, which induced him, at a busied period of his life, to accumulate

from all parts, books, and statues, and curiosities, without number; in a word, to become, according to the term, too often misapplied and misconceived among us, for it is not always understood in an honourable sense, a collector!

Like other later collectors, Cicero often appears ardent to possess what he was not able to command; sometimes he entreats, or circuitously negociates, or is planning the future means to secure the acquisitions which he thirsted after. He is repeatedly soliciting his literary friend Atticus to keep his books for him, and not to dispose of his collections on any terms, however earnestly the bidders may crowd; and, to keep his patience in good hope (for Atticus imagined his collection would exceed the price which Cicero could afford,) he desires Atticus not to despair of his being able to make them his, for that he was saving all his rents to purchase these books for the relief of his old age.

This projected library, and collection of antiquities, it was the intention of Cicero to have placed in his favourite villa in the neighbourhood of Rome, whose name, consecrated by time, now proverbially describes the retirement of a man of elegant tastes. To adorn his villa at Tusculum formed the day-dreams of this man of genius; and his passion broke out in all the enthusiasm and impatience which so frequently characterize the modern collector. Not only Atticus, on whose fine taste he could depend, but every one likely to increase his acquisitions, was Cicero persecuting with entreaties, on entreaties, with the seduction of large prices, and with the expectation, that if the orator and consul would submit to accept any bribe, it would hardly be refused in the shape of a manuscript or a statue. 'In the name of our friendship,' says Cicero, addressing Atticus, 'suffer nothing to escape you of whatever you find curious or rare.' When Atticus informed him that he should send him a fine statue, in which the heads of Mercury and Minerva were united together, Cicero, with the enthusiasm of a maniacal lover of the present day, finds every object which is uncommon the very thing for which he has a proper place. 'Your discovery is admirable, and the statue you mention seems to have been made purposely for my cabinet.' Then follows an explanation of the mystery of this allegorical statue, which expressed the happy union of exercise and study. 'Continue,' he adds, 'to collect for me, as you have promised, *in as great a quantity as possible*, morsels of this kind.' Cicero, like other collectors, may be suspected not to have been very difficult in his choice, and for him the curious was not less valued than the beautiful. The mind and temper of Cicero were of a robust and philosophical cast, not too subject to the tortures of those whose morbid imagination and delicacy of taste touch on infirmity. It is, however, amusing to observe this great man, actuated by all the fervour and joy of collecting. 'I have paid your agent—as you ordered, for the Megaric statues—send me as *many* of them as you can, *and as soon as possible*, with any others which you think proper for the place, and to my taste, and good enough to please yours. You cannot imagine how greatly my *passion increases* for this sort of things; it is such that it may appear *ridiculous* in the eyes of many; but you are my friend, and will only think of satisfying my wishes.' Again—'Purchase for me, without thinking further, all that you discover of rarity. My friend, do not spare my purse.' And, indeed, in another place he loves Atticus both for his promptitude and cheap purchases: *Te multum amamus, quod ea abs te diligenter, parvoque curata sunt.*

Our collectors may not be displeased to discover at their head so venerable a personage as Cicero; nor to sanction their own feverish thirst and panting impatience with all the raptures on the day of possession, and the 'saving of rents' to afford commanding prices—by the authority of the greatest philosopher of antiquity.

A fact is noticed in this article which requires elucidation. In the life of a true collector, the selling of his books is a singular incident. The truth is, that the elegant friend of Cicero, residing in the literary city of Athens, appears to have enjoyed but a moderate income, and may be said to have traded not only in books, but in gladiators, whom he let out, and also charged interest for the use of his money; circumstances which Cornelius Nepos, who gives an account of his landed property, has omitted, as, perhaps, not well adapted to heighten the interesting picture which he gives of Atticus, but which the Abbé Mongault has detected in his curious notes on Cicero's letters to Atticus. It is certain that he employed his slaves, who, 'to the footboy,' as Middleton expresses himself, were all literary and skilful scribes, in copying the works of the best authors for his own use; but the duplicates were sold, to the common profit of the master and the slave. The state of literature among the ancients may be paralleled with that of the age of our first restorers of learning, when printing was not yet established; then Boccaccio, and Petrarch, and such men, were collectors, and zealously occupied in the manual labour of transcription; immeasurable was the delight of that avariciousness of manuscript, by which, in a certain given time, the possessor, with an unwearied pen, could enrich himself by his copy; and this copy an estate would not always purchase! Besides that a manuscript selected by Atticus, or copied by the hand of Boccaccio and Petrarch, must have risen in value, associating it with the known taste and judgment of the collector.

THE HISTORY OF THE CARACCIS.

The congenial histories of literature and of art are accompanied by the same periodical revolutions; and none is more interesting than that one which occurs in the decline and corruption of arts, when a single mind returning to right principles, amidst the degenerated race who had forsaken them, seems to create a new epoch, and teaches a servile race once more how to invent! These epochs are few, but are easily distinguished. The human mind is never stationary; it advances or it retrogrades; having reached its meridian point, when the hour of perfection has gone by, it must verge to its decline. In all Art, perfection lapses into that weakened state too often dignified as classical imitation; but it sinks into mannerism, and wantons into affectation, till it shoots out into fantastic novelties. When all languishes in a state of mediocrity, or is deformed by false tastes, then is reserved for a fortunate genius the glory of restoring another golden age of invention. The history of the Caracci family serves as an admirable illustration of such an epoch, while the personal characters of the three Caraccis throw an additional interest over this curious incident in the history of the works of genius.

The establishment of the famous *accademie*, or school of painting, at Bologna, which restored the art in the last stage of degeneracy, originated in the profound meditations of Lodovico. There was a happy boldness in the idea; but its great singularity was that of discovering those men of genius, who alone could realize his ideal conception, amidst his own family circle; and yet these were men whose opposite dispositions and acquirements could hardly have given any hope of mutual assistance; and much less of melting together their minds and their work in such unity of conception and execution, that even to our days they leave the critics undetermined which of the Caraccis to prefer; each excelling the other in some pictorial quality. Often combining together in the same picture, the mingled labour of three painters seemed to proceed from one pallet, as their works exhibit which adorn the churches of Bologna. They still disputed about a picture, to ascertain which of the Caraccis painted it; and still one prefers Lodovico for his *grandiocita*, another Agostino for his invention, and others Annibale for his vigour or his grace.*

What has been told of others, happened to Lodovico Caracci in his youth; he struggled with a mind tardy in its conceptions, so that he gave no indications of talent; and was apparently so inept as to have been advised by two masters to be satisfied to grind the colours he ought not otherwise to meddle with. Tintoretto, from friendship, exhorted him to change his trade. 'This sluggishness of intellect did not proceed,' observes the sagacious Lanzi, 'from any deficiency, but from the depth of his penetrating mind: early in life he dreaded the ideal as a rock on which so many of his contemporaries had been shipwrecked.' His hand was not blest with precocious facility, because his mind was unsettled about truth itself; he was still seeking for nature, which he could not discover in those wretched mannerists, who boasting of their freedom and expedition in their bewildering tastes, which they called the ideal, relied on the diplomas and honours obtained by intrigue or purchase, which sanctioned their follies in the eyes of the multitude. 'Lodovico,' says Lanzi, 'would first satisfy his own mind on every line; he would not paint till painting well became a habit, and till habit produced facility.'

Lodovico then sought in other cities for what he could not find at Bologna. He travelled to inspect the works of the elder masters; he meditated on all their details; he

* Lanzi, Storia Pittorica, V. 85.

penetrated to the very thoughts of the great artists, and grew intimate with their modes of conception and execution. The true principles of art were collected together in his own mind,—the rich fruits of his own studies,—and these first prompted him to invent a new school of painting.*

Returning to Bologna, he found his degraded brothers in art still quarrelling about the merits of the old and the new school, and still exulting in their vague conceptions and expeditious methods. Lodovico, who had observed all, had summed up his principles in one grand maxim,—that of combining a close observation of nature with the imitation of the great masters, modifying both, however, by the disposition of the artist himself. Such was the simple idea and the happy project of Lodovico! Every perfection seemed to have been obtained: the *Raffaeleschi* excelled in the ideal; the *Michelangioleschi* in the anatomical: the Venetian and the Lombard schools in brilliant vivacity or philosophic gravity. All seemed pre-occupied; but the secret of breaking the bonds of servile imitation was a new art: of mingling into one school the charms of every school, adapting them with freedom; and having been taught by all, to remain a model for all; or, as Lanzi expresses it, *dopo avere appresso da te tutte insigno a tutte.* To restore Art in its decline, Lodovico pressed all the sweets from all the flowers; or, melting together all his rich materials, formed one Corinthian brass. This school is described by Du Fresnoy in the character of Annibale,

> ——————Quos sedulus Hannibal omnes
> In propriam mentem atque morem mira arte coegit.

Paraphrased by Mason,

> From all their charms combined, with happy toil,
> Did Annibal compose his wondrous style;
> O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
> That every borrow'd grace becomes his own.*

Lodovico perceived that he could not stand alone in the breach, and single-handed encounter an impetuous multitude. He thought of raising up a party among those youthful aspirants who had not yet been habitually depraved. He had a brother whose talent could never rise beyond a poor copyist's, and him he had the judgment, unswayed by undue partiality, to account as a cipher; but he found two of his cousins, men capable of becoming as extraordinary as himself.

These brothers, Agostino and Annibale, first by nature, and then by their manners and habits, were of the most opposite dispositions. Born amidst humble occupations, their father was a tailor, and Annibale was still working on the paternal board, while Agostino was occupied by the elegant works of the goldsmith, whence he acquired the fine art of engraving, in which he became the Marc Antonio of his time. Their manners, perhaps, resulted from their trades. Agostino was a man of science and literature: a philosopher and poet, of the most polished elegance, the most enchanting conversation, far removed from the vulgar, he became the companion of the learned and the noble. Annibale could scarcely write and read; an inborn ruggedness made him sullen, taciturn, or if he spoke, sarcastic; scorn and ridicule were his bitter delight. Nature had strangely made these brothers little less than enemies. Annibale despised his brother for having entered into the higher circles; he ridiculed his refined manners, and even the neat elegance of his dress. To mortify Agostino, one day, he sent him a portrait of their father threading a needle, and their mother cutting out the cloth, to remind him, as he once whispered in Agostino's ear, when he met him walking with a nobleman, 'not to forget that they were sons of a poor tailor! The same contrast existed in the habits of their mind. Agostino was slow to resolve, difficult to satisfy himself; he was for polishing and maturing every thing: Annibale was too rapid to suffer any delay, and often evading the difficulties of the art, loved to do much in a short time. Lodovico soon perceived their equal and natural aptitude for art; and placing Agostino under a master, who was celebrated for his facility of execution, he fixed Annibale in his own study, where his cousin might be taught by observation the *Festina lenti*; how the best works are formed by a leisurely haste. Lodovico seems to have adopted the artifice of Isocrates in his management of two pupils, of whom he said, that the one was to be pricked on by the spur, and the other kept in by the rein.

But a new difficulty arose in the attempt to combine together such incongruous natures; the thoughtful Lodovico intent on the great project of the reformation of the art, by his prudence long balanced their unequal tempers, and with that penetration which so strongly characterizes his genius, directed their distinct talents to his one great purpose. From the literary Agostino he obtained the philosophy of critical lectures and scientific principles; invention and designing solely occupied Annibale; while the softness of contours, lightness and grace, were his own acquisition.* But though Annibale presumptuously contemned the rare and elevated talents of Agostino, and scarcely submitted the works of Lodovico, whom he preferred to rival, yet, according to a traditional rumour which Lanzi records, it was Annibale's decision of character which enabled him, as it were, unperceived, to become the master over his cousin and his brother; Lodovico and Agostino long hesitated to oppose the predominant style, in their first Essays; Annibale hardly decided to persevere in opening their new career by opposing 'works to voices;' and to the enervate labours of their wretched rivals, their own works, warm in vigor and freshness, conducted on the principles of nature and art.

The Caraccis not only resolved to paint justly, but to persevere in the art itself, by perpetuating the perfect taste of the true style among their successors. In their own house they opened an *Accademia*, calling it *degli Incamminati*, 'the opening a new way,' or 'the beginners.' The academy was furnished with casts, drawings, prints, a school for anatomy, and for the living figure; receiving all comers with kindness; teaching gratuitously, and, as it is said, without jealousy; but too many facts are recorded to assent to the banishment of this infectious passion from the academy of the Caraccis, who, like other congregated artists, could not live together, and escape their own endemial fever.

It was here, however, that Agostino found his eminence as the director of their studies; delivering lectures on architecture and perspective, and pointing out from his store, of history and fable subjects for the designs of their pupils, who, on certain days, exhibited their works to the most skilful judges, adjusting the merits by their decisions. 'To the crowned sufficient is the prize of glory,' says Lanzi; and while the poets chanted their praises, the lyre of Agostino himself gratefully celebrated the progress of his pupils. A curious sonnet has been transmitted to us, where Agostino, like the ancient legislators, compresses his new laws into a few verses, easily to be remembered. The sonnet is now well known, since Mr. Fuseli and Barry have preserved it in their lectures. This singular production has, however, had the hard fate of being unjustly depreciated: Lanzi calls it *pittoresco veramente più che poetico;* Mr Fuseli sarcastically compares it to 'a medical prescription.' It delighted Barry, who calls it 'a beautiful poem.' Considered as a didactive and descriptive poem, no lover of art, who has ever read it, will cease to repeat it till he has got it by heart. In this academy every one was free to indulge his own taste, provided he did not violate the essential principles of art; for, though the critics have usually described the character of this new school to have been an imitation of the preceding ones, it was their first principle to be guided by nature.

* D'Argenville, Vies des Peintres, II. 68.

† The curious reader of taste may refer to Mr Fuseli's Second Lecture for a diatribe against what he calls 'the Eclectic School; which, by selecting the beauties, correcting the faults, supplying the defects, and avoiding the extremes of the different styles, attempted to form a perfect system.' He acknowledges the greatness of the Caraccis; yet he laughs at the mere copying the manners of various painters into one picture. But perhaps, I say it with all possible deference, our animated critic forgot for a moment that it was no mechanical imitation the Caraccis inculcated: nature and art were to be equally studied, and secondo li natio talento e la propria sua disposizione. Barry distinguishes with praise and warmth. 'Whether,' says he, 'we may content ourselves with adopting the manly plan of art pursued by the Caraccis and their school at Bologna, in uniting the perfections of all the other schools; or whether, which I rather hope, we look further in the style of design upon our own studies after nature; whichever of these plans the nation might fix on,' &c. II. 518. Thus three great names, Du Fresnoy, Fuseli, and Barry, restricted their notions of the Caracci plan to a mere imitation of the great masters; but Lanzi, in unfolding Lodovico's project, lays down as his first principle the observation of nature, and, secondly, the imitation of the great masters; and all modified by the natural disposition of the artist

* D'Argenville, Vies des Peintres, II. 47.—ed.

and their own dispositions; and if their painter was deficient in originality, it was not the fault of this academy, so much as of the academician. In difficult doubts they had recourse to Lodovico, whom Lanzi describes in his school like Homer among the Greeks, *fons ingeniorum* profound in every painting. Even the recreations of the pupils were contrived to keep their mind and hand in exercise; in their walks sketching landscapes from nature, or amusing themselves with what the Italians call *Caricatura*, a term of large signification; for it includes many sorts of grotesque inventions, whimsical incongruities, such as those arabesques found at Herculaneum, where Anchises, Æneas, and Ascanius, are burlesqued by heads of apes and pigs, or Arion, with a grotesque motion, is straddling a great trout; or like that ludicrous parody which came from the hand of Titian, in a playful hour, when he sketched the Laocoon whose three figures consist of apes. Annibale had a peculiar facility in these incongruous inventions, and even the severe Leonardo da Vinci considered them as useful exercises.

Such was the academy founded by the Caracci; and Lodovico lived to realize his project in the reformation of art, and witnessed the school of Bologna flourishing afresh when all the others had fallen. The great masters of this last epoch of Italian painting were their pupils. Such were Domenichino, who according to the expression of Bellori, *delinea gli animi, colorisce la vita;* he drew the soul and coloured life.* Albano, whose grace distinguishes him as the Anacreon of painting; Guido, whose touch was all beauty and delicacy, and, as Passeri delightfully expresses it, 'whose faces came from Paradise;'† a scholar of whom his master became jealous, while Annibale, to depress Guido, patronized Demenichino; and even the wise Lodovico could not dissimulate the fear of a new competitor in a pupil, and to mortify Guido, preferred Guercino, who trod in another path. Lanfranco closes this glorious list, whose freedom and grandeur for their full display required the ample field of some vast history.

The secret history of this *Accademia* forms an illustration for that chapter on 'Literary Jealousy' which I have written in 'The Literary Character.' We have seen even the gentle Lodovico infected by it; but it raged in the breast of Annibale. Careless of fortune as they were through life, and freed from the bonds of matrimony, that they might wholly devote themselves to all the enthusiasm of their art, they lived together in the perpetual intercourse of their thoughts; and even at their meals laid on their table their crayons and their papers, so that any motion or gesture which occurred, as worthy of picturing, was instantly sketched. Annibale caught something of the critical taste of Agostino, learned to work more slowly, and to finish with more perfection, while his inventions were enriched by the elevated thoughts and erudition of Agostino. Yet a circumstance which happened in the academy betrayed the mordacity and envy of Annibale at the superior accomplishments of his more learned brother. While Agostino was describing with great eloquence the beauties of the Laocoon, Annibale approached the wall, and snatching up his crayons, drew the marvellous figure with such perfection, that the spectators gazed on it in astonishment. Alluding to his brother's lecture, the proud artist disdainfully observed, 'Poets paint with words, but painters only with their pencils.'‡

The brothers could neither live together nor endure absence. Many years their life was one continual struggle and mortification; and Agostino often sacrificed his genius to pacify the jealousy, of Annibale, by relinquishing his pallet to resume those exquisite engravings, in which he corrected the faulty outlines of the masters whom he copied, so that his engravings are more perfect than their originals. To this unhappy circumstance, observes Lanzi, we must attribute the loss of so many noble compositions which otherwise Agostino, equal in genius to the other Caraccis, had left us. The jealousy of Annibale, at length for ever tore them asunder. Lodovico happened not to be with them when they were engaged in painting together the Farnesian gallery at Rome. A rumour spread that in their present combined labour the engraver had excelled the painter. This Annibale could not forgive; he raved at the bite of the serpent: words could not mollify, nor kindness any longer appease that purturbed spirit; neither the humiliating forbearance of Agostino, the counsels of the wise, nor the mediation of the great. They separated for ever! a separation in which they both languished, till Agostino, broken hearted, sunk into an early grave, and Annibale, now brotherless, lost half his genius; his great invention no longer accompanied him—for Agostino was not by his side!* After suffering many vexations, and preyed on by his evil temper, Annibale was deprived of his senses.

* Bellori, Le Vite de Pittori, &c,
† Passeri, Vite de Pittori.
‡ D' Argenville, II. 26.

* Mr Fuseli describes the gallery of the Farnese palace as a work of uniform vigour of execution, which nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. This deficiency in Annibale was always readily supplied by the taste and learning of Agostino; the vigour of Annibale was deficient both in sensibility and correct invention.

AN ENGLISH ACADEMY OF LITERATURE.†

We have Royal Societies for Philosophers, for Antiquaries, and for Artists—none for Men of Letters! The lovers of philological studies have regretted the want of an asylum since the days of Anne, when the establishment of an English Academy of Literature was designed; but political changes occurred which threw out a literary administration. France and Italy have gloried in great national academies, and even in provincial ones. With us the curious history and the fate of the societies at Spalding, Stamford, and Peterborough, whom their zealous founder lived to see sink into country clubs, is that of most of our *rural* attempts at literary academies! The Manchester Society has but an ambiguous existence, and that of Exeter expired in its birth. Yet that a great purpose may be obtained by an inconsiderable number, the history of 'the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures,' &c, may prove; for that originally consisted only of twelve persons brought together with great difficulty, and neither distinguished for their ability nor their rank.

The opponents to the establishment of an academy in this country may urge, and find Bruyere on their side, that no corporate body generates a single man of genius; no Milton, no Hume, no Adam Smith will spring out of an academical community, however they may partake of one common labour. Of the fame, too, shared among the many, the individual feels his portion too contracted, besides that he will often suffer by comparison. Literature, with us, exists independent of patronage or association.—We have done well without an academy; our dictionary and our style have been polished by individuals, and not by a society.

The advocates for such a literary institution may reply, that in what has been advanced against it, we may perhaps find more glory than profit. Had an academy been established in this country, we should have possessed all our present advantages with the peculiar ones of such an institution. A series of volumes composed by the learned of England, had rivalled the precious 'Memoirs of the French Academy;' probably more philosophical, and more congenial to our modes of thinking! The congregating spirit creates by its sympathy; an intercourse exists between its members, which had not otherwise occurred; in this attrition of minds the torpid awakens, the timid is emboldened, and the secluded is called forth; to contradict, and to be contradicted, is the privilege and the source of knowledge. Those original ideas, hints and suggestions which some literary men sometimes throw out, once or twice during their whole lives, might here be preserved; and if endowed with sufficient funds, there are important labours, which surpass the means and industry of the individual, which would be more advantageously formed by such literary unions.

An academy of literature can only succeed by the same means in which originated all such academies—among individuals themselves! It will not be 'by the favour of the MANY, but by the wisdom and energy of the FEW.' It is not even in the power of Royalty to create at a word what can only be formed by the co-operation of the workmen themselves, and of the great taskmaster, Time!

Such institutions have sprung from the same principle, and have followed the same march. It was from a private meeting that 'The French Academy' derived its origin; and the true beginners of that celebrated institution assuredly had no foresight of the object to which their conferences tended. Several literary friends of Paris, finding the extent of the city occasioned much loss of

† Long after this article was composed, a Royal Academy of Literature has been projected; with the state of its existence, I am unacquainted. It has occasioned no alteration in these researches.

time in their visits, agreed to meet on a fixed day every week, and chose Conrat's residence as centrical. They met for the purposes of general conversation, or to walk together, or, what was not least social, to partake in some refreshing *collation*. All being literary men, those who were authors submitted their new works to this friendly society, who, without jealousy or malice, freely communicated their strictures; the works were improved, the authors were delighted, and the critics were honest! Such was the happy life of the members of this private society during three or four years. Peisson, the earliest historian of the French Academy, has delightfully described it: 'It was such that now, when they speak of these first days of the academy, they call it the golden age, during which, with all the innocence and freedom of that fortunate period, without pomp and noise, and without any other laws than those of friendship they enjoyed together all which a society of minds, and a rational life, can yield of whatever softens and charms.'

They were happy, and they resolved to be silent; nor was this bond and compact of friendship violated, till one of them, Malleville, secretary of Marshal Bassompiere, being anxious that his friend Faret, who had just printed his *L'Honnete Homme*, which he had drawn from the famous 'Il Cortigiano' of Castiglione, should profit by all their opinions, procured his admission to one of their conferences; Faret presented them with his book, heard a great deal concerning the nature of his work, was charmed by their literary communications, and returned home ready to burst with the secret. Could the society hope that others would be more faithful than they had been to themselves? Faret happened to be one of those lighthearted men who are communicative in the degree in which they are grateful, and he whispered the secret to Des Marets and to Boisrobert. The first, as soon as he heard of such a literary senate, used every effort to appear before them and read the first volume of his 'Ariane.' Boisrobert, a man of distinction, and a common friend to them all, could not be refused an admission; he admired the frankness of their mutual criticisms. The society besides, was a new object; and his daily business was to furnish an amusing story to his patron Richelieu. The cardinal minister was very literary, and apt to be so hipped in his hours of retirement, that the physician declared, that 'all his drugs were of no avail, unless his patient mixed with them a drachm of Boisrobert.' In one of those fortunate moments, when the cardinal was 'in the vein,' Boisrobert painted, with the warmest hues, this region of literary felicity, of a small, happy society formed of critics and authors! The minister, who was ever considering things in that particular aspect which might tend to his own glory, instantly asked Boisrobert, whether this private meeting would not like to be constituted a public body, and establish itself by letters patent, offering them his protection. The flatterer of the minister was overjoyed, and executed the important mission; but not one of the members shared in the rapture, while some regretted an honour which would only disturb the sweetness and familiarity of their intercourse. Malleville, whose master was a prisoner in the Bastile, and Scrisay, the *intendant* of the Duke of Rochefoucault, who was in disgrace at court, loudly protested, in the style of an opposition party, against the protection of the minister; but Chapelain, who was known to have no party-interests, argued so clearly, that he left them to infer that Richelieu's *offer* was a *command*; that the cardinal was a minister who willed not things by halves; and was one of those very great men who avenge any contempt shown to them, even on such little men as themselves! In a word, the dogs bowed their necks to the golden collar. However, the appearance, if not the reality, of freedom was left to them; and the minister allowed them to frame their own constitution, and elect their own magistrates and citizens in this infant and illustrious republic of literature. The history of the further establishment of the French academy is elegantly narrated by Pelisson. The usual difficulty occurred of fixing on a title; and they appear to have changed it so often, that the academy was at first addressed by more than one title; Academie *des beaux Esprits*; Academie *de l'Eloquence*; Academie *Eminente*, in allusion to the quality of the cardinal, its protector.—Desirous of avoiding the extravagant and mystifying titles of the Italian academies,* they fixed on the most unaffected, '*L'Academie Française*;' but though the national genius may disguise itself for a moment, it cannot be entirely got rid of, and they assumed a vaunting device of a laurel wreath, including their epigraph '*a l'Immortalité*.' The academy of Petersburgh has chosen a more enlightened inscription *Paulatim* ('little by little,') so expressive of the great labours of man—even of the inventions of genius!

Such was the origin of L'Academie Française; it was long a private meeting before it became a public institution. Yet, like the Royal Society, its origin has been attributed to political motives, with a view to divert the attention from popular discontents; but when we look into the real origin of the French Academy, and our Royal Society, it must be granted, that if the government either in France or England ever entertained this project, it came to them so accidentally that at least we cannot allow them the merit of profound invention. Statesmen are often considered by speculative men in their closets to be mightier wonder-workers than they often prove to be.

Were the origin of the Royal Society inquired into, it might be justly dated a century before its existence: the real founder was Lord Bacon, who planned the *ideal institution* in his philosophical romance of the New Atlantis! This notion is not fanciful, and it was that of its first founders, as not only appears by the expression of old Aubrey, when alluding to the commencement of the society, he adds, *secundum mentem Domini Baconi*; but by a rare print designed by Evelyn, probably for a frontispiece to Bishop Sprat's history, although we seldom find the print in the volume. The design is precious to a Grangerite, exhibiting three fine portraits. On one side is represented a library, and on the table lie the statutes, the journals, and the mace of the Royal Society; on its opposite side are suspended numerous philosophical instruments; in the centre of the print is a column, on which is placed a bust of Charles II, the patron; on each side whole lengths of Lord Brouncker, the first president, and Lord Bacon, as the founder, inscribed *Artium Instaurator*. The graver of Hollar has preserved this happy intention of Evelyn's, which exemplifies what may be called the continuity and genealogy of genius, as its spirit is perpetuated by its successors.

When the fury of the civil wars had exhausted all parties, and a breathing time from the passions and madness of the age allowed ingenious men to return once more to their forsaken studies, Bacon's vision of a philosophical society appears to have occupied their reveries. It charmed the fancy of Cowley and Milton; but the politics and religion of the times were still possessed by the same frenzy, and divinity and politics were unanimously agreed to be utterly proscribed from their inquiries. On the subject of religion they were more particularly alarmed, not only at the time of the foundation of the society, but at a much later period, when under the direction of Newton himself. Even Bishop Sprat, their first historian, observed, that 'they have freely admitted men of different religions, countries, and professions of life; not to lay the foundation of an English, Scotch, Irish, popish, or protestant philosophy, but a PHILOSOPHY OF MANKIND.' A curious protest of the most illustrious of philosophers may be found: when 'the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge' were desirous of holding their meetings at the house of the Royal Society, Newton drew up a number of arguments against their admission. One of them is, that 'It is a fundamental rule of the society not to meddle with religion; and the reason is, that we may give no occasion to religious bodies to meddle with us.' Newton would not even comply with their wishes, lest by this compliance the Royal Society might 'dissatisfy those of other religions.' The wisdom of the protest by Newton is as admirable as it is remarkable,—the preservation of the Royal Society from the passions of the age.

It was in the lodgings of Dr Wilkins in Wadham College, that a small philosophical club met together, which proved to be, as Aubrey expresses it, the *incunabula* of the Royal Society. When the members were dispersed about London, they renewed their meetings first at a tavern, then at a private house; and when the society became too great to be called a club, they assembled in 'the parlour' of Gresham College, which itself had been raised by the munificence of a citizen who endowed it literally, and presented a noble example to the individuals now assembled under its roof. The society afterwards derived its title from a sort of accident. The warm loyalty of Evelyn in the first hopeful days of the Restoration, in his dedicatory epistle of Naude's treatise on libraries, called

* See an article 'On the ridiculous titles assumed by the Italian Academies,' in this volume

that philosophical meeting the Royal Society. These learned men immediately voted their thanks to Evelyn for the happy designation, which was so grateful to Charles II, who was himself a virtuoso of the day, that the charter was soon granted: the king, declaring himself their founder, 'sent them a mace of silver gilt, of the same fashion and bigness as those carried before his majesty, to be borne before the president on meeting days.' To the zeal of Evelyn the Royal Society owe no inferior acquisition to its title and its mace; the noble Arundelian library, the rare literary accumulation of the noble Howards; the last possessor of which had so little inclination for books, that the treasures which his ancestors had collected lay open at the mercy of any purloiner. This degenerate heir to the literature and the name of Howard seemed perfectly relieved when Evelyn sent his marbles which were perishing in his gardens, to Oxford, and his books which were diminishing daily, to the Royal Society!

The Society of Antiquaries might create a deeper interest, could we penetrate to its secret history: it was interrupted, and suffered to expire, by some obscure cause of political jealousy. It long ceased to exist, and was only reinstated almost in our own days. The revival of learning under Edward VI, suffered a severe check from the papistical government of Mary; but under Elizabeth a happier era opened to our literary pursuits. At this period several students of the inns of court, many of whose names are illustrious for their rank or their genius, formed a weekly society, which they called 'the Antiquaries' College.' From very opposite quarters we are furnished with many curious particulars of their literary intercourse: it is delightful to discover Rawleigh borrowing manuscripts from the library of Sir Robert Cotton, and Selden deriving his studies from the collections of Rawleigh. Their mode of proceeding has even been preserved. At every meeting they proposed a question or two respecting the history or the antiquities of the English nation, on which each member was expected, at the subsequent meeting, to deliver a dissertation or an opinion. They also 'supped together' From the days of Atheneus to those of Dr Johnson, the pleasures of the table have enlivened those of literature. A copy of each question and a summons for the place of conference were sent to the absent members. The opinions were carefully registered by the secretary, and the dissertations deposited in their archives. One of these summonses to Stowe, the antiquary, with his memoranda on the back, exists in the Ashmolean Museum. I shall preserve it with all its verbal *ærugo:*

Society of Antiquaries.

'To Mr Stowe.

'The place appointed for a conference upon the question followinge ys att Mr Garter's house, on Fridaye the 11th of this November, 1598, being Al Soules daye, at 11 of the clocke in the afternoone, where your oppinioun in wrytinge or otherwise is expected.

'The question is,

'Of the antiquitie, etimologie, and priviledges of parishes in Englande.

'Yt ys desyred that you give not notice hereof to any, but such as haue the like somons.'

Such is the summons; the memoranda in the handwriting of Stowe are these:

[630. Honorius Romanus, Archbyshope of Canterbury, devided his province into *parishes;* he ordeyned clerks and prechars, comaunding them that they should instruct the people, as well by good lyfe, as by doctryne.

760. Cuthbert, Archbyshope of Canterbury, procured of the Pope that in cities and townes there should be appoynted church yards for buriall of the dead, whose bodies were used to be buried abrode, & cet.]

Their meetings had hitherto been private; but to give stability to them, they petitioned for a charter of incorporation, under the title of the *Academy for the Study of Antiquity and History founded by Queen Elizabeth.* And to preserve all the memorials of history which the dissolution of the monasteries had scattered about the kingdom, they proposed to erect a library, to be called 'The Library of Queen Elizabeth.' The death of the queen overturned this honourable project. The society was somewhat interrupted by the usual casualties of human life; the members were dispersed, or died, and it ceased for twenty years. Spelman, Camden, and others, desirous of renovating the society, met for this purpose at the Herald's office; they settled their regulations, among which, one was 'for avoiding offence, they should neither meddle with matters of state nor religion. 'But before our next meeting,' says Spelman, 'we had notice that his majesty took *a little mislike of our society*, not being informed that we had resolved to decline all matters of state. Yet hereupon we forebore to meet again, and so all our labour's lost!' Unquestionably much was lost, for much could have been produced; and Spelman's work on law terms, where I find this information, was one of the first projected. James I has incurred the censure of those who have written more boldly than Spelman on the suppression of this society; but whether James was misinformed by 'taking a little mislike,' or whether the antiquaries failed in exerting themselves to open their plan more clearly to that 'timid pedant,' as Gough and others designate this monarch, may yet be doubtful; assuredly James was not a man to contemn their erudition!

The king at this time was busied by furthering a similar project, which was to found 'King James's College at Chelsea;' a project originating with Dean Sutcliff, and zealously approved by Prince Henry, to raise a nursery for young polemics in scholastical divinity, for the purpose of defending the protestant cause from the attacks of catholics and sectaries; a college which was afterwards called by Laud 'Controversy College.' In this society were appointed historians and antiquaries, for Camden and Haywood filled these offices.

The society of Antiquaries, however, though suppressed, was perhaps never extinct: it survived in some shape under Charles II, for Ashmole in his Diary notices 'the Antiquaries' Feast,' as well as 'the Astrologers',' and another of the 'Freemasons.' The present society was only incorporated in 1751. There are two sets of their Memoirs; for besides the modern *Archæologia*, we have two volumes of 'Curious Discourses,' written by the Fathers of the Antiquarian Society in the age of Elizabeth, collected from their dispersed manuscripts, which Camden preserved with a parental hand.

The philosophical spirit of the age, it might have been expected, would have reached our modern antiquaries; but neither profound views, nor eloquent disquisitions, have imparted that value to their confined researches and languid efforts, which the character of the times, and the excellence of our French rivals in their Academie,' so peremptorily required. It is, however, hopeful to hear Mr Hallam declare, 'I think our last volumes improve a little, and but a little! A comparison with the Academy of Inscriptions in its better days must still inspire us with shame.'

Among the statues of the Society of Antiquaries, there is one which expels any member 'who shall by speaking, writing, or printing, publicly defame the society. Some things may be too antique and obsolete even for the Society of Antiquaries! and such is this vile restriction! Should there be a stray wit among them, or a critical observer, are they to compromise the freedom of the republic of letters, by the monopolizing spirit of excellence this statute necessarily attributes to their works—and their 'gestes?'

QUOTATION.

It is generally supposed that where there is no quotation, there will be found most originality; and as people like to lay out their money according to their notions, our writers usually furnish their pages rapidly with the productions of their own soil: they run up a quickset hedge, or plant a poplar, and get trees and hedges of this fashion much faster than the former landlords procured from their timber. The great part of our writers, in consequence, have become so original, that no one cares to imitate them; and those who never quote, in return are never quoted!

This is one of the results of that adventurous spirit which is now stalking forth and raging for its own innovations. We have not only rejected authority, but have also cast away experience; and often the unburdened vessel is driving to all points of the compass, and the passengers no longer know whither they are going. The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotation.

It seems, however, agreed, that no one would quote if he could think; and it is not imagined that the well-read may quote from the delicacy of their taste, and the fulness of their knowledge. Whatever is felicitously expressed risks being worse expressed: it is a wretched taste to be gratified with mediocrity when the excellent lies before us. We quote, to save proving what has been demonstrated, referring to where the proofs may be found. We

quote to screen ourselves from the odium of doubtful opinions, which the world would not willingly accept from ourselves; and we may quote from the curiosity which only a quotation itself can give, when in our own words it would be divested of that tint of ancient phrase, that detail of narrative, and that *naiveté* which we have for ever lost, and which we like to recollect once had an existence.

The ancients, who in these matters were not perhaps such blockheads as some may conceive, considered poetical quotation as one of the requisite ornaments of oratory. Cicero, even in his philosophical works, is as little sparing of quotations as Plutarch. Old Montaigne is so stuffed with them, that he owns if they were taken out of him, little of himself would remain; and yet this never injured that original turn which the old Gascon has given to his thoughts. I suspect that Addison hardly ever composed a Spectator which was not founded on some quotation, noted in those three folio manuscript volumes which he had previously collected; and Addison lasts, while Steele, who always wrote from first impressions and to the times, with perhaps no very inferior genius, has passed away, insomuch that Dr. Beattie once considered that he was obliging the world by collecting Addison's papers, and carefully omitting Steele's.

Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses. One may quote till one compiles. The ancient lawyers used to quote at the bar till they had stagnated their own cause. 'Retournons a nos moutons,' was the cry of the client. But these vagrant prowlers must be consigned to the beadles of criticism. Such do not always understand the authors whose names adorn their barren pages, and which are taken, too, from the third or the thirtieth hand. Those who trust to such false quoters will often learn how contrary this transmission is to the sense and application of the original. Every transplantation has altered the fruit of the tree; every new channel, the quality of the stream in its remove from the spring-head. Bayle, when writing on 'Comets,' discovered this; for, having collected many things applicable to his work, as they stood quoted in some modern writers, when he came to compare them with their originals, he was surprised to find that they were nothing for his purpose! the originals conveyed a quite contrary sense to that of the pretended quoters, who often, from innocent blundering, and sometimes from purposed deception, had falsified their quotations. This is a useful story for second-hand authorities!

Selden had formed some notions on this subject of quotations in his 'Table-talk,' art. '*Books and authors*;' but, as Le Clerc justly observes proud of his immense reading, he has too often violated his own precept. 'In quoting of books,' says Selden, 'quote such authors as are usually read; others read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.' Now it happens that no writer names more authors, except Prynne, than the learned Selden. La Mothe le Vayer's curious works consists of fifteen volumes; he is among the greatest quoters. Whoever turns them over will perceive that he is an original thinker, and a great wit; his style, indeed, is meagre, which, as much as his quotations, may have proved fatal to him. But in both these cases it is evident, that even quoters who have abused the privilege of quotation, are not necessarily writers of a mean genius.

The Quoters who deserve the title, and it ought to be an honorary one, are those who trust to no one but themselves. In borrowing a passage, they carefully observe its connexion; they collect authorities, to reconcile any disparity in them before they furnish the one which they adopt; they advance no fact without a witness, and they are not loose and general in their references, as I have been told is our historian Henry so frequently, that it is suspected he deals much in second-hand ware. Bayle lets us into a mystery of author-craft. 'Suppose an able man is to prove that an ancient author entertained certain particular opinions, which are only insinuated here and there through his works, I am sure it will take him up more days to collect the passages which he will have occasion for, than to *argue at random* on those passages. Having once found out his authorities and his quotations, which perhaps will not fill six pages, and may have cost him a month's labour, he may finish in two mornings' work, twenty pages of arguments, objections, and answers to objections; and, consequently, *what proceeds from our own genius sometimes costs much less time than what is requisite for collecting*. Corneille would have required more time to defend a tragedy by a collection of authorities, than to write it; and I am supposing the same number of pages in the tragedy and in the defence. Heinsius perhaps bestowed more time in defending his *Herodes infanticidæ* against Balzac, than a Spanish (or a Scotch) metaphysician bestows on a large volume of controversy; where he takes all from his own stock.' I am somewhat concerned in the truth of this principle. There are articles in the present work occupying but a few pages, which could never have been produced had not more time been allotted to the researches which they contain than some would allow to a small volume, which might excel in genius, and yet be likely not to be long remembered! All this is labour which never meets the eye. It is quicker work, with special pleading and poignant periods, to fill sheets with generalising principles: those bird's-eye views of philosophy for the *nonce* seem as if things were seen clearer when at a distance and *en masse*, and require little knowledge of the individual parts. Such *an art of writing* may resemble the famous Lullian method, by which the *doctor Illuminatus* enabled any one to invent arguments by a machine! Two tables, one of *attributes*, and the other of *subjects*, worked about circularly in a frame, and placed correlatively to one another, produced certain combinations; the number of *questions* multiplied as they were worked! So that here was a mechanical invention, by which they might dispute without end, and write on without any particular knowledge of their subject!

But the pains-taking gentry, when heaven sends them genius enough, are the more instructive sort, and they are those to whom we shall appeal while time and truth can meet together. A well-read writer, with good taste, is one who has the command of the wit of other men; he searches where knowledge is to be found; and though he may not himself excel in invention, his ingenuity may compose one of those agreeable books, the *delicæ* of literature, that will out-last the fading meteors of his day. Epicurus is said to have borrowed from no writer in his three hundred inspired volumes, while Plutarch, Seneca, and the elder Pliny, made such free use of their libraries; and it has happened that Epicurus, with his unsubstantial nothingness, has 'melted into thin air,' while the solid treasures have buoyed themselves up amidst the wrecks of nations.

On this subject of Quotation, literary politics, for the commonwealth has its policy and its cabinet-secrets, are more concerned than the reader suspects. Authorities in matters of fact are often called for; in matters of opinion, indeed, which, perhaps, are of more importance, no one requires any authority. But too open and generous a revelation of the chapter and the page of the original quoted, has often proved detrimental to the legitimate honours of the quoter. They are unfairly appropriated by the next comer; the quoter is never quoted, but the authority he has afforded is produced by his successor with the air of an original research. I have seen MSS thus confidently referred to, which could never have met the eye of the writer. A learned historian declared to me of a contemporary, that the latter had appropriated his researches; he might, indeed, and he had a right to refer to the same originals; but if his predecessor had opened the sources for him, gratitude is not a silent virtue. Gilbert Stuart thus lived on Robertson: and as Professor Dugald Stewart observes, 'his curiosity has seldom led him into any path where the genius and industry of his predecessor had not previously cleared the way.' It is for this reason some authors, who do not care to trust to the equity and gratitude of their successors, will not furnish the means of supplanting themselves; for, by not yielding up their authorities, they themselves become one. Some authors, who are pleased at seeing their names occur in the margins of other books than their own, have practised this political management; such as Alexander ab Alexandro, and other compilers of that stamp, to whose labours of small value, we are often obliged to refer, from the circumstance that they themselves have not pointed out their authorities.

One word more on this long chapter of quotation. To make a happy one is a thing not easily to be done. Cardinal du Perron used to say, that the happy application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent; and Bayle, perhaps too much prepossessed in their favour, has insinuated, that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.

Whenever the mind of a writer is saturated with the full inspiration of a great author, a quotation gives completeness to the whole; it seals his feelings with undisputed authority. Whenever we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony preluding on the chords whose tones we are about to harmonize. Perhaps no writers of our times have discovered more of this delicacy of quotation than the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature;' and Mr Southey, in some of his beautiful periodical investigations, where we have often acknowledged the solemn and striking effect of a quotation from our elder writers.

THE ORIGIN OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

Nearly six centuries have elapsed since the appearance of the great work of Dante, and the literary historians of Italy are even now disputing respecting the origin of this poem, singular in its nature and in its excellence. In ascertaining a point so long inquired after, and so keenly disputed, it will rather increase our admiration than detract from the genius of this great poet; and it will illustrate the useful principle, that every great genius is influenced by the objects and the feelings which occupy his own times, only differing from the race of his brothers by the magical force of his developments; the light he sends forth over the world he often catches from the faint and unobserved spark which would die away, and turn to nothing, in another hand.

The *Divina Commedia* of Dante is a visionary journey through the three realms of the after-life existence; and though in the classical ardour of our political pilgrim, he allows his conductor to be a Pagan, the scenes are those of monkish imagination. The invention of a vision was the usual vehicle for religious instruction in his age; it was adapted to the genius of the sleeping Homer of a monastery, and to the comprehension, and even to the faith, of the populace, whose minds were then awake to these awful themes.

This mode of writing visions has been imperfectly detected by several modern inquiries. It got into the Fabliaux of the Jongleurs, or Provencal bards, before the days of Dante; they had these visions or pilgrimages to Hell; the adventures were no doubt solemn to them—but it seemed absurd to attribute the origin of a sublime poem to such inferior, and to us even ludicrous inventions. Every one, therefore, found out some other origin of Dante's Inferno—since they were resolved to have one—in other works more congenial to its nature; the description of a second life, the melancholy or the glorified scenes of punishment or bliss, with the animated shades of men who were no more, had been opened to the Italian bard by his favourite Virgil, and might have been suggested, according to Warton, by the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero.

But the entire work of Dante is Gothic; it is a picture of his times, of his own ideas, of the people about him; nothing of classical antiquity resembles it; and although the name of Virgil is introduced into a Christian Hades, it is assuredly not the Roman, for Dante's Virgil speaks and acts as the Latin poet could never have done. It is one of the absurdities of Dante, who, like our Shakspeare, or like Gothic architecture itself, has many things which 'lead to nothing' amidst their massive greatness.

Had the Italian and the French commentators, who have troubled themselves on this occasion, known the art which we have happily practised in this country, of illustrating a great national bard, by endeavouring to recover the contemporary writings and circumstances which were connected with his studies and his times, they had long ere this discovered the real framework of the Inferno.

Within the last twenty years it had been rumoured that Dante had borrowed, or stolen his *Inferno* from 'The Visions of Alberico,' which was written two centuries before his time. The literary antiquary Bottari had discovered a manuscript of this Vision of Alberico, and, in haste, made extracts of a startling nature. They were well adapted to inflame the curiosity of those who are eager after any thing new about something old; it throws an air of erudition over the small talker, who otherwise would care little about the original! This was not the first time that the whole edifice of genius had been threatened by the motion of a remote earthquake; but in these cases it usually happens that those early discoverers who can judge of a little part, are in total blindness when they would decide on a whole. A poisonous mildew seemed to have settled on the laurels of Dante; nor were we relieved from our constant inquiries, till il Sigr. Abate Cancillieri at Rome, published, in 1814, this much talked of manuscript, and has now enabled us to see and to decide, and even to add the present little article as a useful supplement.

True it is, that Dante must have read with equal attention and delight, this authentic *vision* of Alberico; for it is given, so we are assured by the whole monastery, as it happened to their ancient brother, when a boy; many a striking, and many a positive resemblance in the 'Divina Commedia' has been pointed out; and Mr Cary, in his English version of Dante, so English, that he makes Dante speak in blank verse very much like Dante in stanzas, has observed, that 'The reader will, in these marked resemblances, see enough to convince him that Dante *had read this singular work*.' The truth is, that the 'Vision of Alberico' must not be considered as a *singular* work—but on the contrary, as the prevalent mode of composition in the monastic ages. It has been ascertained that Alberico was written in the twelfth century, judging of the age of a manuscript by the writing. I shall now preserve a vision which a French antiquary had long ago given, merely with the design to show how the monks abused the simplicity of our Gothic ancestors, and with an utter want of taste for such inventions, he deems the present one to be 'monstrous.' He has not told us the age in which it was written. This vision, however, exhibits such complete scenes of the *Inferno* of the great poet, that the writer must have read Dante, or Dante must have read this writer. The manuscript, with another of the same kind, is in the King's library at Paris, and some future researcher may ascertain the age of these Gothic compositions; doubtless they will be found to belong to the age of Alberico, for they are alike stamped by the same dark and awful imagination, the same depth of feeling, the solitary genius of the monastery!

It may, however, be necessary to observe, that these 'Visions' were merely a vehicle for popular instruction; nor must we depend on the age of their composition by the names of the suppositious visionaries affixed to them: they were the satires of the times. The following elaborate views of some scenes in the *Inferno* were composed by an honest monk who was dissatisfied with the bishops, and took this covert means of pointing out how the neglect of their episcopal duties was punished in the after life; he had an equal quarrel with the feudal nobility for their oppressions: and he even boldly ascended to the throne.

'The Vision of Charles the Bald, of the places of punishment, and the happiness of the just.*

'I, Charles, by the gratuitous gift of God, king of the Germans, Roman patrician, and likewise emperor of the Franks;

'On the holy night of Sunday, having performed the divine offices of matins, returning to my bed to sleep, a voice most terrible came to my ear; "Charles! thy spirit shall now issue from thy body; thou shalt go and behold the judgments of God; they shall serve thee only as presages, and thy spirit shall again return shortly afterwards." Instantly was my spirit rapt, and he who bore me away was a being of the most splendid whiteness. He put into my hand a ball of thread, which shed about a blaze of light, such as the comet darts when it is apparent. He divided it, and said to me, "Take thou this thread, and bind it strongly on the thumb of thy right hand, and by this I will lead thee through the infernal labyrinth of punishments."

'Then going before with velocity, but always unwinding this luminous thread, he conducted me into deep valleys filled with fires, and wells inflamed, blazing with all sorts of unctuous matter. There I observed the prelates who had served my father and my ancestors. Although I trembled, I still, however, inquired of them to learn the cause of their torments. They answered "We are the bishops of your father and your ancestors; instead of uniting them and their people in peace and concord, we sowed among them discord, and were the kindlers of evil; for this are we burning in these Tartarean punishments; we, and other men-slayers and devourers of rapine. Here also shall come your bishops, and that crowd of satellites who surround you, and who imitate the evil we have done."

'And whilst I listened to them tremblingly, I beheld the blackest demons flying with hooks of burning iron, who would have caught that ball of thread which I held in my hand, and have drawn it towards them, but it darted such a reverberating light, that they could not lay hold of the

* In MSS, Bib. Reg. Inter lat. No. 2447, p. 134.

thread. These demons, when at my back, hustled to precipitate me into those sulphureous pits; but my conductor, who carried the ball, wound about my shoulder a doubled thread, drawing me to him with such force, that we ascended high mountains of flame, from whence issued lakes and burning streams, melting all kinds of metals. There I found the souls of lords who had served my father and my brothers; some plunged in up to the hair of their heads, others to their chins, others with half their bodies immersed. These yelling, cried to me, "It is for inflaming discontents with your father, and your brothers, and yourself, to make war and spread murder and rapine, eager for earthly spoils, that we now suffer these torments in these rivers of boiling metal." While I was timidly bending over their suffering, I heard at my back the clamour of voices, *potentes potenter tormenta patiuntur!* "The powerful suffer torments powerfully;" and I looked up, and beheld on the shores boiling streams and ardent furnaces, blazing with pitch and sulphur, full of great dragons, large scorpions, and serpents of a strange species; where also I saw some of my ancestors, princes, and my brothers also, who said to me, "Alas, Charles! behold our heavy punishment for evil, and for proud malignant counsels, which in our realms and in thine we yielded to from the lust of dominion." As I was grieving with their groans, dragons hurried on, who sought to devour me with throats opened, belching flame and sulphur. But my leader trebbled the thread over me, at whose resplendent light these were overcome. Leading me then securely, we descended into a great valley, which on one side was dark, except where lighted by ardent furnaces, while the amenity of the other was so pleasant and splendid that I cannot describe it. I turned however, to the obscure and flaming side; I beheld some kings of my race agonized in great and strange punishments, and I thought how in an instant the huge black giants who in turmoil were working to set this whole valley into flames, would have hurled me into these gulfs; I still trembled, when the luminous thread cheered my eyes, and on the other side of the valley a light for a little while whitened, gradually breaking: I observed two fountains; one, whose waters had extreme heat, the other more temperate and clear; and two large vessels filled with these waters. The luminous thread rested on one of the fervid waters, where I saw my father Louis covered to his thighs, and though labouring in the anguish of bodily pain, he spoke to me, "My son Charles, fear nothing! I know that thy spirit shall return unto thy body; and God has permitted thee to come here that thou mayst witness, because of the sins I have committed, the punishments I endure. One day I am placed in the boiling bath of this large vessel, and on another changed into that of more temperate waters: this I owe to the prayers of Saint Peter, Saint Denis, Saint Remy, who are the patrons of our royal house; but if by prayers and masses, offerings and alms, psalmody and vigils, my faithful bishops and abbots, and even all the ecclesiastical order, assist me, it will not be long before I am delivered from these boiling waters. Look on your left!" I looked, and beheld two tuns of boiling waters. "These are prepared for thee," he said, "if thou wilt not be thine own corrector, and do penance for thy crimes!" Then I began to sink with horror; but my guide perceiving the panic of my spirit, said to me, "Follow me to the right of the valley bright in the glorious light of Paradise." I had not long proceeded, when, amidst the most illustrious kings, I beheld my uncle Lotharius seated on a topaz, of marvellous magnitude, crowned with a most precious diadem; and beside him was his son Louis, like him crowned, and seeing me, he spake with a blandishment of air, and a sweetness of voice, "Charles, my successor, now the third in the Roman Empire, approach! I know that thou hast come to view these places of punishment, where thy father and my brother groans to his destined hour; but still to end by the intercession of the three saints, the patrons of the kings and the people of France. Know that it will not be long ere thou shalt be dethroned, and shortly after thou shalt die!" Then Louis turning towards me: "Thy Roman empire shall pass into the hands of Louis, the son of my daughter; give him the sovereign authority, and trust to his hands that ball of thread thou holdest." Directly I loosened it from the finger of my right hand to give the empire to his son. This invested him with empire, and he became brilliant with all light; and at the same instant, admirable to see, my spirit, greatly wearied and broken, returned and glided into my body. Hence let all know whatever happen, that Louis the young possesses the Roman empire destined by God. And so the Lord who reigneth over the living and the dead, and whose kingdom endureth for ever and for aye, will perform when he shall call me away to another life.'

The French literary antiquaries judged of these 'Visions, with the mere nationality of their taste. Every thing Gothic with them is barbarous, and they see nothing in the redeeming spirit of genius, nor the secret purpose of these curious documents of the age.

The Vision of Charles the Bald may be found in the ancient chronicles of St Denis, which were written under the eye of Abbé Suger, the learned and able minister of Louis the Young, and which were certainly composed before the thirteenth century. The learned writer of the fourth volume of the *Melanges tirés d'une grande Bibliothéque*, who had as little taste for these mysterious visions as the other French critic, apologizes for the venerable Abbé Suger's admission of such visions: 'Assuredly,' he says, 'the Abbe Suger was too wise and too enlightened to believe in similar visions; but if he suffered its insertion, or if he inserted it himself in the chronicle of St Denis, it is because he felt that such a fable offered an excellent lesson to kings, to ministers and bishops, and it had been well if they had not had worse tales told them.' The latter part is as philosophical as the former is the reverse.

In these extraordinary productions of a Gothic age we may assuredly discover Dante; but what are they more than the frame work of his unimitated picture! It is only this mechanical part of his sublime conceptions that we can pretend to have discovered; other poets might have adopted these 'Visions,' but we should have had no 'Divina Commedia.' Mr Carey has finely observed of these pretended origins of Dante's genius, although Mr Carey knew only The Vision of Alberico, 'It is the scale of magnificence on which this conception was framed, and the wonderful development of it in all its parts, that may justly entitle our poet to rank among the few minds to whom the power of a great creative faculty can be ascribed.' Milton might originally have sought the seminal hint of his great work from a sort of Italian mystery. In the words of Dante himself,

'Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda.'
Il Paradiso, Can. I.

——————From a small spark
Great flame hath risen.'
Carey.

After all, Dante has said in a letter, 'I found the original of my hell in the world which we inhabit;' and he said a greater truth than some literary antiquaries can always comprehend!*

OF A HISTORY OF EVENTS WHICH HAVE NOT HAPPENED.

Such a title might serve for a work of not incurious nor unphilosophical speculation, which might enlarge our general views of human affairs, and assist our comprehension of these events which are enrolled on the registers of history. The scheme of Providence is carrying on sublunary events, by means inscrutable to us,

'A mighty maze, but not without a plan!'

Some mortals have recently written history, and 'Lectures on History,' who presume to explain the great scene of human affairs, affecting the same familiarity with the designs of Providence, as with the events which they compile from human authorities. Every party discovers in

* In the recent edition of Dante, by Romanis, in four volumes, quarto, the last preserves the Vision of Alberico, and a strange correspondence on its publication; the resemblances in numerous passages are pointed out. It is curious to observe that the good Catholic Abbate Cancellieri, at first maintained the authenticity of the Vision by alleging that similar revelation have not been unusual!—the Caveliere Gherardi Rossi attacked the whole as the crude legend of a boy who was only made the instrument of the monks, and was either a liar, or a parrot! We may express our astonishment that at the present day, a subject of mere literary inquiry should have been involved with 'the faith of the Roman Church.' Cancellieri becomes at length submissive to the lively attacks of Rossi,—and the editor gravely adds his 'conclusion' which had nearly concluded nothing! He discovers pictures, sculptures, and a mystery acted, as well as Visions in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from which he imagines the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso, owe their first conception. The originality of Dante, however, is maintained on a right principle: that the poet only employed the ideas and the materials which he found in his own country and his own times.

the events which at first were adverse to their own cause, but finally terminate in their favour, that Providence had used a peculiar and particular interference: this is a source of human error, and intolerant prejudice. The Jesuit Mariana, exulting over the destruction of the kingdom and nation of the Goths in Spain, observes, that 'It was by a particular providence, that out of their ashes might rise *a new and holy Spain, to be the bulwark of the Catholic religion*;' and unquestionably he would have adduced as proofs of this 'holy Spain,' the establishment of the inquisition, and the dark idolatrous bigotry of that hoodwinked people. But a protestant will not sympathize with the feelings of the Jesuit; yet the protestants too, will discover particular providences, and magnify human events into supernatural ones. This custom has long prevailed among fanatics: we have had books published by individuals of 'particular providences,' which, as they imagined, had fallen to their lot; they are called passages of providence;' and one I recollect by a cracked brained puritan, whose experience never went beyond his own neighbourhood, but who, having a very bad temper, and many whom he considered his enemies, wrote down all the misfortunes which happened to them as acts of particular providences,' and valued his blessedness on the efficacy of his curses!

Without venturing to penetrate into the mysteries of the present order of human affairs, and the great scheme of fatality or of accident, it may be sufficiently evident to us, that often on a single event revolve the fortunes of men and of nations.

An eminent writer has speculated on the defeat of Charles I, at Worcester, as 'one of those events which most strikingly exemplify how much better events are disposed of by Providence, than they would be if the direction were left to the choice even of the best and the wisest men.' He proceeds to show, that a royal victory must have been succeeded by other severe struggles, and by different parties. A civil war would have contained within itself another civil war. One of the blessings of his defeat at Worcester was, that it left the commonwealth's men masters of the three kingdoms, and afforded them 'full leisure to complete and perfect their own structure of government. The experiment was fairly tried; there was nothing from without to disturb the process; it went on duly from change to change.' The close of this history is well known. Had the royalists obtained the victory of Worcester, the commonwealth party might have obstinately persisted, that had their republic not been overthrown, 'their free and liberal government' would have diffused its universal happiness through the three kingdoms. This idea is ingenious; and might have been pursued in my proposed 'History of Events which have not happened,' under the title of 'The Battle of Worcester won by Charles II.' The chapter, however, would have had a brighter close. if the sovereign and the royalists had proved themselves better men than the knaves and fanatics of the commonwealth. It is not for us to scrutinize into 'the ways' of Providence; but if Providence conducted Charles II to the throne, it appears to have deserted him when there.

Historians, for a particular purpose, have sometimes amused themselves with a detail of an event which did not happen. A history of this kind we find in the ninth book of Livy; and it forms a digression, where, with his delightful copiousness, he reasons on the probable consequences which would have ensued had Alexander the Great invaded Italy. Some Greek writers, to raise the Parthians to an equality with the Romans, had insinuated that the great name of this military monarch, who is said never to have lost a battle, would have intimidated the Romans, and would have checked their passion for universal dominion. The patriotic Livy, disdaining that the glory of his nation, which had never ceased from war for nearly eight hundred years, should be put in competition with the career of a young conqueror, which had scarcely lasted ten, enters into a parallel of 'man with man, general with general, and victory with victory.' In the full charm of his imagination he brings Alexander down into Italy, he invests him with all his virtues, and 'dusks their lustre' with all his defects. He arranges the Macedonian army, while he exultingly shows five Roman armies at that moment pursuing their conquests; and he cautiously counts the numerous allies who would have combined their forces; he even descends to compare the weapons and the modes of warfare of the Macedonians with those of the Romans. Livy, as if he had caught a momentary panic at the first success which had probably attended Alexander in his descent into Italy, brings forward the great commanders he would have had to encounter; he compares Alexander with each, and at length terminates his fears, and claims his triumph, by discovering that the Macedonians had but one Alexander, while the Romans had several. This beautiful digression in Livy is a model for the narrative of an event which never happened.

The Saracens from Asia had spread into Africa, and at length possessed themselves of Spain. Eude, a discontented Duke of Guienne, in France, had been vanquished by Charles Martel, who derived that humble but glorious surname from the event we are now to record. Charles had left Eude the enjoyment of his dukedom, provided that he held it as a fief of the crown; but blind with ambition and avarice, Eude adopted a scheme which threw Christianity itself, as well as Europe, into a crisis of peril which has never since occurred. By marrying a daughter with a Mahometan emir, he rashly began an intercourse with the Ishmaelites, one of whose favourite projects was, to plant a formidable colony of their faith in France. An army of four hundred thousand combatants, as the chroniclers of the time affirm, were seen descending into Guienne, possessing themselves in one day of his domains; and Eude soon discovered what sort of workmen he had called, to do that of which he himself was so incapable. Charles, with equal courage and prudence, beheld this heavy tempest bursting over the whole country; and to remove the first cause of this national evil, he reconciled the discontented Eude, and detached the duke from his fatal alliance. But the Saracens were fast advancing through Touraine, and had reached Tours by the river Loire: Abderam, the chief of the Saracens, anticipated a triumph in the multitude of his infantry, his cavalry, and his camels, exhibiting a military warfare unknown in France; he spread out his mighty army to surround the French, and to take them, as it were, in a net. The appearance terrified, and the magnificence astonished. Charles, collecting his far inferior forces, assured them that they had no other France than the spot they covered. He had ordered that the city of Tours should be closed on every Frenchman, unless he entered it victorious; and he took care that every fugitive should be treated as an enemy by bodies of *gens d'armes*, whom he placed to watch at the wings of his army. The combat was furious. The astonished Mahometan beheld his battalions defeated as he urged them on singly to the French, who on that day had resolved to offer their lives as an immolation to their mother country. Eude on that day, ardent to clear himself from the odium which he had incurred, with desperate valour, taking a wide compass, attacked his new allies in the rear. The camp of the Mahometan was forced: the shrieks of his women and children reached him from amidst the massacre; terrified, he saw his multitude shaken. Charles, who beheld the light breaking through this dark cloud of men, exclaimed to his countrymen, 'My friends, God has raised his banner, and the unbelievers perish!' The mass of the Saracens, though broken, could not fly; their own multitude pressed themselves together, and the Christian sword mowed down the Mahometans. Abderam was found dead in a vast heap, unwounded, stifled by his own multitude. Historians record that three hundred and sixty thousand Saracens perished on *la journee de Tours*; but their fears and their joy probably magnified their enemies. Thus Charles saved his own country, and at that moment, all the rest of Europe, from this deluge of people which had poured down from Asia and Africa. Every Christian people returned a solemn thankgiving, and saluted their deliverer as 'the Hammer' of France. But the Saracens were not conquered; Charles did not even venture on their pursuit; and a second invasion proved almost as terrifying; army still poured down on army, and it was long, and after many dubious results, that the Saracens were rooted out of France. Such is the history of one of the most important events which has passed; but that of an event which did not happen, would be the result of this famous conflict, had the Mahometan power triumphed' The Mahometan dominion had predominated through Europe! The imagination is startled when it discovers how much depended on this invasion, at a time when there existed no political state in Europe, no balance of power in one common tie of confederation! A single battle, and a single treason had before made the Mahometans sovereigns of Spain. We see that the same events had nearly been repeated in France; and had the crescent

towered above the cross, as every appearance promised to the Saracenic hosts, the least of our evils had now been that we should have worn turbans, combed our beards instead of shaving them, have beheld a more magnificent architecture than the Grecian, while the public mind had been bounded by the arts and literature of the Moorish university of Cordova.

One of the great revolutions of modern Europe, perhaps, had not occurred, had the personal feelings of Luther been respected, and had his personal interest been consulted. Guicciardini, whose veracity we cannot suspect, has preserved a fact which proves how very nearly some important events which have taken place, might not have happened! I transcribe the passage from his thirteenth book. 'Cæsar (the Emperor Charles V,) after he had given a hearing in the Diet of Worms to Martin Luther, and caused his opinions to be examined by a number of divines, who reported that his doctrine was erroneous and pernicious to the Christian religion, had, to gratify the pontiff, put him under the ban of the empire, which so terrified Martin, that, if the injurious and threatening words which were given him by Cardinal *San Sisto*, the apostolical legate, had not thrown him into the utmost despair, it is believed it would have been easy, by giving him some preferment, or providing for him some honourable way of living, to make him renounce his errors.' By this we may infer, that one of the true authors of the Reformation was this very apostolical legate; they had succeeded in terrifying Luther, but they were not satisfied till they had insulted him; and with such a temper as Luther's, the sense of personal insult would remove even that of terror; it would unquestionably survive it. A similar proceeding with Franklin, from our ministers, is said to have produced the same effect with that political sage. What Guicciardini has told of Luther preserves the sentiment of the times. Charles V was so fully persuaded that he could have put down the Reformation, had he rid himself at once of the chief, that having granted Luther a safe-guard to appear at the Council at Worms, in his last moments he repented, as of a sin, that having had Luther in his hands, he suffered him to escape; for to have violated his faith with a heretic he held to be no crime!

In the history of religion, human instruments have been permitted to be the great movers of its chief revolutions; and the most important events concerning national religions appear to have depended on the passions of individuals, and the circumstances of the time. Impure means have often produced the most glorious results; and this, perhaps, may be among the dispensations of Providence.

A similar transaction occurred in Europe and in Asia. The motives and conduct of Constantine the Great, in the alliance of the Christian faith with his government, are far more obvious than any one of those qualities with which the panegyric of Eusebius so vainly cloaks over the crimes and unchristian life of this polytheistical Christian. In adopting the new faith as a *coup d'état*, and by investing the church with temporal power, at which Dante so indignantly exclaims, he founded the religion of Jesus, but corrupted its guardians. The same occurrence took place in France under Clovis. The fabulous religion of Paganism was fast on its decline; Clovis had resolved to unite the four different principalities, which divided Gaul into one empire. In the midst of an important battle, as fortune hung doubtful between the parties, the Pagan monarch invoked the god of his fair Christian queen, and obtained the victory! St Remi found no difficulty in persuading Clovis, after the fortunate event, to adopt the Christian creed. Political reasons for some time suspended the king's open conversion, at length the Franks followed their sovereign to the baptismal fonts. According to Pasquier, Naudé, and other political writers, these recorded miracles,* like those of Constantine, were but inventions to authorize the change of religion. Clovis used the new creed as a lever by whose machinery he would be enabled to crush the petty princes his neighbors; and like Constantine, Clovis, sullied by crimes of as dark a die, obtained the title of 'the Great.' Had not the most capricious 'Defender of the Faith' been influenced by the most violent of passions, the Reformation, so feebly and so imperfectly begun and continued, had possibly never freed England from the papal thraldom;

'For gospel-light first beam'd from Bullen's eyes.'

The catholic Ward, in his singular Hudibrastic poem of 'England's Reformation,' in some odd rhymes, has characterised it by a *naiveté*, which we are much too delicate to repeat. The catholic writers censure Philip for recalling the Duke of Alva from the Netherlands. According to these humane politicians, the unsparing sword, and the penal fires of this resolute captain had certainly accomplished the fate of the heretics; for angry lions, however numerous, would find their numerical force diminished by gibbits, and pit-holes. We have lately been informed by a curious writer that Protestantism once existed in Spain, and was actually extirpated at the moment by the crushing arm of the inquisition.* According to these catholic politicians, a great event in catholic history did not occur—the spirit of catholicism, predominant in a land of protestants—from the Spanish monarch failing to support Alva in finishing what he had begun! Had the armada of Spain safely landed, with the benedictions of Rome, in England!—at a moment when our own fleet was short of gunpowder, and at a time when the English catholics formed a powerful party in the nation—we might now be going to Mass!

After his immense conquests, had Gustavus Adolphus not perished in the battle of Lutzen, where his genius obtained a glorious victory, unquestionably a wonderful change had operated on the affairs of Europe; the protestant cause had balanced, if not preponderated, over the catholic interest; and Austria, which appeared a sort of universal monarchy, had seen her eagle's wing clipped. But 'the Anti-Christ,' as Gustavus was called by the priests of Spain and Italy, the saviour of protestantism, as he is called by England and Sweden, whose death occasioned so many bonefires among the catholics, that the Spanish court interfered lest fuel should become too scarce at the approaching winter—Gustavus fell—the fit hero for one of those great events which have never happened!

On the first publication of the 'Icon Basilikè' of Charles the First, the instantaneous effect produced on the nation was such, fifty editions it is said, appearing in one year, that Mr Malcolm Laing observes, that 'had this book,' a sacred volume to those who considered that sovereign as a martyr, appeared a *week sooner*, 'it might have preserved the king,' and possibly, have produced a reaction of popular feeling! The chivalrous Dundee made an offer to James II, which, had it been acted on, Mr Laing acknowledges might have produced another change! What then had become of our 'glorious Revolution,' which from its earliest step, throughout the reign of William, was still vacillating amidst the unstable opinions and contending interests of so many of its first movers?

The great political error of Cromwell is acknowledged by all parties to have been the adoption of the French interest in preference to the Spanish; a strict alliance with Spain had preserved the balance of Europe, enriched the commercial industry of England, and above all, had checked the overgrowing power of the French government. Before Cromwell had contributed to the predominance of the French power, the French Huguenots were of consequence enough to secure an indulgent treatment. The parliament, as Elizabeth herself had formerly done, considered so powerful a party in France as useful allies; and anxious to extend the principles of the Reformation, and to further the suppression of popery, the parliament had once listened to, and had even commenced a treaty with deputies from Bourdeaux, the purport of which was the assistance of the French Huguenots in their scheme of forming themselves into a republic, or independent state; but Cromwell, on his usurpation, not only overthrew the design, but is believed to have betrayed it to Mazarine. What a change in the affairs of Europe had Cromwell adopted the Spanish interests, and assisted the French Huguenots in becoming an independent state! The revocation of the edict of Nantes and the increase of the French dominion, which so long afterwards disturbed the peace of Europe, were the consequence of this fatal error of Cromwell's. The independent state of the French

* The miracles of Clovis consisted of a shield, which was picked up after having fallen from the skies; the anointing oil, conveyed from Heaven by a white dove in a phial, which, till the reign of Louis XVI, consecrated the kings of France; and the oriflamme, or standard with golden flames, long suspended over the tomb of St Denis, which the French kings only raised over the tomb when their crown was in imminent peril. No future king of France can be anointed with the sainte ampoule, or oil brought down to earth by a white dove; in 1794 it was broken by some profane hand, and antiquaries have since agreed that it was only an ancient lachrymatory!

* This fact was probably quite unknown to us, till it was given in the Quarterly Review, Vol. XXIX

Huguenots, and the reduction of ambitious France, perhaps, to a secondary European power, had saved Europe from the scourge of the French revolution!

The elegant pen of Mr Roscoe has lately afforded me another curious sketch of a *history of events which have not happened.*

M. De Sismondi imagines, against the opinion of every historian, that the death of Lorenzo de'Medici was a matter of indifference to the prosperity of Italy; as 'he could not have prevented the different projects which had been matured in the French cabinet, for the invasion and conquest of Italy; and therefore he concludes that all historians are mistaken who bestow on Lorenzo the honour of having preserved the peace of Italy, because the great invasion that overthrew it did not take place till two years after his death.' Mr. Roscoe has philosophically vindicated the honour which his hero has justly received, by employing the principle which in this article has been developed. 'Though Lorenzo de'Medici could not perhaps have prevented the important events that took place in other nations of Europe, it by no means follows that the life or death of Lorenzo were equally indifferent to the affairs of Italy, or that circumstances would have been the same in case he had lived, as in the event of his death.' Mr. Roscoe then proceeds to show how Lorenzo's 'prudent measures, and proper representations,' might probably have prevented the French expedition, which Charles VIII was frequently on the point of abandoning. Lorenzo would not certainly have taken the precipitate measures of his son Piero, in surrendering the Florentine fortresses. His family would not in consequence have been expelled the city; a powerful mind might have influenced the discordant politics of the Italian princes in one common defence; a slight opposition to the fugitive army of France, at the pass of Faro, might have given the French sovereigns a wholesome lesson, and prevented those bloody contests that were soon afterwards renewed in Italy. *As a single remove at Chess varies the whole game*, so the death of an individual of such importance in the affairs of Europe as Lorenzo de' Medici, could not fail of producing a change in its political relations, as must have varied them in an incalculable degree.' Pignotti also describes the state of Italy at this time. HAD Lorenzo lived to have seen his son elevated to the papacy, this historian, adopting our present principle, exclaims, 'A happy era for Italy and Tuscany HAD THEN OCCURRED! On this head we can, indeed, be only allowed to conjecture; but the fancy, guided by reason, may expatiate at will in this *imaginary state*, and contemplate Italy reunited by a stronger bond, flourishing under its own institution and arts, and delivered from all those lamented struggles which occurred within so short a period of time.'

Whitaker in his 'Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots,' has a speculation in the true spirit of this article. When such dependance was made upon Elizabeth's dying without issue, the Countess of Shrewsbury had her son purposely residing in London, with two good and able horses continually ready to give the earliest intelligence of the sick Elizabeth's death to the imprisoned Mary. On this the historian observes, 'And had this *not improbable event actually taken place, what a different complexion would our history have assumed from what it wears at present!* Mary would have been carried from a prison to a throne. Her wise conduct in prison would have been applauded by all.—From Tutbury, from Sheffield, and from Chatsworth, she would have been said to have touched with a gentle and masterly hand the springs that actuated all the nation, against the death of her tyrannical cousin,' &c. So ductile is history in the hands of man! and so peculiarly does it bend to the force of success, and warp with the warmth of prosperity!

Thus important events have been nearly occurring, which however, did not take place; and others have happened which may be traced to accident and to the character of an individual. We shall enlarge our conception of the nature of human events, and gather some useful instruction in our historical reading, by pausing at intervals; contemplating, for a moment, *on certain events which have not happened!*

OF FALSE POLITICAL REPORTS.

'A false report, if believed during three days, may be of great service to a government.' This political maxim has been ascribed to Catherine of Medici, an adept in *coups d'etat*, the *aroma imperii!* Between solid lying and disguised truth there is a difference known to writers skilled in 'the art of governing mankind by deceiving them;' as politics, ill understood, have been defined, and as are all party politics, these forgers prefer to use the truth disguised, to the gross fiction. When the real truth can no longer be concealed, then they confidently refer to it; for they can still explain and obscure, while they secure on their side the party whose cause they have advocated. A curious reader of history may discover the temporary and sometimes the lasting advantages of spreading rumours designed to disguise, or to counteract the real state of things. Such reports, set a going, serve to break down the sharp and fatal point of a panic, which might instantly occur; in this way the public is saved from the horrors of consternation, and the stupefaction of despair. These rumours give a breathing time to prepare for the disaster, which is doled out cautiously; and, as might be shown, in some cases these first reports have left an event in so ambiguous a state, that a doubt may still arise whether these reports were really so destitute of truth! Such reports, once printed, enter into history, and sadly perplex the honest historian. Of a battle fought in a remote situation, both parties for a long time, at home, may dispute the victory after the event, and the pen may prolong what the sword had long decided. This has been no unusual circumstance: of several of the most important battles on which the fate of Europe has hung, were we to rely on some reports of the time, we might still doubt of the manner of the transaction. A skirmish has been often raised into an *arranged* battle, and a defeat concealed, in an account of the killed and wounded, while victory has been claimed by both parties! Villeroy, in all his encounters with Marlborough, always sent home despatches by which no one could suspect that he was disconfited. Pompey, after his fatal battle with Cæsar, sent letters to all the provinces and cities of the Romans, describing with greater courage than he had fought, so that a report generally prevailed that Cæsar had lost the battle! Plutarch informs us, that three hundred writers had described the battle of Marathon. Many doubtless had copied their predecessors: but it would perhaps have surprised us to have observed how materially some differed in their narratives.

In looking over a collection of manuscript letters of the times of James the First, I was struck by the contradictory reports of the result of the famous battle of Lutzen, so glorious and so fatal to Gustavus Adolphus; the victory was sometimes reported to have been obtained by the Swedes; but a general uncertainty, a sort of mystery, agitated the majority of the nation, who were stanch to the protestant cause. This state of anxious suspense lasted a considerable time. The fatal truth gradually came *out in reports changing in their progress*; if the victory was allowed, the death of the Protestant Hero closed all hope! The historian of Gustavus Adolphus observes on this occasion, that 'Few couriers were better received than those who conveyed the accounts of the King's death to declared enemies or concealed ill wishers; nor did the report greatly displease the court of Whitehall, where the ministry, as it usually happens in cases of timidity, had its degree of apprehensions for fear the event should not be true; and, as I have learned from good authority, imposed silence on the news writers, and intimated the same to the pulpit in case any funeral encomium might proceed from that quarter.' Although the motive assigned by the writer, that of the secret indisposition of the cabinet of James the First towards the fortunes of Gustavus, is to me by no means certain; unquestionably the knowledge of this disastrous event was long kept back by 'a timid ministry,' and the fluctuating reports probably regulated by their designs.

The same circumstance occurred on another important event in modern history, where we may observe the artifice of party writers in disguising or suppressing the real fact. This was the famous battle of the Boyne. The French catholic party long reported that Count Lauzun had won the battle, and that William III was killed. Bussy Rabutin in some memoirs, in which he appears to have registered public events without scrutinizing their truth, says, 'I chronicled this account according as the first reports gave out, when at length the real fact reached them, the party did not like to lose their pretended victory.' Pere Londel, who published a register of the times, which is favourably noticed in the 'Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres,' for 1699, has recorded the event in this decep-

tive manner: 'The battle of the Boyne in Ireland; Schomberg is killed there at the head of the English.' This is 'an equivocator!' The writer resolved to conceal the defeat of James's party, and cautiously suppresses any mention of a victory, but very carefully gives a real fact, by which his readers would hardly doubt of the defeat of the English! We are so accustomed to this traffic of false reports, that we are scarcely aware that many important events recorded in history were in their day strangely disguised by such mystifying accounts. This we can only discover by reading private letters written at the moment. Bayle has collected several remarkable absurdities of this kind, which were spread abroad to answer a temporary purpose, but which had never been known to us had these contemporary letters not been published. A report was prevalent in Holland in 1580, that the kings of France and Spain and the Duke of Alva were dead; a felicity which for a time sustained the exhausted spirits of the revolutionists. At the invasion of the Spanish Armada, Burleigh spread reports of the thumb screws, and other instruments of torture, which the Spaniards had brought with them, and thus inflamed the hatred of the nation. The horrid story of the bloody Colonel Kirke is considered as one of those political forgeries to serve the purpose of blackening a zealous partisan.

False reports are sometimes stratagems of war. When the chiefs of the league had lost the battle at Ivry, with an army broken and discomfited, they still kept possession of Paris merely by imposing on the inhabitants all sorts of false reports, such as the death of the king of Navarre, at the fortunate moment when victory, undetermined on which side to incline, turned for the leaguers; and they gave out false reports of a number of victories they had elsewhere obtained. Such tales, distributed in pamphlets and ballads among a people agitated by doubts, and fears, are gladly believed; flattering their wishes, or soothing their alarms, they contribute to their ease, and are too agreeable to allow of time for reflection.

The history of a report creating a panic may be traced in the Irish insurrection, in the curious memoirs of James II. A forged proclamation of the Prince of Orange was set forth by one Speke, and a rumour spread that the Irish troops were killing and burning in all parts of the kingdom! A panic like magic instantly run through the people, so that in one quarter of the town of Drogheda they imagined that the other was filled with blood and ruins. During this panic pregnant women miscarried, aged persons died with terror, while the truth was, that the Irish themselves were disarmed and dispersed, in utter want of a meal or a lodging!

In the unhappy times of our civil wars under Charles the First, the newspapers and the private letters afford specimens of this political contrivance of false reports of every species. No extravagance of invention to spread a terror against a party was too gross, and the city of London was one day alarmed that the royalists were occupied by a plan of blowing up the river Thames, by an immense quantity of powder ware-housed at the river side; and that there existed an organized though invisible brotherhood of many thousands with *consecrated knives*; and those who hesitated to give credit to such rumours were branded as malignants, who took not the danger of the parliament to heart. Forged conspiracies and reports of great but distant victories were inventions to keep up the spirit of a party, but oftener prognosticated some intended change in the government. When they were desirous of augmenting the army, or introducing new garrisons, or using an extreme measure with the city, or the royalists, there was always a new conspiracy set afloat; or when any great affair was to be carried in parliament, letters of great victories were published to dishearten the opposition, and infuse additional boldness in their own party. If the report lasted only a few days, it obtained its purpose, and verified the observation of Catharine of Medicis. Those politicians who raise such false reports obtain their end: like the architect, who, in building an arch, supports it with circular props and pieces of timber, or any temporary rubbish, till he closes the arch; and when it can support itself, he throws away the props! There is no class of political lying which can want for illustration if we consult the records of our civil wars; there we may trace the whole art in all the nice management of its shades, its qualities, and its more complicate parts, from invective to puff, and from insuendo to prevarication! we may admire the scrupulous correction of a lie which they had told, by another which they are telling! and triple lying to overreach their opponents; royalists and parliamentarians were alike; for to tell one great truth, 'the father of lies' is of no party!

As 'nothing is new under the sun,' so this art of deceiving the public was unquestionably practised among the ancients. Syphax sent Scipio word that he could not unite with the Romans, but, on the contrary, had declared for the Carthaginians. The Roman army were then anxiously waiting for his expected succors: Scipio was careful to show the utmost civility to these ambassadors, and ostentatiously treated them with presents, that his soldiers might believe they were only returning to hasten the army of Syphax to join the Romans. Livy censures the Roman consul, who, after the defeat at Cannæ, told the deputies of the allies the whole loss they had sustained: 'This consul,' says Livy, 'by giving too faithful and open an account of his defeat, made both himself and his army appear still more contemptible.' The result of the simplicity of the consul was, that the allies, despairing that the Romans would ever recover their losses, deemed it prudent to make terms with Hannibal. Plutarch tells an amusing story, in his way, of the natural progress of a report, which was contrary to the wishes of the government; the unhappy reporter suffered punishment as long as the rumour prevailed, though at last it proved true. A stranger landing from Sicily, at a barber's shop delivered all the particulars of the defeat of the Athenians; of which, however, the people were yet uninformed. The barber leaves untrimmed the reporter's beard, and flies away to vent the news in the city, where he told the Archons what he had heard. The whole city was thrown in a ferment. The Archons called an assembly of the people, and produced the luckless barber, who in his confusion could not give any satisfactory account of the first reporter. He was condemned as a spreader of false news, and a disturber of the public quiet; for the Athenians could not imagine but that they were invincible! The barber was dragged to the wheel and tortured, till the disaster was more than confirmed. Bayle, referring to this story observes, that had the barber reported a victory, though it had proved to be false, he would not have been punished; a shrewd observation, which occurred to him from his recollection of the fate of Stratocles. This person persuaded the Athenians to perform a public sacrifice and thanksgiving for a victory obtained at sea, though he well knew at the time that the Athenian fleet had been totally defeated. When the calamity could no longer be concealed, the people charged him with being an impostor; but Stratocles saved his life and mollified their anger by the pleasant turn he gave to the whole affair. 'Have I done you any injury?' said he. 'Is it not owing to me that you have spent three days in the pleasures of victory?' I think that this spreader of good, but fictitious news, should have occupied the wheel of the luckless barber, who had spread bad but true news; for the barber had no intention of deception, but Stratocles had; and the question here to be tried, was not the truth or the falsity of the reports, but whether the reporters intended to deceive their fellow-citizens? The 'Chronicle' and the 'Post' must be challenged on such a jury, and all the race of news-scribes, whom Patin characterises as *hominum genus audacissimum mendacissimum avidissimum*. Latin superlatives are too rich to suffer a translation. But what Patin says in his letter 356 may be applied: 'These writers insert in their papers things they do not know, and ought not to write. It is the same trick that is playing which was formerly played; it is the very same farce, only it is exhibited by new actors. The worst circumstance, I think, in this, is, that this trick will continue playing a long course of years, and that the public suffer a great deal too much by it.'

OF SUPPRESSORS AND DILAPIDATORS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

MANUSCRIPTS are suppressed or destroyed from motives which require to be noticed. Plagiarists, at least, have the merit of preservation: they may blush at their artifices, and deserve the pillory, but their practices do not incur the capital crime of felony. Serassi, the writer of the curious life of Tasso, was guilty of an extraordinary suppression in his zeal for the poet's memory. The story remains to be told, for it is little known.

Galileo, in early life, was a lecturer at the university of Pisa: delighting in poetical studies, he was then more of a critic than a philosopher, and had Ariosto by heart. This great man caught the literary mania which broke out about his time, when the Cruscans so absurdly began their 'Com-

troversie Tassesche,' and raised up two poetical factions, which infected the Italians with a national fever. Tasso and Ariosto were perpetually weighed and outweighed against each other; Galileo wrote annotations on Tasso, stanza after stanza, and without reserve, treating the majestic bard with a severity which must have thrown the Tassoists into an agony. Our critic lent his manuscript to Jacopo Mazzoni, who, probably being a disguised Tassoist, by some unaccountable means contrived that the manuscript should be absolutely lost!—to the deep regret of the author and all the Ariostoists. The philosopher descended to his grave—not without occasional groans—nor without exulting reminiscences of the blows he had in his youth inflicted on the great rival of Ariosto—and the rumour of such a work long floated on tradition! Two centuries had nearly elapsed, when Serassi, employed on his elaborate life of Tasso, among his uninterrupted researches in the public libraries of Rome, discovered a miscellaneous volume, in which, on a cursory examination, he found deposited the lost manuscript of Galileo! It was a shock from which, perhaps, the zealous biographer of Tasso never fairly recovered; the awful name of Galileo sanctioned the asperity of critical decision, and more particularly the severe remarks on the language; a subject on which the Italians are so morbidly delicate, and so trivially grave. Serassi's conduct on this occasion was at once political, timorous and cunning. Gladly would he have annihilated the original, but this was impossible! It was some consolation that the manuscript was totally unknown —for having got mixed with others, it had accidentally been passed over, and not entered into the catalogue; his own diligent eye only had detected its existence. '*Nessuno fin ora sa, fuori di me, se vi sia, ne dove sia, e così non potrà darsi alla luce*,' &c. But in the true spirit of a collector, avaricious of all things connected with his pursuits, Serassi cautiously but completely, transcribed the precious manuscript, with an intention, according to his memorandum, to unravel all its sophistry. However, although the Abbate never wanted leisure, he persevered in his silence; yet he often trembled lest some future explorer of manuscripts might be found as sharpsighted as himself. He was so cautious as not even to venture to note down the library where the manuscript was to be found, and to this day no one appears to have fallen on the volume! On the death of Serassi, his papers came to the hands of the Duke of Ceri, a lover of literature; the transcript of the yet undiscovered original was then revealed! and this secret history of the manuscript was drawn from a note on the title-page written by Serassi himself. To satisfy the urgent curiosity of the literati, these annotations on Tasso by Galileo were published in 1793. Here is a work, which, from its earliest stage, much pains had been taken to suppress; but Serassi's collecting passion inducing him to preserve what he himself so much wished should never appear, finally occasioned its publication! It adds one evidence to the many, which prove that such sinister practices have been frequently used by the historians of a party, poetic or politic.

Unquestionably this entire suppression of manuscripts has been too frequently practised. It is suspected that our historical antiquary Speed owed many obligations to the learned Hugh Broughton, for he possessed a vast number of his MSS. which he burnt. Why did he burn? If persons place themselves in suspicious situations, they must not complain if they be suspected. We have had historians who, whenever they met with information which has not suited their historical system, or their inveterate prejudices, have employed interpolations, castrations, and forgeries, and in some cases have annihilated the entire document. Leland's invaluable manuscripts were left at his death in the confused state in which the mind of the writer had sunk, overcome by his incessant labours, when this royal antiquary was employed by Henry VIII to write our national antiquities. His scattered manuscripts were long a common prey to many who never acknowledged their fountain head; among these suppressors and dilapidators pre-eminently stands the crafty Italian Polydore Vergil, who not only drew largely from this source, but, to cover the robbery, did not omit to depreciate the father of our antiquities—an act of a piece with the character of the man, who is said to have collected and burnt a greater number of historical MSS than would have loaded a wagon, to prevent the detection of the numerous fabrications in his history of England, which was composed to gratify Mary and the catholic cause.

The Harleian manuscript, 7379, is a collection of state-letters. This MS. has four leaves entirely torn out, and is accompanied by this extraordinary memorandum, signed by the principal librarian.

'Upon examination of this book, Nov. 12, 1764, these four last leaves were torn out.

'C. Morton.

'Mem. Nov. 12, sent down to Mrs Macaulay.'

As no memorandum of the name of any student to whom a manuscript is delivered for his researches was ever made before or since, or in the nature of things will ever be, this memorandum must involve our female historian in the obloquy of this dilapidation.* Such dishonest practices of party feeling, indeed are not peculiar to any party. In Mr Roscoe's interesting 'Illustrations' of his life of Lorenzo de'Medici, we discover that Fabroni, whose character scarcely admits of suspicion, appears to have known of the existence of an unpublished letter of Sixtus IV, which involves that pontiff deeply in the assassination projected by the Pazzi; but he carefully suppressed its notice: yet, in his conscience, he could not avoid alluding to such documents, which he concealed by his silence. Mr Roscoe has ably defended Fabroni, who may have overlooked this decisive evidence of the guilt of the hypocritical pontiff in the mass of manuscripts; a circumstance not likely to have occurred, however to this laborious historical inquirer. All party feeling is the same active spirit with an opposite direction. We have a remarkable case, where a most interesting historical production has been silently annihilated by the consent of *both parties*. There once existed an important diary of a very extraordinary character, Sir George Saville, afterwards Marquis of Halifax. This master-spirit, for such I am inclined to consider the author of the little book of 'Maxims and Reflections,' with a philosophical indifference, appears to have held in equal contempt all the factions of his times, and, consequently, has often incurred their severe censures. Among other things, the Marquis of Halifax had noted down the conversations he had had with Charles the Second, and the great and busy characters of the age. Of this curious secret history there existed two copies, and the noble writer imagined that by this means he had carefully secured their existence; yet both copies were destroyed from opposite motives; the one at the instigation of Pope, who was alarmed at finding some of the catholic intrigues of the court developed; and the other at the suggestion of a noble friend, who was equally shocked at discovering that his party, the Revolutionists, had sometimes practised mean and dishonourable deceptions. It is in these legacies of honourable men, of whatever party they may be, that we expect to find truth and sincerity; but thus it happens that the last hope of posterity is frustrated by the artifices, or the malignity, of these party-passions. Pulteney, afterwards the Earl of Bath, had also prepared memoirs of his times, which he proposed to confide to Dr Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, to be composed by the bishops; but his lordship's heir, the general, insisted on destroying these authentic documents, of the value of which we have a notion by one of those conversations which the earl was in the habit of indulging with Hooke, whom he at that time appears to have intended for his historian.

The same hostility to manuscripts, as may be easily imagined, has occurred, perhaps more frequently, on the continent. I shall furnish one considerable fact. A French canon, Claude Joly, a bold and learned writer, had finished an ample life of Erasmus, which included a history of the restoration of literature, at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Colomiés tells us, that the author had read over the works of Erasmus seven times; we have positive evidence that the

* It is now about twenty-seven years ago since I first published this anecdote; at the same time I received information that our female historian and dilapidator had acted in this manner more than once. At that distance of time this rumour so notorious at the British Museum it was impossible to authenticate. The Rev. William Graham, the surviving husband of Mrs Macaulay, intemperately called on Dr Morton, in a very advanced period of life, to declare that 'it appeared to him that the note does not contain any evidence that the leaves were torn out by Mrs Macauley.' It was more apparent to the unprejudiced, that the doctor must have singularly lost the use of his memory, when he could not explain his own official note, which, perhaps, at the time he was compelled to insert. Dr Morton was not unfriendly to Mrs Macauley's political party; he was the Editor of Whitelocke's Diary of his Embassy to the Queen of Sweden, and has, I believe, largely castrated the work. The original lies at the British Museum

MS. was finished for the press; the Cardinal De Noailles would examine the work itself; this important history was not only suppressed, but the hope entertained of finding it among the cardinal's papers was never realized.

These are instances of the annihilation of history; but there is a partial suppression, or castration of passages, equally fatal to the cause of truth; a practice too prevalent among the first editors of memoirs. By such deprivations of the text we have lost important truths, while in some cases, by interpolations, we have been loaded with the fictions of a party. Original memoirs, when published, should now be deposited at that great institution consecrated to our national history—the British Museum, to be verified at all times. In Lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth, I find, by a manuscript note, that several things were not permitted to be printed, and that the original MS. was supposed to be in Mr Sheldon's custody, in 1687. Camden told Sir Robert Filmore that he was not suffered to print all his annals of Elizabeth; but he providently sent these expurgated passages to De Thou, who printed them faithfully; and it is remarkable that De Thou himself used the same precaution in the continuation of his own history. We like distant truths, but truths too near us never fail to alarm ourselves, our connexions, and our party. Milton, in composing his history of England, introduced, in the third book, a very remarkable digression, on the characters of the Long Parliament; a most animated description of a class of political adventurers, with whom modern history has presented many parallels. From tenderness to a party then imagined to be subdued, it was struck out by command, nor do I find it restituted in Kennett's Collection of English histories. This admirable and exquisite delineation has been preserved in a pamphlet printed in 1681, which has fortunately exhibited one of the warmest pictures in design and colouring by a master's hand. One of our most important volumes of secret history, 'Whitelocke's Memorials,' was published by Arthur, Earl of Anglesea, in 1682, who took considerable liberties with the manuscript; another edition appeared in 1732, which restored the many important passages through which the earl appears to have struck his castrating pen. The restitution of the castrated passages has not much increased the magnitude of this folio volume; for the omissions usually consisted of a characteristic stroke, or a short critical opinion, which did not harmonize with the private feelings of the Earl of Anglesea. In consequence of the volume not being much enlarged to the eye, and being unaccompanied by a single line of preface to inform us of the value of this more complete edition, the booksellers imagine that there can be no material difference between the two editions, and wonder at the bibliopolical mystery that they can afford to sell the edition of 1682 at ten shillings, and have five guineas for the edition of 1732! Hume, who, I have been told, wrote his history usually on a sofa, with the epicurean indolence of his fine genius, always refers to the old truncated and faithless edition of Whitelocke—so little in his day did the critical history of books enter into the studies of our authors, or such was the carelessness of our historian. There is more philosophy in *editions*, than some philosophers are aware of. Perhaps most 'Memoirs' have been unfaithfully published, 'Curtailed of their fair proportions;' and not a few might be noticed which subsequent editors have restored to their original state, by uniting their dislocated limbs. Unquestionably, passion has sometimes annihilated manuscripts, and tamely revenged itself on the papers of hated writers! Louis XIV, with his own hands, after the death of Fenelon, burnt all the manuscripts which the Duke of Burgundy had preserved of his preceptor.

As an example of the suppressors and dilapidators of manuscripts, I shall give an extraordinary fact concerning Louis XIV more in his favour. His character appears, like some other historical personages, equally disguised by adulation and calumny. That monarch was not the Nero which his revocation of the edict of Nantes made him seem to the French protestants. He was far from approving of the violent measures of his catholic clergy. This opinion of that sovereign was, however, carefully suppressed when his 'Instructions to the Dauphin' were first published. It is now ascertained that Louis XIV was for many years equally zealous and industrious; and, among other useful attempts, composed an elaborate 'Discours' for the Dauphin for his future conduct. The king gave his manuscript to Pelisson to revise; but after the revision, our royal writer frequently inserted additional paragraphs. The work first appeared in an anonymous 'Recueil d'Opuscules Litteraries, Amsterdam, 1767,' which Barbier, in his 'Anonymes,' tells us, was rédigé par Pelisson; le tout publié par l'Abbé Olivet.' When at length the printed work was collated with the manuscript original, several suppressions of the royal sentiments appeared, and the editors, too catholic, had, with more particular caution, thrown aside what clearly showed Louis XIV was far from approving of the violences used against the protestants. The following passage was entirely omitted. 'It seems to me, my son, that those who employ extreme and violent remedies do not know the nature of the evil, occasioned in part, by heated minds, which, left to themselves, would insensibly be extinguished, rather than rekindle them afresh by the force of contradiction; above all, when the corruption is not confined to a small number, but diffused through all parts of the state; besides, the Reformers said many true things! The best method to have reduced little by little the Huguenots of my kingdom, was not to have pursued them by any direct severity pointed at them.'

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is a remarkable instance of an author nearly lost to the nation: she is only known to posterity by a chance publication, for such were her famous Turkish letters; the manuscript of which her family once purchased with an intention to suppress, but they were frustrated by a transcript. The more recent letters were reluctantly extracted out of the family trunks and surrendered in exchange for certain family documents which had fallen into the hands of a bookseller. Had it depended on her relatives, the name of Lady Mary had only reached us in the satires of Pope. The greater part of her epistolary correspondence was destroyed by her mother; and what that good and Gothic lady spared, was suppressed by the hereditary austerity of rank, of which her family was too susceptible. The entire correspondence of this admirable writer, and studious woman—for once, in perusing some unpublished letters of Lady Mary, I discovered that 'she had been in the habit of reading seven hours a day for many years'—would undoubtedly have exhibited a fine statue, instead of the torso we now possess; and we might have lived with her ladyship, as we do with Madame de Sevigné. This I have mentioned elsewhere; but I have since discovered that a considerable correspondence of Lady Mary's, for more than twenty years, with the widow of Col. Forrester, who had retired to Rome, has been stifled in the birth. These letters, with other MSS of Lady Mary's, were given by Mrs Forrester to Philip Thicknesse, with a discretionary power to publish. They were held as a great acquisition by Thicknesse and his bookseller; but when they had printed off the first thousand sheets, there were parts which they considered might give pain to some of the family. Thicknesse says, 'Lady Mary had in many places been uncommonly severe upon her husband, for all her letters were loaded with a scrap or two of poetry at him'* A negotiation took place with an agent of Lord Bute's—after some time Miss Forrester put in her claims for the MSS—and the whole terminated, as Thicknesse tells us, in her obtaining a pension, and Lord Bute all the MSS.

The late Duke of Bridgewater, I am informed, burnt many of the numerous family papers, and bricked up a quantity, which, when opened after his death, were found to have perished. It is said he declared that he did not choose that his ancestors should be traced back to a person of a mean trade, which it seems might possibly have been the case. The loss now cannot be appreciated; but unquestionably, stores of history, and, perhaps, of literature, were sacrificed. Milton's manuscript of Comus was published from the Bridgewater collection, for it had escaped the bricking up!

Manuscripts of great interest are frequently suppressed from the shameful indifference of the possessors.

Mr Mathias, in his Essay on Gray, tells us, that 'in addition to the valuable manuscripts of Mr Gray, there is reason to think that there were some other papers, *folia Sibyllæ*, in the possession of Mr Mason; but though a very diligent and anxious inquiry has been made after them, they cannot be discovered since his death.' There was, however, one fragment, by Mr Mason's own description of it, of very great value, namely, 'The plan of an

* There was one passage he recollected—'Just left my bed a lifeless trunk, and scarce a dreaming head!'

intended speech in Latin on his appointment as professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.' Mr Mason says, 'Immediately on his appointment Mr Gray sketched out an admirable plan for his inauguration speech; in which after enumerating the preparatory and auxiliary studies requisite, such as ancient history, geography, chronology, &c, he descended to the authentic sources of the science, such as public treaties, state-records, private correspondence of ambassadors, &c. He also wrote the exordium of this thesis, not, indeed, so correct as to be given by way of fragment, but so spirited in point of sentiment, as leaves it much to be regretted that he did not proceed to its conclusion.' This fragment cannot now be found; and after so very interesting a description of its value, and of its importance, it is difficult to conceive how Mr Mason could prevail upon himself to withhold it. If there be a subject on which more, perhaps, than on any other, it would have been peculiarly desirable to know, and to follow the train of the ideas of Gray, it is that of modern history, in which no man was more intimately, more accurately, or more extensively conversant than our poet. A sketch or plan from his hand, on the subjects of history, and on those which belonged to it, might have taught succeeding ages how to conduct these important researches with national advantage, and, like some wand of divination, it might have

'Pointed to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.'*
DRYDEN.

I suspect that I could point out the place in which these precious 'folia Sibyllæ' of Gray's lie interred; it would no doubt be found among other Sibylline leaves of Mason, of which there are two large boxes, which he left to the care of his executors. These gentlemen, as I am informed, are so extremely careful of them, as to have intrepidly resisted the importunity of some lovers of literature, whose curiosity has been aroused by the secreted treasures. It is a misfortune which has frequently attended this sort of bequests of literary men, that they have left their manuscripts, like their household furniture; and in several cases we find that many legatees conceive that all manuscripts are either to be burnt, like obsolete receipts, or to be nailed down in a box, that they may not stir a law-suit!

In a manuscript note of the times, I find that Sir Richard Baker, the author of a chronicle, formerly the most popular one, died in the Fleet; and that his son-in-law, who had all his papers, burnt them for waste paper; and he said, that 'he thought Sir Richard's life was among them!' An auto-biography of those days which we should now highly prize.

Among these mutilators of manuscripts we cannot too strongly remonstrate with those who have the care of the works of others, and convert them into a vehicle for their own particular purposes, even when they run directly counter to the knowledge and opinions of the original writer. Hard was the fate of honest Anthony Wood, when Dr Fell undertook to have his history of Oxford translated into Latin; the translator, a sullen dogged fellow, when he observed that Wood was enraged at seeing the perpetual alterations of his copy made to please Dr Fell, delighted to alter it the more; while the greater executioner supervising the printed sheets, by 'correcting, altering, or dashing out what he pleased,' compelled the writer publicly to disavow his own work! Such I have heard was the case of Bryan Edwards, who composed the first accounts of Mungo Park. Bryan Edwards, whose personal interests were opposed to the abolishment of the slave trade, would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was even interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed!

Suppressed books become as rare as manuscripts.—When I was employed in some researches respecting the history of the Mar-prelate faction, that ardent conspiracy against the established Hierarchy, and of which the very name is but imperfectly to be traced in our history, I discovered that the books and manuscripts of the Mar-prelates have been too cautiously suppressed, or too completely destroyed; while those on the other side have been as carefully preserved. In our national collection, the British Museum, we find a great deal against Mar-prelate, but not Mar-prelate himself.

I have written the history of this conspiracy in the third volume of 'Quarrels of Authors.'

PARODIES.

A lady of *bas bleu* celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our *scavantes*) had two friends, whom she equally admired—an elegant poet and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologized to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbra* was to be present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent; the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady-critic had imagined that a parody must necessarily be malicious; and in some cases it is said those on whom the parody has been performed, have been of the same opinion.

Parody strongly resembles mimicry, a principle in human nature not so artificial as it appears: Man may be well defined a mimic animal. The African boy, who amused the whole kafle he journeyed with, by mimicing the gestures and the voice of the auctioneer who had sold him at the slave market a few days before, could have had no sense of scorn, of superiority, or of malignity; the boy experienced merely the pleasure of repeating attitudes and intonation which had so forcibly excited his interest. The numerous parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy were never made in derision of that solemn monologue, any more than the travesties of Virgil by Scarron and Cotton; their authors were never so gaily mad as that. We have parodies on the Psalms by Luther; Dodsley parodied the book of Chronicles, and the scripture style was parodied by Franklin in his beautiful story of Abraham; a story he found in Jeremy Taylor, and which Taylor borrowed from the East, for it is preserved in the Persian Sadi. Not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals; some ingenuity in the application was all that they intended. The lady critic alluded to had suffered by a panic, in imagining that a parody was necessarily a corrosive satire. Had she indeed proceeded one step further, and asserted that parodies might be classed among the most malicious inventions of literature, when they are such as Colman and Lloyd made on Gray, in their odes to 'Oblivion and Obscurity,' her reading possibly might have supplied the materials of the present research.

Parodies were frequently practised by the ancients, and with them, like ourselves, consisted of a work grafted on another work, but which turned on a different subject by a slight change of the expressions. It might be a sport of fancy, the innocent child of mirth; or a satirical arrow drawn from the quiver of caustic criticism; or it was that malignant art which only studies to make the original of the parody, however beautiful, contemptible and ridiculous. Human nature thus enters into the composition of parodies, and their variable character originates in the purpose of their application.

There is in 'the million' a natural taste for farce after tragedy, and they gladly relieve themselves by mitigating the solemn seriousness of the tragic drama; for they find, that it is but 'a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' The taste for parody, will, I fear, always prevail; for whatever tends to ridicule a work of genius, is usually very agreeable to a great number of contemporaries. In the history of parodies, some of the learned have noticed a supposititious circumstance, which, however may have happened, for it is a very natural one. When the rhapsodists, who strolled from town to town to chant different fragments of the poems of Homer, had recited, they were immediately followed by another set of strollers—buffoons, who made the same audience merry by the burlesque turn which they gave to the solemn strains which had just so deeply engaged their attention. It is supposed that we have one of these travesties of the Iliad in one Sotades, who succeeded by only changing the measure of the verses without altering the words, which entirely disguised the Homeric character; fragments of which, scattered in

* I have seen a transcript, by the favour of a gentleman who sent it to me, of Gray's directions for reading History. It had its merits at a time when our best histories had not been published, but it is entirely superseded by the admirable 'Methode' of Lenglet du Fresnoy.

Dionysius Halicarnassensis, I leave to the curosity of the learned Grecian.* Homer's battle of the frogs and mice, a learned critic, the elder Heinsius, asserts, was not written by the poet, but is a parody on the poem. It is evidently as good humoured an one as any in the 'Rejected Addresses.' And it was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was most susceptible of the playful honours of the parodist; unless the prototype is familiar to us, a parody is nothing! Of these parodists of Homer we may regret the loss of one, Timon of Philius, whose parodies were termed Silli, from Silenus being their chief personage; he levelled them at the sophistical philosophers of his age; his invocation is grafted on the opening of the Iliad, to recount the evil doings of those babblers, whom he compares to the bags in which Æolus deposited all his winds; balloons inflated with empty ideas! We should like to have appropriated some of these *silli*, or parodies of Timon the Sillograph, which, however, seem to have been at times calumnious.† Shenstone's 'School Mistress,' and some few other ludicrous poems, derive much of their merit from parody.

This taste for parodies was very prevalent with the Grecians, and is a species of humour which perhaps has been too rarely practised by the moderns: Cervantes has some passages of this nature in his parodies of the old chivalric romances; Fielding in some parts of his Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews, in his burlesque poetical descriptions; and Swift in his 'Battle of Books,' and 'Tale of a Tub;' but few writers have equalled the delicacy and felicity of Pope's parodies in the 'Rape of the Lock.' Such parodies give refinement to burlesque.

The ancients made a liberal use of it in their satirical comedy, and sometimes carried it on through an entire work, as in the Menippean satire, Seneca's mock *Eloge* of Claudius, and Lucian in his Dialogues. There are parodies even in Plato; and an anecdotical one recorded of this philosopher shows them in their most simple state. Dissatisfied with his own poetical essays, he threw them into the flames; that is, the sage resolved to sacrifice his verses to the god of fire; and in repeating that line in Homer where Thetis addresses Vulcan to implore his aid, the application became a parody, although it required no other change than the insertion of the philosopher's name instead of the goddess's:‡

'Vulcan, arise! 'tis Plato claims thy aid!'

Boileau affords a happy instance of this simple parody.—Corneille, in his Cid, makes one of his personages remark,

Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
ils peuvent se tromper comme les autres hommes.'

A slight alteration became a fine parody in Boileau's 'Chapelain decoiffé,'

'Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils se trompent en vers comme les autres hommes.'

We find in the Athenæus the name of the inventor of a species of parody which more immediately engages our notice—DRAMATIC PARODIES. It appears this inventor was a satirist, so that the lady critic, whose opinion we had the honour of noticing, would be warranted by appealing to its origin to determine the nature of the thing. A dramatic parody, which produced the greatest effect, was 'the Gigantomachia,' as appears by the only circumstance known of it. Never laughed the Athenians so heartily as at its representation, for the fatal news of the deplorable state to which the affairs of the republic were reduced in Sicily arrived at its first representation—and the Athenians continued laughing to the end! as the modern Athenians, the volatile Parisians, might in their national concern of an opera comique. It was the business of the dramatic parody to turn the solemn tragedy, which the audience had just seen exhibited, into a farcical comedy; the same actors who had appeared in magnificent dresses, now returned on the stage in grotesque habiliments, with odd postures and gestures, while the story, though the same, was incongruous and ludicrous. The Cyclops of Euripides is probably the only remaining specimen; for this may be considered as a parody of the ninth book of the Odyssey—the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, where Silenus and a chorus of satyrs are farcically introduced, to contrast with the grave narrative of Homer, of the shifts and escape of the cunning man 'from the one eyed ogre.' The jokes are too coarse for the French taste of Brumoy, who, in his translation, goes on with a critical growl and foolish apology for Euripides having written a farce; Brumoy, like Pistol, is forced to eat his onion, but with a worse grace, swallowing and execrating to the end.

In dramatic composition, Aristophanes is perpetually hooking in parodies of Euripides, whom of all poets he hated, as well as of Æschylus, Sophocles, and other tragic bards. Since that Grecian wit, at length, has found a translator saturated with his genius, and an interpreter as philosophical, the subject of Grecian parody will probably be reflected in a clearer light from his researches.

Dramatic parodies in modern literature were introduced by our vivacious neighbours, and may be said to constitute a class of literary satires peculiar to the French nation. What had occurred in Greece a similar gaiety of national genius inconsciously reproduced. The dramatic parodies in our own literature, as in 'The Rehearsal,' 'Tom Thumb,' and 'the Critic,' however exquisite, are confined to particular passages, and are not grafted on a whole original; we have neither naturalized the dramatic poetry into a species, nor dedicated it to the honours of a separate theatre.

This peculiar dramatic satire, a burlesque of an entire tragedy, the volatile genius of the Parisians accomplished. Whenever a new tragedy, which still continues the favourite species of drama with the French, attracted the notice of the town, shortly after uprose its parody at the Italian theatre, so that both pieces may have been performed in immediate succession in the same evening. A French tragedy is most susceptible of this sort of ridicule, by applying its declamatory style, its exaggerated sentiments, and its romantic out-of-the-way nature to the commonplace incidents and persons of domestic life; out of the stuff of which they made their emperors, their heroes, and their princesses, they cut out a pompous country justice, a hectoring tailor, or an impudent mantua-maker; but it was not merely this travesty of great personages, nor the lofty effusions of one in a lowly station, which terminated the object of parody; it was designed for a higher object, that of more obviously exposing the original for any absurdity in its scenes, or in its catastrophe, and dissecting its faulty characters; in a word, weighing in the critical scales, the nonsense of the poet. It sometimes became a refined instructor for the public, whose discernment is often blinded by party or prejudice. But it was, too, a severe touchstone for genius: Racine, some say, smiled, others say he did not, when he witnessed Harlequin, in the language of Titus to Berenice, declaiming on some ludicrous affair to Columbine; La Motte was very sore, and Voltaire, and others, shrunk away with a cry—from a parody! Voltaire was angry when he witnessed his *Mariamne* parodied by *La mauvais Menage;* or 'Bad Housekeeping,' the aged, jealous Herod was turned into an old cross country justice; Varus, bewitched by Mariamne, strutted a dragoon; and the whole establishment showed it was under very bad management. Fuzelier collected some of these parodies,* and not unskilfully defends their nature and their object against the protest of La Motte, whose tragedies had severely suffered from these burlesques. His celebrated domestic tragedy of Inez de Castro, the fable of which turns on a concealed and clandestine marriage, produced one of the happiest parodies in *Agnes de Chaillot.* In the parody, the cause of the mysterious obstinacy of Pierrot the son, in persisting to refuse the hand of the daughter of his mother-in-law Madame *la Baillive*, is thus discovered by her to Monsieur *le Baillif:*

'Mon mari, pour le coup j'ai decouvert l'affaire,
Ne vous étonnez plus qu'a nos desirs contraire.

* Henry Stephens appears first to have started this subject of parody; his researches have been borrowed by the Abbé Sallier, to whom, in my turn, I am occasionally indebted. His little dissertation is in the French Academy's Memoires, Tome vii, 398.

† See a specimen in Aulus Gellius, where this parodist reproaches Plato for having given a high price for a book, whence he drew his noble dialogue of the Timæus. Lib. iii, c. 17.

‡ See Spanheim Les Cæsars de l'Empereur Julien in his 'Preuves,' Remarque 8. Sallier judiciously observes 'Il peus nous donner une juste idée de cette sorte d'ouvrage, mais nout ne savons pas precisement en quel tems il a été composé;' no more truly than the Iliad itself!

* Les Parodies du Nouveau Theatre Italien 4 vol. 1738. Observations sur la Comedie et sur le Genie de Moliere, par Louis Riccoboni. Liv. ii.

Pour ma fille, Pierrot, ne montre que mepris:
Voilà l'unique objet dont son cœur est epris.'
[*Pointing to Agnes de Chaillot.*

The Bailiff exclaims,

'Ma servante?'

This single word was the most lively and fatal criticism of the tragic action of Inez de Castro, which, according to the conventional decorum and fastidious code of French criticism, grossly violated the majesty of Melpomene, by giving a motive and an object so totally undignified to the tragic tale. In the parody there was something ludicrous when the secret came out which explained poor Pierrot's long-concealed perplexities, in the maid-servant bringing forwards a whole legitimate family of her own! La Motte was also galled by a projected parody of his 'Machabees'—where the hasty marriage of the young Machabeus, and the sudden conversion of the amorous Antigone, who, for her first penitential act, persuades a youth to marry her, without first deigning to consult her respectable mother, would have produced an excellent scene for the parody. But La Motte prefixed an angry preface to his Inez de Castro; he inveighs against all parodies, which he asserts to be merely a French fashion, (we have seen, however, that it was once Grecian) the offspring of a dangerous spirit of ridicule, and the malicious amusements of superficial minds—'Were this true,' retorts Fuzelier, 'we ought to detest parodies; but we maintain, that far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common sense and truth? After all,' he ingeniously adds, 'it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these PARODIES; for they are usually but the echoes of the pit, and we parodists, have only to give a dramatic form to the opinions and observations we hear. Many tragedies,' Fuzelier, with admirable truth, observes, 'disguise vices into virtues, and PARODIES unmask them.' We have had tragedies recently which very much required parodies to expose them, and to shame our inconsiderate audiences, who patronized these monsters of false passions. The rants and bombast of some of these might have produced, with little or no alteration of the inflated originals, 'A Modern Rehearsal,' or a new 'Tragedy for Warm Weather.'

Of *parodies*, we may safely approve of their legitimate use, and even indulge their agreeable maliciousness; while we must still dread that extraordinary facility to which the public, or rather human nature, are so prone, as sometimes to laugh at what at another time they would shed tears.

Tragedy is rendered comic or burlesque by altering the *station* and *manners* of the *persons*; and the reverse may occur, of raising what is comic and burlesque into tragedy. On so little depends the sublime or the ridiculous! Beattie says, 'In most human characters there are blemishes, moral, intellectual, or corporeal; by exaggerating which, to a certain degree, you may form a comic character; as by raising the virtues, abilities, or external advantages of individuals, you form epic or tragic characters;'* a subject humorously touched on by Lloyd, in the prologue to 'the Jealous Wife.

'Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene;
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character sublime.
What big round words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen.'

ANECDOTES OF THE FAIRFAX FAMILY.

Will a mind of great capacity be reduced to mediocrity by the ill-choice of a profession?

Parents are interested in the metaphysical discussion, whether there really exists an inherent quality in the human intellect which imparts to the individual an aptitude for one pursuit more than for another. What Lord Shaftesbury calls not innate, but connatural qualities of the human character, were, during the latter part of the last century, entirely rejected; but of late there appears a tendency to return to the notion which is consecrated by antiquity. Experience will often correct modern hypothesists. The term 'pre-disposition' may be objectionable, as are all terms which pretend to describe the occult operations of Nature—and at present we have no other!

Our children pass through the same public education, while they are receiving little or none for their individual dispositions, should they have sufficient strength of character to indicate any. The great secret of education is to develop the faculties of the individual; for it may happen that his real talents may lie hidden and buried under his education. A profession is usually adventitious, made by chance views, or by family arrangements. Should a choice be submitted to the youth himself, he will often mistake slight and transient tastes for permanent dispositions. A decided character, however, we may often observe, is repugnant, to a particular pursuit, delighting in another; talents, languid and vacillating in one profession, we might find vigorous and settled in another; an indifferent lawyer might be an admirable architect! At present all our human bullion is sent to be melted down in an university, to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright divine—in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession, preconcerted by their parents. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son, but the true genius of the avocation in the *bent of the mind*, as a man of great original powers called it, is too often absent! Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering, on the stage of society, actors out of character! Our most popular writer has happily described this error.

'A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. For how often do we see,' the orator pathetically concluded,—'how often, I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!'

In looking over a manuscript life of Tobie Matthews, archbishop of York in James the First's reign, I found a curious anecdote of his grace's disappointment in the dispositions of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day found the archbishop, very melancholy, and inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness: 'My lord,' said the archbishop, 'I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons; one of whom has wit and no grace, another grace but no wit, and the third neither grace nor wit.' 'Your case,' replied Lord Fairfax, 'is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons: one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the inns of court, and he is good at divinity, but nobody at the law.' The relater of this anecdote adds, 'This I have often heard from the descendant of that honourable family, who yet seems to mince the matter because so immediately related.' The eldest son was the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax—and the gunsmith to Thomas Lord Fairfax the son of this Lord Ferdinando, heard the old Lord Thomas call aloud to his grandson, 'Tom! Tom! mind thou the battle! Thy father's a good man, but mere coward! all the good I expect is from thee!' It is evident that the old Lord Thomas Fairfax was a military character, and in his earnest desire of continuing a line of heroes, had preconcerted to make his eldest son a military man, who we discover turned out to be admirably fitted for a worshipful justice of the quorum. This is a lesson for the parent who consults his own inclinations and not those of natural disposition. In the present case the same lord, though disappointed, appears still to have persisted in the same wish of having a great military character in his family: having missed one in his elder son, and settled his other sons in different avocations, the grandfather persevered, and fixed his hopes, and bestowed his encouragements, on his grandson Sir Thomas Fairfax, who makes so distinguished a figure in the civil wars.

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skilful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of any thing better, to throw dice with fortune; or adopt the determination of the father who settled his sons by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions or aptness for different

* Beattie on Poetry and Music, p. 1.

pursuits. The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbour reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier, like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund, plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint, and we are told in the life of John Angier the elder son, a puritan minister, that he chose for them these different callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully. 'Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterwards.' This is an important principle discovered by Hartley, but it will not supply the parent with any determined regulation how to distinguish a transient from a permanent disposition; or how to get at what we may call the connatural qualities of the mind. A particular opportunity afforded me some close observation on the characters and habits of two youths, brothers in blood and affection, and partners in all things, who even to their very dress shared alike; who were never separated from each other; who were taught by the same masters, lived under the same roof, and were accustomed to the same uninterrupted habits; yet had nature created them totally distinct in the qualities of their minds; and similar as their lives had been, their abilities were adapted for very opposite pursuits; either of them could not have been the other. And I observed how the 'predisposition' of the parties was distinctly marked from childhood: the one slow, penetrating and correct; the other quick, irritable, and fanciful: the one persevering in examination; the other rapid in results: the one unexhausted by labour; the other impatient of whatever did not relate to his own pursuit: the one logical, historical, and critical; the other having acquired nothing, decided on all things by his own sensations. We would confidently consult in the one a great legal character, and in the other an artist of genius. If nature had not secretly placed a bias in their distinct minds, how could two similar beings have been so dissimilar?

A story recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate the present topic. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause!

To tell stories, however, is not to lay down principles, yet principles may sometimes be concealed in stories.*

MEDICINE AND MORALS.

A stroke of personal ridicule is levelled at Dryden when Bayes informs us of his preparations for a course of study by a course of medicine! 'When I have a grand design,' says he, 'I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly!' Such was really the practice of the poet, as La Motte, who was a physician, informs us, and in his medical character did not perceive that ridicule in the subject which the wits and most readers unquestionably have enjoyed. The wits here were as cruel against truth as against Dryden; for we must still consider this practice, to use their own words, as 'an excellent recipe for writing.' Among other philosophers, one of the most famous disputants of antiquity, Carneades, was accustomed to take copious doses of white hellebore, a great aperient, as a preparation to refute the dogmas of the stoics. Dryden's practice was neither whimsical nor peculiar to the poet; he was of a full habit, and, no doubt, had often found by experience the beneficial effects without being aware of the cause, which is nothing less than the reciprocal influence of mind and body.

This simple fact is, indeed, connected with one of the most important inquiries in the history of man: the laws which regulate the invisible union of the soul with the body: in a word, the inscrutable mystery of our being!—a secret, but an undoubted intercourse, which probably must ever elude our perceptions. The combination of metaphysics with physics has only been productive of the wildest fairy tales among philosophers: with one party the soul seems to pass away in its last puff of air, while man seems to perish in 'dust to dust;' the other as successfully gets rid of our bodies altogether, by denying the existence of matter. We are not certain that mind and matter are distinct existences, since the one may be only a modification of the other; however this great mystery be imagined, we shall find with Dr Gregory, in his lectures 'on the duties and qualifications of a physician,' that it forms an equally necessary inquiry in the sciences of *morals* and of *medicine*.

Whether we consider the vulgar distinction of mind and body as an union, or as a modified existence, no philosopher denies that a reciprocal action takes place between our moral and physical condition. Of these sympathies, like many other mysteries of nature, the cause remains occult, while the effects are obvious. This close yet inscrutable association, this concealed correspondence of parts seemingly unconnected, in a word, this reciprocal influence of the mind and the body, has long fixed the attention of medical and metaphysical inquirers; the one having the care of our exterior organization, the other that of the interior. Can we conceive the mysterious inhabitant as forming a part of its own habitation? The tenant and the house are so inseparable, that in striking at any part of the building, you inevitably reach the dweller. If the mind is disordered, we may often look for its seat in some corporeal derangement. Often are our thoughts disturbed by a strange irritability, which we do not even pretend to account for. This state of the body, called the *fidgets*, is a disorder to which the ladies are particularly liable. A physician of my acquaintance was earnestly entreated by a female patient to give a name to her unknown complaints; this he found no difficulty to do, as he is a steady asserter of the materiality of our nature; he declared that her disorder was atmospherical. It was the disorder of her frame under damp weather, which was reacting on her mind; and physical means, by operating on her body, might be applied to restore her to her half-lost senses. Our imagination is highest when our stomach is not overloaded; in spring than in winter; in solitude than amidst company; and in an obscured light than in the blaze and heat of the noon. In all these cases the body is evidently acted on, and re-acts on the mind. Sometimes our dreams present us with images of our restlessness, till we recollect that the seat of our brain may perhaps lie in our stomach, rather than on the pineal gland of Descartes; and that the most artificial logic to make us somewhat reasonable, may be swallowed with 'the blue pill.' Our domestic happiness often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine. The learned Gaubius, an eminent professor of medicine at Leyden, who called himself 'professor of the passions,' gives the case of a lady of too inflammable a constitution, whom her husband, unknown to herself, had gradually reduced to a model of decorum by phlebotomy. Her complexion, indeed, lost the roses, which some, perhaps, had too wantonly admired for the repose of her conjugal physician.

The art of curing moral disorders by corporeal means has not yet been brought into general practice, although it is probable that some quiet sages of medicine have made use of it on some occasions. The Leyden professor we have just alluded to, delivered at the university a discourse 'on the management and cure of the disorders of the mind by application to the body.' Descartes conjectured, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than they have been hitherto, such a method might be sought from the assistance of *medicine*. The science of morals and of medicine will therefore be found to have a more intimate connection than has been suspected. Plato thought that a man must have natural dispositions towards virtue to become virtuous; that it cannot be educated—you cannot make a bad man a good man; which he ascribes to the evil dispositions of the *body*, as well as to a bad education.

* I have arranged many facts, connected with the present subject, in the fifth chapter of what I have written on 'The Literary Character' in the third edition, 1822.

There are unquestionably, constitutional moral disorders; some good tempered but passionate persons have acknowledged, that they cannot avoid those temporary fits to which they are liable, and which, they say, they always suffered 'from a child.' If they arise from too great a fulness of blood, is it not cruel to upbraid rather than to cure them, which might easily be done by taking away their redundant humours, and thus quieting the most passionate man alive? A moral patient, who allows his brain to be disordered by the fumes of liquor, instead of being suffered to be a ridiculous being, might have opiates prescribed; for in laying him asleep as soon as possible, you remove the cause of his sudden madness. There are crimes for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their senses, and lost their bewildering passion. Submersion was discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices,' 'was happily practised in England.' With the circumstance this sages of chemistry alludes to I am unacquainted; but this extraordinary practice was certainly known to the Italians; for in one of the tales of Poggio we find a mad doctor of Milan, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demoniacs in a certain time. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high walled court yard, in the midst of which there was a deep well full of water, cold as ice. When a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a pillar in the well, till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed their malady required. In their bodily pain they appear to have forgot their melancholy; thus by the terrors of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses! A physician has informed me of a remarkable case: a lady with a disordered mind, resolved on death, and swallowed much more than half a pint of laudanum; she closed her curtains in the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and flattered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding this incredible dose, she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she had so largely taken, and not only recovered her life, but what is more extraordinary, her perfect senses! The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death.

Moral vices or infirmities, which originate in the state of the body, may be cured by topical applications. Precepts and ethics in such cases, if they seem to produce a momentary cure, have only mowed the weeds, whose roots lie in the soil. It is only by changing the soil itself that we can eradicate these evils. The senses are five porches for the physician to enter into the mind, to keep it in repair. By altering the state of the body, we are changing that of the mind, whenever the defects of the mind depend on those of the organization. The mind, or soul, however distinct its being from the body, is disturbed or excited, independent of its volition, by the mechanical impulses of the body. A man becomes stupified when the circulation of the blood is impeded in the *viscera*; he acts more from instinct than reflection; the nervous fibres are too relaxed or too tense, and he finds a difficulty in moving them; if you heighten his sensations, you awaken new ideas in this stupid being; and as we cure the stupid by increasing his sensibility, we may believe that a more vivacious fancy may be promised to those who possess one, when the mind and the body play together in one harmonious accord. Prescribe the bath, frictions, and fomentations, and though it seems a round about way, you get at the brains by his feet. A literary man, from long sedentary habits, could not overcome his fits of melancholy, till his physician doubled his daily quantity of wine; and the learned Henry Stephens, after a severe ague, had such a disgust of books, the most beloved objects of his whole life, that the very thought of them excited terror for a considerable time. It is evident that the state of the body often indicates that of the mind. Insanity itself often results from some disorder in the human machine. 'What is this mind, of which men appear so vain?' exclaims Flechier. 'If considered according to its nature, it is a fire which sickness and an accident most sensibly puts out; it is a delicate temperament, which soon grows disordered; a happy conformation of organs, which wear out; a combination and a certain motion of the spirits which exhaust themselves; it is the most lively and the most subtile part of the soul, which seems to grow old with the body.'

It is not wonderful that some have attributed such virtues to their system of *diet*, if it has been found productive of certain effects on the human body. Cornaro perhaps imagined more than he experienced; but Apollonius Tyaneus, when he had the credit of holding an intercourse with the devil, by his presumed gift of prophecy, defended himself from the accusation of attributing his clear and prescient views of things to the light aliments he lived on, never indulging in a variety of food. 'This mode of life has produced such a perspicuity in my ideas, that I see as in a glass things past and future.' We may, therefore, agree with Bayes, that 'for a sonnet to Amanda, and the like, stewed prunes only' might be sufficient; but for 'a grand design,' nothing less than a more formal and formidable dose.

Camus, a French physician, who combined literature with science, the author of 'Abdeker, or the Art of Cosmetics which he discovered in exercise and temperance, produced another fanciful work, written in 1753, 'La Medecine de l'Esprit.' His conjectural cases are at least as numerous as his more positive facts; for he is not wanting in imagination. He assures us, that having reflected on the physical causes, which, by differently modifying the body, varied also, the dispositions of the mind, he was convinced that by employing these different causes, or by imitating their powers by art, we might by means purely mechanical affect the human mind, and correct the infirmities of the understanding and the will. He considered this principle only as the aurora of a brighter day. The great difficulty to overcome was to find out a method to root out the defects, or the diseases of the soul, in the same manner as physicians cure a fluxion from the lungs, a dysentery, a dropsy and all other infirmities, which seem only to attack the body. This indeed, he says, is enlarging the domain of medicine, by showing how the functions of the intellect and the springs of volition are mechanical. The movements and passions of the soul, formerly restricted to abstract reasonings, are by this system reduced to simple ideas. Insisting that material causes force the soul and body to act together, the defects of the intellectual operations depend on those of the organization, which may be altered or destroyed by physical causes; and he properly adds, that we are to consider that the soul is material, while existing in matter, because it is operated on by matter. Such is the theory of 'La Medecine de l'Esprit,' which, though physicians will never quote, may perhaps contain some facts worth their attention.

Camus's two little volumes seem to have been preceded by a medical discourse delivered in the academy of Dijon in 1748, where the moralist compares the infirmities and vices of the mind to parallel diseases of the body. We may safely consider some infirmities and passions of the mind as diseases, and could they be treated as we do the bodily ones, to which they bear an affinity. this would be the great triumph of 'morals and medicine.' The passion of avarice resembles the thirst of dropsical patients; that of envy is a slow-wasting fever; love is often frenzy, and capricious and sudden restlessness, epileptic fits. There are moral disorders which at times spread like epidemical maladies through towns and countries, and even nations. There are hereditary vices and infirmities transmitted from the parent's mind as there are unquestionably such diseases of the body: the son of a father of a hot and irritable temperament inherits the same quickness and warmth; a daughter is often a counterpart of her mother. Morality, could it be treated medicinally, would require its prescriptions, as all diseases have their specific remedies; the great secret is perhaps discovered by Camus—that of *operating on the mind by means of the body*.

A recent writer seems to have been struck by these curious analogies. Mr. Haslam, in his work on 'Sound Mind,' says, p. 90, 'There seems to be a considerable similarity between the morbid state of the instruments of voluntary motion (that is the *body*,) and certain affections of the mental powers, that is, the *mind*. Thus, *paralysis* has its counterpart in *the defects of recollection*, where the utmost endeavour to remember is ineffectually exerted. *Tremor* may be compared with *incapability of fixing the attention*, and this *involuntary state of muscles* ordinarily subjected to the will, also finds a parallel where the mind

loses its influence in the train of thought, and becomes subject to spontaneous intrusions; as may be exemplified in *reveries*, *dreaming*, and some species of *madness*.'

Thus one philosopher discovers the analogies of the mind with the body, and another of the body with the mind. Can we now hesitate to believe that such analogies exist—and advancing one step farther, trace in this reciprocal influence that a part of the soul is the body, as the body becomes a part of the soul? The most important truth remains undivulged, and ever will in this mental pharmacy; but none is more clear than that which led to the view of this subject, that in this mutual intercourse of body and mind the superior is often governed by the inferior; others think the mind is more wilfully outrageous than the body. Plutarch, in his essays, has a familiar illustration, which he borrows from some philosopher more ancient than himself: 'Should the Body sue the Mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the Mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord.' The sage of Cheronea did not foresee the hint of Descartes and the discovery of Camus, that by medicine we may alleviate or remove the diseases of the mind; a practice which indeed has not yet been pursued by physicians, though the moralists have been often struck by the close analogies of the Mind with the Body! A work by the learned Dom Pernetty, *La connoissance de l'homme moral par celle de l'homme physique*, we are told is more fortunate in its title than its execution; probably it is one of the many attempts to develop this imperfect and obscured truth, which hereafter may become more obvious and be universally comprehended.

PSALM-SINGING.

The history of Psalm singing is a portion of the history of the reformation; of that great religious revolution which separated for ever, into two unequal divisions, the great establishment of Christianity. It has not, perhaps, been remarked, that Psalm singing, or metrical Psalms, degenerated into those scandalous compositions which, under the abused title of *hymns*, are now used by some sects.* These are evidently the last disorders of that system of Psalm singing which made some religious persons early oppose its practice. Even Sternhold and Hopkins, our first Psalm enditors, says honest Fuller, 'found their work afterwards met with some frowns in the faces of great clergymen.' To this day these opinions are not adjusted. Archbishop Secker observes, 'that though the first christians (from this passage in James v. 13, "Is any merry? let him sing Psalms!") made singing a constant part of their worship, and the whole congregation joined in it; yet afterwards the singers by profession, who had been *prudently appointed to lead and direct them*, by degrees *usurped* the whole performance. But at the Reformation the *people were restored to their* RIGHTS!' This revolutionary style is singular: one might infer by the expression of *the people being restored to their rights*, that a mixed assembly roaring out confused tunes, nasal, guttural, and sibilant, was a more orderly government of Psalmody than when the executive power was consigned to the voices of those whom the archbishop had justly described as having been first *prudently appointed to lead and direct them*; and who, by their subsequent proceedings, evidently discovered, what they might have safely conjectured, that such an universal suffrage, where every man was to have a voice, must necessarily end in clatter and chaos!†

Thomas Warton, however, regards the metrical Psalms of Sternhold as a puritanic invention, and asserts, that notwithstanding it is said in their title page that, they are 'set forth and *allowed* to be sung in all churches,' they were never admitted by lawful authority. They were first introduced by the Puritans, and afterwards continued by connivance. As a true poetical antiquary, Thomas Warton condemns any *modernisation* of the venerable text of the old Sternhold and Hopkins, which, by changing obsolete for familiar words, destroys the texture of the original style; and many stanzas, already too naked and weak, like a plain old Gothic edifice stripped of its few signatures of antiquity, have lost that little and almost only strength and support which they derived from ancient phrases. 'Such alterations, even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to explain; and exhibit, a motly performance, belonging to no character of writing, and which contain more improprieties than those which it professes to remove. This forcible criticism is worthy of our poetical antiquary; the same feeling was experienced by Pasquier, when Marot, in his *Refaccimento* of the Roman de la Rose, left some of the obsolete phrases, while he got rid of others; *cette bigarrure de langage vieux et moderne*, was with him writing no language at all. The same circumstance occurred abroad when they resolved to retouch and modernise the old French metrical version of the Psalms, which we are about to notice. It produced the same controversy and the same dissatisfaction. The church of Geneva adopted an *improved* version, but the charm of the old one was wanting.

To trace the history of modern metrical Psalmody, we must have recourse to Bayle, who, as a mere literary historian, has accidentally preserved it. The inventor was a celebrated French poet; and the invention, though perhaps in its very origin inclining towards the abuse to which it was afterwards carried, was unexpectedly adopted by the austere Calvin, and introduced into the Geneva discipline. It is indeed strange, that while he was stripping religion not merely of its pageantry, but even of its decent ceremonies, that this levelling reformer should have introduced this taste for *singing* Psalms in opposition to *reading* Psalms. 'On a parallel principle,' says Thomas Warton, 'and if any artificial aids to devotion were to be allowed, he might at least have retained the use of pictures in the church.' But it was decreed that statues should be mutilated of 'their fair proportions,' and painted glass be dashed into pieces while the congregation were to sing! Calvin sought for proselytes among 'the rabble of a republic, who can have no relish for the more elegant externals.' But to have made men sing in concert, in the streets, or at their work, and merry or sad, on all occasions to tickle the ear with rhymes and touch the heart with emotion, was betraying no deficient knowledge of human nature.

It seems, however that this project was adopted accidentally, and was certainly promoted by the fine natural genius of Clement Marot, the favoured bard of Francis the First, that 'Prince of Poets, and that Poet of Princes,' as he was quaintly but expressively dignified by his contemporaries. Marot is still an inimitable and true poet, for he has written in a manner of his own with such marked felicity, that he has left his name to a style of poetry called *Maritoque*. The original La Fontaine is his imitator. Marot delighted in the very forms of poetry, as well as its subjects and its manner. His life, indeed, took more shapes, and indulged in more poetical licenses, than even his poetry: licentious in morals; often in prison, or at court, or in the army, or a fugitive, he has left in his numerous little poems many a curious record of his variegated existence. He was indeed very far from being devout, when his friend the learned Vatable, the Hebrew professor, probably to reclaim a perpetual sinner from profane rhymes, as Marot was suspected of heresy, confession and meagre days being his abhorence! suggested the new project of translating the Psalms into *French verse*, and no doubt assisted the bard; for they are said to, 'traduits en rithme Français selon la verité Hebraique.' The famous Theodore Beza was also his friend and prompter, and afterwards his continuator. Marot published fifty-two Psalms, written in a variety of measures, with the same style he had done his ballads and rondeaux. He dedicated to the king of France, comparing him with the royal Hebrew, and with a French compliment!

> Dieu le donne aux peuples Hebraiques
> Dieu te devoit, ce pense-je, aux Galliques.

He insinuates that in his version he had received assistance

> '————par les divins esprits
> Qui ont sous toy Hebrieu langage apris,
> Nous sont jettés les Pseaumes en lumiere
> Clairs, et au sens de la forme premiere.'

This royal dedication is more solemn than usual; yet Marot, who was never grave but in prison, soon recovered from this dedication to the king for on turning the leaf we

* It would be polluting these pages with ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, were I to give specimens of some hymns of the Moravians and the Methodists, and some of the still lower sects.

† Mr Hamper, of Birmingham, has obligingly supplied me with a rare tract, entitled 'Singing of Psalmes, vindicated from the charge of Novelty,' in answer to Dr Russell, Mr. Marlow, &c, 1698. It furnishes numerous authorities to show that it was practised by the primitive Christians on almost every occasion. shall shortly quote a remarkable passage.

find another, 'Aux Dames de France!' Warton says of Marot, that 'He seems anxious to deprecate the raillery which the new tone of his versification was likely to incur, and is embarrassed to find an apology for turning saint.' His embarrassments however, terminate in a highly poetical fancy. When will the golden age be restored, exclaims this lady's Psalmists,

'Quand n'aurons plus de cours ne lieu
Les chansons de ce petit Dieu
A qui les peintres font des aisles?
O vous dames et demoiselles
Que Dieu fait pour estre son temple
Et faites, sous mauvais exemple
Retentir et chambres et sales,
De chansons mondaines ou sales,' &c.

Knowing, continues the poet, that songs that are silent about love can never please you, here are some composed by love itself; all here is love, but more than mortal! Sing these at all times,

Et les convertir et muer
Faisant vos levres remuer,
Et vos doigts sur les espinettes
Pour dire saintes chansonettes.

Marot then breaks forth with that enthusiasm, which perhaps at first conveyed to the sullen fancy of the austere Calvin the project he so successfully adopted, and, whose influence we are still witnessing.

O bien heureux qui voir pourra
Fleurir le temps, que l'on orra
Le laboureur à sa charrue
Le charretier parmy la rue,
Et l'artisan-en sa boutique
Avecques un Pseaume ou cantique,
En son labeur se soulager;
Heureux qui orra le berger
Et la bergere en bois estans
Faire que rochers et estangs
Apres eux chantent la hauteur
Du saint nom de leurs Createur
Commencez, dames, commencez
Le siecle doré! avancez!
En chantant d'un cueur debonnaire.
Dedans ce saint cancionnaire.

Thrice happy they, who may behold,
And listen, in that age of gold!
As by the plough the labourer strays,
And carman mid the public ways,
And tradesmen in his shop shall swell
Their voice in Psalm or Canticle,
Singing to solace toil; again,
From woods shall come a sweeter strain!
Shepherd and shepherdess shall vie
In many a tender Psalmody;
And the Creator's name prolong
As rock and stream return their song!
Begin then, ladies fair! begin
The age renew'd that knows no sin!
And with light heart, that wants no wing,
Sing! from this holy song-book, sing!*

This 'holy song-book' for the harpsichord or the voice was a gay novelty, and no book was ever more eagerly received by all classes than Marot's 'Psalms.' In the fervour of that day, they sold faster than the printers could take them off their presses; but as they were understood to be *songs*, and yet were not accompanied by music, every one set them to favourite tunes, commonly those of popular ballads. Each of the royal family, and every nobleman, chose a psalm or a song, which expressed his own personal feelings, adapted to his own tune. The Dauphin, afterwards Henry II, a great hunter, when he went to the chase was singing *Ainsi qu'on vit le cerf bruyre*. 'Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks.' There is a curious portrait of the mistress of Henry, the famous Diane de Poictiers, recently published, on which is inscribed *this verse of the Psalm*. On a portrait which exhibits Diane in an attitude rather unsuitable to so solemn an application, no reason could be found to account for this discordance: perhaps the painter, or the lady herself, chose to adopt the favourite Psalm of her royal lover, proudly to designate the object of her love, besides its double allusion to her name. Diane, however, in the first stage of their mutual attachment, took *Du fond de ma pensée*, or 'From the depth of my heart.' The Queen's favourite was,

Ne vueilles pas, o sire,
Me reprendre en ton ire

that is, 'Rebuke me not in thy indignation,' which she sung to a fashionable jig. Antony, king of Navarre, sung *Revenge moy prens la querelle*, or, 'Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel,' to the air of a dance of Poitou.*—We may conceive the ardour with which this novelty was received, for Francis sent to Charles the Fifth Marot's collection, who both by promises and presents encouraged the French bard to proceed with his version, and entreating Marot to send him as soon as possible *Confitemini Domino quoniam bonus*, because it was his favourite Psalm. And the Spanish as well as French composers hastened to set the Psalms of Marot to music. The fashion lasted, for Henry the Second set one to an air of his own composing. Catharine de Medicis had her Psalm, and it seems that every one at court adopted some particular Psalm for themselves, which they often played on lutes and guitars, &c. Singing Psalms in verse was then one of the chief ingredients in the happiness of social life.

The universal reception of Marot's Psalms induced Theodore Beza to conclude the collection, and ten thousand copies were immediately dispersed. But these had the advantage of being set to music, for we are told, they were 'admirably fitted to the violin and other musical instruments.' And who was the man who had thus adroitly taken hold of the public feeling to give it this strong direction? It was the solitary Thaumaturgus, the ascetic Calvin, who, from the depth of his closet at Geneva, had engaged the finest musical composers, who were no doubt warmed by the zeal of propagating his faith, to form these simple and beautiful airs to assist the Psalm singers. At first this was not discovered, and Catholics as well as Hugenots, were solacing themselves on all occasions with this new music. But when Calvin appointed these Psalms, as set to music, to be sung at his meetings, and Marot's formed an appendix to the Catechism of Geneva, this put an end to all Psalm singing for the poor Catholics! Marot himself was forced to fly to Geneva from the fulminations of the Sorbonne, and Psalm singing became an open declaration of what the French called 'Lutheranism,' when it became with the reformed a regular part of their religious discipline. The Cardinal of Lorraine succeeded in persuading the lovely patroness of the 'holy song book,' Diana de Poictiers, who at first was a Psalm singer and an heretical reader of the Bible, to discountenance this new fashion. He began by finding fault with the Psalms of David, and revived the amatory elegancies of Horace: at that moment even the reading of the Bible was symptomatic of Lutheranism; Diana, who had given way to these novelties, would have a French Bible, because the queen, Catharine de Medicis, had one, and the Cardinal finding a bible on her table, immediately crossed himself, beat his breast, and otherwise so well acted his part, that, 'having thrown the Bible down and condemned it, he remonstrated with the fair penitent, that it was a kind of reading not adapted for her sex, containing dangerous matters; if she was uneasy in her mind she should hear two masses instead of one, and rest content with her Paternosters and her Primer, which were not only devotional but ornamented with a variety of elegant forms from the most exquisite pencils of France.' Such is the story drawn from a curious letter, written by a Hugenot, and a former friend of Catharine de Medicis, and by which we may infer that the reformed religion was making considerable progress in the French court,—had the Cardinal of Lorraine not interfered by persuading the mistress, and she the king, and the king his queen, at once to give up Psalm singing and reading the Bible!

'This infectious frenzy of Psalm-singing,' as Warton describes it, under the Calvinistic preachers had rapidly propagated itself through Germany as well as France. It was admirably calculated to kindle the flame of Fanaticism, and frequently served as the trumpet to rebellion. These energetic hymns of Geneva excited and supported

* In the curious tract already referred to, the following quotation is remarkable; the scene the fancy of Marot pictured to him had anciently occurred. St Jerome in his seventeenth Epistle to Marcellus thus describes it: 'In christian villages little else is to be heard but Psalms; for which way soever you turn yourself, either you have the Ploughman at his plough singing Hallelujahs, the weary Brewer refreshing himself with a psalm, or the Vine-dresser chanting forth somewhat of David's.'

* As Warton has partly drawn from the same source, I have adopted his own words whenever I could. It is not easy to write after Thomas Warton whenever he is pleased with his subject.

a variety of popular instructions in the most flourishing cities of the Low Countries, and what our poetical antiquary could never forgive,' 'fomented the fury which defaced many of the most beautiful and venerable churches of Flanders.'

At length it reached our island at that critical moment when it had first embraced the Reformation; and here its domestic history was parallel with its foreign, except, perhaps, in the splendour of its success. Sternhold, an enthusiast for the reformation, was much offended, says Warton, at the lascivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers, and with a laudable design to check these indecencies, he undertook to be our Marot—without his genius; 'thinking thereby,' says our cynical literary historian, Antony Wood, 'that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets *but did not*, only some few excepted.' They were practised by the puritans in the reign of Elizabeth; for Shakespeare notices the puritan of his day 'singing Psalms to hornpipes,'* and more particularly during the protectorate of Cromwell, on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said 'were too good for the devil.' Psalms were now sung at Lord Mayors' dinners and city feasts; soldiers sang them on their march and at parade; a few houses which had windows fronting the streets, but had their evening psalms; for a story has come down to us, to record that the hypocritical brotherhood did not always care to sing unless they were heard!

ON THE RIDICULOUS TITLES ASSUMED BY THE ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

The Italians are a fanciful people, who have often mixed a grain or two of pleasantry and even folly with their wisdom. This fanciful character betrays itself in their architecture, in their poetry, in their extemporary comedy, and their *Improvisatori*; but an instance not yet accounted for of this national levity, appears in those denominations of exquisite absurdity given by themselves to their Academies! I have in vain inquired for any assignable reason why the most ingenious men, and grave and illustrious personages, cardinals and princes, as well as poets, scholars, and artists, in every literary city, should voluntarily choose to burlesque themselves and their serious occupations, by affecting mysterious or ludicrous titles, as if it were carnival time, and they had to support masquerade characters, and accepting such titles as we find in the cant style of our own vulgar clubs, the Society of 'Odd Fellows,' and of 'Eccentrics!' A principle so whimsical but systematic, must surely have originated in some circumstance not hitherto detected.

A literary friend, recently in an Italian city, exhausted by the *sirocco*, entered a house whose open door and circular seats appeared to offer to passengers a refreshing *sorbetto*; he discovered, however, that he had got into 'the Academy of the Cameleons,' where they met to delight their brothers, and any 'spirito gentil' they could nail to a recitation. An invitation to join the academicians alarmed him, for with some impatient prejudices against these little creatures, vocal with *prose e rime*, and usually with odes and sonnets begged for, or purloined for the occasion, he waived all further curiosity and courtesy, and has returned home without any information how these 'Cameleons' looked, when changing their colours in an '*accademia*.

Such literary institutions, prevalent in Italy, are the spurious remains of those numerous academies which simultaneously started up in that country about the sixteenth century. They assumed the most ridiculous denominations, and a great number is registered by Buadrio and Tiraboschi. Whatever was their design, one cannot fairly reproach them, as Mencken, in his 'Charlatanaria Eruditorum,' seems to have thought, for pompous quackery; neither can we attribute to their modesty their choice of senseless titles, for to have degraded their own exalted pursuits was but folly! Literary history affords no parallel to this national absurdity of the refined Italians. Who could have suspected that the most eminent scholars and men of genius, were associates of the *Oziosi*, the *Fantastici*, the *Insensati*? Why should Genoa boast of her 'Sleepy,' Viterbo of her 'Obstinates,' Sienna of her 'Insipids,' her 'Blockheads,' and her 'Thunderstruck;' and Naples of her 'Furioso; while Macerata exults in her 'Madmen chained?' Both Quadrio and Tiraboschi cannot deny that these fantastical titles have occasioned these Italian academies to appear very ridiculous to the *oltramontani*; but these valuable historians are no philosophical thinkers. They apologize for this bad taste, by describing the ardour which was kindled throughout Italy at the restoration of letters and the fine arts, so that every one, and even every man of genius, were eager to enroll their names in these academies, and prided themselves in bearing their emblems, that is, the distinctive arms each academy had chosen. But why did they mystify themselves?

Folly, once become national, is a vigorous plant, which sheds abundant seed. The consequence of having adopted ridiculous titles for these academies, suggested to them many other characteristic fopperies. At Florence every brother of the 'Umidi' assumed the name of something aquatic, or any quality pertaining to humidity. One was called 'the Frozen,' another 'the Damp;' one was 'the Pike,' another 'the Swan;' and Grazzini, the celebrated novelist, is known better by the cognomen of *La Lasca*, 'the Roach,' by which he whimsically designates himself among the 'Humids.' I find among the *Insensati*, one man of learning taking the name of Stordito *Insensato*, another Tenebroso *Insensato*. The famous Florentine academy of *La Crusca* amidst their grave labours to sift and purify their language, threw themselves headlong into this vortex of folly. Their title, the academy of 'Bran,' was a conceit to indicate their art of sifting; but it required an Italian prodigality of conceit to have induced these grave scholars to exhibit themselves in the burlesque scenery of a pantomimical academy, for their furniture consists of a mill and a bake-house; a pulpit for the orator is a hopper, while the learned director sits on a mill-stone; the other seats have the forms of a miller's dossers, or great panniers, and the backs consist of the long shovels used in ovens. The table is a baker's kneading-trough, and the academician who reads has half his body thrust out of a great bolting sack, with I know not what else for their inkstands and portfolios. But the most celebrated of these academies is that 'degli Arcadia, at Rome, who are still carrying on their pretensions much higher. Whoever inspires to be aggregated to these Arcadian shepherds, receives a pastoral name and a title, but not the deeds, of a farm, picked out of a map of the ancient Arcadia or its environs; for Arcadia itself soon became too small a possession for these partitioners of moonshine. Their laws, modelled by the twelve tables of the ancient Romans; their language in the venerable majesty of their renowned ancestors; and this erudite democracy dating by the Grecian Olympiads which Crescembini, their first custode, or guardian, most painfully adjusted to the vulgar era, were designed that the sacred erudition of antiquity might for ever be present among these shepherds.* Goldoni, in his Memoirs, has given an amusing account of these honours. He says 'he was presented with two diplomas; the one was my charter of aggregation to the *Arcadi* of Rome, under the name of *Polissino*, the other gave me the investiture of the *Phlegean* fields. I was on this saluted by the whole assembly in chorus, under the name of *Polisseno Phlegeio*, and embraced by them as a fellow shepherd and brother. The *Arcadians* are very rich, as you may perceive, my dear reader: we possess estates in Greece; we water them with our labours for the sake of reaping laurels, and the Turks sow them with grain, plant them with vines, and laugh at both our titles and our songs.' When Fontenelle became an Arcadian, they baptised him *Il Pastor Pigrasto*, that is, 'amiable Fountain!' allusive to his name and his delightful style; and magnificently presented him with the entire Isle of Delos! The late Joseph Walker, an enthusiast for an Italian literature, dedicated his 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy' to the Countess Spencer: not inscribing it with his christian but his heathen name, and the title of his Arcadian estates, *Eubante Tirinzio!* Plain Joseph Walker, in his masquerade dress, with his Arcadian signet of Pan's reeds dangling in his title-page, was performing a character to which however well adapted, not being understood, he got stared at for his affectation! We have lately

* My friend, Mr Douce, imagines, that this alludes to a common practice at that time among the Puritans of burlesquing the plain chant of the Papists, by adapting vulgar and ludicrous music to psalms and pious compositions. Illust. of Shakspeare, 1 235. Mr Douce does not recollect his authority. My idea differs. May we not conjecture that the intention was the same which induced Sternhold to versify the Psalms, to be sung instead of lascivious ballads; and the most popular tunes came afterwards to be adopted, that the singer might practise his favourite one, as we find it occurred in France

* Crescembini, at the close of 'La bellezza della Vogar Poesia.' Roma, 1700.

heard of some licentious revellings of these Arcadians, in receiving a man of genius from our own country, who, himself composing Italian *Rime*, had 'conceit' enough to become a shepherd!* Yet let us inquire before we criticise.

Even this ridiculous society of the Arcadians became a memorable literary institution; and Tiraboschi has shown how it successfully arrested the bad taste which was then prevailing throughout Italy; recalling its muses to purer sources; while the lives of many of its shepherds have furnished an interesting volume of literary history under the title of 'The illustrious Arcadians.' Crescembini, and its founders, had formed the most elevated conceptions of the society at its origin; but poetical vaticinators are prophets only while we read their verses—we must not look for that dry matter of fact—the event predicted!

> Il vostro seme eterno
> Occuperà la terra, ed i confini
> D'Arcadia oltrapassando,
> Di non più visti gloriosi germi
> L'aureo feconderà lito del Gange
> E de' Cimmeri l'infeconde arene.

Mr Mathias has recently with warmth defended the original *Arcadia*; and the assumed character of its members, which has been condemned as betraying their affectation, he attributes to their modesty. 'Before the critics of the Arcadia (the *pastori*, as they modestly styled themselves) with Crescembini for their conductor, and with the *Adorato Albano* for their patron, (Clement XI,) all that was depraved in language, and in sentiment, fled and disappeared.'

The strange taste for giving fantastical denominations to literary institutions grew into a custom though, probably no one knew how. The founders were always persons of rank or learning, yet still accident or caprice created the mystifying title, and invented those appropriate emblems, which still added to the folly. The Arcadian society derived its title from a spontaneous conceit. This assembly first held its meetings, on summer evenings, in a meadow on the banks of the Tiber; for the fine climate of Italy promotes such assemblies in the open air. In the recital of an eclogue, an enthusiast, amidst all he was hearing and all he was seeing, exclaimed 'I seem at this moment to be in the Arcadia of ancient Greece, listening to the pure and simple strains of its shepherds.' Enthusiasm is contagious amidst susceptible Italians, and this name, by inspiration and by acclamation, was conferred on the society! Even more recently at Florence the *accademia* called the *Colombaria*, or the 'Pigeon-house,' proves with what levity the Italians name a literary society. The founder was the Cavallero Pazzi, a gentleman, who, like Morose, abhorring noise, chose for his study a garret in his palazzo; it was, indeed, one of the old turrets which had not yet fallen in: there he fixed his library, and there he assembled the most ingenious Florentines to discuss obscure points, and to reveal their own contributions in this secret retreat of silence and philosophy. To get to this cabinet it was necessary to climb a very steep and very narrow staircase, which occasioned some facetious wit to observe, that these literati were so many pigeons who flew every evening to their dove-cot. The Cavallero Pazzi, to indulge this humour, invited them to a dinner entirely composed of their little brothers, in all the varieties of cookery; the members, after a hearty laugh, assumed the title of the *Colombaria*, invented a device consisting of the top of a turret, with several pigeons flying about it, bearing an epigraph from Dante, *Quanto veder si puo*, by which they expressed their design not to apply themselves to any single object. Such facts sufficiently prove that some of the absurd or facetious denominations of these literary societies originated in accidental circumstances, or in mere pleasantry; but this will not account for the origin of those mystifying titles we have noticed; for when grave men call themselves dolts or lunatics, unless they are really so, they must have some reason for laughing at themselves.

To attempt to develop this curious but obscure singularity in literary history, we must go farther back among the first beginnings of these institutions. How were they looked on by the governments in which they first appeared? These academies might, perhaps, form a chapter in the history of secret societies, one not yet written, but of which many curious materials lie scattered in history. It is certain that such literary societies, in their first origins, have always excited the jealousy of governments, but more particularly in ecclesiastical Rome, and the rival principalities of Italy. If two great nations, like those of England and France, had their suspicions and fears roused by a select assembly of philosophical men, and either put them down by force, or closely watched them, this will not seem extraordinary in little despotic states. We have accounts of some philosophical associations at home, which were joined by Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Rawleigh, but which soon got the odium of atheism attached to them; and the establishment of the French academy occasioned some umbrage, for a year elapsed before the parliament of Paris would register their patent, which was at length accorded by the political Richelieu observing to the president, that 'he should like the members according as the members liked him.' Thus we have ascertained one principle, that governments in those times looked on a new society with a political glance; nor it is improbable that some of them combined an ostensible with a latent motive.

There is no want of evidence to prove that the modern Romans, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, were too feelingly alive to their obscure glory, and that they too frequently made invidious comparisons of their ancient republic with the pontifical government; to revive Rome, with every thing Roman, inspired such enthusiasts as Rienzi, and charmed the visions of Petrarch. At a period when ancient literature, as if by a miracle, was raising itself from its grave, the learned were agitated by a correspondent energy; not only was an estate sold to purchase a manuscript, but the relic of genius was touched with a religious emotion. The classical purity of Cicero was contrasted with the barbarous idiom of the Missal; the glories of ancient Rome with the miserable subjugation of its modern pontiffs; and the metaphysical reveries of Plato, and what they termed the 'Enthusiasmus Alexandrinus;' the dreams of the Platonists seemed to the fanciful Italians more elevated than the humble and pure ethics of the Gospels. The vain and amorous Eloisa could even censure the gross manners, as it seemed to her, of the apostles, for picking the ears of corn in their walks, and at their meals eating with unwashed hands.—Touched by this mania of antiquity, the learned affected to change their vulgar christian name, by assuming the more classical ones of a Junius Brutus, a Pomponius, or a Julius; or any other rusty name unwashed by baptism. This frenzy for the ancient republic not only menaced the pontificate; but their Platonic, or their pagan ardours, seemed to be striking at the foundation of Christianity itself. Such were Marcilus Ficinus, and that learned society who assembled under the Medici. Pomponius Letus, who lived at the close of the fifteenth century, not only celebrated by an annual festival the foundation of Rome, and raised altars to Romulus, but openly expressed his contempt for the christian religion, which this visionary declared was only fit for barbarians; but this extravagance and irreligion, observes Niceron, were common with many of the learned of those times, and this very Pomponius was at length formally accused of the crime of changing the baptismal names of the young persons whom he taught, for pagan ones! 'This was the taste of the times,' says the author we have justquoted; but it was imagined that there was a mystery concealed in these changes of names.

At this period these literary societies first appear: one at Rome had the title of 'Academy,' and for its chief this very Pomponius; for he is distinguished as 'Romanæ Princeps Academiæ,' by his friend Politian, in the 'Miscellanea,' of that elegant scholar. This was under the pontificate of Paul the Second. The regular meetings of 'the Academy' soon excited the jealousy and suspicions of Paul, and gave rise to one of the most horrid persecutions and scenes of torture, even to death, in which these academicians were involved: This closed with a decree of Paul's, that for the future no one should pronounce, either seriously or in jest, the very name of *academy*, under the penalty of heresy! The story is told by Platina, one of the sufferers, in his life of Paul the Second; and although this history may be said to bear the bruises of the wounded and dislocated body of the unhappy historian, the facts are unquestionable, and connected

* History of the Middle Ages, ii. 584. See, also, Mr Rose's Letters from the North of Italy, vol. i, 204. Mr Hallam has observed, that 'such an institution as the society degli Arcadi could at no time have endured public ridicule in England for a fortnight.'

with our subject. Platina, Pomponius, and many of their friends, were suddenly dragged to prison; on the first and second day torture was applied, and many expired under the hands of their executioners. 'You would have imagined,' says Platina, 'that the castle of St Angelo was turned into the bull of Phalaris, so loud the hollow vault resounded with the cries of those miserable young men, who were an honour to their age for genius and learning. The torturers, not satisfied, though weary, having racked twenty men in those two days, of whom some died, at length sent for me to take my turn. The instruments of torture were ready; I was stripped, and the executioners put themselves, to their work. Vianesius sat like another Minos on a seat of tapestry work, gay as at a wedding; and while I hung on the rack in torment, he played with a jewel which Sanga had, asking him who was the mistress which had given him this love token? Turning to me, he asked 'why Pomponio in a letter should call me Holy Father?' Did the conspirators agree to make you Pope? 'Pomponio,' I replied, 'can best tell why he gave me this title, for I know not.' At length, having pleased, but not satisfied himself with my tortures, he ordered me to be let down that I might undergo tortures much greater in the evening. I was carried, half dead, into my chamber; but not long after, the inquisitor having dined, and being fresh in drink, I was fetched again, and the archbishop of Spalatro was there. They inquired of my conversations with Malatesta. I said, it only concerned ancient and modern learning, the military arts, and the characters of illustrious men, the ordinary subjects of conversation. I was bitterly threatened by Vianesius, unless I confessed the truth on the following day, and was carried back to my chamber, where I was seized with such extreme pain, that I had rather have died than endured the agony of my battered and dislocated limbs. But now those who were accused of heresy were charged with plotting treason. Pomponius being examined why he changed the names of his friends, he answered boldly, that this was no concern of his judges or the pope: it was perhaps out of respect for antiquity, to stimulate to a virtuous emulation. After we had now lain ten months in prison, Paul comes himself to the castle, where he charged us, among other things, that we had disputed concerning the immortality of the soul, and that we held the opinion of Plato; by disputing you call the being of a God in question. This, I said, might be objected to all divines and philosophers, who to make the truth appear, frequently question the existence of souls and of God, and of all separate intelligences. St Austin says, the opinion of Plato is like the faith of Christians. I followed none of the numerous heretical factions. Paul then accused us of being too great admirers of pagan antiquities; yet none were more fond of them than himself, for he collected all the statues and sarcophagi of the ancients to place in his palace, and even affected to imitate, on more than one occasion, the pomp and charm of their public ceremonies. While they were arguing, mention happened to be made of 'the Academy,' when the Cardinal of San Marco cried out, that we were not 'Academics,' but a scandal to the name; and Paul now declared that he would not have that term evermore mentioned under pain of heresy. He left us in a passion, and kept us two months longer in prison to complete the year, as it seems he had sworn.'

Such is the interesting narrative of Platina, from which we may surely infer, that if these learned men assembled for the communication of their studies; inquiries suggested by the monuments of antiquity, the two learned languages, ancient authors, and speculative points of philosophy, these objects were associated with others, which terrified the jealousy of modern Rome.

Sometime after, at Naples, appeared the two brothers, John Baptiste and John Vincent Porta, those twin spirits, the Castor and Pollux of the natural philosophy of that age, and whose scenical museum delighted and awed, by its optical illusions, its treasure of curiosities, and its natural magic, all learned natives and foreigners. Their name is still famous, and their treatises *De humana physiognomia* and *Magia naturalis*, are still opened by the curious, who discover these children of philosophy, wandering in the arcana of nature, to them a world of perpetual beginnings! These learned brothers united with the Marquis of Manso, the friend of Tasso, in establishing an academy under the whimsical name of *degli Oziosi*, (the Lazy) which so ill described their intentions. This academy did not sufficiently embrace the views of the learned brothers, and then they formed another under their own roof, which they appropriately named *di Secreti*; the ostensible motive was, that no one should be admitted into this interior society who had not signalized himself by some experiment or discovery. It is clear, that, whatever they intended by the project, the election of the members was to pass through the most rigid scrutiny—and what was the consequence? The court of Rome again started up with all its fears, and, secretly obtaining information of some discussions which had passed in this academy *degli Secreti*, prohibited the Portas from holding such assemblies, or applying themselves to those illicit sciences, whose amusements are criminal, and turn us aside from the study of the Holy Scriptures.* It seems that one of the Portas had delivered him in the style of an ancient oracle; but what was more alarming in this prophetical spirit, several of his predictions had been actually verified! The infallible court was in no want of a new school of prophecy. Baptista Porta went to Rome to justify himself, and, content to wear his head, placed his tongue in the custody of his Holiness, and no doubt preferred being a member of the *Accademia degli Oziosi*, to that of *gli Secreti*. To confirm this notion that these academies excited the jealousy of those despotic states of Italy, I find that several of them at Florence, as well as at Sienna, were considered as dangerous meetings; and in 1568, the Medici suddenly suppressed those of the 'Insipids,' the 'Shy,' the 'Disheartened,' and others, but more particularly the 'Stunned,' *gli Intronati*, which excited loud laments. We have also an account of an academy which called itself the *Lanternists*, from the circumstance that their first meetings were held at night, the academicians not carrying torches, but only *Lanterns*. This academy, indeed, was at Toulouse, but evidently formed on a model of its neighbours. In fine, it cannot be denied, that these literary societies or academies were frequently objects of alarm to the little governments of Italy, and were often interrupted by political persecution.

From all these facts I am inclined to draw an inference. It is remarkable that the first Italian Academies were only distinguished by the simple name of their founders; one was called the Academy of Pomponius Lætus, another of Panormita, &c. It was after the melancholy fate of the Roman Academy of Lætus, which could not, however, extinguish that growing desire of creating literary societies in the Italian cities, from which the members derived both honor and pleasure, that suddenly we discover these academies bearing the most fantastical titles. I have not found any writer who has attempted to solve this extraordinary appearance in literary history, and the difficulty seems great, because, however frivolous or fantastical the titles they assumed, their members were illustrious for rank and genius. Tiraboschi, aware of this difficulty, can only express his astonishment at the absurdity, and his vexation at the ridicule to which the Italians have been exposed by the coarse jokes of Menkenius in his *Charlatanaria Eruditorum*.† I conjecture, that the invention of these ridiculous titles, for literary societies, was an attempt to throw a sportive veil over meetings which had alarmed the papal and the other petty courts of Italy; and to quiet their fears, and turn aside their political wrath, they implied the innocence of their pursuits by the jocularity with which the members treated themselves, and were willing that others should treat them. This otherwise inexplicable national levity of so refined a people has not occurred in any other country, because the necessity did not exist any where but in Italy. In France, in Spain, and in England, the title of the ancient ACADEMUS was never profaned by an adjunct which systematically degraded and ridiculed its venerable character, and its illustrious members.

Long after this article was finished, I had an opportunity of consulting an eminent Italian, whose name is already celebrated in our country, Il Sigr. UGO FOSCOLO; his decision ought necessarily to outweigh mine; but although it is incumbent on me to put the reader in possession of the opinion of a native of his high acquirements, it is not

* Niceron, vol. xliii. Art. Porta.

† See Tiraboschi, vol. vii, cap. iv. Accademie, and Quadrio's Della storia e della ragione d'ogni poesia. In the immense receptacle of these seven quarto volumes, printed with a small type, the curious may consult the voluminous Index, Art. Accademia.

as easy for me, on this obscure and curious subject, to relinquish my own conjecture.

Il Sigr. Foscolo is of opinion, that the origin of the fantastical titles assumed by the Italian Academies entirely arose from a desire of getting rid of the air of pedantry, and to insinuate that their meetings and their works were to be considered merely as sportive relaxations, and an idle business.

This opinion may satisfy an Italian, and this he may deem a sufficient apology for such absurdity; but when scarlet robes and cowled heads, laureated bards and *Monsignores*, and *Cavalleros*, baptize themselves in a public assembly 'Blockheads' or 'Madmen,' we *ultramontanes*, out of mere compliment to such great and learned men, would suppose that they had their good reasons; and that in this there must have been 'something more than meets the ear.' After all, I would almost flatter myself that our two opinions are not so wide of each other as they at first seem to be.

ON THE HERO OF HUDIBRAS; BUTLER VINDICATED..

That great Original, the author of Hudibras, has been recently censured for exposing to ridicule the Sir Samuel Luke, under whose roof he dwelt, in the grotesque character of his hero. The knowledge of the critic in our literary history is not curious; he appears to have advanced no farther, than to have taken up the first opinion he found; but this served for an attempt to blacken the moral character of Butler! 'Having lived,' says our critic, 'in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's Captains, at the very time he planned the Hudibras, of which he was pleased to make his *kind and hospitable Patron* the Hero. We defy the history of Whiggism to match this anecdote,'*—as if it could not be matched! Whigs and Tories are as like as two eggs when they are wits and satirists; their friends too often become their first victims! If Sir Samuel resembled that renowned personification, the ridicule was legitimate and unavoidable when the poet had espoused his cause, and espoused it too from the purest motive—a detestation of political and fanatical hypocrisy. Comic satirists, whatever they may allege to the contrary, will always draw largely and most truly from their own circle. After all, it does not appear that Sir Samuel sat for Sir Hudibras; although from the hiatus still in the poem, at the end of Part I, Canto I, his name would accommodate both the metre and the rhyme! But who, said Warburton, ever compared a person to himself! Butler might aim a sly stroke at Sir Samuel by hinting to him how well he resembled Hudibras, but with a remarkable forbearance he has left posterity to settle the affair, which is certainly not worth their while. But Warburton tells, that a friend of Butler's had declared the person was a Devonshire man; one Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, in that county. There is a curious life of our learned wit, in the great General Dictionary; the writer, probably Dr Birch, made the most authentic researches, from the contemporaries of Butler, or their descendants; and from Charles Longueville, the son of Butler's great friend, he obtained much of the little we possess. The writer of this life believes that Sir Samuel was the hero of Butler, and rests his evidence on the hiatus we have noticed; but with the candour which becomes the literary historian, he has added the following marginal note: 'Whilst this sheet was at press, I was assured by Mr Longueville, that Sir Samuel Luke *is not the person* ridiculed under the name of Hudibras.'

It would be curious, after all, should the prototype of Hudibras turn out to be one of the heroes of 'the Rolliad;' a circumstance, which, had it been known to the copartnership of that comic epic, would have furnished a fine episode and a memorable hero to their line of descent. 'When Butler wrote his Hudibras, *one Coll. Rolle*, a Devonshire man, lodged with him, and was exactly like his description of the Knight; whence it is highly probable, that it was this gentleman, and not Sir Samuel Luke whose person he had in his eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was, because the name of the old tutelar saint of Devonshire was *Hugh de Bras*.' I find this in the Grub street Journal, January, 1731, a periodical paper conducted by two eminent literary physicians, under the appropriate names of Bavius and Mævius,† and which for some time enlivened the towns with the excellent design of ridiculing silly authors and stupid critics.

It is unquestionably proved, by the confession of several friends of Butler, that the prototype of Sir Hudibras was a Devonshire man: and if Sir *Hugh de Bras* be the old patron saint of Devonshire, (which however I cannot find in Prince's or in Fuller's Worthies,*) this discovers the suggestion which led Butler to the *name* of his hero; burlesquing the *new Saint* by pairing him with the chivalrous Saint of the county; hence, like the Knights of old, did

'Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a *Colonelling!*

This origin of the name is more appropriate to the character of the work than deriving it from the Sir Hudibras of Spenser, with whom there exists no similitude.

It is as honourable as it is extraordinary, that such was the celebrity of Hudibras, that the workman's name was often confounded with the work itself; the poet was once better known under the name of Hudibras than of Butler. Old Southern calls him: 'Hudibras Butler;' and if any one would read the most copious life we have of this great poet in the great General Dictionary, he must look for a name he is not accustomed to find among English authors —that of *Hudibras!* One fact is remarkable; that, like Cervantes, and unlike Rabelais and Sterne, Butler, in his great work, has not sent down to posterity a single passage of indecent ribaldry, though it was written amidst a court which would have got such by heart, and in an age in which such trash was certain of popularity.

We know little more of Butler than we do of Shakspeare and of Spenser! Longueville, the devoted friend of our poet, has unfortunately left no reminiscences of the departed genius whom he so intimately knew, and who bequeathed to Longueville the only legacy a neglected poet could leave—all his manuscripts; and to his care, though not to his spirit, we are indebted for Butler's 'Remains.' His friend attempted to bury him with the public honours he deserved, among the tombs of his brother bards in Westminster Abbey; but he was compelled to consign the bard to an obscure burial place in Paul's, Covent-Garden. Many years after, when Alderman Barber raised an inscription to the memory of Butler in Westminster Abbey, others were desirous of placing one over the poet's humble gravestone. This probably excited some competition; and the following fine one, attributed to Dennis, has perhaps never been published. If it be Dennis's, it must have been composed at one of his most lucid moments.

Near this place lies interred
The body of Mr Samuel Butler
Author of Hudibras.
He was a whole species of Poets in one!
Admirable in a Manner ——
In which no one else has been tolerable;
A Manner which began and ended in Him,
In which he knew no Guide.
And has found no Followers.

To this too brief article I add a proof that that fanaticism, which is branded by our immortal Butler, can survive the castigation. Folly is sometimes immortal, as nonsense is irrefutable. Ancient follies revive, and men repeat the same unintelligible jargon; just as contagion keeps up the plague in Turkey by lying hid in some obscure corner, till it breaks out afresh. Recently we have seen a notable instance where one of the school to which we are alluding, declares of Shakspeare, that 'it would have been happy if he had never been born, for that thousands will look back with incessant anguish on the guilty

* Edinburgh Review, No. 67—159, on Jacobite Relics.

† Bavius and Mævius were Dr Martyn, the well-known author of the Dissertation on the Eneid of Virgil, and Dr Russel, another learned physician, as his publications attest. It does great credit to their taste, that they were the hebdomadal defenders of Pope from the attacks of the heroes of the Dunciad.

* There is a great reason to doubt the authenticity of this information concerning a Devonshire tutelar saint. Mr Charles Butler has kindly communicated the researches of a catholic Clergyman, residing at Exeter, who having examined the voluminous registers of the See of Exeter, and numerous MSS and records, of the Diocese, cannot trace that any such saint was particularly honoured in the county. It is lamentable that ingenious writers should invent fictions, for authorities; but with the hope that the present authors have not done this, I have preserved this apocryphal tradition.

delight which the plays of Shakspeare ministered to them.'* Such is the anathema of Shakspeare! We have another of Butler, in 'An historic defence of experimental religion;' in which the author contends, that the best men have experienced the agency of the Holy Spirit in an immediate illumination from heaven. He furnishes his historic proofs by a list from Abel to Lady Huntingdon! The author of Hudibras is denounced, '*One* Samuel Butler, a celebrated *buffoon* in the abandoned reign of Charles the Second, wrote a mock heroic poem, in which he undertook to burlesque the pious puritan. He ridicules all the gracious promises by comparing the *divine illumination* to an *ignis fatuus*, and dark lantern of the spirit.'† Such are the writers whose ascetic spirit is still descending among us from the monkery of the deserts, adding poignancy to the very ridicule they would annihilate. The satire which we deemed obsolete, we find still applicable to contemporaries!

The FIRST part of Hudibras is the most perfect; that was the rich fruit of matured meditation, of wit, of learning, and of leisure. A mind of the most original powers had been perpetually acted on by some of the most extraordinary events and persons of political and religious history. Butler had lived amidst scenes which might have excited indignation and grief; but his strong contempt of the actors could only supply ludicrous images and caustic raillery. Yet once, when villany was at its zenith, his solemn tones were raised to reach it.‡

The second part was precipitated in the following year. An interval of fourteen years was allowed to elapse before the third and last part was given to the world; but then every thing had changed! the poet, the subject, and the patron! the old theme of the sectarists had lost its freshness, and the cavaliers, with their royal libertine, had become as obnoxious to public decency as the Tartuffes. Butler appears to have turned aside, and to have given an adverse direction to his satirical arrows. The slavery and dotage of Hudibras to the widow revealed the voluptuous epicurean, who slept on his throne, dissolved in the arms of his mistress. 'The enchanted bower,' and 'the amorous suit,' of Hudibras reflected the new manners of this wretched court; and that Butler had become the satirist of the party whose cause he had formerly so honestly espoused, is confirmed by his 'Remains,' where among other nervous satires, is one, 'On the licentious age of Charles the Second, contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it.' This then is the greater glory of Butler, that his high and indignant spirit equally satirized the hypocrites of Cromwell, and the libertines of Charles.

SHENSTONE'S SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

The inimitable 'School-Mistress' of SHENSTONE is one of the felicities of genius; but the purpose of this poem has been entirely misconceived. Johnson, acknowledging this charming effusion to be 'the most pleasing of Shenstone's productions,' observes, 'I know not what claim it has to stand among the *moral works*.' The truth is, that it was intended for quite a different class by the author, and Dodsley, the editor of his works, must have strangely blundered in designating it 'a moral poem.' It may be classed with a species of poetry till recently, rare in our language, and which we sometimes find among the Italians, in their *rime piacevoli*, or *poesie burlesche*, which do not always consist of low humor in a facetious style with jingling rhymes, to which form we attach our idea of a burlesque poem. There is a refined species of ludicrous poetry, which is comic yet tender, lusory yet elegant, and with such a blending of the serious and the facetious, that the result of such a poem may often, among its other pleasures, produce a sort of ambiguity; so that we do not always know whether the writer is laughing at his subject, or whether he is to be laughed at. Our admirable Whistlecraft met this fate! 'The School-Mistress' of SHENSTONE has been admired for its simplicity and tenderness, not for its exquisitely ludicrous turn!

This discovery I owe to the good fortune of possessing the original edition of 'The School-Mistress,' which the author printed under his own directions, and to his own fancy. To this piece of LUDICROUS POETRY, as he calls it, 'lest it should be mistaken,' he added a LUDICROUS INDEX, 'purely to show fools that I am in jest.' But 'the fool,' his subsequent editor, who, I regret to say, was Robert Dodsley, thought proper to suppress this amusing 'ludicrous index,' and the consequence is, as the poet foresaw, that his aim has been 'mistaken.'

The whole history of this poem, and this edition, may be traced in the printed correspondence of SHENSTONE. Our poet had pleased himself by ornamenting 'A sixpenny pamphlet' with certain 'seemly' 'designs of his', and for which he came to town to direct the engraver; he appears also to have intended accompanying it with 'The deformed portrait of my old school dame, Sarah Lloyd.' The frontispiece to this first edition represents the 'Thatched house' of his old school-mistress, and before it is the 'birch tree' with the 'sun setting and gilding the scene. He writes on this, 'I have the first sheet to correct upon the table. I have laid aside the thoughts of fame a good deal in this unpromising scheme; and fix them upon the landskip which is engraving, the red letter which I propose, and the fruit piece which you see, being the most seemly ornaments of the first sixpenny pamplet that was ever so highly honoured. I shall incur the same reflection with Ogilby, of having nothing good but my decorations. I expect that in your neighbourhood and in Warwickshire there should be twenty of my poems sold. I print it myself. I am pleased with Mynde's engravings.'

On the publication Shenstone has opened his idea on its poetical characteristic. 'I dare say it must be very incorrect; for I have added eight or ten stanzas within this fortnight. But inaccuracy is more excusable in *ludicrous poetry* than in any other. If it strikes *any* it must be merely people of *taste*; for people of *wit* without taste, which comprehends the larger part of the critical tribe, will unavoidably despise it. I have been at some pains to recover myself from A Philips' misfortune of mere *childishness*, "Little charm of placid mien," *&c.* I have added a *ludicrous index* purely to show (fools) that I am in jest; and my motto, "O, qua sol habitabiles illustrat oras, maxima principum!" is calculated for the same purpose. You cannot conceive how large the number is of those that mistake burlesque for the very foolishness it exposes; which observation I made once at the Rehearsal, at Tom Thumb, at Chrononhotonthologos, all which are pieces of elegant humour. I have some mind to pursue this caution further, and advertise it "The School-Mistress," &c, a very *childish* performance every body knows (*novorum more.*) But if a person seriously calls this, or rather burlesque, a childish or low species of poetry, he says wrong. For the most regular and formal poetry may be called trifling, folly, and weakness, in comparison of what is written with a more *manly* spirit in ridicule of it.

The first edition is now lying before me, with its splendid 'red-letter,' its 'seemly designs,' and, what is more precious, its 'Index.' Shenstone, who had greatly pleased himself with his graphical inventions, at length found that his engraver, Mynde had sadly bungled with the poet's ideal. Vexed and disappointed, he writes, 'I have been plagued to death about the ill execution of my designs. Nothing is certain in London but expense, which I can ill bear.' The truth is, that what is placed in the landskip over the thatched-house and the birch-tree, is like a falling monster rather than a setting sun; but the fruit-piece at the end, the grapes, the plums, the melon, and the Catharine pears, Mr Mynde has made sufficiently tempting. This edition contains only twenty-eight stanzas, which were afterwards enlarged to thirty-five. Several stanzas have been omitted, and they have also passed through many corrections, and some improvements, which show that Shenstone had more judgment and felicity in severe correction, than perhaps is suspected. Some of these I will point out.*

In the second stanza, the *first* edition has,

> In every mart that stands on Britain's isle,
> In every village less reveal'd to fame,
> Dwells there in cottage known about a mile,
> A matron old, whom we school-mistress name.

Improved thus:

> In every village mark'd with little spire,
> Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,

* See Quarterly Review, vol. viii, p. 111, where I found this quotation justly reprobated.

† This work, published in 1793, is curious for the materials the writer's reading has collected.

‡ The case of King Charles the First truly stated against John Cook, master of Gray's Inn, in Butler's 'Remains.'

* I have usually found the School-Mistress printed without numbering the stanzas; to enter into the present view it will be necessary for the reader to do this himself with a pencil-mark.

There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name.

The eighth stanza, in the *first* edition, runs,

The gown, which o'er her shoulders thrown she had,
Was russet stuff (who knows not russet stuff?)
Great comfort to her mind that she was clad
In texture of her own, all strong and tough;
Ne did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough, &c.

More elegantly descriptive is the dress as now delineated:

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare, &c

The additions made to the first edition consists of the 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15th stanzas, in which are so beautifully introduced the herbs and garden stores, and the psalmody of the school mistress; the 29th and 30th stanzas were also subsequent insertions. But those lines which give so original a view of genius in its infancy,

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo, &c.

were printed in 1742; and I cannot but think that the far-famed stanzas in Gray's Elegy, where he discovers men of genius in peasants, as Shenstone has in children, was suggested by this original conception:

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,

is to me a congenial thought, with an echoed turn of expression of the lines from the School Mistress.

I shall now restore the ludicrous INDEX, and adapt it to the stanzas of the later edition.

	Stanza
Introduction,	1
The subject proposed,	2
A circumstance in the situation of the MANSION OF EARLY DISCIPLINE, discovering the surprising influence of the connexions of ideas,	3
A simile; introducing a deprecation of the joyless effects of BIGOTRY and SUPERSTITION,	4
Some peculiarities indicative of a COUNTRY SCHOOL, with a short sketch of the SOVEREIGN presiding over it,	5
Some account of her NIGHT-CAP, APRON, and a tremendous description of her BIRCHEN SCEPTRE,	6
A parallel instance of the advantages of LEGAL GOVERNMENT with regard to children and the wind,	7
Her gown,	8
Her TITLES, and punctilious nicety in the ceremonious assertion of them,	9
A digression concerning her HER's presumptuous behaviour, with a circumstance tending to give the cautious reader a more accurate idea of the officious diligence and economy of an old woman,	10
A view of this RURAL POTENTATE as seated in her chair of state, conferring HONOURS, distributing BOUNTIES, and dispersing PROCLAMATIONS,	16
Her POLICIES,	17
The ACTION of the poem commences with a general summons, follows a particular description of the artful structure, decoration, and fortifications of an HORN-BIBLE,	18
A surprising picture of sisterly affection by way of episode,	20, 21
A short list of the methods now in use to avoid a whipping—which nevertheless follows,	22
The force of example,	23
A sketch of the particular symptoms of obstinacy as they discover themselves in a child, with a simile illustrating a blubbered face,	24, 25, 26
A hint of great importance,	27
The piety of the poet in relation to that school-dame's memory, who had the first formation of a CERTAIN patriot, [This stanza has been left out in the later editions; it refers to the Duke of Argyle.]	
The secret connection between WHIPPING and RISING IN THE WORLD, with a view as it were, through a perspective, of the same LITTLE FOLK in the highest posts and reputation,	28
An account of the nature of an EMBRYO FOX-HUNTER. [Another stanza omitted.]	
A deviation to a huckster's shop,	32
Which being continued for the space of three stanzas, gives the author an opportunity of paying his compliments to a particular county, which he gladly seizes; concluding his piece with respectful mention of the ancient and loyal city of SHREWSBURY.	

BEN JONSON ON TRANSLATION.

I have discovered a poem by this great poet, which has even escaped the researches of his last unrivalled editor, Mr. Gifford. Prefixed to a translation, translation is the theme; with us an unvalued art, because our translators have usually been the jobbers of booksellers; but no inglorious one among our French and Italian rivals. In this poem, if the reader's ear be guided by the compressed sense of the massive lines, he may feel a rhythm which, should they be read like our modern metre, he will find wanting; here the fulness of the thoughts form their own cadences. The mind is musical as well as the ear. One verse running into another, and the sense often closing in the middle of a line, is the Club of Hercules; Dryden sometimes succeeded in it, Churchill abused it, and Cowper attempted to revive it. Great force of thought only can wield this verse.

On the AUTHOR, WORKE, *and* TRANSLATOR, *prefixed to the translation of Mateo Alemans's Spanish Rogue*, 1623.

Who tracks this author's or translator's pen
Shall finde, that either, hath read bookes, and men:
To say but one, were single. Then it chimes,
When the old words doe strike on the new times,
As in this Spanish Proteus; who, though writ
But in one tongue, was form'd with the world's wit;
And hath the noblest marke of a good booke,
That an ill man dares not securely looke
Upon it, but will loath, or let it passe,
As a deformed face doth a true glasse.
Such bookes, deserve translators of like coate
As was the genius whorewith they were wrote;
And this hath met that one, that may be stil'd
More than the foster-father of this child;
For though Spaine, gave him his first ayre and vogue
He would be call'd, henceforth, *the English rogue*,
But that hee's too well suted, in a cloth,
Finer than was his Spanish, if my oath
Will be received in court; if not, would I
Had cloath'd him so! Here's all I can supply
To your desert who have done it, friend! And this
Faire emulation, and no envy is;
When you behold me wish my selfe, the man
That would have done, that, which you only can!

BEN JOHNSON.

The translator of *Guzman*, was James Mabbe, which he disguised under the Spanish pseudonym of *Diego Puede-ser*; *Diego* for *James*, and *Puede-ser* for *Mabbe* or *May-be!* He translated with the same spirit as his Guzman, *Celestina*, or the Spanish bawd; a version still more remarkable. He had resided a considerable time in Spain, and was a perfect master of both languages; a rare talent in a translator; and the consequence is, that he is a translator of Genius.

THE LOVES OF 'THE LADY ARABELLA.'*

Where London's towre its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sighed.

And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleake windes roare,
As fast did heave her heartfelte sighs,
And still so fast her tears hid poure!

Arabella Stuart, in Evans's Old Ballads.
(probaly written by Mickle.)

The name of Arabella Stuart, Mr Lodge observes, 'is scarcely mentioned in history.' The whole life of this

* Long after this article was composed, Miss Aikin published her 'Court of James the First.' That agreeable writer has written her popular volumes, without wasting the bloom of life in the dust of libraries, and our female historian has not occasioned me to alter a single sentence in these researches.

lady seems to consist of secret history, which, probably, we cannot now recover. The writers who have ventured to weave together her loose and scattered story are ambiguous and contradictory. How such slight domestic incidents as her life consisted of could produce results so greatly disproportioned to their apparent cause, may always excite our curiosity. Her name scarcely ever occurs without raising that sort of interest which accompanies mysterious events, and more particularly when we discover that this lady is so frequently alluded to by her foreign contemporaries.

The historians of the Lady Arabella have all fallen into the grossest errors. Her chief historian has committed a violent injury on her very person, which, in the history of a female, is not the least important. In hastily consulting two passages relative to her, he applied to the Lady Arabella the defective understanding and headstrong dispositions of her aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury; and by another misconception of a term, as I think, asserts that the Lady Arabella was distinguished neither for beauty, nor intellectual qualities.* This authoritative decision perplexed the modern editor, Kippis, whose researches were always limited; Kippis had gleaned from Oldys's precious manuscripts a single note, which shook to its foundations the whole structure before him; and he had also found, in Ballard, to his utter confusion, some hints that the Lady Arabella was a learned woman, and of a poetical genius, though even the writer himself, who had recorded this discovery, was at a loss to ascertain the fact! It is amusing to observe honest George Ballard in the same dilemma as honest Andrew Kippis. 'This lady,' he says, 'was not more distinguished for the dignity of her birth, than celebrated for her fine parts and learning; and yet,' he adds, in all the simplicity of his ingenuousness, 'I know so little in relation to the two last accomplishments, that I should not have given her a place in these memoirs had not Mr Evelyn put her in his list of learned women, and Mr Philips (Milton's nephew) introduced her among his modern poetesses.'

'The Lady Arabella,' for by that name she is usually noticed by her contemporaries, rather than by her maiden name of Stuart, or by her married one of Seymour, as she latterly subscribed herself, was, by her affinity with James the First, and our Elizabeth, placed near the throne; too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet! In their common descent from Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII, she was cousin to the Scottish monarch, but born an English woman, which gave her some advantage in a claim to the throne of England. 'Her double relation to royalty,' says Mr. Lodge, 'was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth, and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring.' Yet James himself, then unmarried, proposed for the husband of the lady Arabella, one of her cousins, Lord Esme Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lenox, and designed for his heir. The first thing we hear of 'the Lady Arabella, concerns a marriage: marriages are the incidents of her life, and the fatal event which terminated it was a marriage. Such was the secret spring on which her character and her misfortunes revolved.

This proposed match was desirable to all parties; but there was one greater than them all, who forbad the bans. Elizabeth interposed; she imprisoned the Lady Arabella, and would not deliver her up to the king, of whom she spoke with asperity, and even with contempt.† The greatest infirmity of Elizabeth was her mysterious conduct respecting the succession to the English throne; her jealousy of power, her strange unhappiness in the dread of personal neglect, made her averse to see a successor in her court, or even to hear of a distant one; in a successor she could only view a competitor. Camden tells us that she frequently observed, that 'most men neglected the setting sun,' and this melancholy presentiment of personal neglect this political coquette not only lived to experience, but even this circumstance of keeping the succession unsettled miserably disturbed the queen on her death-bed. Her ministers, it appears, harassed her when she was lying speechless; a remarkable circumstance, which has hitherto escaped the knowledge of her numerous historians, and which I shall take an opportunity of disclosing in this volume.

Elizabeth leaving a point so important always problematical, raised up the very evil she so greatly dreaded; it multiplied the aspirants, while every party humoured itself by selecting its own claimant, and none more busily than the continental powers. One of the most curious is the project of the Pope, who intending to put aside James I, on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting ARABELLA with a prince of the house of Savoy; the pretext, for without a pretext no politician moves, was their descent from a bastard of our Edward IV; the Duke of Parma was, however, married, but the Pope, in his infallibility, turned his brother the Cardinal into the Duke's substitute by secularising the churchman. In that case the Cardinal would then become King of England in right of this lady!—provided he obtained the crown!*

We might conjecture from this circumstance, that Arabella was a catholic, and so Mr Butler has recently told us; but I know of no other authority than Dodd, the Catholic historian, who has inscribed her name among his party. Parsons, the wily jesuit, was so doubtful how the lady, when young, stood disposed towards catholicism, that he describes 'her religion to be as tender, green, and flexible, as is her age and sex, and to be wrought hereafter and settled according to future events and times.' Yet in 1611, when she was finally sent into confinement, one well informed of court affairs writes, 'that the Lady Arabella hath *not been found inclinable to popery*.'*

Even Henry IV of France was not unfriendly to this papistical project of placing an Italian cardinal on the English throne. It had always been the state interest of the French cabinet to favour any scheme which might preserve the realms of England and Scotland as separate kingdoms. The manuscript correspondence of Charles IX with his ambassador at the court of London, which I have seen, tends solely to this great purpose, and perhaps it was her French and Spanish allies, which finally hastened the political martyrdom of the Scottish Mary.

Thus we have discovered *two* chimerical husbands of the Lady Arabella. The pretensions of this lady to the throne had evidently become an object with speculating politicians; and perhaps it was to withdraw herself from the embarrassments into which she was thrown, that, according to De Thou, she intended to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland; but to the jealous terror of Elizabeth, an English Earl was not an object of less magnitude than a Scotch Duke. This is the *third* shadowy husband!

When James I ascended the English throne, there existed an Anti-Scottish party. Hardly had the northern monarch entered into the 'Land of Promise,' when his southern throne was shaken by a foolish plot, which one writer calls 'a state riddle;' it involved Rawleigh, and unexpectedly the lady Arabella. The Scottish monarch was to be got rid of, and Arabella was to be crowned. Some of

* Morant in the Biographia Britannica. This gross blunder has been detected by Mr Lodge. The other I submit to the reader's judement. A contemporary letter-writer, alluding to the flight of Arabella and Seymour, which alarmed the Scottish so much more than the English party, tells us, among other reasons of the little danger of the political influence of the parties themselves over the people, that not only their pretensions were far removed, but he adds, 'They were ungraceful both in their persons and their houses.' Morant takes the term ungraceful in its modern acceptation; but in the style of that day, I think, ungraceful is opposed to gracious in the eyes of the people, meaning that their persons and their houses were not considerable to the multitude. Would it not be absurd to apply ungraceful in its modern sense to a family or house? And had any political danger been expected, assuredly it would not have been diminished by the want of personal grace in these lovers. I do not recollect any authority for the sense of ungraceful in opposition to gracious, but a critical and literary antiquary has sanctioned my opinion.

† A circumstance which we discover by a Spanish memorial when our James I was negotiating with the cabinet of Madrid. He complains of Elizabeth's treatment of him: that the queen refused to give him his father's estate in England, nor would deliver up his uncle's daughter, Arabella, to be married to the Duke of Lenox, at which time the queen uso palabras muy asperas y de mucho disprechia contra el dicho Rey de Escocia; she used harsh words, expressing much contempt of the king. Winwood's Mem. i, 4

* See a very curious letter, the CCXCIX of Cardinal D'Ossat, Vol. v. The catholic interest expected to facilitate the conquest of England by joining their armies with those of 'Arbelle,' and the commentator writes that this English lady had a party, consisting of all those English who had been the judges or the avowed enemies of Mary of Scotland, the mother of James the First.

† Winwood's Memorials, iii, 281.

these silly conspirators having written to her requesting letters to be addressed to the King of Spain, she laughed at the letter she received, and sent it to the King. Thus for a *second* time was Arabella to have been Queen of England. This occurred in 1603, but was followed by no harsh measures from James the First.

In the following year, 1604, I have discovered that for the *third* time, the lady was offered a crown! 'A great ambassador is coming from the King of Poland, whose chief errand is to demand my Lady Arabella in marriage for his master. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen, and then we shall be safe from *the danger of missuperscribing letters*.'* This last passage seems to allude to something. What is meant of 'the danger of missuperscribing letters?'

If this royal offer was ever made, it was certainly forbidden. Can we imagine the refusal to have come from the lady, who, we shall see, seven years afterwards, complained that the king had neglected her, in not providing her with a suitable match? It was this very time that one of those butterflies, who quiver on the fair flowers of a court, writes, that 'My Ladye Arabella spends her time in lecture, reiding, &c., and she will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speaches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretendeth to be Duke of Guildres. I dare not attempt her.'† Here we find another princely match proposed. Thus far, to the Lady Arabella, crowns and husbands were like a fairy banquet seen at moonlight, opening on her sight, impalpable and vanishing at the moment of approach.

Arabella, from certain circumstances, was a dependant on the king's bounty, which flowed very unequally; often reduced to great personal distress, we find by her letters, that 'she prayed for present money, though it should not be annually.' I have discovered that James at length granted her a pension. The royal favours, however were probably limited to her good behaviour.‡

From 1604 to 1608, is a period which forms a blank leaf in the story of Arabella. In this last year this unfortunate lady had again fallen out of favour, and, as usual, the cause was mysterious, and not known even to the writer. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, mentions 'the Lady Arabella's business, *whatsoever it was*, is ended, and she restored to her former place and graces. The king gave her a cupboard of plate, better than 200*l*. for a new year's gift, and 1000 marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance, want being thought the chiefest cause of her discontentment, though *she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed*.'§ Another mysterious expression which would seem to allude either to politics or religion; but the fact appears by another writer to have been a discovery of a new project of marriage without the king's consent. This person of her choice is not named; and it was to divert her mind from the too constant object of her thoughts, that James, after a severe reprimand, had invited her to partake of the festivities of the court, in that season of revelry and reconciliation.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life, which reads like a romantic fiction: the catastrophe, too, is formed by the Aristotelian canon; for its misery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not exceeded!

It is probable that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the Lady Arabella should lead a single life; but such wise purposes frequently meet with cross ones; and it happened that no woman was ever more solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. Every noble youth, who sighed for distinction, ambitioned the notice of the Lady Arabella; and she was so frequently contriving a marriage for herself, that a courtier of that day writing to another, observes, 'these affectations of marriage in her, do give some advantage to the world of imparting the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition.'*

The revels of Christmas had hardly closed, when the Lady Arabella forgot that she had been forgiven, and again relapsed into her old infirmity. She renewed a connexion, which had commenced in childhood, with Mr William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the earl of Hertford. His character has been finely described by Clarendon: He loved his studies and his repose; but when the civil wars broke out, he closed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skilful general. Charles I created him Marquis of Hertford, and governor of the prince; he lived to the Restoration, and Charles II restored him to the dukedom of Somerset.

This treaty of marriage was detected in February 1609, and the parties summoned before the privy council. Seymour was particularly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. In a manuscript letter which I have discovered, Seymour addressed the lords of the privy council. The style is humble; the plea to excuse his intended marriage is, that being but 'A young brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge any thing by my birthright, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by my own endeavour, and she a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage.' There is nothing romantic in this apology, in which Seymour describes himself as a fortune hunter! which, however, was probably done to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known. He says, that 'he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom; which conceit was begotten in me upon a general report, after her ladyship's *last being called before your lordships*,† that it might be.' He tells the story of this ancient wooing—'I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the court on Candlemass day last, at what time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion without his majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting! After that we had a second meeting at Brigg's house in Fleet-street, and then a third at Mr Baynton's; at both which we had the like conference and resolution as before.' He assures their lordships that both of them had never intended marriage without his majesty's approbation.‡

But Love laughs at privy councils, and the grave promises made by two frightened lovers. The parties were secretly married, which was discovered about July in the following year. They were then separately confined, the lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for 'his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave.'

This, their first confinement, was not rigorous; the lady walked in her garden, and the lover was a prisoner at large in the Tower. The writer in the Biographia Britannica, observes, that 'Some intercourse they had by letters, which, after a time, was discovered.' In this history of love these might be precious documents, and in the library at Long-leat these love-epistles, or perhaps this volume, may yet lie unread in a corner.§ Arabella's epistolary talent was not vulgar, Dr Montford, in a manuscript letter, describes one of those effusions which Arabella addressed to the king. 'This letter was penned by her in the best terms, as she can do right well. It was often read without offence, nay, it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council.' One of these

* This manuscript letter from William, Earl of Pembroke, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, is dated from Hampton-Court, Oct. 3, 1603. Sloane's MSS, 4161.

† Lodge's Illustrations of British History, iii, 286. It is curious to observe, that this letter by W. Fowler, is dated on the same day as the manuscript letter I have just quoted, and it is directed to the same Earl of Shrewsbury; so that the Earl must have received, in one day, accounts of two different projects of marriage for his neice! This shows how much Arabella engaged the designs of foreigners and natives. Will. Fowler was a rhyming and fantastical secretary to the queen of James the First.

‡ Two letters of Arabella, on distress of money, are preserved by Ballard. The discovery of a pension I made in Sir Julius Cæsar's manuscripts; where one is mentioned of 1600*l* to the Lady Arabella. Sloane's MS. 4160.

Mr Lodge has shown that the king once granted her the duty on oats.

§ Winwood's Memorials, iii, 117—119.

* Winwood's Memorials, Vol. iii, 119.

† This evidently alludes to the gentleman whose name appears not, which occasioned Arabella to incur the king's displeasure before Christmas; the Lady Arabella, it is quite clear, was resolvedly bent on marrying herself!

‡ Harl. MSS, 7003.

§ It is on record that at Long-leat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, certain papers of Arabella are preserved. I leave to the noble owner the pleasure of the research.

amatory letters I have recovered. The circumstance is domestic, being nothing more at first than a very pretty letter on Mr Seymour having taken cold, but as every love-letter ought, it is not without a pathetic *crescendo*; the tearing away of hearts so firmly joined, while, in her solitary imprisonment, the secret thought that he lived and was her own, filled her spirit with that consciousness which triumphed even over that sickly frame so nearly subdued to death. The familiar style of James the First's age may bear comparison with our own. I shall give it entire.

'*Lady Arabella to Mr William Seymour.*

'Sir,

'I am exceeding sorry to hear that you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it; but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to; and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself; for *si nous vivons l' age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace, be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune in enjoying so great a blessing as you, so little awhile. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For whereseoever you be, or in what state so ever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine! *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else! And therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress that have done well after, even in this world! I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth; and you see when I am troubled, I trouble you too with tedious kindness; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

'Your faithfull loving wife,

'ARB. S.'*

In examining the manuscripts of this lady, the defect of dates must be supplied by our sagacity. The following 'petition,' as she calls it, addressed to the king in defence of her secret marriage, must have been written at this time. She remonstrates with the king for what she calls his neglect of her; and while she fears to be violently separated from her husband, she asserts her cause with a firm and noble spirit, which was afterwards too severely tried!

'*To the King.*

'May it please your most excellent Majesty.

'I do most heartily lament my hard fortune that I should offend your majesty the least especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your majesty, as appeared before your majesty was my sovereign. And though your majesty's neglect of me, my good liking of this gentleman that is my husband, and my fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your majesty, I humbly beseech your majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it could be offensive to your majesty, having *few days before given me your royal consent to bestow myself on any subject of your majesty's* (which likewise your majesty had done long since.) Besides, never having been either prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land, by your majesty *these seven years* that I have lived in your majesty's house, I could not conceive that your majesty regarded my marriage at all; whereas if your majesty had vouchsafed to tell me your mind, and accept the free-will offering of my obedience, I would not have offended your majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that *if it were now as convenient in a worldly respect as malice may make it seem to separate us, whom God hath joined*, your majesty would not do evil that good might come thereof, nor make me, that have the honour to be so near your majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, though our princes may have left some as little imitable, for so good and gracious a king as your majesty, as David's dealing with Uriah. But I assure myself, if it please your majesty in your own wisdom to consider thoroughly of my cause, there will no solid reason appear to debar me of justice and your princely favour, which I will endeavour to deserve whilst I breathe.'

It is indorsed, 'A copy of my petition to the King's Majesty.' In another she implores that 'If the necessity of my state and fortune, together with my weakness, have caused me to do somewhat not pleasing to your majesty, let it all be covered with the shadow of your royal benignity.' Again, in another petition, she writes,

'Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your majesty, in your most princely wisdom and judgment, to consider in what a miserable state I had been, if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnessing before God that I was then the wife of him that now I am, I could never have matched with any other man, but to have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your majesty would have abhorred in any, especially in one who hath the honour (how otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your majesty's blood in them.'

I find a letter of Lady Jane Drummond, in reply to this or another petition, which Lady Drummond had given the queen to present to his majesty. It was to learn the cause of Arabella's confinement. The pithy expression of James the First is characteristic of the monarch; and the solemn forebodings of Lady Drummond, who appears to have been a lady of excellent judgment, showed, by the fate of Arabella, how they were true!

'LADY JANE DRUMMOND TO LADY ARABELLA,

Answering her prayer to know the cause of her confinement.

'This day her majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her Majesty says, that when she gave your ladyship's petition to his majesty, he did take it well enough, but gave no other answer than that *ye had eaten of the forbidden tree.* This was all her majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship in this purpose; but withal did remember her kindly to your ladyship, and sent you this little token in witness of the continuance of her majesty's favour to your ladyship. Now, where your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose but to the queen; *but the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish.*'

In return, Lady Arabella expresses her grateful thanks—presents her majesty with 'this piece of my work, to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honour to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow. Her case,' she adds, 'could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other.' Arabella, like the queen of the Scots, beguiled the hours of imprisonment by works of embroidery; for in sending a present of this kind to Sir Andrew Sinclair to be presented to the queen, she thanks him for 'vouchsafing to descend to these petty offices to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation.'

The secret correspondence of Arabella and Seymour was discovered, and was followed by a sad scene. It must have been now that the king resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the stricter care of the Bishop of Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they would proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was assuredly very weak, her pulse dull and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The king observed, 'It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her *whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have.*' His resolution, however, was, that 'she should proceed to Durham, if he were king!' 'We answered,' replied the doctor, 'that we made no

* Harl. MSS, 7003

doubt of her obedience.' 'Obedience is that required,' replied the king, 'which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected.'*

The king, however, with his usual indulgence, appears to have consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham, where the bishop posted, unaccompanied by his charge, to await her reception, and to the great relief of the friends of the lady, who hoped she was still within the reach of their cares or of the royal favour.

A second month's delay was granted, in consequence of that letter which we have before noticed as so impressive and so elegant, that it was commended by the king, and applauded by prince Henry and the council.

But the day of her departure hastened, and the Lady Arabella betrayed no symptom of her first despair. She openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness, by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy so long a journey. Such tender grief had won over the heart of her keepers, who could not but sympathize with a princess, whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of statesmen. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguisings. 'She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trowsers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke, such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side.' Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon.—She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler, who held her stirrup, observed, that 'the gentleman could hardly hold out to London.' She recruited her spirits by riding; the blood mantled in her face, and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend, then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh; but, tempted by their freight, they reached Lee. At the break of morn they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady; but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour indeed had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at his door to warn all visiters not to disturb his master, who lay ill with a raging tooth ache, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and he arrived at Lee. The time pressed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum altered his course, and landed him in Flanders. In the mean while the escape of Arabella was first known to the government, and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequences attached to the union and the flight of these two doves from their cotes, shook with consternation the grey owls of the cabinet, more particularly the Scotch party, who, in their terror, paralleled it with the gunpowder treason, and some political danger must have impended, at least in their imagination, for Prince Henry partook of this cabinet panic.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court; couriers were despatched swifter than the winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry in the sea ports. They sent to the Tower to warn the lieutenant to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours.—James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive, that it required the moderation of Cecil to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his majesty. By the admiral's detail of his impetuous movements, he seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet; for the courier is urged, and the post-masters are roused by a superscription, which warned them of the eventful despatch: 'Haste, haste, post haste! Haste for your life, your life!'* The family of the Seymours were in a state of distraction; and a letter from Mr Francis Seymour to his grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, residing then at his seat far remote from the capital, to acquaint him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the trepidations and consternation of the old earl; it arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the privy-council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and filling more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the taper he must have burnt what he probably had not read; the letter is scorched, and the flame has perforated it in so critical a part, that the poor old earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Nor was his terror so unreasonable as it seems. Treason had been a political calamity with the Seymours. Their progenitor the Duke of Somerset the protector, had found that 'all his honours,' as Frankland strangely expresses it, 'had helped him too forwards to hop headless.' Henry, Elizabeth, and James, says the same writer, considered that it was needful, as indeed in all sovereignties, that those who were near the crown 'should be narrowly looked into for marriage.'

But we have left the lady Arabella alone and mournful on the seas, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away; but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour; still straining her sight to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! Never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overtaken by a pink in the king's service, in Calais roads; and now she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her!

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy, and the distracted Arabella Stuart is now to close in an imprisonment, which lasted only four years; for her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrows, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. But who shall paint the emotions of a mind which so much grief, and so much love, and distraction itself, equally possessed?

What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, 'Good, my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission.' In a paragraph she had written, and crossed out,

* These particulars I derive from the manuscript letters among the papers of Arabella Stuart. Harl. MSS, 7002.

* 'This emphatic injunction,' observes my friend Mr Hamper, 'would be effective when the messenger could read;' but in a letter written by the Earl of Essex about the year 1597, to the Lord High Admiral at Plymouth, I have seen added to the words 'Hast, hast, hast for lyfe!' the expressive symbol of a gallows prepared with a halter, which could not be misunderstood by the most illiterate of Mercuries, thus

it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust.

'Help will come too late, and be assured that *neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come about me while I live*, till I have his majesty's favour, without which I desire not to live. And *if you remember of old, I dare die*, so I be not guilty of my own death, and oppress others with my ruin too, if *there be no other way*, as God forbid, to whom I commit you; and rest as assuredly as heretofore, if you be the same to me,

'Your lordship's faithful friend,

'A. S.'

That she had frequently meditated on suicide appears by another letter—'I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently inforced to do it.'

One fragment we may save as an evidence of her utter wretchedness.

'In all humility, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itselfe at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for any thing than for the losse of that which hath binne this long time the only comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the losse for any other worldly comfort; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake!'

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who from some circumstances not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at least, to play a high character in the political drama. Thrice selected as a queen; but the consciousness of royalty was only felt in her veins while she lived in the poverty of dependance. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand, but when her heart secretly selected one beloved, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness! She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful; and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither the one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I have found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty that it cannot be written, and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents, and paint forth her delirious feelings. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character, for us the Lady Arabella has no historical existence; and we perceive rather her shadow than herself! A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures, touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison-grate: a sad example of a female victim to the state!

'Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew!'

Seymour, who was afterwards permitted to return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections; for he called the daughter he had by his second lady by the ever-beloved name of Arabella Stuart.

DOMESTIC HISTORY OF SIR EDWARD COKE.

Sir Edward Coke—or Cook, as now pronounced, and occasionally so written in his own times—that lord chief-justice whose name the laws of England will preserve—has shared the fate of his great rival the Lord Chancellor Bacon—for no hand worthy of their genius has pursued their story. Bacon, busied with nature, forgot himself; Coke, who was only the greatest of lawyers, reflected with more complacency on himself; for 'among those thirty books which he had written with his own hand, most pleasing to himself, was a manual which he called *Vade Mecum*, from whence, at one view, he took a prospect of his life past.' This manuscript, which Lloyd notices, was among the fifty which, on his death, were seized on by an order of council, but some years after were returned to his heir, and this precious memorial may still be disinterred.*

Coke was 'the oracle of law,' but, like too many great lawyers, he was so completely one, as to have been nothing else; armed with law, he committed acts of injustice, for in how many cases, passion mixing itself with law *Summum Jus* becomes *Summa Injuria*. Official violence brutalized, and political ambition extinguished, every spark of nature in this great lawyer, when he struck at his victims, public or domestic. His solitary knowledge, perhaps, had deadened his judgment in other studies; and yet his narrow spirit could shrink with jealousy at the celebrity obtained by more liberal pursuits than his own. The errors of the great are instructive as their virtues, and the secret history of the outrageous lawyer may have, at least, the merit of novelty, although not of panegyric.

Coke, already enriched by his first marriage, combined power with added wealth, in his union with the relict of Sir William Hatton, the sister of Thomas, Lord Burleigh. Family alliance was the policy of that prudent age of political interests. Bacon and Cecil married two sisters; Walsingham and Mildmay two others; Knowles Essex, and Leicester, were linked by family alliances. Elizabeth, who never designed to marry herself, was anxious to intermarry her court dependants, and to dispose of them so as to secure their services by family interests.* Ambition and avarice, which had instigated Coke to form this alliance, punished their creature, by mating him with a spirit haughty and intractable as his own. It is a remarkable fact, connected with the character of Coke, that this great lawyer suffered his second marriage to take place in an illegal manner, and condescended to plead ignorance of the laws! He had been married in a private house, without banns or license, at a moment when the archbishop was vigilantly prosecuting informal and irregular marriages. Coke, with his habitual pride, imagined that the rank of the parties concerned would have set him above such restrictions; the laws which he administered he appears to have considered had their indulgent exceptions for the great. But Whitgift was a primitive Christian; and the circumstance involved Coke, and the whole family, in a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, and nearly in the severest of its penalties. The archbishop appears to have been fully sensible of the overbearing temper of this great lawyer; for when Coke became the attorney-general, we cannot but consider, as an ingenious reprimand, the archbishop's gift of a Greek Testament, with this message, that 'He had studied the common law long enough, and should henceforward study the law of God!'

The atmosphere of a court proved variable, with so stirring a genius; and as a constitutional lawyer, Coke, at times, was the stern assertor of the kingly power, or its intrepid impugner; but his personal dispositions led to predominance, and he too often usurped authority and power with the relish of one who loved them too keenly. 'You make the laws too much lean to your opinion, whereby you show yourself to be a legal tyrant,' said Lord Bacon, in his admonitory letter to Coke.

In 1616, Coke was out of favour for more causes than one, and his great rival Bacon was paramount at the council table.† Perhaps Coke felt more humiliated by appearing before his judges, who were every one inferior to him as lawyers, than by the weak triumph of his enemies, who received him with studied insult. The queen informed the king of the treatment the disgraced lord chief-justice had experienced, and, in an angry letter, James declared, that 'he prosecuted Coke *ad correctionem*, not *ad destructionem*;' and afterwards at the council, spoke of Coke 'with so many good words, as if he meant to hang

* This conjecture may not be vain; since this has been written, I have heard that the papers of Sir Edward Coke are still preserved at Holkham, the seat of Mr Coke; and I have also heard of others in the possession of a noble family. Mr Roscoe whose elegant genius it were desirable should be otherwise directed, is preparing a beautiful embellished catalogue of the Holkham library, in which the taste of the owner will rival his munificence.

A list of those manuscripts to which I allude, may be discovered in the Lambeth MSS, No 943, Art. 369, described in the catalogue as 'A note of such things as were found in a trunk of Sir Edward Coke's by the king's command, 1634,' but more particularly in Art. 371, 'A Catalogue of Sir Edward Coke's papers then seized and brought to Whitehall.'

* Lloyd's State Worthies, art. Sir Nicholas Bacon.

† Miss Aikin's Court of James the First appeared two years after this article was written; it has occasioned no alteration. I refer the reader to her clear narrative, vol. ii, p. 30, and p. 68; but secret history is rarely discovered in printed books.

him with a silken halter;' even his rival Bacon made this memorable acknowledgment, in reminding the judges, that 'such a man was not every day to be found, nor so soon made as marred.' When his successor was chosen, the Lord Chancellor Egerton, in administering the oath, accused Coke 'of many errors and vanities for his ambitious popularity.' Coke, however, lost no friends in this disgrace, nor relaxed his haughtiness; for when the new chief justice sent to purchase his Collar of S. S., Coke returned for answer, that 'he would not part with it, but leave it to his posterity, that they might one day know they had a chief justice to their ancestor.'*

In this temporary alienation of the royal smiles, Coke attempted their renewal by a project which involved a domestic sacrifice. When the king was in Scotland, and Lord Bacon, as lord-keeper, sat at the head of affairs, his lordship was on ill terms with Secretary Winwood, whom Coke easily persuaded to resume a former proposal for marrying his only daughter to the favourite's eldest brother, Sir John Villiers. Coke had formally refused this match from the high demands of these *parvenus*. Coke, in prosperity, 'sticking at ten thousand a year, and resolving to give only ten thousand marks, dropped some idle words, that he would not buy the king's favour too dear;' but now in his adversity, his ambition proved stronger than his avarice, and by this stroke of deep policy the wily lawyer was converting a mere domestic transaction into an affair of state, which it soon became. As such it was evidently perceived by Bacon; he was alarmed at this projected alliance, in which he foresaw that he should lose his hold of the favourite in the inevitable rise once more of his rival Coke. Bacon, the illustrious philosopher, whose eye was only blest in observing nature, and whose mind was only great in recording his own meditations, now sat down to contrive the most subtile suggestions he could put together to prevent this match; but Lord Bacon not only failed in persuading the king to refuse what his majesty much wished, but finally produced the very mischief he sought to avert—a rupture with Buckingham himself, and a copious scolding letter from the king, but a very admirable one;† and where the lord keeper trembled to find himself called 'Mr Bacon.'

There were, however, other personages, than his majesty and his favourite, more deeply concerned in this business, and who had not hitherto been once consulted—the mother and the daughter! Coke, who, in every day concerns issued his commands as he would his law-writs, and at times boldly asserted the rights of the subject, had no other paternal notion of the duties of a wife and a child than their obedience!

Lady Hatton, haughty to insolence, had been often forbidden both the courts of their majesties, where Lady Compton, the mother of Buckingham, was the object of her ladyship's persevering contempt. She retained her personal influence by the numerous estates which she enjoyed in right of her former husband. When Coke fell into disgrace, his lady abandoned him! and, to avoid her husband, frequently moved her residences in town and country. I trace her with malicious activity disfurnishing his house in Holborn, and at Stoke,‡ seizing on all the plate and moveables, and, in fact, leaving the fallen statesman and the late lord chief-justice, empty houses and no comforter! The wars between Lady Hatton and her husband were carried on before the council-board, where her ladyship appeared, accompanied by an imposing train of noble friends. With her accustomed haughty airs, and in an imperial style, Lady Hatton declaimed against her tyrannical husband, so that the letter-writer adds, 'divers said that Burbage could not have acted better.' Burbage's famous character was that of Richard the Third. It is extraordinary that Coke, able to defend any cause, bore himself so simply. It is supposed that he had laid his domestic concerns too open to animadversion in the neglect of his daughter; or that he was aware that he was standing before no friendly bar, at that moment being out of favour; whatever was the cause, our noble virago obtained a signal triumph, and 'the oracle of law,' with all his gravity stood before the council-table hen-pecked. In June, 1616, Sir Edward appears to have yielded at discretion to his lady, for in an unpublished letter I find, that 'his curst heart hath been forced to yield to more than he ever meant; but upon this agreement he flatters himself that she will prove a very good wife.'

In the following year, 1617, these domestic affairs totally changed. The political marriage of his daughter with Villiers being now resolved on, the business was to clip the wings of so fierce a bird as Coke had found in Lady Hatton, which led to an extraordinary contest. The mother and daughter hated the upstart Villiers, and Sir John, indeed, promised to be but a sickly bridegroom. They had contrived to make up a written contract of marriage with Lord Oxford, which they opposed against the proposal, or rather the order, of Coke.

The violence to which the towering spirits of the conflicting parties proceeded is a piece of secret history, of which accident has preserved an able memorial. Coke, armed with law, and, what was at least equally potent, with the king's favour, entered by force the barricadoed houses of his lady, took possession of his daughter, on whom he appears never to have cast a thought till she became an instrument for his political purposes, confined her from her mother, and at length got the haughty mother herself imprisoned, and brought her to account for all her past misdoings. Quick was the change of scene, and the contrast was as wonderful. Coke, who, in the preceding year, to the world's surprise, proved so simple an advocate in his own cause in the presence of his wife, now, to employ his own words, 'got upon his wings again,' and went on as Lady Hatton, when safely lodged in prison, describes, with 'his high-handed tyrannical courses,' till the furious lawyer occasioned a fit of sickness to the proud crest-fallen lady. 'Law! Law! Law!' thundered from the lips of its 'oracle;' and Lord Bacon, in his apologetical letter to the king for having opposed his 'riot or violence,' says, 'I disliked it the more, because he justified it to be law, which was his old song.'

The memorial alluded to appears to have been confidentially composed by the legal friend of Lady Hatton, to furnish her ladyship with answers when brought before the council-table. It opens several domestic scenes in the house of that great lord chief-justice; but the forcible simplicity of the style in domestic details will show, what I have often observed, that our language has not advanced in expression since the age of James the First. I have transcribed it from the original, and its interest must plead for its length.

To Lady Hatton.

'MADAM, 10th July, 1617.

'Seeing these people speak no language but thunder and lightning, accounting this their cheapest and best way to work upon you, I would with patience prepare myself to their extremities, and study to defend the breaches by which to their advantage they suppose to come in upon me, and henceforth quit the ways of pacification and composition heretofore, and unseasonably endeavoured, which, in my opinion, lie most open to trouble, scandal and danger; wherefore I will briefly set down their objections, and such answers to them as I conceive proper.

'The first is, you conveyed away your daughter from her father. Answer, I had cause to provide for her quiet. Secretary Winwood threatening that she should be married from me in spite of my teeth, and Sir Edward Cook dayly tormenting the girl with discourses tending to bestow her against her liking, which he said she was to submit to his; besides, my daughter daily complained, and sought to me for help; whereupon, as heretofore I had accustomed, I bestowed her apart at my cousin-german's house for a few days, for her health and quiet, till my own business for my estate were ended. Sir Edward Coke *never asking me where she was no more than at other times, when at my placing she had been a quarter of a year from him, as the year before with my sister Burley.*

* These particulars I find in the manuscript letters of J. Chamberlain. Sloane MSS, 4173, (1616.) In the quaint style of the times, the common speech run, that Lord Coke had been overthrown by four P's—Pride, Prohibitions, Præmunire, and Prerogative. It is only with his moral quality, and not with his legal controversies that his personal character is here concerned.

† In the Lambeth manuscript, 936, is a letter of Lord Bacon to the king, to prevent the match between Sir John Villiers and Mrs Coke. Art. 68. Another, Art. 69. The spirited and copious letter of James, 'to the Lord Keeper,' is printed in Letters, Speeches, Charges, &c., of Francis Bacon,' by Dr Birch, p. 122.

‡ Stoke-Pogies, in Buckinghamshire; the delightful seat of J. Penn, Esq. It was the scene of 'Gray's Long Story,' and the chimneys of the ancient house still remain, to mark the locality; a column, on which is fixed a statue of Coke, erected by Mr Penn, consecrates the former abode of its illustrious inhabitant.

'Second. That you endeavoured to bestow her, and to bind her to my Lord of Oxford without her knowledge and consent.

'Upon this subject a lawyer, by way of invective, may open his mouth wide, and anticipate every hearer's judgment by the rights of a father; this, dangerous in the president to others; to which, nevertheless, this answer may be justly returned.

'Answer. My daughter, as aforesaid, terrified with her father's threats and hard usage, and pressing me to find some remedy from this violence intended, I did compassionate her condition, and bethought myself of this contract to my Lord of Oxford, if so she liked, and thereupon I gave it to her to peruse and consider by herself, which she did; she liked it, cheerfully writ it with her own hand, subscribed it, and returned it to me; wherein I did nothing of my own will, but followed her's, after I saw she was so adverse to Sir Thomas Villiers, that she voluntarily and deliberately protested that *of all men living she would never have him, nor could ever fancy him for a husband.*

'Secondly. By this I put her in no new way, nor into any other that her father had heretofore known and approved; for he saw such letters as my lady of Oxford had writ to me thereabouts; he never forbad it; he never disliked it; only he said they were then too young, and there was time enough for the treaty.

'Thirdly. He always left his daughter to my disposing and my bringing up; knowing that I purposed her my fortune and whole estate, and as upon these reasons he left her to my cares, *so he eased himself absolutely of her, never meddling with her, neglecting her, and caring nothing for her.*

'The third. That you counterfeited a treaty from my Lord of Oxford's to yourself.

'Answer. I know it not counterfeit; but be it so, to whose injury? If to my Lord of Oxford's (for no man else is therein interested,) it must be either in honour or in freehold. Read the treaty; it proves neither! for it is only a complement: it is no engagement presently nor futurely; besides the law shows what forgery is; and to counterfeit a private man's hand, nay a magistrate's, makes not the fault but the cause, wherefore:

'Secondly, the end justifies, at the least, excuses, the fact; for it was only *to hold up my daughter's mind to her own choice and liking:* for her eyes only, and for no other's, that she might see some retribution, and thereby with the more constancy endure her imprisonment, having this only antidote to resist the poison of that place, company, and conversation; myself and all her friends barred from her, and no person nor speech admitted to her ear, but such as spoke Sir Thomas Villiers's language.

'The fourth. That you plotted to surprise your daughter to take her away by force, to the breach of the king's peace and particular commandment, and for that purpose had assembled a number of desperate fellows, whereof the consequence might have been dangerous; and the affront to the king was the greater that such a thing was offered, the king being forth of the kingdom, which, by example, might have drawn on other assemblies to more dangerous attempts. This field is large for a plentiful babbler.

'Answer. I know no such matter, neither in any place was there such assembly; true it is I spoke to Turner to provide me some tall fellows for the taking a possession for me, in Lincolnshire, of some lands Sir William Mason had lately dis-seized me; but be it they were assembled and convoked to such an end, what was done? was any such thing attempted? were they upon the place? kept they the heath or the highways by ambuscades? or was any place, any day, appointed for a rendezvous? No, no such matter, but something was intended; and I pray you what says the law of such a single intention, which is not within the view or notice of the law? Besides, who intended this—the mother? and wherefore? because she *was unnaturally and barbarously secluded from her daughter, and her daughter forced against her will, contrary to her vow and liking,* to the will of him she disliked; nay, the laws of God, of nature, of man, speak for me, and cry out upon them. But they had a warrant from the king's order from the commissioners to keep my daughter in their custody; yet neither this warrant nor the commissioners' did prohibit the mother coming to her, but contrarily allowed her; then by the same authority might she get to her daughter, that Sir Edward Cook had used to keep her from her daughter; the husband having no power, warrant, or permission from God, the king, or the law, to *sequester the mother from her own child, she only endeavouring the child's good, with the child's liking, and to her preferment; and he, his private end against the child's liking, without care of her preferment; which differing respects, as they justify the mother in all, so condemn they the father as a transgressor of the rules of nature, and as a perverter of his rights, as a father and a husband, to the hurt both of child and wife.*

'Lastly, if recrimination could lessen the fault, take this in the worst sense, and naked of all the considerable circumstances it hath, what is this, nay, what had the executing of this intention been comparatively with *Sir Edward Cook's most notorious riot, committed at my Lord of Argyl's house, when without constable or warrant, associated with a dozen fellows well weaponed, without cause being beforehand offered, to have what he would, he took down the doors of the gate-house and of the house itself, and tore the daughter in that barbarous manner from the mother, and would not suffer the mother to come near her; and when he was before the lords of the council to answer this outrage, he justified it to make it good by law, and that he feared the face of no greatness;* a dangerous word for the encouragement of all notorious and rebellious malefactors; especially from him that had been the chief justice of the law, and of the people reputed the oracle of the law; and a most dangerous bravado cast in the teeth and face of the state in the king's absence; and therefore most considerable for the maintenance of authority and the quiet of the land; for if it be lawful for him with a dozen to enter any man's house thus outrageously for any right to which he pretends, it is lawful for any man with one hundred, nay, with five hundred, and consequently with as many as he can draw together, to do the same, which may endanger the safety of the king's person, and the peace of the kingdom.

'The fifth, that you having certified the king you had received an engagement from my Lord of Oxford, and the king commanding you, upon your allegiance, to come and bring it to him, or to send it him; or not having it, to signify his name to who brought it, and where he was; you refused all, by which you doubled and trebled a high contempt to his majesty.

'Answer. I was so sick on the week before, for the most part I kept my bed, and even that instant I was so weak as I was not able to rise from it without help, nor to endure the air; which indisposition and weakness my two physicians, Sir William Paddy and Dr Atkins, can affirm true; which so being, I hope his majesty will graciously excuse the necessity, and not impose a fault, whereof I am not guilty; and for the sending it, I protest to God I had it not; and for telling the parties, and where he is, I most humbly beseech his sacred majesty, in his great wisdom and honour, to consider how unworthy a part it were in me to bring any man into trouble, from which I am so far from redeeming him as I can no way relieve myself, and therefore humbly crave his majesty, in his princely consideration of my distressed condition, to forgive me this reservedness, proceeding from that just sense, and the rather, for that the law of the land in civil causes, as I am informed, no way tieth me thereunto.'

Among other papers it appears that Coke accused his lady of having 'embezzled all his gilt and silver plate and vessel, (he having little in any house of mine but that, his marriage with me brought him) and instead thereof fristed in *alkamy* of the same sorte, fashion, and use, with the illusion to have cheated him of the other.' Coke insists on the inventory by the schedule! Her ladyship says, 'I made such plate for matter and form for my own use at Purbeck, that serving well enough in the country; and I was loth to trust such a substance in a place so remote, and in the guard of few; but for the plate and vessel he saith is wanting, they are every ounce within one of my three houses.' She complains that Sir Edward Coke and his son Clement had threatened her servants so grievously, that the poor men run away to hide themselves from his fury, and dare not appear abroad. 'Sir Edward broke into Hatton House, seized upon my coach and coach horses, nay, my apparel, which he detains; thrust all my servants out of doors without wages; sent down his men to Corfe to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all the goods, which being refused him by the castle keeper, he threats to bring your lordship's warrant for the performance thereof. But your lordship established that he should have the use only of the goods during his life, in such houses as the same appertained, without meaning, I hope, of depriving me of such use, being goods bought at my marriage, or

bought with the money I spared from my allowances. Stop, then, his high tyrannical courses; for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortunes, with *which I have so highly raised him.*'

What availed the vexation of this sick, mortified, and proud woman, or the more tender feelings of the daughter, in this forced marriage to satisfy the political ambition of the father? When Lord Bacon wrote to the king respecting the strange behaviour of Coke, the king vindicated it, for the purpose of obtaining his daughter, blaming Lord Bacon for some expressions he had used; and Bacon, with the servility of the courtier, when he found the wind in his teeth, tacked round, and promised Buckingham to promote the match he so much abhorred.* Villiers was married to the daughter of Coke at Hampton-Court, on Michaelmas Day, 1617—Coke was re-admitted to the council table—Lady Hatton was reconciled to Lady Compton and the queen, and gave a grand entertainment on the occasion, to which, however, 'the good man of the house was neither invited nor spoken of: he dined that day at the Temple; she is still bent to pull down her husband,' adds my informant. The moral close remains to be told. Lady Villiers looked on her husband as the hateful object of a forced union, and nearly drove him mad; while she disgraced herself by such loose conduct as to be condemned to stand in a white sheet, and I believe at length obtained a divorce. Thus a marriage projected by ambition, and prosecuted by violent means, closed with that utter misery to the parties with which it had commenced; and for our present purpose has served to show, that when a lawyer, like Coke, holds his high handed tyrannical courses,' the law of nature, as well as the law of which he is 'the oracle,' will be alike violated under his roof. Wife and daughter were plaintiffs or defendants on whom this lord chief-justice closed his ear: he had blocked up the avenues to his heart with 'Law! Law! Law!' his 'old song!'

Beyond his eightieth year, in the last parliament of Charles II, the extraordinary vigour of Coke's intellect flamed clear under the snows of age. No reconciliation ever took place between the parties. On a strong report of his death, her ladyship accompanied by her brother Lord Wimbledon, posted down to Stoke-Pogies to take possession of his mansion; but beyond Colebrook, they met with one of his physicians coming from him with the mortifying intelligence of Sir Edward's amendment, on which they returned at their leisure. This happened in June 1634, and on the following September the venerable sage was no more!

OF COKE'S STYLE, AND HIS CONDUCT.

This great lawyer perhaps set the example of that style of railing and invective at our bar, which the egotism and craven insolence of some of our lawyers include in their practice at the bar. It may be useful to bring to recollection COKE'S vituperative style in the following dialogue, so beautiful in its contrast, with that of the great victim before him! The attorney-general had not sufficient evidence to bring the obscure conspiracy home to Rawleigh, with which, I believe, however, he had cautiously tampered. But COKE well knew that James the First had reason to dislike the hero of his age, who was early engaged against the Scottish interests, and betrayed by the ambidextrous policy of Cecil. COKE struck at Rawleigh as a sacrifice to his own political ambition, as we have seen he afterwards immolated his daughter; but his personal hatred was now sharpened by the fine genius and elegant literature of the man; faculties and acquisitions the lawyer so heartily contemned! COKE had observed, 'I know with whom I deal · for we have to deal to-day with a man of wit.'

Coke. Thou art the most vile and execrable traytor that ever lived.

Rawleigh. You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

Coke. I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treason.

Rawleigh. I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

Coke. Thou art an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

* Lambeth MSS, 936, art. 69, and 78.

Rawleigh. It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr Attorney.

Coke. Well, I will now make it appear to the world, that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou. Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Thou viper! for I *thou* thee, thou traitor! Have I angered you?

Rawleigh replied, what his dauntless conduct proved—'I am in no case to be angry.'*

Coke had used the same style with the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex. It was usual with him; the bitterness was in his own heart, as much as in his words; and Lord Bacon has left among his memorandums one entitled, 'Of the abuse I received of Mr Attorney-General publicly in the Exchequer.' A specimen will complete our model of his forensic oratory. Coke exclaimed, 'Mr Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.' Bacon replied, 'The less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it. · Coke replied, 'I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness towards you, who are less than little, less than the least.' Coke was exhibited on the stage, for his ill usage of Rawleigh, as was suggested by Theobald in a note on Twelfth Night. This style of railing was long the privilege of the lawyers; it was revived by Judge Jeffreys; but the bench of judges in the reign of William and Anne taught a due respect even to criminals, who were not supposed to be guilty till they were convicted.

When Coke once was himself in disgrace, his high spirit sunk without a particle of magnanimity to dignify the fall; his big words, and his 'tyrannical courses,' when he could no longer exult that 'he was upon his wings again,' sunk with him as he presented himself on his knees to the council-table. Among other assumptions, he had styled himself 'Lord chief-justice of England,' when it was declared that this title was his own invention, since he was no more than of the King's Bench. His disgrace was a thunderbolt, which overthrew the haughty lawyer to the roots. When the *supersedeas* was carried to him by Sir George Coppin, that gentleman was surprised on presenting it, to see that lofty 'spirit shrunk into a very narrow room, for Coke received it with dejection and tears.' The writer from whose letter I have copied these words adds, *O tremor et suspiria non cadunt in fortem et constantem.* The same writer encloses a punning distich: the name of our lord chief-justice was in his day very provocative of the pun both in Latin and English; Cicero indeed had pre-occupied the miserable trifle.

Jus condire Cocus potuit; sed condere jura
Non potuit; potuit condere jura Cocus.

Six years afterwards Coke was sent to the Tower, and then they punned against him in English. An unpublished letter of the day has this curious anecdote: The room in which he was lodged in the Tower had formerly been a kitchen; on his entrance the lord chief-justice read upon the door, 'This room wants a Cook!' They twitched the lion in the toils which held him. Shenstone had some reason in thanking Heaven that his name was not susceptible of a pun. This time, however, Coke was 'on his wings;' for when Lord Arundel was sent by the king to the prisoner to inform him that he would be allowed 'Eight of the best learned in the law to advise him for his cause,' our great lawyer thanked the king, 'but he knew himself to be accounted to have as much skill in the law as any man in England, and therefore needed no such help, nor feared to be judged by the law.'

SECRET HISTORY OF AUTHORS WHO HAVE RUINED THEIR BOOKSELLERS.

Aulus Gellius desired to live no longer than he was able to exercise the faculty of writing; he might have decently added,—and find readers! This would be a fatal wish for that writer who should spread the infection of weariness, without himself partaking of the epidemia. The mere act and habit of writing, without probably even a remote view of publication, has produced an agreeable delirium; and perhaps some have escaped from a gentle confinement by having cautiously concealed those voluminous reveries which remained to startle their heirs; while others again have left a whole library of manuscripts, out of the mere ardour of transcription, collecting and copying with pecu-

* State Trials.

liar rapture. I discovered that one of these inscribed this distich on his manuscript collection:

> Plura voluminibus jungenda volumina nostris,
> Nec mihi scribendi terminus ullus erit:

which, not to compose better verses than our original, may be translated,

> More volumes, with our volumes still shall blend;
> And to our writing there shall be no end!

But even great authors have sometimes so much indulged in the seduction of the pen, that they appear to have found no substitute for the flow of their ink, and the delight of stamping blank paper with their hints, sketches, ideas, the shadows of their mind! Petrarch exhibits no solitary instance of this passion of the pen. 'I read and I write night and day; it is my only consolation. My eyes are heavy with watching, my hand is weary with writing. On the table where I dine, and by the side of my bed, I have all the materials for writing; and when I awake in the dark, I write, although I am unable to read the next morning what I have written.' Petrarch was not always in his perfect senses.

The copiousness and the multiplicity of the writings of many authors, have shown that too many find a pleasure in the act of composition, which they do not communicate to others. Great erudition and every-day application is the calamity of that voluminous author, who, without good sense, and what is more rare, without that exquisite judgment which we call good taste, is always prepared to write on any subject, but at the same time on no one reasonably. We are astonished at the fertility and the size of our own writers of the seventeenth century, when the theological war of words raged, spoiling so many pages and brains. They produced folio after folio, like almanacks; and Dr Owen and Baxter wrote more than sixty to seventy volumes, most of them of the most formidable size. The truth is, however, that it was then easier to write up to a folio, than in our days to write down to an octavo; for correction, selection, and rejection, were arts as yet unpractised. They went on with their work, sharply or bluntly, like witless mowers, without stopping to whet their scythes. They were inspired by the scribbling demon of that Rabbin, who, in his oriental style and mania of volume, exclaimed, that were 'the heavens formed of paper, and were the trees of the earth pens, and if the entire sea run ink, these only could suffice' for the monstrous genius he was about to discharge on the world. The Spanish Tostatus wrote three times as many leaves as the number of days he had lived; and of Lope de Vega it is said this calculation came rather short. We hear of another who was unhappy that his lady had produced twins, from the circumstance that hitherto he had contrived to pair his labours with her own, but that now he was a book behindhand.

I fix on four celebrated *Scribleri* to give their secret history; our Prynne, Gaspar Barthius, the Abbé de Marolles, and the Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud, who will all show that a book might be written on 'authors whose works have ruined their booksellers.'

Prynne seldom dined: every three or four hours he munched a manchet, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant; and when 'he was put into this road of writing,' as crabbed Anthony telleth, he fixed on 'a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light;' and then, hunger nor thirst did he experience, save that of his voluminous pages. Prynne has written a library, amounting, I think, to nearly two hundred books. Our unlucky author whose life was involved in authorship, and his happiness, no doubt, in the habitual exuberance of his pen, seems to have considered the being debarred from pen, ink, and books, during his imprisonment, as an act more barbarous than the loss of his ears. The extraordinary perseverance of Prynne in this fever of the pen appears in the following title of one of his extraordinary volumes. 'Comfortable Cordials against discomfortable Fears of Imprisonment; containing some Latin Verses, Sentences, and Texts of Scripture, *written by Mr Wm. Prynne on his Chamber Walls*, in the Tower of London, during his imprisonment there; translated by him into English Verse, 1641.' Prynne literally verified Pope's description:

> 'Is there, who, locked from ink and paper scrawls
> With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls.'

We have also a catalogue of printed books, written by Wm. Prynne, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, in these classes,

> BEFORE, DURING and SINCE } *his imprisonment,*

with this motto 'Jucundi acti labores,' 1643. The secret history of this voluminous author concludes with a characteristic event: a contemporary who saw Prynne in the pillory at Cheapside, informs us that while he stood there, they 'burnt his huge volumes under his nose, which had almost suffocated him.' Yet such was the spirit of party, that a puritanic sister bequeathed a legacy to purchase all the works of Prynne for Sion College, where many still repose; for by an odd fatality, in the fire which burnt that library these volumes were saved, from the idea that folios were the most valuable!

The pleasure which authors of this stamp experience in of a nature which, whenever certain unlucky circumstances combine, positively debarring them from publication, will not abate their ardour one jot; and their pen will still luxuriate in the forbidden page which even booksellers refuse to publish. Many instances might be recorded, but a very striking one is the case of Gaspar Barthius, whose 'Adversaria,' in two volumes folio, are in the collections of the curious.

Barthius was born to literature, for Baillet has placed him among his 'Enfans celebre.' At nine years of age, he recited by heart all the comedies of Terence, without missing a line. The learned admired the puerile prodigy, while the prodigy was writing books before he had a beard. He became, unquestionably, a student of very extensive literature, modern as well as ancient. Such was his devotion to a literary life, that he retreated from the busy world. It appears that his early productions were composed more carefully and judiciously than his later ones, when the passion for voluminous writing broke out, which showed itself by the usual prognostic of this dangerous disease—extreme facility of composition, and a pride and exultation in this unhappy faculty. He studied without using collections or references, trusting to his memory, which was probably an extraordinary one, though it necessarily led him into many errors in that delicate task of animadverting on other authors. Writing a very neat hand, his first copy required no transcript; and he boasts that he rarely made a correction: every thing was sent to the press in its first state. He laughed at Statius, who congratulated himself that he employed only two days in composing the epithalamium upon Stella, containing two hundred and seventy-eight hexameters. 'This,' says Barthius, 'did not quite lay him open to Horace's censure of the man who made two hundred verses in an hour, "Stans pede in uno." 'Not,' adds Barthius, 'but that I think the censure of Horace too hyperbolical, for I am not ignorant what it is to make a great number of verses in a short time, and in three days I translated into Latin the three first books of the Iliad, which amount to above two thousand verses.' Thus rapidity and volume were the great enjoyments of this learned man's pen, and now we must look to the fruits.

Barthius, on the system he had adopted, seems to have written a whole library; a circumstance which we discover by the continual references he makes in his printed works to his manuscript productions. In the *Index authorum* to his Statius, he inserts his own name, to which is appended a long list of unprinted works, which Bayle thinks by their titles and extracts, conveys a very advantageous notion of them. All these, and many such as these, he generously offered the world, would any bookseller be intrepid or courteous enough to usher them from his press; but their cowardice or incivility were intractable. The truth is now to be revealed, and seems not to have been known to Bayle; the booksellers had been formerly so cajoled and complimented by our learned author, and had heard so much of the celebrated Barthius, that they had caught at the bait, and the two folio volumes of the much-referred-to 'Adversaria' of Barthius had thus been published—but from that day no bookseller ever offered himself to publish again!

The 'Adversaria' is a collection of critical notes and quotations from ancient authors, with illustrations of their manners, customs, laws, and ceremonies; all these were to be classed into one hundred and eighty books; sixty of which we possess in two volumes folio, with eleven in-

dexes. The plan is vast, as the rapidity with which it was pursued: Bayle finely characterizes it by a single stroke—'Its immensity tires even the imagination.' But the truth is, this mighty labour turned out to be a complete failure: there was neither order nor judgment in these masses of learning; crude, obscure, and contradictory; such as we might expect from a man who trusted to his memory, and would not throw away his time on any correction. His contradictions are flagrant; but one of his friends would apologize for these by telling us that 'He wrote every thing which offered itself to his imagination; to-day one thing, to-morrow another, in order that when he should revise it again, this contrariety of opinion might induce him to examine the subject more accurately.' The notions of the friends of authors are as extravagant as those of their enemies. Barthius evidently wrote so much, that often he forgot what he had written, as happened to another great book-man, one Didymus, of whom Quintilian records, that on hearing a certain history, he treated it as utterly unworthy of credit; on which the teller called for one of Didymus's own books, and showed where he might read it at full length! That the work failed, we have the evidence of Clement in his 'Bibliotheque curieuse de Livres difficiles à trouver,' under the article *Barthius*, where we discover the winding up of the history of this book. Clement mentions more than one edition of the Adversaria; but on a more careful inspection he detected that the old title pages had been removed for others of a fresher date; the booksellers not being able to sell the book practised this deception. It availed little; they remained with their unsold edition of the two first volumes of the Adversaria, and the author with three thousand folio sheets in manuscript—while both parties complained together, and their heirs could acquire nothing from the works of an author of whom Bayle says that 'his writings rise to such a prodigious bulk, that one can scarce conceive a single man could be capable of executing so great a variety; perhaps no copying clerk, who lived to grow old amidst the dust of an office, ever transcribed as much as this author has written.' This was the memorable fate of one of that race of writers who imagine that their capacity extends with their volume. Their land seems covered fertility, but in shaking their wheat no ears fall.

Another memorable brother of this family of the Scribleri is the Abbé De Marolles, who with great ardour as a man of letters, and in the enjoyment of the leisure and opulence so necessary to carry on his pursuits, from an entire absence of judgment, closed his life with the bitter regrets of a voluminous author; and yet it cannot be denied that he has contributed one precious volume to the public stock of literature; a compliment which cannot be paid to some who have enjoyed a higher reputation than our author. He has left us his very curious 'Memoirs.' A poor writer indeed, but the frankness and intrepidity of his character enable him, while he is painting himself, to paint man. Gibbon was struck by the honesty of his pen, for he says in his life, 'The dulness of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood* acquire some value from the faithful representation of men and manners.'

I have elsewhere shortly noticed the Abbé De Marolles in the character of a 'literary sinner;' but the extent of his sins never struck me so forcibly as when I observed his delinquencies counted up in chronological order in Niceron's 'Hommes illustres.' It is extremely amusing to detect the swarming fecundity of his pen; from year to year, with author after author, was this translator wearying others, but remained himself unwearied. Sometimes two or three classical victims in a season were dragged into his slaughter-house. Of about seventy works, fifty were versions of the classical writers of antiquity, accompanied with notes. But some odd circumstances happened to our extraordinary translator in the course of his life. De L'Etang, a critic of that day, in his 'Régles de bien traduire,' drew all his examples of bad translation from our abbé, who was more angry than usual, and among his circle the cries of our Marsyas resounded. De L'Etang, who had done this not out of malice, but from urgent necessity to illustrate his principles, seemed very sorry, and was desirous of appeasing the angried translator. One day in Easter, finding the abbé in church at prayers, the critic fell on his knees by the side of the translator: it was an extraordinary moment, and a singular situation to terminate a literary quarrel. 'You are angry with me,' said L'Etang, 'and I think you have reason; but this is a season of mercy, and I now ask your pardon.'—'In the manner,' replied the abbé, 'which you have chosen, I can no longer defend myself. Go, sir! I pardon you.' Some days after the abbé again meeting L'Etang, reproached him with duping him out of a pardon which he had no desire to have bestowed on him. The last reply of the critic was caustic: 'Do not be so difficult; when one stands in need of a general pardon, one ought surely to grant a particular one.' De Marolles was subject to encounter critics who were never so kind as to kneel by him on Easter Sunday. Besides these fifty translations, of which the notes are often curious, and even the sense may be useful to consult, his love of writing produced many odd works. His volumes were richly bound, and freely distributed, for they found no readers! In a 'Discours pour servir de Preface sur les Poetes traduits par Michel de Marolles,' he has given an imposing list of 'illustrious persons and contemporary authors who were his friends,' and has preserved many singular facts concerning them. He was, indeed, for so long a time convinced that he had struck off the true spirit of his fine originals, that I find he at several times printed some critical treatise to back his last, or usher in his new version; giving the world reasons why the versions which had been given of that particular author, 'Soit en prose, soit en vers ont été si peu approuvées jusqu' ici.' Among these numerous translations he was the first who ventured on the Deiponsoppists of Athenæus, which still bears an excessive price. He entitles his work, 'Les quinze Livres de Deiponosophistes d' Athenée, Ouvrage delicieux, agreablement diversifié et rempli de Narrations sgavantes sur toutes Sortes de Matières et de Sujets.' He has prefixed various preliminary dissertations: yet not satisfied with having performed this great labour, it was followed by a small quarto of forty pages, which might now be considered curious; 'Analyse, en Description succincte des Choses contenues dans les quinzes Livres de Deiponosophistes.' He wrote, 'Quatrains sur les Personnes de la Cour et les Gens de Lettres,' which the curious would now be glad to find. After having plundered the classical geniuses of antiquity by his barbarous style, when he had nothing more left to do, he committed sacrilege in translating the Bible; but, in the midst of printing, he was suddenly stopped by authority, for having inserted in his notes the reveries of the Pre-Adamite Isaac Peyrere. He had already revelled on the New Testament, to his version of which he had prefixed so sensible an introduction, that it was afterwards translated into Latin. Translation was the mania of the Abbé de Marolles. I doubt whether he ever fairly awoke out of the heavy dream of the felicity of his translations; for late in life I find him observing, 'I have employed much time in study, and I have translated many books; considering this rather as an innocent amusement which I have chosen for my private life, than as things very necessary, although they are not entirely useless. Some have valued them, and others have cared little about them; but however it may be, I see nothing which *obliges me to believe that they contain not at least as much good as bad*, both for their own matter and the form which I have given to them.' The notion he entertained of his translations was their closeness; he was not aware of his own spiritless style; and he imagined that poetry only consisted in the thoughts, not in the grace and harmony of verse. He insisted that by giving the public his numerous translations, he was not vainly multiplying books, because he neither diminished nor increased their ideas in his faithful versions. He had a curious notion that some were more scrupulous than they ought to be respecting translations of authors who, living so many ages past, are rarely read from the difficulty of understanding them; and why should they imagine that a translation is injurious to them, or would occasion the utter neglect of the originals? 'We do not think so highly of our own works,' says the indefatigable and modest Abbé; 'but neither do I despair that they may be useful even to these scrupulous persons. I will not suppress the truth, while I am noticing these ungrateful labours; if they have given me much pain by my assiduity, they have repaid me by the fine things they have taught me, and by the opinion which I have conceived that posterity, more

* I cannot subscribe to the opinion that Anthony Wood was a dull man, although he had no particular liking for works of imagination; and used ordinary poets scurvily! An author's personal character is often confounded with the nature of his work. Anthony has sallies at times to which a dull man could not be subject; without the ardour of this hermit of literature, where would be our literary history?

just than the present times, will award a more favourable judgment.' Thus a miserable translator terminates his long labours, by drawing his bill of fame on posterity which his contemporaries will not pay; but in these cases, as the bill is certainly lost before it reaches acceptance, why should we deprive the drawers of pleasing themselves with the ideal capital?

Let us not, however, imagine, that the Abbé De Marolles was nothing but the man he appears in the character of a voluminous translator; though occupied all his life on these miserable labours, he was evidently an ingenious and nobly-minded man, whose days were consecrated to literary pursuits, and who was among the primitive collectors in Europe of fine and curious prints. One of his works is a 'Catalogue des Livres d'Estampes et de Figures en Taille-douce.' Paris, 1666, in 8vo. In the preface our author declares, that he had collected one hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred prints of six thousand masters, in four hundred large volumes, and one hundred and twenty small ones. This magnificent collection, formed by so much care and skill, he presented to the king; whether gratuitously given, or otherwise, it was an acquisition which a monarch might have thankfully accepted. Such was the habitual ardour of our author, that afterwards he set about forming another collection, of which he has also given a catalogue, in 1672, in 12mo. Both these catalogues of prints are of extreme rarity, and are yet so highly valued by the connoisseurs, that when in France I could never obtain a copy. A long life may be passed without a even sight of the 'Catalogue des Livres d'Estampes of the Abbé de Marolles.*

Such are the lessons drawn from this secret history of voluminous writers. We see one venting his mania in scrawling on his prison-walls; another persisting in writing folios, while the booksellers, who were once caught like Reynard who had lost his tail, and whom no arts could any longer practise on, turn away from the new trap; and a third, who can acquire no readers but by giving his books away, growing gray in scourging the sacred genius of antiquity by his meagre versions, and dying without having made up his mind, whether he were as woful a translator as some of his contemporaries had assured him.

Among these worthies of the Scribleri we may rank the Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud, once a celebrated name, eulogised by Bayle and Patin. His collected works fill twenty folios; an edition, indeed, which finally sent the bookseller to the poor-house. This enterprising bibliopolist had heard much of the prodigious erudition of the writer; but he had not the sagacity to discover that other literary qualities were also required to make twenty folios at all saleable. Of these 'Opera omnia' perhaps not a single copy can be found in England; but they may be a pennyworth on the continent. Raynaud's works are theological; but a system of grace maintained by one work, and pulled down by another, has ceased to interest mankind: the literature of the divine is of a less perishable nature. Reading and writing through a life of eighty years, and giving only a quarter of an hour to his dinner, with a vigorous memory, and a whimsical taste for some singular subjects, he could not fail to accumulate a mass of knowledge which may still be useful for the curious; and, besides, Raynaud had the Ritsonian characteristic. He was one of those who, exemplary in their own conduct, with a bitter zeal condemn whatever does not agree with their notions; and however gentle in their nature, yet will set no limits to the ferocity of their pen. Raynaud was often in trouble with the censors of his books, and much more with his adversaries; so that he frequently had recourse to publishing under a fictitious name. A remarkable evidence of this is the entire twentieth volume of his works. It consists of the numerous writings published anonymously, or to which were perfixed *noms de guerre*. This volume is described by the whimsical title of *Apopompæus;* explained to us as the name given by the Jews to the scape-goat, which, when loaded with all their maledictions on its head, was driven away into the desert. These contain all Raynaud's numerous *diatribes;* for whenever he was refuted, he was always refuting; he did not spare his best friends. The title of a work against Arnauld will show how he treated his adversaries. 'Arnauldus redivivus natus Brixiæ seculo xii. renatus in Galliis ætate nostra.' He dexterously applies the name of Arnauld, by comparing him with one of the same name in the twelfth century, a scholar of Abelard's and a turbulent enthusiast, say the Romish writers, who was burnt alive for having written against the luxury and the power of the priesthood, and for having raised a rebellion against the pope. When the learned De Launoi had successfully attacked the legends of saints, and was called the *Denicheur de Saints*,—the 'Unnicher of Saints,' every parish priest trembled for his favourite. Raynaud entitled a libel on this new Iconoclast, 'Hercules Commodianus Joannes Launoius repulsus,' &c: he compares Launoi to the Emperor Commodus, who, though the most cowardly of men, conceived himself formidable when he dressed himself as Hercules. Another of these maledictions is a tract against Calvinism, described as 'Religio bestiarum,' a religion of beasts, because the Calvinists deny free-will; but as he always fired with a double-barrelled gun, under the cloak of attacking Calvinism, he aimed a deadly shot at the Thomists, and particularly at a Dominican friar, whom he considered as bad as Calvin. Raynaud exults that he had driven one of his adversaries to take flight into Scotland, *ad pultes Scoticas transgressus;* to a Scotch pottage; an expression which Saint Jerome used in speaking of Pelagius. He always rendered an adversary odious by coupling him with some odious name. On one of these controversial books where Casalas refuted Raynaud, Monnoye wrote, 'Raynaudus et Casalas inepti; Raynaudo tamen Casalas ineptior.' The usual termination of what then passed for sense, and now is the reverse!

I will not quit Raynaud without pointing out some of his more remarkable treatises, as so many curiosities of literature.

In a treatise on the attributes of Christ, he entitles a chapter, *Christus bonus, bona, bonum:* in another on the seven-branched candlestick in the Jewish temple, by an allegorical interpretation, he explains the eucharist; and adds an alphabetical list of names and epithets which have been given to this mystery.

The seventh volume bears the general title of *Mariolia:* all the treatises have for their theme the perfections and the worship of the Virgin. Many extraordinary things are here. One is a dictionary of names given to the Virgin, with observations on these names. Another on the devotion of the scapulary, and its wonderful effects, written against De Launoi, and for which the order of the Carmes when he died bestowed a solemn service and obsequies on him. Another of these 'Mariolia' is mentioned by Gallois in the Journal des Sçavans, 1667, as a proof of his fertility: having to preach on the seven solemn anthems which the church sings before Christmas, and which begin by an O! he made this *letter only* the subject of his sermons, and barren as the letter appears, he has struck out 'a multitude of beautiful particulars.' This literary folly invites our curiosity.

In the eighth volume is a table of saints, classed by their station, condition, employment, and trades; a list of titles and prerogatives, which the councils and the fathers have attributed to the sovereign pontiff.

The thirteenth volume has a subject which seems much in the taste of the sermons on the letter O! it is entitled *Laus Brevitatis!* in praise of brevity. The maxims are brief, but the commentary long. One of the *natural* subjects treated on is that of *Noses:* he reviews a great number of noses, and, as usual, does not forget the Holy Virgin's. According to Raynaud, the nose of the Virgin Mary was long and aquiline, the mark of goodness and dignity; and as Jesus perfectly resembled his mother, he infers that he must have had such a nose.

A treatise entitled *Heteroclita spiritualia et anomala Pietatis Cœlestium, Terrestrium, et Infernorum*, contains many singular practices introduced into devotion, which superstition, ignorance, and remissness have made a part of religion.

A treatise directed against the new custom of hiring chairs in churches, and being seated during the sacrifice of the mass. Another on the Cæsarean operation, which he stigmatises as an act against nature. Another on eunuchs. Another entitled *Hipparchus de Religiosis Negotiatore*, is an attack on those of his own company; the

* These two catalogues have always been of extreme rarity and price. Dr Lister, when at Paris, 1698, notices this circumstance. I have since met with them in the very curious collections of my friend Mr Douce, who has uniques, as well as rarities. The monograms of our old masters in one of these catalogues are more correct than in some latter publications: and the whole plan and arrangement of these catalogues of prints are peculiar and interesting

monk turned merchant; the jesuits were then accused of commercial traffic with the revenues of their establishment. The rector of a college at Avignon, who thought he was portrayed in this honest work, confined Raynaud in prison for five months.

The most curious work of Raynaud, connected with literature, I possess; it is entitled *Erotemata de Malis ac bonis Libris, deque justa aut injusta eorundem confixione. Lugduni*, 1653, 4to. with necessary indexes. One of his works having been condemned at Rome, he drew up these inquiries concerning good and bad books, addressed to the grand inquisitor. He divides his treatise into 'bad and nocent books; bad books, but not nocent; books not bad, but nocent; books neither bad nor nocent.' His immense reading appears here to advantage, and his Ritsonian feature is prominent; for he asserts, that when writing against heretics, all mordacity is innoxious; and an alphabetical list of abusive names, which the fathers have given to the heterodox, is entitled *Alphabetum bestialitatis hæretici, ex patrum symbolis.*

After all, Raynaud was a man of vast acquirement, with a great flow of ideas, but tasteless, and void of all judgment. An anecdote may be recorded of him, which puts in a clear light the state of these literary men. Raynaud was one day pressing hard a reluctant bookseller to publish one of his works, who replied, 'Write a book like Father Barri's, and I shall be glad to print it.' It happened that the work of Barri was pillaged from Raynaud, and was much liked, while the original lay on the shelf. However, this only served to provoke a fresh attack from our redoubtable hero, who vindicated his rights, and emptied his quiver on him who had been ploughing with his heifer.

Such are the writers who, enjoying all the pleasures without the pains of composition, have often apologized for their repeated productions, by declaring that they write only for their own amusement; but such private theatricals should not be brought on the public stage. One Catherinot, all his life was printing a countless number of *feuilles volantes* in history and on antiquities; each consisting of about three or four leaves in quarto: Lenglet du Fresnoy calls him 'Grand auteur des petits livres.' This gentleman liked to live among antiquaries and historians; but with a crooked head-piece, stuck with whims, and hard with knotty combinations, all overloaded with prodigious erudition, he could not ease it at a less rate than by an occasional dissertation of three or four quarto pages. He appears to have published about two hundred pieces of this sort, much sought after by the curious for their rarity: Brunet complains he could never discover a complete collection. But Catherinot may escape 'the pains and penalties' of our voluminous writers, for De Bure thinks he generously printed them to distribute among his friends. Such endless writers, provided they do not print themselves into an alms-house, may be allowed to print themselves out; and we would accept the apology which Monsieur Catherinot has framed for himself, which I find preserved in *Beyeri Memoriæ Librorum Rariorum*. 'I must be allowed my freedom in my studies, for I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis-court, or a club at the tavern; I never counted among my honours these *opuscula* of mine, but merely as harmless amusements. It is my partridge, as with St John the Evangelist; my cat, as with Pope St Gregory; my little dog, as with St Dominick; my lamb, as with St Francis; my great black mastiff, as with Cornelius Agrippa; and my tame hare, as with Justus Lipsius.' I have since discovered in Niceron that this Catherinot could never get a printer, and was rather compelled to study economy in his two hundred quartos of four or eight pages; his paper was of inferior quality; and when he could not get his dissertations into his prescribed number of pages, he used to promise the end at another time, which did not always happen. But his greatest anxiety was to publish and spread his works; in despair he adopted an odd expedient. Whenever Monsieur Catherinot came to Paris, he used to haunt the *quaies* where books are sold, and while he appeared to be looking over them, he adroitly slided one of his own dissertations among these old books. He began this mode of publication early, and continued it to his last days. He died with a perfect conviction that he had secured his immortality; and in this manner had disposed of more than one edition of his unsaleable works. Niceron has given the titles of 118 of his things, which he had looked over.

LOCAL DESCRIPTIONS.

Nothing is more idle, and what is less to be forgiven in a writer, more tedious, than minute and lengthened descriptions of localities; where it is very doubtful whether the writers themselves had formed any tolerable notion of the place they describe,—it is certain their readers never can! These descriptive passages, in which writers of imagination so frequently indulge, are usually a glittering confusion of unconnected things; circumstances recollected from others, or observed by themselves at different times; the finest are thrust in together. If a scene from nature, it is possible that all the seasons of the year may be jumbled together; or if a castle or an apartment, its magnitude or its minuteness may equally bewilder. Yet we find, even in works of celebrity, whole pages of these general or these particular descriptive sketches, which leave nothing behind, but noun substantives propped up by random epithets. The old writers were quite delighted to fill up their voluminous pages with what was a great saving of sense and thinking. In the Alaric of Scudery sixteen pages, containing nearly five hundred verses, describe a palace, commencing at the *facade*, and at length finishing with the garden; but his description, we may say, was much better described by Boileau, whose good taste felt the absurdity of this 'abondance sterile,' in overloading a work with useless details,

> Un Auteur quelquefois trop plein de son objet
> Jamais sans l'epuiser n'abandonne un sujet.
> S'il recontre un palais il m'en depeint la face
> Il me promene après de terrasse en terrasse.
> Ici s'offre un perron, là regne un corridor;
> Là ce balcon s'enferme en un balustre d'or;
> Il compte les plafonds, les ronds, et les ovales—
> Je saute vingt feuillets pour en trouver la fin;
> Et je me sauve à peine au travers du jardin!

And then he adds so excellent a canon of criticism, that we must not neglect it:

> Tout ce qu'on dit de trop est fade et rebutant;
> L'Esprit rassasié le rejette à l'instant,
> Qui ne sait se borner, ne sut jamais ecrire.

We have a memorable instance of the inefficiency of local descriptions, in a very remarkable one by a writer of fine genius, composing with an extreme fondness of his subject, and curiously anxious to send down to posterity the most elaborate display of his own villa—this was the *Laurentinum* of PLINY. We cannot read his letter to Gallus, which the English reader may in Melmoth's elegant version,* without participating somewhat in the delight of the writer in many of its details; but we cannot with the writer form the slightest conception of his villa, while he is leading us over from apartment to apartment, and pointing to us the opposite wing, with a 'beyond this,' and a 'not far from thence,' and 'to this apartment another of the same sort,' &c. Yet, still, as we were in great want of a correct knowledge of a Roman villa, and as this must be the most so possible, architects have frequently studied, and the learned translated with extraordinary care, PLINY's *description of his Laurentinum*. It became so favourite an object, that eminent architects have attempted to raise up this edifice once more, by giving its plan and elevation; and this extraordinary fact is the result—that not one of them but has given a representation different from the other! Montfaucon, a more faithful antiquary, in his close translation of the description of this villa, in comparing it with Felibien's plan of the villa itself, observes, 'that the architect accommodated his edifice to his translation, but that their notions are not the same; unquestionably,' he adds, 'if ten skilful translators were to perform their task separately, there would not be one who agreed with another!'

If, then, on this subject of local descriptions, we find that it is impossible to convey exact notions of a real existing scene, what must we think of those which, in truth, describe scenes which have no other existence than the confused makings-up of an author's invention; where the more he details the more he confuses; and where the more particular he wishes to be, the more indistinct the whole appears?

Local descriptions, after a few striking circumstances have been selected, admit of no further detail. It is not

* Book II, lett. 17.

their length, but their happiness, which enter into our comprehension; the imagination can only take in and keep together a very few parts of a picture. The pen must not intrude on the province of the pencil, any more than the pencil must attempt to perform what cannot in any shape be submitted to the eye, though fully to the mind.

The great art, perhaps, of local description, is rather a general than a particular view; the details must be left to the imagination; it is suggestion rather than description. There is an old Italian sonnet of this kind which I have often read with delight; and though I may not communicate the same pleasure to the reader, yet the story of the writer is most interesting, and the lady (for such she was) has the highest claim to be ranked, like the lady of Evelyn, among *literary wives*.

Francesca Turina Bufalini di Città di Castello, of noble extraction, and devoted to literature, had a collection of her poems published in 1628: she frequently interspersed little domestic incidents of her female friend—her husband—her son—her grand-children; and in one of these sonnets she has delineated *her palace of San Guistino*, whose localities she appears to have enjoyed with intense delight in the company of 'her lord,' whom she tenderly associates with the scene. There is a freshness and simplicity in the description, which will perhaps convey a clearer notion of the spot than ever Pliny could do in the voluminous description of his *villa*. She tells us what she found when brought to the house of her husband.

Ampie salle, ampie loggie, ampio cortile
E stanze ornate con gentil pitture,
Trouai giungendo, e nobili sculture
Di Marmo fatte, dà scalpel non vile.
Nobil giardin con un perpetuo Aprile
Di varij fior, di fruti, e di verdure,
Ombre soavi, acque a temprar l'arsure
E strade di beltà non dissimile;
E non men forte ostel, che per fortezza
Ha il ponte, e l fianchi, e lo circonda intorno
Fosso profundo e di real larghezza
Qui fel col mio Signore dolce soggiorno
Con santo amor, con somma contentezza
Onde ne benedico il mese e il giorno!

Wide halls, wide galleries, and an ample court,
Chambers adorn'd by picture's soothing charm,
I found together blended; noble sculpture
In marble, polished by no chisel vile;
A noble garden, where a lasting April
All various flowers, and fruits, and verdure showers;
Soft shades, and waters tempering the hot air;
And undulating paths, in equal beauty!
Nor less, the castled glory stands in force,
And bridged and flanked. And round its circuit winds
The deepened moat showing a regal size.
Here with my lord I cast my sweet sojourn,
With holy love, and with supreme content;
And hence I bless the month, and bless the day!

MASQUES.

It sometimes happens in the history of national amusements, that a name survives, while the thing itself is forgotten. This has been remarkably the case with our Court Masques, respecting which our most eminent writers long ventured on so many false opinions, with a perfect ignorance of the nature of these compositions, which combined all that was exquisite in the imitative arts of poetry, painting, music, song, dancing, and machinery, at a period when our public theatre was in its rude infancy. Convinced of the miserable state of our represented drama, and not then possessing that more curious knowledge of their domestic history, which we delight to explore, they were led into erroneous notions of one of the most gorgeous, the most fascinating, and the most poetical of dramatic amusements. Our present theatrical exhibitions are indeed on a scale to which the two-penny audiences of the barn-playhouses of Shakespeare could never have strained their sight; and our picturesque and learned *costume*, with the brilliant changes of our scenery, would have maddened the 'property-men' and the 'tire-women' of the Globe or the Red Bull. Shakespeare himself never beheld the true magical illusions of his own dramas, with 'Enter the Red Coat,' and 'Exit Hat and Cloak,' helped out with 'painted cloths;' or, as a bard of Charles the Second's time chants,—

But while the public theatre continued long in this contracted state, without scenes, without dresses, without an orchestra, the court displayed scenical and dramatic exhibitions, with such costly magnificence, such inventive fancy, and such miraculous art, that we may doubt if the combined genius of Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones, and Lawes or Ferobosco, at an era most favourable to the arts of imagination, has been equalled by the modern *spectacle* of the Opera.*

Look back and see
The strange vicissitudes of poetrie:
Your aged fathers came to plays for wit,
And sat knee-deep in nut-shells in the pit.

But this circumstance had entirely escaped the knowledge of our critics. The critic of a Masque must not only have read it, but he must also have heard, and have viewed it. The only witnesses in this case are those letter-writers of the day, who were then accustomed to communicate such domestic intelligence to their absent friends: from such ample correspondence I have often drawn some curious and sometimes important information. It is amusing to notice the opinions of some great critics, how from an original mis-statement they have drawn an illegitimate opinion, and how one inherits from the other, the error which he propagates. Warburton said on Masques, that 'Shakespeare was an enemy to these *fooleries*, as appears by his writing none.' This opinion was among the many which that singular critic threw out as they arose at the moment; for Warburton forgot that Shakespeare characteristically introduces one in the Tempest's most fanciful scene. Granger, who had not much time to study the manners of the age whose personages he was so well acquainted with, in a note on Milton's Masque, said that 'These compositions were trifling and perplexed allegories; the persons of which are fantastical to the last degree. Ben Jonson, in his "Masque of Christmas," has introduced "Minced Pye" and "Babie Cake," who act their parts in the drama. But the most *wretched performances* of this kind could please by the help of music, machinery, and dancing.' Granger blunders, describing by two farcical characters, a species of composition of which farce was not the characteristic; such personages as he notices would enter into the Anti-Masque, which was a humorous parody of the more solemn Masque, and sometimes relieved it. Malone, whose fancy was not vivid, condemns Masques and the age of Masques, in which he says, echoing Granger's epithet, 'the *wretched taste* of the times found amusement.' And lastly comes Mr Todd, whom the splendid fragment of the 'Arcades,' and the entire Masque which we have by heart, could not warm; while his neutralising, criticism fixes him at the freezing point of the thermometer. 'This dramatic entertainment, performed not without prodigious expense in machinery and decoration, to *which humour* we certainly owe the entertainment of 'Arcades,' and the inimitable 'Mask of Comus.' Comus, however, is only a fine dramatic poem, retaining scarcely any features of the Masque. The only modern critic who had written with some research on this departed elegance of the English drama was Warton, whose fancy responded to the fascination of the fairy-like magnificence and lyrical spirit of the Masque. Warton had the taste to give a specimen from 'the Inner Temple Mask, by William Browne,' the pastoral poet, whose address to Sleep, he observed, 'reminds us of some favourite touches in Milton's Comus, to which it perhaps gave birth.' Yet even Warton was deficient in that sort of research, which only can discover the true nature of these singular dramas.

Such was the state in which some years ago I found all our knowledge of this once favourite amusement of our court, our nobility, and our learned bodies of the four inns of court. Some extensive researches, pursued among contemporary manuscripts, cast a new light over the obscure child of fancy and magnificence. I could not think lightly of what Ben Jonson has called 'The eloquence of masques;'—entertainments on which three to five thousand pounds were expended, and on more public occasions ten and twenty thousand. To the aid of the poetry, composed by the finest poets, came the most skilful musicians, and the most elaborate mechanists; Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones and Lawes, blended into one piece their respective genius; and Lord Bacon and Whitelocke and Selden, who sat in committees for the last great Masque presented to Charles the First, invented the devices; composed the procession of the Masquers and the Anti-Masquers; while one took the care of the dancing or the brawlers, and White-

* Since this article was written, our theatres have attempted several scenes in the style of these Court-Masques, with admirable success in the machinery.

locke the music;—the sage Whitelocke; who has chronicled his self-complacency on this occasion, by claiming the invention of a *Coranto*, which for thirty years afterwards was the delight of the nation, and was blessed by the name of 'Whitelocke's Coranto,' and which was always called for, two or three times over, whenever that great statesman 'came to see a play!'* So much personal honour was considered to be involved in the conduct of a Masque, that even this committee of illustrious men was on the point of being broken up by too serious a discussion concerning precedence; and the Masque had nearly not taken place, till they hit on the expedient of throwing dice to decide on their rank in the procession! On this jealousy of honour in the composition of a Mask, I discovered, what hitherto had escaped the knowledge, although not the curiosity, of literary inquirers;—the occasion of the memorable enmity between Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, who had hitherto acted together with brotherly affection; 'a circumstance,' says Mr Gifford, to whom I communicated it, 'not a little important in the history of our calumniated poet.' The trivial cause, but not so in its consequences, was the poet prefixing his own name before that of the architect, on the title-page of a Masque, which hitherto had only been annexed; so jealous was the great architect of his *part* of the Masque, and so predominant his power and name at court, that he considered his rights invaded by the *inferior* claims of the poet! Jonson has poured out the whole bitterness of his soul, in two short satires; still more unfortunately for the subject of these satires, they provoked Inigo to sharpen his pen on rhyme; but it is edgeless, and the blunt composition still lies in its manuscript state.

While these researches had engaged my attention, appeared Mr Gifford's Memoirs of Ben Jonson. The characteristics of masques are there, for the first time, elaborately opened with the clear and penetrating spirit of that ablest of our dramatic critics. I feel it like presumption to add to what has received the finishing hand of a master; but his jewel is locked up in a chest, which I fear is too rarely opened, and he will allow me to borrow something from its splendour. 'The Masque, as it attained its highest degree of excellence, admitted of dialogue, singing, and dancing; these were not independent of one another, but combined, by the introduction of some ingenious fable, into an harmonious whole. When the plan was formed, the aid of the sister arts was called in; for the essence of the masque was pomp and glory. Moveable scenery of the most costly and splendid kind was lavished on the masque; the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances; and all that the kingdom afforded of vocal and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the exhibition. Thus magnificently constructed, the masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed as Lord Bacon says, for princes and by princes it was played. Of these masques, the skill with which their ornaments were designed, and the inexpressible grace with which they were executed, appear to have left a vivid impression on the mind of Jonson. His genius awakes at once, and all his faculties attune to sprightliness and pleasure. He makes his appearance, like his own Delight, 'accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, and Laughter.'

> 'In curious knot and mazes so
> The spring at first was taught to go;
> And Zephyr, when he came to woo
> His Flora had his motions † too;
> And thus did Venus learn to lead
> The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
> As if the wind, not she, did walk,
> Nor press'd a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

And in what was the taste of the times *wretched?*' continues Mr Gifford, in reply to Messieurs Malone, and the rest, who had never cast even an imperfect glance on what one of the completest gentlemen of that age has called, 'The courtly recreations of gallant gentlemen and ladies of honour, striking to exceed one the other in their measures and changes, and in their repast of wit, which have been beyond the power of Envy to disgrace.' But in what was 'the taste of the times *wretched?* In poetry, painting, architecture, they have not since been equalled: and it ill becomes us to arraign the taste of a period which possessed a cluster of writers of whom the meanest would now be esteemed a prodigy.' I have been carried farther in this extract than I intended, by the force of the current, which hurries Malone down from our sight, who, fortunately for his ease, did not live to read this denouncement for his objection against masques, as 'bungling shows;' and which Warburton treats as 'fooleries;' Granger as wretched performances;' while Mr Todd regards them merely as 'the humour of the times!'

Masques were often the private theatricals of the families of our nobility, performed by the ladies and gentlemen at their seats; and were splendidly got up on certain occasions; such as the celebration of a nuptial, or in compliment to some great visiter. The Mask of Comus was composed by Milton to celebrate the creation of Charles the First as Prince of Wales; a scene in this Mask presented both the castle and the town of Ludlow, which proves, that although our small public theatres had not yet displayed any of the scenical illusions which long afterwards Davenant introduced, these scenical effects existed in great perfection in the Masques. The minute description introduced by Thomas Campion in his 'Memorable Mask,' as it is called, will convince us that the scenery must have been exquisite and fanciful, and that the poet was always a watchful and anxious partner with the machinist; with whom sometimes, however, he had a quarrel.

The subject of this very rare mask was 'The Night and the Hours.' It would be tedious to describe the first scene with the fondness with which the poet has dwelt on it. It was a double valley; one side, with dark clouds hanging before it; on the other, a green vale, with trees, and nine golden ones of fifteen feet high; from which grove, towards 'the State,' or the seat of the king, was a broad descent to the dancing place: the bower of Flora was on the right, the house of Night on the left; between them a hill hanging like a cliff over the grove. The bower of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers, and flowery branches, with lights among them; the house of Night ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; within, nothing but clouds and twinkling stars; while about it were placed, on wire, artificial bats and owls, continually moving. As soon as the king entered the great hall, the hautboys, out of the wood on the top of the hill, entertained the time, till Flora and Zephyr were seen busily gathering flowers from the bower, throwing them into baskets which two silvans held, attired in changeable taffety. The song is light as their fingers, but the burden is charming:

> Now hath Flora robb'd her bowers
> To befriend this place with flowers;
> Strow about! strow about!
> Divers, divers flowers affect
> For some private dear respect;
> Strow about! strow about!
> But he's none of Flora's friend
> That will not the rose commend;
> Strow about! strow about!

I cannot quit this masque, of which collectors know the the rarity, without preserving one of those Doric delicacies, of which, perhaps, we have outlived the taste! It is a playful dialogue between a Silvan and an Hour, while Night appears in her house, with her long black hair spangled with gold, amidst her Hours; their faces black, and each bearing a lighted black torch.

> SILVAN. Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
> Wherein dost thou most delight?
> HOUR. Not in sleep!
> SILVAN. Wherein then?
> HOUR. In the frolic view of men!
> SILVAN. Lov'st thou music?
> HOUR. Oh! 'tis sweet!
> SILVAN. What's dancing?
> HOUR. E'en the mirth of feet.
> SILVAN. Joy you in fairies and in elves?
> HOUR. We are of that sort ourselves!
> But, Silvan! say, why do you love
> Only to frequent the grove?
> SILVAN. Life is fullest of content
> When delight is innocent.
> HOUR. Pleasure must vary, not be long;
> Come then, let's close, and end the song

That the moveable scenery of these masques formed as perfect a scenial illusion as any that our own age, with all

* The music of Whitelocke's Coranto is preserved in 'Hawkin's History of Music;' might it be restored for the ladies as a waltz?

† The figures and actions of dancers in masques were called motions.

ts perfection of decoration, has attained to, will not be denied by those who have read the few masques which have been printed. They usually contrived a double division of the scene; one part was for some time concealed from the spectator, which produced surprise and variety. Thus, in the Lord's Mask at the marriage of the Palatine, the scene was divided into two parts from the roof to the floor; the lower part being first discovered, there appeared a wood in perspective, the innermost part being of 'releave or whole round,' the rest painted. On the left a cave, and on the right a thicket, from which issued Orpheus. At the back part of the scene, at the sudden fall of a curtain, the upper part broke on the spectators, a heaven of clouds of all hues; the stars suddenly vanished, the clouds dispersed; an element of artificial fire played about the house of Prometheus—a bright and transparent cloud, reaching from the heavens to the earth, whence the eight maskers descending with the music of a full song; and at the end of their descent the cloud broke in twain, and one part of it, as with a wind, was blown athwart the scene.

While this cloud was vanishing, the wood, being the under part of the scene, was insensibly changing: a perspective view opened, with porticoes on each side, and female statues of silver, accompanied with ornaments of architecture, filling the end of the house of Prometheus, and seemed all of goldsmiths' work. The women of Prometheus descended from their niches, till the anger of Jupiter turned them again into statues. It is evident, too, that the size of the proscenium, or stage, accorded with the magnificence of the scene; for I find choruses described, 'and changeable conveyances of the song,' in manner of an echo, performed by more than forty different voices and instruments in various parts of the scene. The architectural decorations were the pride of Inigo Jones; such could not be trivial.

'I suppose, says the writer of this mask, 'few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones showed in contriving their motion; who, as all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention, showed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively expressed in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions, for the *adoring* of his art.' Whether this strong expression should be only *adorning* does not appear in any errata; but the feeling of admiration was fervent among the spectators of that day, who were at least as much astonished as they were delighted. Ben Jonson's prose descriptions of scenes in his own exquisite masques, as Mr. Gifford observes, are singularly bold and beautiful.' In a letter, which I discovered, the writer of which had been present at one of these masques, and which Mr. Gifford had preserved,* the reader may see the great poet anxiously united with Inigo Jones in working the machinery. Jonson, before 'a sacrifice could be performed, turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar.' In this globe, 'the sea was expressed heightened with silver waves, which stood, or rather hung, (for no axle was seen to support it), and *turning softly*, discovered the first masque,'† &c. This 'turning softly' producing a very magical effect, the great poet would trust to no other hand but his own!

It seems, however, that as no masque-writer equalled Jonson, so no machinist rivalled Inigo Jones. I have sometimes caught a groan from some unfortunate poet, whose beautiful fancies were spoilt by the bungling machinist. One says, 'The *order of this scene* was carefully and ingeniously disposed, and as happily put in act (for the *motions*) by the king's master carpenter;' but he adds, 'the *painters*, I must needs say (not to belie them,) lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencil.' Poor Campion, in one of his masques, describing where the trees were gently to sink, &c, by an engine placed under the stage, and in sinking were to open, and the masquers appear out at their tops, &c, adds this vindictive marginal note: 'Either by the *simplicity*, *negligence*, or *conspiracy* of the *painter*, the passing away of the trees was somewhat hazarded, though the same day they had been shown with much admiration, and were left together to the same night;' that is, they were worked right at the rehearsal, and failed in the representation, which must have perplexed the nine masquers on the tops of these nine trees. But such accidents were only vexations crossing the fancies of the poet: they did not essentially injure the magnificence, the pomp, and the fairy world opened to the spectators. So little was the character of these masques known, that all our critics seem to have fallen into repeated blunders, and used the masque as Campion suspected his painters to have done, 'either by simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy.' Hurd, a cold systematic critic, thought he might safely prefer the masque in the Tempest, as 'putting to shame all the masques of Jonson, not only in its *construction*, but in the *splendour* of its show;'—'which,' adds Mr Gifford, 'was danced and sung by the ordinary performers to a couple of fiddles, perhaps in the balcony of the stage.' Such is the fate of criticism without knowledge! And now, to close our masques, let me apply the forcible style of Ben Jonson himself: 'The glory of all these solemnities had perished like a blaze, and gone out in the beholder's eyes; so short-lived are the bodies of all things in comparison of their souls!'

* Memoirs of Jonson, p. 88.

† See Gifford's Jonson, vol. vii, p. 78.

OF DES MAIZEAUX, AND THE SECRET HISTORY OF ANTHONY COLLINS'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Des Maizeaux was an active literary man of his day, whose connexions with Bayle, St Evremond, Locke, and Toland, with his name set off by an F. R. S. have occasioned the dictionary-biographers to place him prominently among their 'hommes illustres.' Of his private history nothing seems known. Having something important to communicate respecting one of his friends, a far greater character, with whose fate he stands connected, even Des Maizeaux becomes an object of our inquiry.

He was one of those French refugees, whom political madness, or despair of intolerance, had driven to our shores. The proscription of Louis XIV, which supplied us with our skilful workers in silk, also produced a race of the unemployed, who proved not to be as exquisite in the handicraft of book-making; such were *Mettetus*, *La Coste*, *Ozell*, *Durand*, and others. Our author had come over in that tender state of youth, just in time to become half an Englishman; and he was so ambidextrous in the languages of the two great literary nations of Europe, that whenever he took up his pen, it is evident, by his manuscripts, which I have examined, that it was mere accident which determined him to write in French or in English. Composing without genius, or even taste, without vivacity or force, the simplicity and fluency of his style were sufficient for the purposes of a ready dealer in all the *minutiæ literariæ*; literary anecdotes, curious quotations, notices of obscure books, and all that *supellex* which must enter into the history of literature, without forming a history. These little things, which did so well of themselves, without any connexion with any thing else, became trivial when they assumed the form of voluminous minuteness; and Des Maizeaux at length imagined that nothing but anecdotes were necessary to compose the lives of men of genius! With this sort of talent he produced a copious life of Bayle, in which he told every thing he possibly could; and nothing can be more tedious, and more curious: for though it be a grievous fault to omit nothing, and marks the writer to be deficient in the development of character, and that sympathy which throws inspiration over the vivifying page of biography, yet, to admit every thing has this merit—that we are sure to find what we want! Warburton poignantly describes our Des Maizeaux, in one of those letters to Dr Birch, which he wrote in the fervid age of study, and with the impatient vivacity of his genius. 'Almost all the life-writers we have had before Toland and Des Maizeaux are indeed strange, insipid creatures; and yet I had rather read the worst of them, than be obliged to go through with this of Milton's, or the other's life of Boileau; where there is such a dull, heavy succession of long quotations of uninteresting passages, that it makes their method quite nauseous. But the verbose, tasteless Frenchman, seems to lay it down as a principle, that every life must be a book,—and, what is worse, it seems a book without a life; for what do we know of Boileau, after all his tedious stuff?'

Des Maizeaux was much in the employ of the Dutch booksellers, then the great monopolizers in the literary mart of Europe. He supplied their 'nouvelles litteraires' from England; but the work-sheet price was very mean in those days. I have seen annual accounts of Des Maizeaux settled to a line, for four or five pounds; and yet he sent the 'Novelties' as fresh as the post could carry them! He held a confidential correspondence with these great Dutch booksellers, who consulted him in their distresses;

and he seems rather to have relieved them than himself. But if he got only a few florins at Rotterdam, the same 'nouvelles litteraires' sometimes secured him valuable friends at London; for in those days, which perhaps are returning on us, an English author would often appeal to a foreign journal for the commendation he might fail in obtaining at home; and I have discovered, in more cases than one, that, like other smuggled commodities, the foreign article was often of home manufactory!

I give one of these curious bibliopolical distresses. Sauzet, a bookseller at Rotterdam, who judged too critically for the repose of his authors, seems to have been always fond of projecting a new 'Journal;' tormented by the ideal excellence which he had conceived of such a work, it vexed him that he could never find the workmen! Once disappointed of the assistance he expected from a writer of talents, he was fain to put up with one he was ashamed of; but warily stipulated on very singular terms. He confided this precious literary secret to Des Maizeaux. I translate from his manuscript letter.

'I send you, my dear Sir, four sheets of the continuation of my journal, and I hope this second part will turn out better than the former. The author thinks himself a very able person; but I must tell you frankly, that he is a man without erudition, and without any critical discrimination; he writes pretty well, and turns passably what he says; but that is all! Monsieur Van Effen having failed in his promises to realize my hopes on this occasion, necessity compelled me to have recourse to him; but for *six months only*, and on condition that he should not, on any account whatever, *allow any one to know that he is the author of the journal*; for his *name* alone would be sufficient to make even a passable book discreditable. As you are among my friends, I will confide to you in secrecy the name of this author; it is Monsieur *De Limiers*.* You see how much my interest is concerned that the author should not be known!' This anecdote is gratuitously presented to the editors of certain reviews, as a serviceable hint to enter into the same engagement with some of their own writers; for it is usually the *De Limiers* who expend their last puff in blowing their own name about the town.

In England, Des Maizeaux, as a literary man, made himself very useful to other men of letters, and particularly to persons of rank; and he found patronage and a pension,—like his talents, very moderate! A friend to literary men, he lived amongst them, from 'Orator' Henley, up to Addison, Lord Halifax, and Anthony Collins. I find a curious character of our Des Maizeaux in the hand-writing of Edward, Earl of Oxford, to whose father (Pope's Earl of Oxford) and himself, the nation owes the Harleian treasures. His lordship is a critic with high Tory principles, and high-church notions. 'This Des Maizeaux is a great man with those who are pleased to be called *Free-thinkers*, particularly with Mr Anthony Collins, collects passages out of books for their writings. His life of Chillingworth is wrote to please that set of men.' The secret history I am to unfold relates to Anthony Collins and Des Maizeaux. Some curious book-lovers will be interested in the personal history of an author they are well acquainted with, yet which has hitherto remained unknown. He tells his own story in a sort of epistolary petition he addressed to a noble friend characteristic of an author, who cannot be deemed unpatronized, yet whose name, after all his painful labours, might be inserted in my 'Calamities of Authors.'

In this letter he announces his intention of publishing a dictionary like Bayle; having written the life of Bayle, the next step was to become himself a Bayle; so short is the passage of literary delusion! He had published, as a specimen, the lives of Hales and Chillingworth. He complains that his circumstances have not allowed him to forward that work, nor digest the materials he had collected.

'A work of that nature requires a steady application, free from the cares and avocations incident to all persons obliged to seek for their maintenance. I have had the misfortune to be in the case of those persons, and am now reduced to a pension on the Irish establishment, which, deducting the tax of four shillings in the pound, and other charges, brings me in about 40*l.* a year of our English money.'* This pension was granted to me in 1710, and I owe it chiefly to the friendship of Mr Addison, who was then secretary to the Earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland. In 1711, 12, and 14, I was appointed one of the commissioners of the lottery by the interest of Lord Halifax.

'And this is all I ever received from the government, though I had some claim to the royal favour; for in 1710, when the enemies to our constitution were contriving its ruin, I wrote a pamphlet entitled 'Lethe,' which was published in Holland, and afterwards translated into English, and twice printed in London; and being reprinted at Dublin, proved so offensive to the ministry in Ireland, that it was burnt by the hands of the hangman. But so it is, that after having showed on all occasions my zeal for the royal family, and endeavoured to make myself serviceable to the public by several books published; after forty years' stay in England, and in an advanced age, I find myself and family destitute of a sufficient livelihood, and suffering from complaints in the head and impaired sight by constant application to my studies.

'I am confident, my lord,' he adds, 'that if the queen, to whom I was made known on occasion of Thuanus's French translation, were acquainted with my present distress, she would be pleased to afford me some relief.'†

Among the confidential literary friends of Des Maizeaux he had the honor of ranking Anthony Collins, a great lover of literature, and a man of fine genius; and who in a continued correspondence with our Des Maizeaux treated him as his friend, and employed him as his agent in his literary concerns. These in the formation of an extensive library, were in a state of perpetual activity, and Collins was such a true lover of his books, that he drew up the catalogue with his own pen.‡ Anthony Collins wrote several well-known works without prefixing his name; but having pushed too far his curious inquiries on some obscure and polemical points, he incurred the odium of a *free-thinker*, a term which then began to be in vogue, and which the French adopted by translating it in their way, *a strong thinker*, or *esprit fort*. Whatever tendency to 'liberalise' the mind from *dogmas* and *creeds* prevails in these works, the talents and learning of Collins were of the first class. His morals were immaculate, and his personal character independent; but the *odium theologicum* of those days contrived every means to stab in the dark, till the taste became hereditary with some. I shall mention a fact of this cruel bigotry which occurred within my own observation on one of the most polished men of the age. The late Mr. Cumberland, in the romance entitled his 'Life,' gave this extraordinary fact, that Dr Bentley, who so ably replied by his 'Remarks,' under the name of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, to Collins's 'Discourse on Free-thinking,' when many years after he discovered him fallen into great distress, conceiving that by having ruined Collins's character as a writer for ever, he had been the occasion of his personal misery, he liberally contributed to his maintenance. In vain I mentioned to that elegant writer, who was not curious about facts, that this person could never have been *Anthony* Collins, who had always a plentiful fortune; and when it was suggested to him that this 'A. Collins,' as he printed it, must have been *Arthur* Collins the historical compiler, who was often in pecuniary difficulties, still he persisted in sending the lie down to posterity, *totidem*

* Van Effen was a Dutch writer of some merit, and one of a literary knot of ingenious men, consisting of Sallengre, St Hyacinthe, Prosper Marchand, &c, who carried on a smart review for those days, published at the Hague under the title of 'Journal Litteraire.' They all composed in French; and Van Effen gave the first translations of our Guardian, Robinson Crusoe, and the Tale of a Tub, &c. He did something more, but not better; he attempted to imitate the Spectator, in his 'Le Misanthrope,' 1726, which exhibits a picture of the uninteresting manners of a nation, whom he could not make very lively.

De Limiers has had his name slipped into our biographical dictionaries. An author cannot escape the fatality of the alphabet; his numerous misdeeds are registered. It is said, that if he had not been so hungry, he would have given proofs of possessing some talent.

* I find that the nominal pension was 3*s*, 6*d*, per diem on the Irish civil list, which amounts to above 63*l.* per annum. If a pension be granted for reward, it seems a mockery that the income should be so grievously reduced, which cruel custom still prevails.

† This letter, or petition, was written in 1722. In 1743 he procured his pension to be placed on his wife's life, and he died in 1745.

He was sworn in as gentleman of his majesty's privy chamber in 1722.—Sloane's MSS, 4289.

‡ There is a printed catalogue of his library.

verbis, without alteration in his second edition, observing to a friend of mine, that 'the story, while it told well, might serve as a striking instance of his great relative's generosity; and that *it should stand*, because it could do no harm to any but *Anthony* Collins, whom he considered as little short of an atheist.' So much for this pious fraud! but be it recollected that this Anthony Collins was the confidential friend of Locke, of whom Locke said, on his dying bed, that 'Collins was a man whom he valued in the first rank of those that he left behind him.' And the last words of Collins on his own death-bed were, that 'he was persuaded he was going to that place which God had designed for them that love him.' The cause of true religion will never be assisted by using such leaky vessels as *Cumberland's* wilful calumnies, which in the end must run out, and be found, like the present, mere empty fictions!

An extraordinary circumstance occurred on the death of Anthony Collins. He left behind him a considerable number of his own manuscripts, and there was one collection formed into eight octavo volumes; but that they might be secured from the common fate of manuscripts, he bequeathed them all, and confided them to the care of our Des Maizeaux. The choice of Collins reflects honour on the character of Des Maizeaux, yet he proved unworthy of it! He suffered himself to betray his trust, practised on by the earnest desire of the widow, and perhaps by the arts of a Mr Tomlinson, who appears to have been introduced into the family by the recommendation of Dean Sykes, whom at length he supplanted, and whom the widow to save her reputation, was afterwards obliged to discard.* In an unguarded moment he relinquished this precious *legacy of the manuscripts*, and accepted *fifty guineas as a present*. But if Des Maizeaux lost his honour in this transaction, he was at heart an honest man, who had swerved for a single moment; his conscience was soon awakened, and he experienced the most violent compunctions. It was in a paroxysm of this nature that he addressed the following letter to a mutual friend of the late Anthony Collins and himself.

Sir, *January* 6, 1730.

I am very glad to hear you are come to town, and as you are my best friend, now I have lost Mr Collins, give me leave to open my heart to you, and to beg your assistance in an affair which highly concerns both Mr Collins's (your friend) and my own honour and reputation. The case, in few words, stands thus: Mr Collins by his last will and testament left me his manuscripts. Mr Tomlinson, who first acquainted me with it, told me that Mrs Collins should be glad to have them, and I made them over to her; whereupon she was pleased to present me with fifty guineas. I desired her at the same time to take care they should be kept safe and unhurt, which she promised to do. This was done the 25th of last month. Mr Tomlinson, who managed all this affair, was present.

Now, having further considered that matter, I find that I have done a most wicked thing. I am persuaded that I have betrayed the trust of a person who for 26 years has given me continual instances of his friendship and confidence. I am convinced that I have acted contrary to the will and intention of my dear deceased friend; showed a disregard to the particular mark of esteem he gave me on that occasion; in short, that I have forfeited what is dearer to me than my own life—honour and reputation.

These melancholy thoughts have made so great an impression upon me, that I protest to you I can enjoy no rest; they haunt me every where, day and night. I earnestly beseech you, Sir, to represent my unhappy case to Mrs Collins. I acted with all the simplicity and uprightness of my heart; I considered that the MSS would be as safe in Mrs Collins's hands as in mine; that she was no less obliged to preserve them than myself; and that, as the library was left to her, they might naturally go along with it. Besides, I thought I could not too much comply with the desire of a lady to whom I have so many obligations. But I see now clearly that this is not fulfilling Mr Collins's will, and that the duties of our conscience are superior to all other regards. But it is in her power to forgive and mend what I have done imprudently, but with a good intention. Her high sense of virtue and generosity will not, I am sure, let her take any advantage of my weakness; and the tender regard she has for the memory of the best of men, and the tenderest of husbands, will not suffer that his intentions should be frustrated, and that she should be the instrument of violating what is most sacred. If our late friend had designed that his MSS should remain in her hands, he would certainly have left them to her by his last will and testament; his acting otherwise is an evident proof that it was not his intention.

All this I proposed to represent to her in the most respectful manner; but you will do it infinitely better than I can in this present distraction of mind; and I flatter myself that the mutual esteem and friendship which has continued so many years between Mr Collins and you, will make you readily embrace whatever tends to honour his memory.

I send you the fifty guineas I received, which I do now look upon as the wages of iniquity; and I desire you to return them to Mrs Collins, who, as I hope it of her justice, equity and regard to Mr Collins's intentions, will be pleased to cancel my paper.

I am, &c,

P. Des Maizeaux.

* This information is from a note found among Des Maizeaux's papers; but its truth I have no means to ascertain.

The manuscripts were never returned to Des Maizeaux; for seven years afterwards Mrs Collins, who appears to have been a very spirited lady, addressed to him the following letter on the subject of a report, that she had permitted transcripts of these very manuscripts to get abroad. This occasioned an animated correspondence from both sides.

Sir, *March* 10, 1736-7.

I have thus long waited in expectation that you would ere this have called on Dean Sykes, as Sir B. Lucy said you intended, that I might have had some satisfaction in relation to a very unjust reproach, viz., that I, or somebody that I had trusted, had *betrayed* some of the transcripts or MSS, of Mr Collins into the Bishop of London's hands. I cannot therefore, since you have not been with the dean as was desired, but call on you in this manner, to know what authority you had for such a reflection; or on what grounds you went on for saying that these transcripts are in the Bishop of London's hands. I am determined to trace out the grounds of such a report; and you can be no friend of mine, no friend of Mr Collins, no friend to common justice, if you refuse to acquaint me what foundation you had for such a charge. I desire a very speedy answer to this, who am, Sir,

Your servant,

Eliz. Collins.

To Mr Des Maizeaux, at his lodgings next door to the Quaker's burying-ground, Hanover-street, out of Long Acre.

To Mrs Collins.

March 14, 1736.

I had the honour of your letter of the 10th, inst, and as I find that something has been misapprehended, I beg leave to set this matter right.

Being lately with some honourable persons, I told them it had been reported that some of Mr C's MSS were fallen into the hands of strangers, and that I should be glad to receive from you such information as might enable me to disprove that report. What occasioned this surmise, or what particular MSS were meant, I was not able to discover; so I was left to my own conjectures, which, upon a serious consideration, induced me to believe that it might relate to the MSS in eight volumes in 8vo, of which there is a transcript. But as the original and the transcript are in your possession, if you please, madam, to compare them together, you may easily see whether they be both entire and perfect, or whether there be any thing wanting in either of them. By this means you will assure yourself, and satisfy your friends, that several important pieces are safe in your hands, and that the report is false and groundless. All this I take the liberty to offer out of the singular respect I always professed for you, and for the memory of Mr Collins, to whom I have endeavoured to do justice on all occasions, and particularly in the memoirs that have been made use of in the General Dictionary; and I hope my tender concern for his reputation will further appear when I publish his life.

Sir, *April* 6, 1737.

My ill state of health has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the receipt of yours, from which I hoped for some satisfaction in relation to your charge, in which I cannot but think myself very deeply concerned. You tell me now, that you was left to your own conjectures

what particular MSS were reported to have fallen into the hands of strangers, and that upon a serious consideration you was induced to believe that it might relate to the MSS in eight vols. 8vo, of which there was a transcript.

I must beg of you to satisfy me very explicitly who were the persons that reported this to you, and from whom did you receive this information? You know that Mr Collins left several MSS behind him; what grounds had you for your conjecture that it related to the MSS in eight vols. rather than to any other MSS of which there was a transcript? I beg that you will be very plain, and tell me what strangers were named to you? and why you said the Bishop of London, if your informer, said stranger to you? I am so much concerned in this, that I must repeat it, if you have the singular respect for Mr Collins which you profess, that you would help me to trace out this reproach, which is so abusive to,

Sir,

Your Servant,

ELIZ. COLLINS.

To Mrs Collins.

I flattered myself that my last letter would have satisfied you, but I have the mortification to see that my hopes were vain. Therefore I beg leave once more to set this matter right. When I told you what had been reported, I acted, as I thought, the part of a true friend, by acquainting you that some of your MSS had been purloined, in order that you might examine a fact which to me appeared of the last consequence; and I verily believe that every body in my case would have expected thanks for such a friendly information. But instead of that, I find myself represented as an enemy, and challenged to produce proofs and witnesses of a thing dropt in conversation, a hear-say, as if in those cases people kept a register of what they hear, and entered the names of the persons who spoke, the time, place, &c, and had with them persons ready to witness the whole, &c. I did own I never thought of such a thing, and whenever I happened to hear that some of my friends had some loss, I thought it my duty to acquaint them with such report, that they might inquire into the matter, and see whether there was any ground for it. But I never troubled myself with the names of the persons who spoke, as being a thing entirely needless and unprofitable.

Give me leave farther to observe, that you are in no way *concerned* in the matter, as you seem to be apprehensive you are. Suppose some MSS have been taken out of your library, who will say you ought to bear the guilt of it? What man in his senses, who has the honour to know you, will say you gave your consent to such thing—that you was privy to it? How can you then take upon yourself an action to which you was neither privy and consenting? Do not such things happen every day, and do the losers think themselves injured or *abused* when they are talked of? Is it impossible to be betrayed by a person we confided in?

You call what I told you was a report, a surmise; you call it, I say, an *information*, and speak of *informers* as if there was a plot laid, wherein I received the information: I thought I had the honour to be better known to you. Mr Collins loved me and esteemed me for my integrity and sincerity, of which he had several proofs; how I have been drawn in to injure him, to forfeit the good opinion he had of me, and which, were he now alive, would deservedly expose me to his utmost contempt, is a grief which I shall carry to the grave. It would be a sort of comfort to me, if those who have consented I should be drawn in were in some measure sensible of the guilt towards so good, kind, and generous a man.

Thus we find that *seven* years after Des Maizeaux had inconsiderately betrayed his sacred trust, his remorse was still awake; and the sincerity of his grief is attested by the affecting style which describes it: the spirit of his departed friend seemed to be hovering about him, and, in his imagination, would haunt him to the grave.

The nature of these manuscripts; the cause of the earnest desire of retaining them by the widow; the evident unfriendliness of her conduct to Des Maizeaux; and whether these manuscripts, consisting of eight octavo volumes with their transcripts, were destroyed, or are still existing, are all circumstances, which my researches have hitherto not ascertained.

HISTORY OF NEW WORDS.

Neology, or the novelty of words and phrases, is an innovation, which, with the opulence of our present language, the English philologer is most jealous to allow; but we have puritans or precisans of English, superstitiously nice! The fantastic coinage of affectation or caprice will cease to circulate from its own alloy; but shall we reject the ore of fine workmanship and solid weight? There is no government mint of words, and it is no statutable offence to invent a felicitous or daring expression unauthorized by Mr Todd! When a man of genius, in the heat of his pursuits or his feelings, has thrown out a peculiar word, it probably conveyed more precision or energy than any other established word, otherwise he is but an ignorant pretender!

Julius Cæsar, who, unlike other great captains, is authority in words as well as about blows, wrote a large treatise on 'Analogy,' in which that fine genius counselled to 'avoid every unusual word as a rock!'* The cautious Quintilian, as might be expected, opposes all innovation in language. 'If the new word is well received, small is the glory; if rejected, it raises laughter.'† This only marks the penury of his feelings in this species of adventure! The great legislator of words, who lived when his own language was at its acmé, seems undecided, yet pleaded for this liberty. 'Shall that which the Romans allowed to Cæcilius and to Plautus be refused to Virgil and Varius?' The answer to the question might not be favourable to the inquirer. While a language is forming, writers are applauded for extending its limits; when established, for restricting themselves to them. But this is to imagine that a perfect language can exist! The good sense and observation of Horace perceived that there may be occasions where necessity must become the mother of invented words:

——————Si forte necesse est
Indelis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.

If you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be used,
So it be seldom and discreetly done.

ROSCOMMON.

But Horace's canon for deciding on the legality of the new invention, or the standard by which it is to be tried, will not serve to assist the inventor of words:

——————licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsente nota procudere nummum.‡

—— an undisputed power
Of coining money from the rugged ore,
Nor less of coining words is still confest,
If with a legal public stamp imprest.

FRANCIS.

This *præsens nota*, or public stamp, can never be affixed to any new coinage of words; for many received at a season have perished with it. The privilege of stamping words is reserved for their greatest enemy—Time itself! and the inventor of a new word must never flatter himself that he has secured the public adoption, for he must lie in his grave before he can enter the dictionary.

In Wille's address to the reader, prefixed to the collection of voyages published in 1577, he finds fault with Eden's translation from Peter Martyr, for using words that smelt too much of the Latine.' We should scarcely have expected to find among them *ponderouse*, *portentouse*, *despicable*, *obsequious*, *homicide*, *imbibed*, *destructive*, *prodigious*. The only words he quotes, not thoroughly naturalized, are *dominators*, *ditionaries*, (subjects,) *solicitute*, (careful.)

The Tatler, No, 230, introduces several polysyllables introduced by military narrations, 'which, (he says,) if they attack us too frequently, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear;' every one of them still keep their ground.

Half the French words used affectedly by Melantha, in Dryden's Marriage à-la-mode, as innovations in our language, are now in common use, *naiveté*, *foible*, *chagrin*, *grimace*, *embarras*, *double entendre*, *equivoque*, *eclaircissement*, *ridicule*, all these words which she learns by heart to use occasionally, are now in common use. A Dr Russel called Psalm-singers *Ballad-singers*, having found the song of Solomon in an old translation, the *Ballad of Ballads*, for which he is reproached by his antagonist for not knowing that the signification of words alters with time; should I call him *knave*, he ought not to be concerned at

* Aulus Gellius, lib. i, c. 10. † Instit. lib. i, c. 5.

‡ This verse was corrected by Bentley procudere nummum, instead of producere nomen, which the critics agree is one of his happy conjectures.

it, for the Apostle Paul is also called *a knave of Jesus Christ*.

Unquestionably, NEOLOGY opens a wide door to innovation; scarcely has a century passed since our language was patched up with gallic idioms, as in the preceding century it was piebald with Spanish, and with Italian, and even with Dutch. The political intercourse of islanders with their neighbours has ever influenced their language. In Elizabeth's reign Italian phrases and Netherland words were imported; in James and Charles the Spanish framed the style of courtesy; in Charles the Second the nation and the language were equally Frenchified. Yet such are the sources whence we have often derived some of the wealth of our language!

There are three foul corrupters of a language; caprice, affectation, and ignorance! Such fashionable cant terms as 'theatricals,' and 'musicals,' invented by the flippant Topham, still survive among his confraternity of frivolity. A lady eminent for the elegance of her taste, and of whom one of the best judges, the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, observed to me that she spoke the purest and most idiomatic English she had ever heard, threw out an observation which might be extended to a great deal of our present fashionable vocabulary. She is now old enough, she said, to have lived to hear the vulgarisms of her youth adopted in drawing-room circles. To *lunch*, now so familiar from the fairest lips, in her youth was only known in the servants' hall. An expression very rife of late among our young ladies, *a nice man*, whatever it may mean, whether the man resemble a pudding, or something more nice, conveys the offensive notion that they are ready to eat him up! When I was a boy, it was an age of *Bon ton*; this *good tone* mysteriously conveyed a sublime idea of fashion; the term imported late in the eighteenth century, closed with it. *Twaddle* for awhile succeeded *bore*; but *bore* has recovered the supremacy. We want another Swift to give a new edition of his 'Polite Conversation.' A dictionary of barbarisms too might be collected from some wretched neologists, whose pens are now at work! Lord Chesterfield, in his exhortations to conform to Johnson's Dictionary, was desirous, however, that the great lexicographer should add as an appendix '*A neological Dictionary*, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical, words and phrases commonly used, and sometimes understood by the *beau monde*.' This last phrase was doubtless a contribution! Such a dictionary had already appeared in the French language, drawn up by two caustic critics, who in the *Dictionnaire neologique a l'usage des beaux Esprits du Siecle*, collected together the numerous unlucky inventions of affectation, with their modern authorities! A collection of the fine words and phrases culled from some very modern poetry, might show the real amount of the favours bestowed on us.

The attempts of neologists are, however, not necessarily to be condemned; and we may join with the commentators of Aulus Gellius, who have lamented the loss of a chapter, of which the title only has descended to us. That chapter would have demonstrated what happens to all languages, that some neologisms, which at first are considered forced or inelegant, become sanctioned by use, and in time are quoted as authority in the very language which, in their early stage, they were imagined to have debased.

The true history of men's minds is found in their actions; their wants are indicated by their contrivances; and certain it is that in highly cultivated ages we discover the most refined intellects attempting neologisms. It would be a subject of great curiosity to trace the origin of many happy expressions, when, and by whom created. Plato substituted the term *Providence* for *fate*; and a new system of human affairs arose from a single word. Cicero invented several; to this philosopher we owe the term of *moral* philosophy, which before his time was called the philosophy of *manners*. But on this subject we are perhaps more interested by the modern than by the ancient languages. Richardson, the painter of the human heart has coined some expressions to indicate its little secret movements which are admirable: that great genius merited a higher education and more literary leisure than the life of a printer could afford. Montaigne created some bold expressions, many of which have not survived him; *incuriositie* so opposite to curiosity, well describes that state of negligence where we will not learn that of which we are ignorant. With us the word *incurious* was described by Heylin, in 1656, as an unusual word; it has been appropriately adopted by our best writers; although we still want *incuriosity*. Charron invented *étrangete* unsuccessfully, but which, says a French critic, would be the true substantive of the word *étrange*; our Locke is the solitary instance produced for 'foreignness' for 'remoteness or want of relation to something.' Malherbe borrowed from the Latin *insidieux*, *securité*, which have been received; but a bolder word *devouloir*, by which he proposed to express *cesser de vouloir*, has not. A term, however, expressive and precise. Corneille happily introduced *invaincu* in a verse in the Cid,

Vous etes *invaincu*, mais non pas *invincible*.

Yet this created word by their great poet has not sanctioned this fine description among the French, for we are told that it is almost a solitary instance. Balzac was a great inventor of neologisms. *Urbanité* and *feliciter* were struck in his mint. 'Si le mot *feliciter* n'est pas Français il le sera l'année qui vient;' so confidently proud was the neologist, and it prospered as well as *urbanité*, of which he says, 'Quand l'usage aura muri parmi nous un mot de si mauvais gout, et corrigé *l'amertume de la nouveauté* qui s'y peut trouver, nous nous y accoutumerons comme aux autres que nous avons em prunté de la meme langue.' Balzac was, however, too sanguine in some other words; for his *delecter*, his *seriosité*, &c, still retain their 'bitterness of novelty.'

Menage invented a term of which an equivalent is wanting in our language: 'J'ai fait *prosateur* à l'imitation de l'Italien *prosatore*, pour dire un homme qui écrit en prose.' To distinguish a prose from a verse writer we once had a 'proser.' Drayton uses it; but this useful distinction has unluckily degenerated, and the current sense is so daily urgent, that the purer sense is irrecoverable.

When D'Ablancourt was translating Lucian, he invented in French the words *indolence* and *indolent*; to describe a momentary languor, rather than that habitual indolence, in which sense they are now accepted; and in translating Tacitus, he created the word *turbulemment*, but it did not prosper, any more than that of *temporisement*. Segrais invented the word *impardonable*, which, after having been rejected, was revived, and is equivalent to our expressive *unpardonable*. Moliere ridiculed some neologisms of the *Precieuses* of his day; but we are too apt to ridicule that which is new and which we often adopt when it becomes old. Moliere laughed at the term *s'encanaillier*, to describe one who assumed the manners of a blackguard; the expressive word has remained in the language.

There are two remarkable French words created by the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who passed his meritorious life in the contemplation of political morality and universal benevolence—*bienfaisance* and *gloriole*. He invented *gloriole* as a contemptuous diminutive of *gloire*; to describe that vanity of some egotists, so proud of the small talents which they may have received from nature or from accident. *Bienfaisance* first appeared in this sentence: 'L'Esprit de la vraie religion et la principal but d l'evangile cest *la bienfaisance*, c'est-a-dire la pratique de la charité envers le prochain. This word was so new, that in the moment of its creation this good man explained its necessity and origin. Complaining that 'the word "charity" is abused by all sorts of Christians in the persecution of their enemies, and even heretics affirm that they are practising Christian charity in persecuting other heretics, I have sought for a term which might convey to us a precise idea of doing good to our neighbours, and I can form none more proper to make myself understood than the term of *bienfaisance*, good-doing. Let those who like, use it; I would only be understood, and it is not equivocal.' The happy word was at first critised, but at length every kind heart found it responded to its own feeling. Some verses from Voltaire, alluding to the political reveries of the good abbé, notice the critical opposition; yet the new word answered to the great rule of Horace.

'Certain legislateur, dont la plume feconde
Fit tant de vains projects pour le bien du monde,
Et qui depuis trente ans écrit pour des ingrats,
Viens de creer un mot qui manque a Vaugelas:
Ce mot est Bienfaisance, il me plait, il rassemble
Si le cœur en est cru, bien des vertus ensemble.
Petits grammairiens, grands precepteurs de sots,
Qui pesez la parole et mesurez les mots,
Pareille expression vous semble hazardée,
Mais l'univers entier doit en cherir l'idée?

The French revolutionists, in their rage for innovation, almost barbarized the pure French of the Augustean age of their literature, as they did many things which never before occurred; and sometimes experienced feelings as transitory as they were strange. Their nomenclature was copious; but the revolutionary jargon often shows the danger and the necessity of neologisms. They form an appendix to the Academy Dictionary. Our plain English has served to enrich this odd mixture of philology and politics; *Club, clubists, comité, juré, juge de paix*, blend with their *terrorisme, lanterner*, a verb active, *levée en masse, noyades*, and the other verb active *Septembriser*, &c. The barbarous term *demoralisation* is said to have been the invention of the horrid capuchin Chabot; and the remarkable expression of *arriere-pensée* belonged exclusively in its birth to the jesuitic astuteness of the Abbé Sieyes, that political actor who, in changing sides, never required prompting in his new part!

A new word, the result of much consideration with its author, or a term which, though unknown to the language, conveys a collective assemblage of ideas by a fortunate designation, is a precious contribution of genius; new words should convey new ideas. Swift, living amidst a civil war of pamphlets, when certain writers were regularly employed by one party to draw up replies to the other, created a term not to be found in our dictionaries, but which, by a single stroke, characterizes these hirelings; he called them *answer-jobbers*. We have not dropped the fortunate expression from any want of its use, but of perception in our lexicographers. The celebrated Marquis of Lansdowne introduced a useful word, which has been of late warmly adopted in France as well as in England—to *liberalise*; the noun has been drawn out of the verb—for in the marquis's time, that was only an abstract conception which is now a sect; and to *liberalise* was theoretically introduced before the *liberals* arose.* It is curious to observe that as an adjective it had formerly in our language a very opposite meaning to its recent one. It was synonymous with 'libertine or licentious,' we have 'a *liberal* villain' and 'a most profane and *liberal* counsellor,' we find one declaring 'I have spoken *too liberally*.' This is unlucky for the *liberals*, who will not—

> 'Give allowance to our *liberal* jests
> Upon their persons—'
>
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

My learned friend Archdeacon Nares in his valuable Glossary has supplied a variety of instances.

Dr Priestley employed a forcible, but not an elegant term, to mark the general information which had begun in his day; this he frequently calls 'the *spread* of knowledge.' Burke attempted to brand with a new name that set of pert, petulent, sophistical sciolists, whose philosophy, the French, since their revolutionary period, have distinguished as *philosophism*, and the philosophers themselves as *philosophistes*. He would have designated them as *literators*, but few exotic words will circulate; new words must be the coinage of our own language to blend with the vernacular idiom. Many new words are still wanted. We have no word by which we could translate the *otium* of the Latins, the *dilettante* of the Italians, the *alembiqué* of the French, as an epithet to describe that sublimated ingenuity which exhausts the mind, till, like the fusion of the diamond, the intellect itself disappears. A philosopher, in an extensive view of a subject in all its bearings, may convey to us the result of his last considerations, by the coinage of a novel and significant expression as this of Professor Dugald Stewart—*political religionism*. Let me claim the honour of one pure neologism. I ventured to introduce the term of father-land to describe our *natale solum*; I have lived to see it adopted by Lord Byron and by Mr Southey. This energetic expression may therefore be considered as authenticated; and patriotism may stamp it with its glory and its affection. Father-land is congenial with the language in which we find that other fine expression of mother-tongue. The patriotic neologism originated with me in Holland, when, in early life, it was my daily pursuit to turn over the glorious history of its independence under the title of *Vaderlandsche Historie*—the history of fatherland!

If we acknowledge that the creation of some neologisms may sometimes produce the beautiful, the revival of the dead is the more authentic miracle; for a new word must long remain doubtful, but an ancient word happily recovered, rests on a basis of permanent strength—it has both novelty and authority! A collection of *picturesque words*, found among our ancient writers, would constitute a precious supplement to the history of our language. Far more expressive than our term of *executioner* is their solemn one of the *deathsman*; than our *vagabond* their *scatterling*; than our *idiot* or *lunatic* their *moonling*; a word which Mr Gifford observes should not have been suffered to grow obsolete. Herrick finely describes by the term *pittering* the peculiar shrill and short cry of the grasshopper.* Envy '*dusking* the lustre' of genius, is a verb lost for us, but which gives a more precise expression to the feeling than any other words which we could use.

The late Dr Boucher, of whose projected Thesaurus of our ancient English language we only possess the first letter of the alphabet, while the great and precious portion is suffered to moulder away among his family, in the prospectus of that work, did me the honour, then a young writer, to quote an opinion I had formed early in life of the purest source of neology—which is in the *revival of old words*,

> 'Words, that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake!'

We have lost may exquisite and picturesque expressions through the dulness of our lexicographers, or by that deficiency in that profounder study of our writers which their labours require far more than they themselves know. The natural graces of our language have been impoverished! The genius that throws its prophetic eye over the language, and the taste that must come from Heaven, no lexicographer imagines are required to accompany him amidst a library of old books!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

In antique furniture we sometimes discover a convenience which long disuse had made us unacquainted with, and are surprised by the aptness which we did not suspect was concealed in its solid forms. We have found the labour of the workman to have been as admirable as the material itself, which is still resisting the mouldering touch of Time among those modern inventions, elegant and unsubstantial, which, often put together with unseasoned wood, are apt to warp and fly into pieces when brought into use. We have found how strength consists in the selection of materials, and that, whenever the substitute is not better than the original, we are losing something in that test of experience, which all things derive from duration.

Be this as it may! I shall not unreasonably await for the artists of our novelties to retrograde into massive greatness, although I cannot avoid reminding them how often they revive the forgotten things of past times! It is well known that many of our novelties were in use by our ancestors! In the history of the human mind there is, indeed, a sort of antique furniture which I collect, not merely from their antiquity, but for the sound condition in which I still find them, and the compactness which they still show. Centuries have not worm-eaten their solidity, and the utility and delightfulness which they still afford make them look as fresh and as ingenious as any of our patient inventions.

By the title of the present article the reader has anticipated the nature of the old furniture to which I allude. I propose to give what, in the style of our times, may be called the philosophy of PROVERBS—a topic which seems virgin. The art of reading proverbs has not, indeed, always been acquired even by some of their admirers; but my observations, like their subject, must be versatile and unconnected; and I must bespeak indulgence for an attempt to illustrate a very curious branch of literature, rather not understood than quite forgotten.

PROVERBS have long been in disuse. 'A man of fashion,' observes Lord Chesterfield, 'never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms;' and since the time his lordship so solemnly interdicted their use, they appear to have withered away under the ban of his anathema. His lordship was little conversant with the history of proverbs, and would unquestionably have smiled on those 'men of fashion' of another stamp, who, in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, were great collectors of them; would appeal to them in their conversations, and enforce them in their learned or their statesman-like correspondence. Few,

* The Quarterly Review recently marked the word liberalise in Italics as a strange word, undoubtedly not aware of its origin. It has been lately used by Mr Dugald Stewart, 'to liberalise the views.' Dissert. 2d part, p. 138.

* The cry of the grasshopper is pit! pit! pit! quickly repeated.

perhaps, even now suspect, that these neglected fragments of wisdom, which exist among all nations, still offer many interesting objects for the studies of the philosopher and the historian; and for men of the world still open an extensive school of human life and manners.

The home-spun adages, and the rusty 'sayed saws' which remain in the mouths of the people, are adapted to their capacities and their humours; easily remembered, and readily applied; these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! Whoever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and of the market, true to nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records how the populace at Athens and at Rome were the same people as at Paris and at London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem!

Proverbs existed before books. The Spaniards date the origin of their *refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego*, 'sayings of old wives by their firesides,' before the existence of any writings in their language, from the circumstance that these are in the old romance or rudest vulgar idiom. The most ancient poem in the Edda, 'the sublime speech of Odin,' abounds with ancient proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts; like the oral traditions of the Jews, they floated down from age to age on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression, remained consecrated into a *proverb!* Such was the origin of those memorable sentences by which men learnt to think and to speak appositely; they were precepts which no man could contradict at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression. When countries are not yet populous, and property has not yet produced great inequalities in its ranks, every day will show them how 'the drunkard and the glutton come to poverty, and drowsiness clothes a man with rags.' At such a period he who gave counsel gave wealth.

It might therefore have been decided, *a priori*, that the most homely proverbs would abound in the most ancient writers—and such we find in Hesiod; a poet whose learning was not drawn from books. It could only have been in the agricultural state that this venerable bard could have indicated a state of repose by this rustic proverb.

κηδαλιον μεν ὑπερ καπνου καταθεο.
'Hang your plough-beam o'er the hearth!'

The envy of rival workmen is as justly described by a reference to the humble manufacturers of earthen-ware as by the elevated jealousies of the literati and the artists of a more polished age. The famous proverbial verse of Hesiod's Works and Days,

Και κεραμευς κεραμει κοτεει,

is literally, 'The potter is hostile to the potter!

The admonition of the poet to his brother, to prefer a friendly accommodation to a litigious law-suit, has fixed a paradoxical proverb often applied,

πλεον ἡμισυ παντος.
'The half is better than the whole!'

In the progress of time, the stock of popular proverbs received accessions from the highest sources of human intelligence; as the philosophers of antiquity formed their collections, they increased in weight and number.' Erasmus has pointed out some of these sources, in the responses of oracles; the allegorical symbols of Pythagoras; the verses of the poets; allusions to historical incident; mythology and apologue; and other recondite origins: such dissimilar matters coming from all quarters, were melted down into this vast body of aphoristic knowledge. Those '*words of the wise*, and their *dark sayings*,' as they are distinguished in that large collection which bears the name of the great Hebrew monarch, at length seem to have required commentaries; for what else can we infer of the enigmatic wisdom of the sages, when the royal paremiographer classes among their studies, that of '*understanding a proverb and the interpretation?*' This elevated notion of 'the dark sayings of the wise' accords with the bold conjecture of their origin, which the Stagirite has thrown out, who considered them as the wrecks of an ancient philosophy which had been lost to mankind by the fatal revolutions of all human things, and that those had been saved from the general ruin by their pithy elegance, and their diminutive form; like those marine shells found on the tops of mountains, the relics of the Deluge! Even at a later period, the sage of Cheronea prized them among the most solemn mysteries; and Plutarch has described them in a manner which proverbs may even still merit; 'Under the veil of these curious sentences are hid those germs of morals, which the masters of philosophy have afterwards developed into so many volumes.'

At the highest period of Grecian genius, the tragic and the comic poets introduced into their dramas the proverbial style. St Paul quotes a line which still remains among the first exercises of our school-pens:

'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'

It is a verse found in a fragment of Menander, the comic poet:

φθειρουσιν ηθη χρηστ' ὁμιλιαι κακαι.

As this verse is a proverb, and the apostle, and indeed the highest authority, Jesus himself, consecrates the use of proverbs by their occasional application, it is uncertain whether St Paul quotes the Grecian poet, or only repeats some popular adage. Proverbs were bright shafts in the Greek and Latin quivers; and when Bentley, by a league of superficial wits, was accused of pedantry for his use of some ancient proverbs, the sturdy critic vindicated his taste, by showing that Cicero constantly introduced Greek proverbs into his writings—that Scaliger and Erasmus loved them, and had formed collections drawn from the stores of antiquity.

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases, and from sententious maxims; but as proverbs have many faces, from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. When Johnson defined a proverb to be 'a short sentence frequently repeated by the people,' this definition would not include the most curious ones, which have not always circulated among the populace, nor even belong to them: nor does it designate the vital qualities of a proverb. The pithy quaintness of old Howel has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apophthegm, by that brevity which condenses a thought or a metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied; this often produces wit; and that quick pungency which excites surprise, but strikes with conviction; this gives it an epigrammatic turn. George Herbert entitled the small collection which he formed 'Jacula Prudentum,' Darts or Javelins! something hurled and striking deeply; a characteristic of a proverb which possibly Herbert may have borrowed from a remarkable passage in Plato's dialogue of 'Protagoras, or the Sophists.'

The influence of proverbs over the minds and conversations of a whole people is strikingly illustrated by this philosopher's explanation of the term *to laconise*; the mode of speech peculiar to the Lacedæmonians. This people affected to appear *unlearned*, and seemed only emulous to excel the rest of the Greeks in fortitude and in military skill. According to Plato's notion, this was really a political artifice, with a view to conceal their pre-eminent wisdom. With the jealousy of a petty state they attempted to confine their renowned sagacity within themselves, and under their military to hide their contemplative character! The philosopher assures those who in other cities imagined they *laconised*, merely by imitating the severe exercises, and the other warlike manners of the Lacedæmonians, that they were grossly deceived: and thus curiously describes the sort of wisdom which this singular people practised.

'If any one wishes to converse with the meanest of the Lacedæmonians, he will at first find him for the most part, apparently, despicable in conversation; but afterwards, when a proper opportunity presents itself, this same mean person, like a *skilful jaculator, will hurl a sentence* worthy of attention *short and contorted;* so that he who converses with him will appear to be in no respect superior to a boy! That *to laconise*, therefore, consists much more in philosophising than in the love of exercise

is understood by some of the present age, and was known to the ancients, they being persuaded that the ability of *uttering such sentences* as these is the province of a man perfectly learned. The seven sages were emulators, lovers, and disciples of the *Lacedæmonian erudition*. Their wisdom was a thing of this kind; viz., *short sentences uttered by each, and worthy to be remembered*. These men, assembling together, consecrated to Apollo the first fruits of their wisdom; writing in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, those sentences which are celebrated by all men, viz., *Know Thyself!* and *Nothing too much!* But on what account do I mention these things?—to show that *the mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain laconic diction.**'

The 'laconisms' of the Lacedæmonians evidently partook of the proverbial style: they were, no doubt, often proverbs themselves. The very instances which Plato supplies of this 'laconising' are two most venerable proverbs.

All this elevates the science of proverbs, and indicates that these abridgments of knowledge convey great results with a parsimony of words prodigal of sense. They have, therefore, preserved many 'a short sentence, not repeated by the people.'

It is evident, however, that the earliest writings of every people are marked by their most homely, or domestic proverbs; for these were more directly addressed to their wants. Franklin, who may be considered as the founder of a people, who were suddenly placed in a stage of civil society which as yet could afford no literature, discovered the philosophical cast of his genius, when he filled his almanacks with proverbs, by the ingenious contrivance of framing them into a connected discourse, delivered by an old man attending an auction. 'These proverbs,' he tells us, 'which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, when their scattered counsels were brought together, made a great impression. They were reprinted in Britain, in a large sheet of paper, and stuck up in houses; and were twice translated in France, and distributed among their poor parishioners.' The same occurrence had happened with us ere we became a reading people. Much later even than the reign of Elizabeth our ancestors had proverbs always before them, on every thing which had room for a piece of advice on it; they had them painted in their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, on the blades of their knives, the borders of their plates,† and 'conned them out of Goldsmith's rings.' The usurer, in Robert Green's 'Groat's worth of Wit,' compressed all his philosophy into the circle of his ring, having learnt sufficient Latin to understand the proverbial motto of 'Tu tibi cura!' The husband was reminded of his lordly authority when he only looked into his trencher, one of its learned aphorisms having descended to us,—

'The calmest husbands make the stormyest wives.'

The English proverbs of the populace, most of which are still in circulation, were collected by old John Heywood.‡ They are arranged by Tusser for 'the parlour—the guest's chamber—the hall—the table-lessons,' &c. Not a small portion of our ancient proverbs were adapted to rural life, when our ancestors lived more than ourselves amidst the works of God, and less among those of men. At this time, one of our old statesmen, in commending the art of compressing a tedious discourse into a few significant phrases, suggested the use of proverbs in diplomatic intercourse, convinced of the great benefit which would result to the negotiators themselves, as well as to others! I give a literary curiosity of this kind. A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Knavish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak 'for very fear shook,' and stood silent. The nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famed governor of Baritaria, delivering himself thus—'It is now my chance to speak something, and that without humming or hawing. I think this law is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt.* Pay the reckoning overnight, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase.'*

Another instance of the use of proverbs among our statesmen occurs in a manuscript letter of Sir Dudley Carlton, written in 1632 on the impeachment of Lord Middlesex, who, he says, is 'this day to plead his own cause in the exchequer-chamber, about an account of fourscore thousand pounds laid to his charge. How his lordships sped I know not, but do remember well the French proverb, *Qui mange de l'oye du Roy chiera une plume quarante ans apres.* 'Who eats of the king's goose, will void a feather forty years after!'

This was the era of proverbs with us; for then they were *spoken* by all ranks of society. The free use of trivial proverbs got them into disrepute; and as the abuse of a thing raises a just opposition to its practice, a slender wit affecting 'a cross humour,' published a little volume of 'Crossing of Proverbs, Cross-answers, and Cross-humours.' He pretends to contradict the most popular ones; but he has not always the genius to strike at amusing paradoxes.†

Proverbs were long the favourites of our neighbours: in the splendid and refined court of Louis XIV, they gave rise to an odd invention. They plotted comedies and even fantastical ballets, from their subjects. In these Curiosities of Literature I cannot pass by such eccentric inventions unnoticed.

A Comedy *of proverbs* is described by the Duke de la Valliere, which was performed in 1634, with prodigious success. He considers that this comedy ought to be ranked among farces; but it is gay, well-written, and curious for containing the best proverbs, which are happily introduced in the dialogue.

A more extraordinary attempt was A Ballet *of proverbs*. Before the opera was established in France, the ancient ballets formed the chief amusement of the court, and Louis XIV himself joined with the performers. The singular attempt of forming a pantomimical dance out of proverbs is quite French; we have a 'ballet des proverbes, dancé par le Roi, in 1654.' At every proverb the scene changed, and adapted itself to the subject. I shall give two or three of the *entrées* that we may form some notion of these *capriccios*.

The proverb was

Tel menace qui a grand peur.
'He threatens who is afraid!'

The scene was composed of swaggering scaramouches and some honest cits, who at length beat them off.

At another *entrée* the proverb was

L'occasion fait le larron.
'Opportunity makes the thief.'

Opportunity was acted by le Sieur Beaubrun, but it is difficult to conceive how the real could personify the abstract personage. The thieves were the Duke d'Amville and Monsieur de la Chesnaye.

Another *entrée* was the proverb of

Ce qui vient de la flute s'en va au tambour.

'What comes by the pipe goes by the tabor.'

A loose dissipated officer was performed by le Sieur l'Anglois; the *pipe* by St Aignan, and the *tabor* by le Sieur le Comte! In this manner every proverb was *spoken in*

* Taylor's Translation of Plato's Works, Vol. V, p. 36.

† One of the fruit tenchers for such these roundels are called in the Gent. Mag., for 1793, p. 398, is engraved there, and the inscriptions of an entire set given.—See also the supplement to that volume, p. 1187.

‡ Heywood's 'Dialogue, conteyninge the Number in Effecte of all the Proverbs in the English Tunge, 1561.' There are more editions of this little volume than Wharton has noticed. There is some humour in his narrative, but his metre and his ribaldry are heavy taxes on our curiosity.

* Townshend's Historical Collections, p. 283.

† It was published in 1616: the writer only catches at some verbal expressions—as, for instance,
The vulgar proverb runs, 'The more the merrier.'
The cross,—'Not so! one hand is enough in a purse!'
The proverb, 'It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.'
The cross,—'Not so! it is but a stone's cast.'
The proverb, 'The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.'
The cross,—'Not so! the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.'
The proverb, 'He runs far who never turns.'
The cross,—'Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.'

action, the whole connected by dialogue: more must have depended on the acts than the poet.*

The French long retained this fondness for proverbs; for they still have dramatic compositions entitled *proverbes*, on a more refined plan. Their invention is so recent, that the term is not in their great dictionary of Trevoux. These *proverbes* are dramas of a single act, invented by Marmontel, who possessed a peculiar vein of humour, but who designed them only for private theatricals. Each *proverb* furnished a subject for a few scenes, and created a situation powerfully comic: it is a dramatic amusement which does not appear to have reached us, but one which the celebrated Catharine of Russia delighted to compose for her own society.

Among the middle classes of society to this day, we may observe that certain family proverbs are traditionally preserved: the favourite saying of a father is repeated by the sons; and frequently the conduct of a whole generation has been influenced by such domestic proverbs. This may be perceived in many of the mottos of our old nobility, which seem to have originated in some habitual proverb of the founder of the family. In ages when proverbs were most prevalent, such pithy sentences would admirably serve in the ordinary business of life, and lead on to decision, even in its greater exigencies. Orators, by some lucky proverb, without wearying their auditors, would bring conviction home to their bosoms; and great characters would appeal to a proverb, or deliver that, which, in time, by its aptitude, became one. When Nero was reproached for the ardour with which he gave himself up to the study of music, he replied to his censurers by the Greek proverb, 'An artist lives every where.' The emperor answered in the spirit of Rousseau's system, that every child should be taught some trade. When Cæsar, after anxious deliberation, decided on the passage of the Rubicon (which very event has given rise to a proverb,) rousing himself with a start of courage, he committed himself to Fortune, with that proverbial expression on his lips, used by gamesters in desperate play: having passed the Rubicon, he exclaimed 'The die is cast!' The answer of Paulus Æmilius to the relations of his wife, who had remonstrated with him on his determination to separate himself from her against whom no fault could be alleged, has become one of our most familiar proverbs. This hero acknowledged the excellencies of his lady; but, requesting them to look on his shoe, which appeared to be well made, he observed, 'None of you know where the shoe pinches!' He either used a proverbial phrase, or by its aptness it has become one of the most popular.

There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men; they were either their favourite ones, or have originated with themselves: such a collection would form an historical curiosity. To the celebrated Bayard are the French indebted for a military proverb, which some of them still repeat. *Ce que le gantelet gagne le gorgerin le mange*, 'What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes.' That reflecting soldier well calculated the profits of a military life, which consumes, in the pomp and waste which are necessary for its maintenance, the slender pay it receives, and even what its rapacity sometimes acquires. The favourite proverb of Erasmus was *Festina lente!* 'Hasten slowly!'† He wished it to be inscribed wherever it could meet our eyes; on public buildings, and on our rings and seals. One of our own statesmen used a favourite sentence, which has enlarged our stock of national proverbs. Sir Amias Pawlet, when he perceived too much hurry in any business, was accustomed to say, 'Stay awhile, to make an end the sooner.' Oliver Cromwell's coarse, but descriptive proverb, conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome coadjutors: 'Nits will be lice!' The Italians have a proverb, which has been occasionally applied to certain political personages:—

Egli e quello che Dio vuole;
E sara quello che Dio vorra!
'He is what God pleases;
He shall be what God wills!'

Ere this was a proverb, it had served as an embroidered motto on the mystical mantle of Castruccio Castracani. That military genius, who sought to revolutionize Italy, and aspired to its sovereignty, lived long enough to repent the wild romantic ambition which provoked all Italy to confederate against him; the mysterious motto he assumed entered into the proverbs of his country! The Border proverb of the Douglases, 'It were better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep,' was adopted by every border chief, to express, as Sir Walter Scott observes, what the great Bruce had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safest bulwarks, instead of the fortified places, which the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending. These illustrations indicate one of the sources of proverbs; they have often resulted from the spontaneous emotions or the profound reflections of some extraordinary individual, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, never to perish!

The poets have been very busy with proverbs in all the languages of Europe: some appear to have been the favourite lines of some ancient poem: even in more refined times, many of the pointed verses of Boileau and Pope have become proverbial. Many trivial and laconic proverbs bear the jingle of alliteration or rhyme, which assisted their circulation, and were probably struck off extempore; a manner which Swift practised, who was a ready coiner of such rhyming and ludicrous proverbs; delighting to startle a collector by his facetious or sarcastic humour, in the shape of an 'old saying and true.' Some of these rhyming proverbs are, however, terse and elegant: we have

'Little strokes
Fell great oaks.'

The Italian—

Chi duo lepri caccia,
Uno perde, e l' altro lascia.

'Who hunts two hares, loses one and leaves the other.

The haughty Spaniard—

El dar es honor,
Y el pedir dolor.

'To give is honour, to ask is grief.'

And the French—

Ami de table
Est variable.

'The friend of the table
Is very variable.'

The composers of these short proverbs were a numerous race of poets, who, probably, among the dreams of their immortality never suspected that they were to descend to posterity, themselves and their works unknown, while their extempore thoughts would be repeated by their own nation.

Proverbs were at length consigned to the people, when books were addressed to scholars; but the people did not find themselves so destitute of practical wisdom, by preserving their national proverbs, as some of those closet students who had ceased to repeat them. The various humours of mankind, in the mutability of human affairs, had given birth to every species; and men were wise, or merry, or satirical, and mourned or rejoiced in proverbs. Nations held an universal intercourse of proverbs, from the eastern to the western world; for we discover among those which appear strictly national many which are common to them all. Of our own familiar ones several may be tracked among the snows of the Latins and the Greeks, and have sometimes been drawn from 'The Mines of the East:' like decayed families which remain in obscurity, they may boast of a high lineal descent whenever they recover their lost title-deeds. The vulgar proverb, 'To carry coals to Newcastle,' local and idiomatic as it appears, however, has been borrowed and applied by ourselves; it may be found among the Persians; in the 'Bustan' of Sadi we have *Infers piper in Hindostan*; 'To carry pepper to Hindostan;' among the Hebrews, 'To carry oil to a city of Olives;' a similar proverb occurs in Greek; and in Galland's 'Maxims of the East' we may discover how many of the most common proverbs among us, as well as some of Joe Miller's jests, are of oriental origin.

The resemblance of certain proverbs in different nations must, however, be often ascribed to the identity of human nature; similar situations and similar objects have unquestionably made men think and act and express themselves

* It has been suggested that this whimsical amusement has been lately revived, to a certain degree, in the acting of Charades among juvenile parties.

† Now the punning motto of a noble family.

alike. All nations are parallels of each other! Hence all paremiographers, or collectors of proverbs, complain of the difficulty of separating their own national proverbs from those which had crept into the language from others, particularly when nations have held much intercourse together. We have a copious collection of Scottish proverbs by Kelly, but this learned man was mortified at discovering that many which he had long believed to have been genuine Scottish were not only English, but French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, and Greek ones; many of his Scottish proverbs are almost literally expressed among the fragments of remote antiquity. It would have surprised him further had he been aware that his Greek originals were themselves but copies, and might have been found in D'Herbelot, Erpenius, and Golius, and in many Asiatic works, which have been more recently introduced to the enlarged knowledge of the European student, who formerly found his most extended researches limited by Hellenistic lore.

Perhaps it was owing to an accidental circumstance that the proverbs of the European nations have been preserved in the permanent form of volumes. Erasmus is usually considered as the first modern collector, but he appears to have been preceded by Polydore Vergil, who bitterly reproaches Erasmus with envy and plagiarism, for passing by his collection without even a poor compliment for the inventor! Polydore was a vain, superficial writer, who prided himself in leading the way on more topics than the present. Erasmus, with his usual pleasantry, provokingly excuses himself, by acknowledging that he had forgotten his friend's book! Few sympathize with the quarrels of authors; and since Erasmus has written a far better book than Polydore Vergil's, the original '*Adagia*' is left only to be commemorated in literary history as one of its curiosities.*

The 'Adagia' of Erasmus contains a collection of about five thousand proverbs, gradually gathered from a constant study of the ancients. Erasmus, blest with the genius which could enliven a folio, delighted himself and all Europe by the continued accessions he made to a volume which even now may be the companion of literary men for a winter day's fire-side. The successful example of Erasmus commanded the imitation of the learned in Europe, and drew their attention to their own national proverbs. Some of the most learned men, and some not sufficiently so, were now occupied in this new study.†

* At the Royal Institution there is a fine copy of Polydore Vergil's 'Adagia,' with his other work, curious in its day, De Inventoribus Rerum, printed by Frobenius, in 1521. The wood-cuts of this edition seem to be executed with inimitable delicacy, resembling a pencilling which Raphael might have envied.

† In Spain, Fernandez Nunes, a Greek professor, and the Marquis of Santellana, a grandee, published collections of their Refrans, or Proverbs, a term derived a referendo, because it is often repeated. The 'Refranes o Proverbios Castellanos,' par Cæsar Oudin, 1624, translated into French, is a valuable compilation. In Cervantes and Quevedo, the best practical illustrators, they are sown with no sparing hand. There is an ample collection of Italian proverbs, by Florio, who was an Englishman, of Italian origin, and who published 'Il Giardino di Ricreatione' at London, so early as in 1591, exceeding six thousand proverbs; but they are unexplained, and are often obscure. Another Italian in England, Torriano, in 1649, published an interesting collection in the diminutive form of a twenty-fours. It was subsequent to these publications in England, that in Italy Angelus Monosini, in 1604, published his collection; and Julius Varini, in 1642, produced his Scuola del Vulgo. In France, Oudin, after others had preceded him, published a collection of French proverbs, under the title of Curiosités Françoises. Fleury de Bellingen's Explication de Proverbes François, on comparing it with Les Illustres Proverbs Historiques, a subsequent publication, I discovered to be the same work. It is the first attempt to render the study of proverbs somewhat amusing. The plan consists of a dialogue between a philosopher and a Sancho Panza, who blurts out his proverbs with more delight than understanding. The philosopher takes that opportunity of explaining them by the events in which they originated, which, however, are not always to be depended on. A work of high merit on French proverbs is the unfinished one of the Abbé Tuet, sensible and learned. A collection of Danish proverbs, accompanied by a French translation, was printed at Copenhagen, in a quarto volume, 1761. England may boast of no inferior paremiographers. The grave and judicious Camden, the religious Herbert, the entertaining Howel, the facetious Fuller, and the laborious Ray, with others, have preserved our national sayings. The Scottish have been largely collected and explained by the learned Kelly. An excellent anonymous collection, not uncommon, in various languages, 1707; the collector and translator was Dr J. Mapletoft. It must be acknowledged that although no nation exceeds our own in sterling sense, we rarely rival the delicacy, the wit, and the felicity of expression of the Spanish and Italian, and the poignancy of some of the French proverbs.

The interest we may derive from the study of proverbs is not confined to their universal truths, nor to their poignant pleasantry; a philosophical mind will discover in proverbs a great variety of the most curious knowledge. The manners of a people are painted after life in their domestic proverbs; and it would not be advancing too much to assert, that the genius of the age might be often detected in its prevalent ones. The learned Selden tells us, that the proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews; the reason assigned was, because 'by them he knew the minds of several nations, which,' said he, 'is a brave thing, as we count him wise who knows the minds and the insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them.' Lord Bacon condensed a wide circuit of philosophical thought, when he observed that 'the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs.'

Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last stake in play, *Rem ad triarios venisse*, 'the reserve are engaged!' a proverbial expression, from which the military habits of the people might be inferred; the *triarii* being their reserve. A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxcombry which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their dress, they applied the proverb of *Unico digitulo scalpit caput*. Scratching the head with a single finger was, it seems, done by the critically nice youths in Rome, that they might not discompose the economy of their hair. The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, 'Vinegar given is better than honey bought.' Every thing of high esteem with him who is so often parched in the desert is described as *milk*—'How large his flow of milk!' is a proverbial expression with the Arab, to distinguish the most copious eloquence. To express a state of perfect repose, the Arabian proverb is, 'I throw the rein over my back:' an allusion to the loosening of the cords of the camels which are thrown over their backs when they are sent to pasture. We discover the rustic manners of our ancient Britons in the Cambrian proverbs; many relate to *the hedge*. 'The cleanly Briton is seen in the *hedge*: the horse looks not on the *hedge* but the corn: the bad husband's *hedge* is full of gaps.' The state of an agricultural people appears in such proverbs as, 'You must not count your yearlings till May-day:' and their proverbial sentence for old age is, 'An old man's end is to keep sheep!' Turn from the vagrant Arab and the agricultural Briton to a nation existing in a high state of artificial civilization; the Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings. Affecting a more solemn exterior than all other nations, a favourite proverb with them is, 'A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the *palace* of the soul.' Their notion of government is quite architectural. They say, 'A sovereign may be compared to a *hall*; his officers to the steps that lead to it; the people to the ground on which they stand.' What should we think of a people who had a proverb, that 'He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog?' We should instantly decide on the mean and servile spirit of those who could repeat it; and such we find to have been that of the Bengalese, to whom the degrading proverb belongs, derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! In some of the Hebrew proverbs we are struck by the frequent allusions of that fugitive people to their own history. The cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution, was delivered in this Hebrew proverb—'When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!' The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to every thing connected with their sublime Theocracy, in their magnificent Temple, is finely expressed by this proverb—'None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly into his eyes.' The Hebrew proverb that 'A fast for a dream, is as fire for stubble,' which it kindles, could only have been invented by a people whose superstitions at-

tached a holy mystery to fasts and dreams. They imagined that a religious fast was propitious to a religious dream; or to obtain the interpretation of one which had troubled their imagination. Peyssonel, who long resided among the Turks, observes, that their proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance, the surest test of the intellectual abilities of any nation. He said this to correct the volatile opinion of De Tott, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages, of which the truth and candour are admirable; 'Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans.'

The Spaniards may appeal to their proverbs to show that they were a high-minded and independent race. A Whiggish jealousy of the monarchical power stamped itself on this ancient one, *Va el rey hasta do puede, y no hasta do quiere:* 'The king goes as far as he is able, not as far as he desires.' It must have been at a later period, when the national genius became more subdued, and every Spaniard dreaded to find under his own roof a spy or an informer, that another proverb arose, *Con el rey y la inquisicion, chiton!* 'With the king and the inquisition, hush!' The gravity and taciturnity of the nation have been ascribed to the effects of this proverb. Their popular but suppressed feelings on taxation, and on a variety of dues exacted by their clergy, were murmured in proverbs—*Lo que no lleva Christo lleva el fisco!* 'What Christ takes not, the exchequer carries away!' They have a number of sarcastic proverbs on the tenacious gripe of the 'abad avariento,' the avaricious priest, who, 'having eaten the olio offered, claims the dish!' A striking mixture of chivalric habits, domestic decency, and epicurean comfort, appears in the Spanish proverb, *La muger y la salsa a la mano de la lanca:* 'The wife and the sauce by the hand of the lance;' to honour the dame, and to have the sauce near.

The Italian proverbs have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. I think every tenth proverb, in an Italian collection, is some cynical or some selfish maxim: a 'book of the world for worldlings!' The Venetian proverb *Pria Veneziani, poi Christiane:* 'First Venetian, and then Christian!' condenses the whole spirit of their ancient Republic into the smallest space possible. Their political proverbs, no doubt, arose from the extraordinary state of a people, sometimes distracted among republics, and sometimes servile in petty courts. The Italian says, *I popoli s'ammazzano, ed i prencipi s'abbracciano:* 'The people murder one another, and princes embrace one another.' *Chi prattica co' grandi, l'ultimo à tavola, e'l primo a' strappazzi:* 'Who dangles after the great is the last at table, and the first at blows.' *Chi non sa adulare, non sa regnare:* 'Who knows not to flatter, knows not to reign.' *Chi serve in corte muore sul' pagliato:* 'Who serves at court dies on straw.' Wary cunning in domestic life is perpetually impressed. An Italian proverb, which is immortalized in our language, for it enters into the history of Milton, was that by which the elegant Wotton counselled the young poetic traveller to have—*Il viso sciolto, ed i pensieri stretti,* 'An open countenance, but close thoughts.' In the same spirit, *Chi parla semina, chi tace raccoglie:* 'The talker sows, the silent reaps;' as well as, *Fatti di miele, e ti mangieran le mosche;* 'Make yourself all honey, and the flies will devour you.' There are some which display a deep knowledge of human nature: *A Lucca ti vidi, à Pisa ti connobbi!* 'I saw you at Lucca, I knew you at Pisa!' *Guardati d'aceto, di vin dolce:* 'Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine,' provoke not the rage of a patient man!

Among a people who had often witnessed their fine country devastated by petty warfare, their notion of the military character was not usually heroic. *Il soldato per far male è ben pagato:* 'The soldier is well paid for doing mischief.' *Soldato, acqua, e fuoco, presto si fan luoco:* 'A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves.' But in a poetical people, endowed with great sensibility, their proverbs would sometimes be tender and fanciful. They paint the activity of friendship, *Chi ha l'amor nel petto, ha lo sprone a i fianchi:* 'Who feels love in the breast, feels a spur in his limbs;' or its generous passion, *Gli amici legono la borsa con un filo di ragnatelo:* 'Friends tie their purse with a cobweb's thread.' They characterized the universal lover by an elegant proverb—*Appicare il Maio ad ogn'uscio:* 'To hang every door with May;' alluding to the bough which in the nights of May the country-people are accustomed to plant before the door of their mistress. If we turn to the French, we discover that the military genius of France dictated the proverb, *Maille a maille se fait le haubergeon:* 'Link by link is made the coat of mail;' and *Tel coup de langue est pire qu'un coup de lance:* 'The tongue strikes deeper than the lance;' and *Ce qui vient du tambour s'en retourne a la fiste:* What comes by the tabor goes back with the pipe.' *Point d'argent point de Suisse* has become proverbial, observes an Edinburgh Reviewer; a striking expression, which, while French or Austrian gold predominated, was justly used to characterize the illiberal and selfish policy of the cantonal and federal governments of Switzerland, when it began to degenerate from its moral patriotism. The ancient, perhaps the extinct, spirit of Englishmen, was once expressed by our proverb, 'Better be the head of a dog than the tail of a lion;' *i. e.* the first of the yeomanry rather than the last of the gentry. A foreign philosopher might have discovered our own ancient skill in archery among our proverbs; for none but true toxophilites could have such a proverb as, 'I will either make a shaft or a bolt of it!' signifying, says the author of Ivanhoe, a determination to make one use or other of the thing spoken of: the bolt was the arrow peculiarly fitted to the cross-bow, as that of the long-bow was called a shaft. Those instances sufficiently demonstrate that the characteristic circumstances and feelings of a people are discovered in their popular notions, and stamped on their familiar proverbs.

It is also evident that the peculiar, and often idiomatic, humour of a people is best preserved in their proverbs. There is a shrewdness, although deficient in delicacy, in the Scottish proverbs; they are idiomatic, facetious, and strike home. Kelly, who has collected three thousand, informs us, that, in 1725, the Scotch were a great proverbial nation; for that few among the better sort will converse any considerable time, but will confirm every assertion and observation with a Scottish proverb. The speculative Scotch of our own times have probably degenerated in prudential lore, and deem themselves much wiser than their proverbs. They may reply by a Scotch proverb on proverbs, made by a great man in Scotland, who, having given a splendid entertainment, was harshly told, that 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them;' but he readily answered, 'Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them!'

National humour, frequently local and idiomatical, depends on the artificial habits of mankind, so opposite to each other; but there is a natural vein, which the populace, always true to nature, preserve even among the gravest people. The Arabian proverb, 'The barber learns his art on the orphan's face;' the Chinese, 'In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap;'—to impress caution in our conduct under circumstances of suspicion;—and the Hebrew one, 'He that hath had one of his family hanged may not say to his neighbor, *hang* up this fish!' are all instances of this sort of humour. The Spaniards are a grave people, but no nation has equalled them in their peculiar humour. The genius of Cervantes partook largely of that of his country; that mantle of gravity, which almost conceals under it a latent facetiousness, and with which he has imbued his style and manner with such untranslateable idiomatic raciness, may be traced to the proverbial erudition of his nation. 'To steal a sheep, and give away the trotters for God's sake!' is Cervantic nature! To one who is seeking an opportunity to quarrel with another, their proverb runs, *Si quieres dar palos a su muger pidele al sol a beber,* 'Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife, bid her bring water to thee in the sun-shine!'—a very fair quarrel may be picked up about the motes in the clearest water! On the judges in Gallicia, who, like our former justices of peace, 'for half a dozen chickens would dispense with a dozen of penal statutes,' 'A juezes Gallicianos, con los pies en los manos;' 'To the judges of Gallicia go with feet in hand;' a droll allusion to a present of poultry, usually held by the legs. To describe persons who live high without visible means, Los que cabritos venden, y cabras no tienen, dedonde los vienen? 'They that sell kids and have no goats, how came they by them?' El vino no trae bragas, 'Wine wears no breeches;' for men in wine expose their most secret thoughts. Vino di un orejo, 'Wine of one ear!' in good wine; for at bad, shaking our heads, both our ears are visible; but at good, the Spaniard, by a natural gesticulation lowering one side, shows a single ear.

Proverbs abounding in sarcastic humour, and found

among every people, are those which are pointed at rival countries. They expose some prevalent folly, or allude to some disgrace which the natives have incurred. In France, the Burgundians have a proverb *Mieux vaut bon repas que bel habit;* 'Better a good dinner than a fine coat.' These good people are great gormandizers, but shabby dressers; they are commonly said to have 'bowels of silk and velvet;' that is, all their silk and velvet goes for their bowels! Thus Picardy is famous for 'hot heads,' and the Norman for *son dit et son dedit*, 'his saying and his unsaying!' In Italy the numerous rival cities pelt one another with proverbs: *Chi ha a fare con Tosco non convien esser losco*, 'He who deals with a Tuscan must not have his eyes shut.' *A Venetia chi vi nasce, mal vi si pasce*, 'Whom Venice breeds, she poorly feeds.'—Among ourselves, hardly has a county escaped from some popular quip; even neighbouring towns have their sarcasms, usually pickled in some unlucky rhyme. The egotism of man eagerly seizes on whatever serves to depreciate or to ridicule his neighbour: nations proverb each other; counties flout counties; obscure towns sharpen their wits on towns as obscure as themselves—the same evil principle lurking in poor human nature, if it cannot always assume predominance, will meanly gratify itself by insult or contempt.

There is another source of national characteristics, frequently producing strange or whimsical combinations; a people, from a very natural circumstance, have drawn their proverbs from local objects, or from allusions to peculiar customs. The influence of manners and customs over the ideas and language of a people would form a subject of extensive and curious research. There is a Japanese proverb, that 'A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan!' Had we not known the origin of this proverb, it would be evident that it could only have occurred to a people who had constantly before them fogs and fans; and the fact appears that fogs are frequent on the coast of Japan; and that from the age of five years both sexes of the Japanese carry fans. The Spaniards have an odd proverb to describe those who teaze and vex a person before they do him the very benefit which they are about to confer—acting kindly, but speaking roughly; *Mostrar primero la horca que el lugar*, 'To show the gallows before they show the town;' a circumstance alluding to their small towns, which have a gallows placed on an eminence so that the gallows breaks on the eye of the traveller before he gets a view of the town itself.

The Cheshire proverb on marriage, 'Better wed over the mixon than over the moor,' that is, at home or in its vicinity; mixon alludes to the dung, &c, in the farm-yard, while the road from Chester to London is over the moorland in Staffordshire; this local proverb is a curious instance of provincial pride, perhaps of wisdom, to induce the gentry of that county to form intermarriages; to prolong their own ancient families, and perpetuate ancient friendships between them.

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man 'as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides:' an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to herring-fishery. There is a Cornish proverb, 'Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock'—the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb, against obstinate wrong-heads.

When Scotland, in the last century, felt its allegiance to England doubtful, and when the French sent an expedition to the land of cakes, a local proverb was revived, to show the identity of interests which affected both nations.

> 'If Skiddaw hath a cap
> Scruffel wots full well of that.'

These are two high hills, one in Scotland and one in England; so near, that what happens to the one will not be long ere it reach the other. If a fog lodges on the one, it is sure to rain on the other; the mutual sympathies of the two countries were hence deduced in a copious dissertation, by Oswald Dyke, on what was called 'The Union-proverb,' which *local proverbs* of our country, Fuller has interspersed in his 'Worthies,' and Ray and Grose have collected separately.

I was amused lately by a curious financial revelation which I found in an opposition paper, where it appears that 'Ministers pretend to make their load of taxes more portable, by shifting the burden, or altering the pressure, without however, diminishing the weight; according to the Italian proverb, *Accommodare le bisaccie nella strada*, 'To fit the load on the journey;—it is taken from a custom of the mule-drivers, who placing their packages at first but awkwardly on the backs of their poor beasts, and seeing them ready to sink, cry out, 'Never mind! we must fit them better on the road!' I was gratified to discover, by the present and some other modern instances, that the taste for proverbs was reviving, and that we were returning to those sober times, when the aptitude of a simple proverb would be preferred to the verbosity of politicians, Tories, Whigs, or Radicals!

There are domestic proverbs which originate in incidents known only to the natives of their province. Italian literature is particularly rich in these stores. The lively proverbial taste of that vivacious people was transferred to their own authors; and when these allusions were obscured by time, learned Italians, in their zeal for their national literature, and in their national love of story-telling, have written grave commentaries even on ludicrous, but popular tales, in which the proverbs are said to have originated. They resemble the old facetious *contes*, whose simplicity and humour still live in the pages of Boccaccio, and are not forgotten in those of the Queen of Navarre.

The Italians apply a proverb to a person who while he is beaten, takes the blows quietly:—

> Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
> 'Luckily they were not peaches!'

And to threaten to give a man—

> Una pesca in un occhio,
> 'A peach in the eye,'

means to give him a thrashing. This proverb, it is said, originated in the close of a certain droll adventure. The community of the Castle Poggibonsi, probably from some jocular tenure observed on St Bernard's day, pay a tribute of peaches to the court of Tuscany, which are usually shared among the ladies in waiting, and the pages of the court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people at Poggibonsi, finding them rather dear, sent, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which was so much disapproved of by the pages, that as soon as they got hold of them, they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out—

> Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
> Luckily they were not peaches!

Fare le scalée di Sant' Ambrogio; 'To mount the stairs of Saint Ambrose,' a proverb allusive to the business of the school of scandal. Varchi explains it by a circumstance so common in provincial cities. On summer evenings, for fresh air and gossip, the loungers met on the steps and landing places of the church of St Ambrose; whoever left the party, 'they read in his book,' as our commentator expresses it; and not a leaf was passed over! All liked to join a party so well informed of one another's concerns, and every one tried to be the very last to quit it, —not to leave his character behind!' It became a proverbial phrase with those who left a company, and were too tender of their backs, to request they would not 'mount the stairs of St Ambrose.' Jonson has well described such a company:

> 'You are so truly fear'd, but not beloved
> One of another, as no one dares break
> Company from the rest, lest they should fall
> Upon him absent.'

There are legends and histories which belong to proverbs; and some of the most ancient refer to incidents which have not always been commemorated. Two Greek proverbs have accidentally been explained by Pausanias: 'He is a man of Tenedos!' to describe a person of unquestionable veracity; and 'To cut with the Tenedian axe;' to express an absolute and irrevocable refusal. The first originated in a king of Tenedos, who decreed that there should always stand behind the judge a man holding an axe, ready to execute justice on any one convicted of falsehood. The other arose from the same king, whose father having reached his island, to supplicate the

son's forgiveness for the injury inflicted on him by the arts of a step-mother, was preparing to land; already the ship was fastened by its cable to a rock; when the son came down and sternly cutting the cable with an axe, sent the ship adrift to the mercy of the waves: hence, 'to cut with the Tenedian axe,' became proverbial to express an absolute refusal. 'Business to-morrow!' is another Greek proverb, applied to a person ruined by his own neglect. The fate of an eminent person perpetuated the expression which he casually employed on the occasion. One of the Theban polemarchs, in the midst of a convivial party, received despatches relating a conspiracy: flushed with wine, although pressed by the courier to open them immediately, he smiled, and in gaiety laying the letter under the pillow of his couch, observed, 'Business to-morrow!' Plutarch records that he felt a victim to the twenty-four hours he had lost, and became the author of a proverb which was still circulated among the Greeks.

The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. *Y vengar quiniento sueldos*; 'And revenge five hundred pounds!' An odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman! But the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute, by as many pieces of coin; at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied to characterize all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country.

Pasquier, in his *Recherches sur la France*, reviewing the periodical changes of ancient families in feudal times, observes, that a proverb among the common people conveys the result of all his inquiries; for those noble houses, which in a single age declined from nobility and wealth to poverty and meanness, gave rise to the proverb, *Cent ans bannieres et cent ans civieres!* 'One hundred years a banner, and one hundred years a barrow!' The Italian proverb, *Con l' Evangilio si diventa heretico*, 'With the gospel we become heretics,'—reflects the policy of the court of Rome; and must be dated at the time of the Reformation, when a translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue encountered such an invincible opposition. The Scotch proverb, *He that invented the maiden first hansselled it*; that is, got the first of it! The maiden is that well-known beheading engine, revived by the French surgeon Guillotine. This proverb may be applied to one who falls a victim to his own ingenuity; the artificer of his own destruction! The inventor was James, Earl of Morton, who for some years governed Scotland, and afterwards, it is said, very unjustly suffered by his own invention. It is a striking coincidence, that the same fate was shared by the French reviver; both alike sad examples of disturbed times! Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated: *Hand over head, as men took the Covenant!* This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by 'acclamation.' An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage. *Testers are gone to Oxford, to study at Brazen-nose.* When Henry the Eighth debased the silver coin, called *testers*, from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary, the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage. A northern proverb among us has preserved the remarkable idea which seems to have once been prevalent; that the metropolis of England was to be the city of York: *Lincoln was, London is, York shall be!* Whether at the time of the union of the crowns, under James the First, when England and Scotland became Great Britain, this city, from its central situation, was considered as the best adapted for the seat of government, or from some other cause which I have not discovered, this notion must have been prevalent to have entered into a proverb. The chief magistrate of York is the only provincial one who is allowed the title of Lord Mayor; a circumstance which seems connected with this proverb.

The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well-being so much depended on their prudence and sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn, and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de' Medici, Machiavel, tells us, the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace, in a proverb, *La gallina covava!* 'The hen is brooding!' said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo replied by another, that 'There was no brooding out of the nest!'

I give an example of peculiar interest; for it is perpetuated by Dante, and is connected with the character of Milton.

When the families of the Amadei and the Uberti felt their honour wounded in the affront the younger Buondelmonte had put upon them, in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, by marrying another, a council was held, and the death of the young cavalier was proposed as the sole atonement for their injured honour. But the consequences which they anticipated, and which afterwards proved so fatal to the Florentines, long suspended their decision. At length Moscha Lamberti suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, 'That those who considered every thing would never conclude on any thing,' closing with an ancient proverbial saying—*cosa fatta capo ha!* 'a deed done has an end!' This proverb sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in mournful remembrance by the Tuscans; for, according to Villani, it was the cause and beginning of the accursed factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellins. Dante has thus immortalized the energetic expression in a scene of the 'Inferno.'

> Ed un ch 'avea l'unna e l'altra man mozza
> Levando i moneherin per l'aura fosca;
> Si che 'l sangue facea la faccia sozza
> Grido—'Ricorderati ancor del Mosca
> Che disse, lasso capo a, cosa fatte;
> Che fu'l mal seme, della gente Tosca.'
>
> —— —— Then one
> Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
> The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots
> Sullied his face, and cried—'Remember thee
> Of Mosca too—I who, alas! exclaim'd,
> "The deed once done, there is an end"—that proved
> A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race.'
>
> *Cary's Dante.*

This Italian proverb was adopted by Milton; for when deeply engaged in writing 'the Defence of the People,' and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolvedly concluded his work, exclaiming with great magnanimity although the fatal prognostication had been accompanied, *cosa fatta capo ha!* Did this proverb also influence his awful decision on that great national event, when the most honest-minded fluctuated between doubts and fears?

Of a person treacherously used, the Italian proverb says that he has eaten of

Le frutte di fratre Alberigo.

The fruit of brother Alberigo.

Landino, on the following passage of Dante, preserves the tragic story:

> ——Io son fratre Alberigo,
> Io son quel dalle frutta del mal orto
> Che qui reprendo, &c.
>
> Canto xxxiii.

> 'The friar Alberigo,' answered he,
> 'Am I not from the evil garden pluck'd
> 'Its fruitage, and am here repaid the date
> 'More luscious for my fig.'
>
> *Cary's Dante.*

This was Manfred, of Fuenza, who, after many cruelties, turned friar. Reconciling himself to those whom he had so often opposed, to celebrate the renewal of their friendship, he invited them to a magnificent entertainment.

At the end of the dinner the horn blew to announce the dessert—but it was the signal of this dissimulating conspirator!—and the fruits which that day were served to his guests were armed men, who, rushing in, immolated their victims.

Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, *J' ai payé tous mes Anglois:* 'I have paid all my English.' This proverb originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the *English* and their *creditors* synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—*Ore le Pape est devenu François, et Jesu Christ Anglais:* 'Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English;' a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France; and the English prospered so well, that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

Con todo el mondo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra!

'War with the world,
And peace with England!'

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot ascertain. England must always have been a desirable ally to Spain against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country, *Inglese Italianato é un diavolo incarnato;* 'The Italianized Englishman is a devil incarnate.' Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant arts modelled our taste and manners; and more Italians travelled into England, and were more constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. This cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy with our manners which could not else have occurred. It was probably some sarcastic Italian, and, perhaps, horologer, who, to describe the disagreement of persons, proverbed our nation—'They agree like the clocks of London!' We were once better famed for merry Christmasses and their pies; and it must have been Italians who had been domiciled with us who gave currency to the proverb *Ha piu da fare che i forni di natale in Inghilterra;* 'He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.' Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakespeare's folio was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants, who devoured at once Shakespeare and their pastry. Some of those volumes have come down to us, not only with the stains, but enclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age.

I have thus attempted to develop the art of reading proverbs; but have done little more than indicate the theory, and must leave the skilful student to the delicacy of the practice. I am anxious to rescue from prevailing prejudices these neglected stores of curious amusement, and of deep insight into the ways of man, and to point out the bold and concealed truths which are scattered in these collections. There seems to be no occurrence in human affairs to which some proverb may not be applied. All knowledge was long aphoristical and traditional, pithily contracting the discoveries which were to be instantly comprehended, and easily retained. Whatever be the revolutionary state of man, similar principles and like occurrences are returning on us; and antiquity, whenever it is justly applicable to our times, loses its denomination, and becomes the truth of our own age. A proverb will often cut the knot which others in vain are attempting to untie. Johnson, palled with the redundant elegancies of modern composition, once said, 'I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made.' Many a volume indeed has often been written to demonstrate what a lover of proverbs could show had long been ascertained by a single one in his favourite collections.

An insurmountable difficulty which every paræmiographer has encountered, is that of forming an apt, a ready, and a systematic classification: the moral Linnæus of such a 'systema naturæ,' has not yet appeared. Each discovered his predecessor's mode imperfect, but each was doomed to meet the same fate. The arrangement of proverbs has baffled the ingenuity of every one of their collectors. Our Ray, after long premeditation, has chosen a system with the appearance of an alphabetical order; but, as it turns out, his system is no system, and his alphabet is no alphabet. After ten years' labour, the good man could only arrange his proverbs by common-places—by complete sentences—by phrases or forms of speech—by proverbial similes—and so on. All these are pursued in alphabetical order, 'by the first letter of the most "material word," or, if there be more words "*equally material*," by that which usually stands foremost.' The most patient examiner will usually find that he wants the sagacity of the collector to discover that word which is 'the most material,' or 'the words equally material.' We have to search through all that multiplicity of divisions, or conjuring-boxes, in which this juggler of proverbs pretends to hide the ball.

A still more formidable objection against a collection of proverbs, for the impatient reader, is their unreadableness. Taking in succession a multitude of insulated proverbs, their slippery nature resists all hope of retaining one in a hundred; the study of proverbs must be a frequent recurrence to a gradual collection of favourite ones, which we ourselves must form. The experience of life will throw a perpetual freshness over these short and simple texts; every day may furnish a new commentary; and we may grow old, and find novelty in proverbs by their perpetual application.

There are, perhaps, about twenty thousand proverbs among the nations of Europe: many of these have spread in their common intercourse; many are borrowed from the ancients, chiefly the Greeks, who themselves largely took from the Eastern nations. Our own proverbs are too often deficient in that elegance and ingenuity which are often found in the Spanish and the Italian. Proverbs frequently enliven conversation, or enter into the business of life in those countries, without any feeling of vulgarity being associated with them; they are too numerous, too witty, and too wise, to cease to please by their poignancy and their aptitude. I have heard them fall from the lips of men of letters and of statesmen. When recently the disorderly state of the manufacturers of Manchester menaced an insurrection, a profound Italian politician observed to me, that it was not of a nature to alarm a great nation; for that the remedy was at hand, in the proverb of the Lazzaroni of Naples, *Meta consiglio, meta esempio, meta denaro!* 'Half advice, half example, half money!' The result confirmed the truth of the proverb, which, had it been known at the time, might have quieted the honest fears of a great part of the nation.

Proverbs have ceased to be studied, or employed in conversation, since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophical age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity: originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historical as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages, and of different people, must always enter into some part of our own! Truth and nature can never be obsolete.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their airy sarcasm or their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings: and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought!

CONFUSION OF WORDS.

'There is nothing more common,' says the lively Voltaire, 'than to read and to converse to no purpose. In

history, in morals, in law, in physic, and in divinity, be careful of equivocal terms. One of the ancients wrote a book to prove that there was no word which did not convey an ambiguous and uncertain meaning. If we possessed this lost book, our ingenious dictionaries of 'synonyms' would not probably prove its uselessness. Whenever *the same word* is associated by the parties with *different names*, they may converse, or controverse, till 'the crack of doom!' This, with a little obstinacy and some agility in shifting his ground, makes the fortune of an opponent. While one party is worried in disentangling a meaning, and the other is winding and unwinding about him with another, a word of the kind we have mentioned, carelessly or perversely slipped into an argument, may prolong it for a century or two—as it has happened! Vaugelas, who passed his whole life in the study of words, would not allow that the *sense* was to determine the meaning of *words*; for, says he, it is the business of *words* to explain the *sense*. Kant for a long while discovered in this way a facility of arguing without end, as at this moment do our political economists. 'I beseech you,' exclaims a poetical critic, in the agony of a 'confusion of words,' 'not to ask whether I mean *this* or *that*!' Our critic, convinced that he has made himself understood, grows immortal by obscurity! for he shows how a few simple words, not intelligible, may admit of volumes of vindication. Throw out a word, capable of fifty senses, and you raise fifty parties! Should some friend of peace enable the fifty to repose on one sense, that innocent word, no longer ringing the tocsin of a party, would lie in forgetfulness in the Dictionary. Still more provoking when an identity of meaning is only disguised by different modes of expression, and when the term has been closely sifted, to their mutual astonishment, both parties discover the same thing lying under the bran and chaff after this heated operation. Plato and Aristotle probably agreed much better than the opposite parties they raised up imagined; their difference was in the manner of expression, rather than in the points discussed. The Nominalists and the Realists, who once filled the world with their brawls, and who from irregular words came to regular blows, could never comprehend their alternate nonsense; though the Nominalists only denied what no one in his senses would affirm; and the Realists only contended for what no one in his senses would deny; a hair's breadth might have joined what the spirit of party had sundered!

Do we flatter ourselves that the Logomachies of the Nominalists and the Realists terminated with these scolding schoolmen? Modern nonsense, weighed against the obsolete, may make the scales tremble for awhile, but it will lose its agreeable quality of freshness, and subside into an equipoise. We find their spirit still lurking among our own metaphysicians. 'Lo! the Nominalists and the Realists again!' exclaimed my learned friend, Sharon Turner, alluding to our modern doctrines on *abstract ideas*, on which there is still a doubt, whether they are any thing more than generalising terms.* Leibnitz confused his philosophy by the term sufficient reason: for every existence, for every event, and for every truth, there must be a sufficient reason. This vagueness of language produced a perpetual misconception, and Leibnitz was proud of his equivocal triumphs in always affording a new interpretation! It is conjectured that he only employed his term of sufficient reason, for the plain simple word of *cause*. Even Locke, who has himself so admirably noticed the 'abuse of words,' has been charged with using vague and indefinite ones; he has sometimes employed the words reflection, mind, and spirit, in so indefinite a way, that they have confused his philosophy; thus by some ambiguous expressions, our great metaphysician has been made to establish doctrines fatal to the immutability of moral distinctions. Even the eagle-eye of the intellectual Newton grew dim in the obscurity of the language of Locke. We are astonished to discover that two such intellects should not comprehend the same ideas; for Newton wrote to Locke, 'I beg your pardon for representing that you struck at the root of morality in a principle laid down in your book of Ideas—and that I took you for a Hobbist!'† The difference of opinion between Locke and Reid is in consequence of an ambiguity in the word *principle*, as employed by Reid. The removal of a solitary word may cast a luminous ray over a whole body of philosophy: 'If we had called the *infinite* the *indefinite*,' says Condillac, in his *Traité des Sensations*, 'by this small change of a word we should have avoided the error of imagining that we have a positive idea of infinity, from whence so many false reasonings have been carried on, not only by metaphysicians, but even by geometricians.' The word reason has been used with different meanings by different writers; reasoning and reason have been often confounded; a man may have an endless capacity for reasoning, without being much influenced by reason, and to be reasonable, perhaps differs from both! So Moliere tells us,

> Raisonner est l'emploi de toute maison;
> Et le raisonnement en bannit la raison!

In this research on 'confusion of words,' might enter the voluminous history of the founders of sects, who have usually employed terms which had no meaning attached to them, or were so ambiguous that their real notions have never been comprehended; hence the most chimerical opinions have been imputed to founders of sects. We may instance that of the *Antinomians*, whose remarkable denomination explains their doctrine, expressing that they were 'against law!' Their founder was John Agricola, a follower of Luther, who, while he lived, had kept Agricola's follies from exploding, which they did when he asserted that there was no such thing as sin, our salvation depending on faith, and not on works; and when he declaimed against the *Law of God*. To what lengths some of his sect pushed this verbal doctrine is known; but the real notions of this Agricola probably never will be! Bayle considered him as a harmless dreamer in theology, who had confused his head by Paul's controversies with the Jews; but Mosheim, who bestows on this early reformer the epithets of *ventosus* and *erysipelis*, windy and crafty! or, as his translator has it, charges him with 'vanity, presumption, and artifice,' tells us by the term 'law,' Agricola only meant the ten commandments of Moses, which he considered were abrogated by the Gospel, being designed for the Jews and not for the Christians. Agricola then, by the words the 'Law of God,' and 'that there was no such thing as sin,' must have said one thing and meant another! This appears to have been the case with most of the divines of the sixteenth century; for even Mosheim complains of 'their want of precision and consistency in expressing *their sentiments*, hence their real sentiments have been misunderstood.' There evidently prevailed a great 'confusion of words' among them! The *grace sufficante*, and the *grace efficace* of the Jansenists and the Jesuits, show the shifts and stratagems by which nonsense may be dignified. 'Whether all men received from God *sufficient grace* for their conversion!' was an inquiry some unhappy metaphysical theologist set afloat: the Jesuits according to their worldly system of making men's consciences easy, affirmed it; but the Jansenists insisted, that this *sufficient grace* would never be *efficacious*, unless accompanied by *special grace*. 'Then the *sufficient grace*, which is not *efficacious*, is a contradiction in terms, and worse, a heresy!' triumphantly cried the Jesuits, exulting over their adversaries. This 'confusion of words' thickened, till the Jesuits introduced in this logomachy with the Jansenists, papal bulls, royal edicts, and a regiment of dragoons! The Jansenists, in despair, appealed to miracles and prodigies, which they got up for public representation; but, above all, to their Pascal, whose immortal satire the Jesuits really felt was at once 'sufficient and efficacious,' though the dragoons, in settling a 'confusion of words,' did not boast of inferior success to Pascal's. Former ages had, indeed, witnessed even a more melancholy logomachy, in the *Homoousion* and the *Homoiousion*! An event which Boileau has immortalized by some fine verses, which, in his famous satire on *L'Equivoque*, for reasons best known to the Sorbonne, were struck out of the text.

> D'une syllabe impie un saint mot augmenté
> Remplit tous les espirits d'algreurs, si meurtieres—
> Tu fis dans une guerre et si triste et si longue
> Perir tant de Chretiens, Martyrs d'une diphthongue

Whether the Son was similar to the substance of the Father, or of the same substance, depended on the diphthong *oi*, which was alternately rejected and received. Had they earlier discovered what at length they agreed on, that the words denoted what was incomprehensible, it would have saved thousands, as a witness describes, 'from

* Turner's Hist. of England, i, 514.

† We owe this curious unpublished letter to the zeal and care of Professor Dugald Stewart, in his excellent Dissertations.

earing one another to pieces.' The great controversy between Abelard and Saint Bernard, when the saint accused the scholastic of maintaining heretical notions of the Trinity, long agitated the world—yet, now that these confusers of words can no longer inflame our passions, we wonder now these parties could themselves differ about words to which we can attach no meaning whatever. There have been few councils, or synods, where the omission or addition of a word or a phrase might not have terminated an interminable logomachy! at the council of Basle, for the convenience of the disputants, John de Secubia drew up a treatise of *undeclined words*, chiefly to determine the signification of the particles *from, by, but, and except*, which it seems were perpetually occasioning fresh disputes among the Hussites and the Bohemians. Had Jerome of Prague known, like our Shakspeare, the virtue of an IF, or agreed with Hobbes, that he should not have been so positive in the use of the verb IS—he might have been spared from the flames. The philosopher of Malmsbury has declared, that 'Perhaps *Judgment* was nothing else but the composition or joining of *two names of things, or modes*, by the verb IS.' In modern times the popes have more skilfully freed the church from this 'confusion of words.' His holiness, on one occasion, standing in equal terror of the court of France, who protected the Jesuits, and of the court of Spain, who maintained the cause of the Dominicans, contrived a phrase, where a comma or a full stop placed at the beginning or the end purported that his holiness tolerated the opinions which he condemned; and when the rival parties despatched deputations to the court of Rome to plead for the period, or advocate the comma; his holiness, in this 'confusion of words,' flung an unpunctuated copy to the parties; nor was it his fault, but that of the spirit of party, if the rage of the one could not subside into a comma, nor that of the other close by a full period!

In jurisprudence much confusion has occurred in the uses of the term *Rights;* yet the social union and human happiness are involved in the precision of the expression. When Montesquieu laid down as the active principle of a republic *virtue*, it seemed to infer that a republic was the best of governments. In the defence of this great work he was obliged to define the term, and it seems that by *virtue*, he only meant *political virtue*, the love of the country.

In politics, what evils have resulted from abstract terms to which no ideas are affixed! Such as 'The Equality of Man—the Sovereignty or the Majesty of the People—Loyalty—Reform—even Liberty herself!—Public opinion—Public interest'—and other abstract notions, which have excited the hatred or the ridicule of the vulgar. Abstract ideas, as *sounds*, have been used as watchwords; the combatants will be usually found willing to fight for words to which, perhaps, not one of them have attached any settled signification. This is admirably touched on by Locke, in his chapter of 'Abuse of Words.' 'Wisdom, Glory, Grace, &c., are words frequent enough in every man's mouth; but if a great many of those who use them should be asked what they mean by them, they would be at a stand, and know not what to answer—a plain proof that though they have learned those *sounds*, and have them ready at their tongue's end, yet there are no determined *ideas* laid up in their minds which are to be expressed to others by them.'

When the American exclaimed that he was not represented in the House of Commons, because he was not an elector, he was told that a very small part of the people of England were electors. As they could not call this an *actual representation*, they invented a new name for it, and called it a *virtual* one. It imposed on the English nation, who could not object that others should be taxed rather than themselves; but with the Americans it was a sophism! And this *virtual* representation instead of an *actual* one, terminated in our separation; 'which,' says Mr Flood, 'at the time appeared to have swept away most of our glory and our territory; forty thousand lives, and one hundred millions of treasure!'

That fatal expression which Rousseau had introduced, L'Egalité des hommes, which finally involved the happiness of a whole people; had he lived, he had probably shown how ill his country had understood. He could only have referred in his mind to political equality, but not an equality of possessions, of property, of authority, destructive of social order and of moral duties, which must exist among every people. 'Liberty,' 'Equality,' and 'Reform,' innocent words! sadly ferment the brains of those who cannot affix any definite notions to them; they are like those chimerical fictions in law, which declare 'the sovereign immortal; proclaim his ubiquity in various places;' and irritate the feelings of the populace, by assuming that 'the king can never do wrong!' In the time of James II., 'it is curious,' says Lord Russel, 'to read the conference between the Houses on the meaning of the words "deserted" and "abdicated," and the debates in the Lords, whether or no there is an original contract between king and people.'

The people would necessarily decide that 'kings derived their power from them; but kings were once maintained by a 'right divine,'—a 'confusion of words,' derived from two opposite theories! and both only relatively true. When we listen so frequently to such abstract terms as 'the majesty of the people'—the sovereignty of the people'—whence the inference that 'all power is derived from the people,' we can form no definite notions: it is 'a confusion of words,' contradicting all the political experience which our studies or our observations furnish; for sovereignty is established to rule, to conduct, and to settle the vacillations and quick passions of the multitude. Public opinion expresses too often the ideas of one party in place, and public interest those of another party out! Political axioms, from the circumstance of having the notions attached to them unsettled, are applied to the most opposite ends! 'In the time of the French Directory,' observes an Italian philosopher of profound views, in the revolution of Naples, the democratic faction pronounced that "Every act of a tyrannical government is in its origin illegal;" a proposition which at first sight seems self-evident, but which went to render all existing laws impracticable. The doctrine of the illegality of the acts of a tyrant was proclaimed by Brutus and Cicero, in the name of the Senate, against the populace, who had favoured Cæsar's perpetual dictatorship; and the populace of Paris availed themselves of it, against the National Assembly.'

This 'confusion of words,' in time-serving politics, has too often confounded right and wrong; and artful men, driven into a corner, and intent only on its possession, have found no difficulty in solving doubts, and reconciling contradictions. Our own history, in revolutionary times, abounds with dangerous examples from all parties; of specious hypotheses for compliance with the government of the day, or the passions of parliament. Here is an instance in which the subtile confuser of words, pretended to substitute two consciences, by utterly depriving a man of any! When the unhappy Charles the First pleaded, that to pass the bill of attainder against the Earl of Strafford was against his conscience, that remarkable character of 'boldness and impiety, as Clarendon characterizes Williams, Archbishop of York, on this argument of *conscience* (a simple word enough,) demonstrated 'that there were *two sorts of conscience*, public and private; that his public conscience as a king might dispense with his private conscience as a man!' Such was the ignominious argument which decided the fate of that great victim of state! It was an impudent 'confusion of words,' when Prynne (in order to quiet the consciences of those who were uneasy at warring with the king) observed, that the statute of 25th Edward III, ran in the singular number—'If a man shall levy war against *the king*,' and, therefore, could not be extended to *the houses*, who were many and public persons. Later, we find Sherlock blest with the spirit of Williams, the Archbishop of York, whom we have just left. When some did not know how to charge and discharge themselves of the oaths to James the Second and to William the Third, this confounder of words discovered that there were two rights, as the other had that there were two consciences; one was a providential right, and the other a legal right; one person might very righteously claim and take a thing, and another as righteously hold and keep it; but that whoever got the better had the providential right by possession; and since all authority comes from God, the people were obliged to transfer their allegiance to him as a king of God's making; so that he who had the providential right necessarily had the legal one! a very simple discovery, which must, however, have cost him some pains; for this confounder of words was himself, confounded by twelve answers by non-jurors!

A French politician of this stamp recently was suspended from his lectureship, for asserting that the possession of the soil was a right; by which principle, any king

reigning over a country, whether by treachery, crime, and usurpation, was a legitimate sovereign. For this convenient principle the lecturer was tried, and declared not guilty—by persons who have lately found their advantage in a confusion of words. In treaties between nations, a 'confusion of words' has been more particularly studied; and that negotiator has conceived himself most dexterous who, by this abuse of words, has retained an arriere-pensée which may fasten or loosen the ambiguous expression he had so cautiously and so finely inlaid in his mosaic of treachery. A scene of this nature I draw out of 'Mesnager's Negotiation with the Court of England.' When that secret agent of Louis XIV was negotiating a peace, an insuperable difficulty arose respecting the acknowledgment of the Hanoverian succession. It was absolutely necessary on this delicate point, to quiet the anxiety of the English public, and our allies; but though the French king was willing to recognize Anne's title to the throne, yet the settlement in the house of Hanover was incompatible with French interests and French honour.

Mesnager told Lord Bolingbroke that 'the king, his master, would consent to any such article, *looking the other way, as might disengage him from the obligation of that agreement*, as the occasion should present.' This ambiguous language was probably understood by Lord Bolingbroke: at the next conference his Lordship informed the secret agent, 'that the queen could not admit of any *explanations, whatever her intentions might be;* that the *succession* was settled by act of parliament; that as to the private sentiments of the queen, or of any about her, he could say nothing.' All this was said with such an air, as to let me understand that he gave a *secret assent* to what I had proposed, *&c;* but he desired me to drop the discourse.' Thus two great negotiators, both equally urgent to conclude the treaty, found an insuperable obstacle occur, which neither could control. Two honest men would have parted; but the skilful confounder of words,' the French diplomatist, hit on an expedient; he wrote the words which afterwards appeared in the preliminaries, 'that Louis XIV will acknowledge the queen of Great Britain in that quality, as also the *succession of the crown according to the* present settlement.' 'The English agent,' adds the Frenchman, would have had me add—*on the house of Hanover*, but this I entreated him not to desire of me.' The term present settlement, then was that article which was looking the other way, to disengage his master from the obligation of that agreement as occasion should present! that is, that Louis XIV chose to understand by the present settlement, the old one by which the British crown was to be restored to the Pretender! Anne and the English nation were to understand it in their own sense—as the new one, which transferred it to the house of Hanover!

When politicians cannot rely upon each other's interpretation of *one of the commonest words* in our language, how can they possibly act together? The Bishop of Winchester has proved this observation, by the remarkable anecdote of the Duke of Portland and Mr Pitt, who, with the view to unite parties, were to hold a conference on *fair* and *equal* terms. His grace did not object to the word fair, but the word equal was more specific and limited; and, for a necessary preliminary, he requested Mr Pitt to inform him what he *understood* by the word equal? Whether Pitt was puzzled by the question, or would not deliver up an *arriere-pensée*, he put off the explanation to the conference. But the Duke would not meet Mr Pitt till the *word* was explained; and that important negotiation was broken off, by not explaining a simple word which appeared to require none!

There is nothing more fatal in language than to wander from the popular acceptation of words; and yet this popular sense cannot always accord with precision of ideas, for it is itself subject to great changes.

Another source, therefore, of the abuse of words, is that mutability to which, in the course of time, the verbal edifice, as well as more substantial ones, is doomed. A familiar instance presents itself in the titles of *tyrant, parasite*, and *sophist*, originally honourable distinctions. The abuses of dominion made the appropriated title of kings; odious; the title of a magistrate, who had the care of the public granaries of corn, at length was applied to a wretched flatterer for a dinner; and absurd philosophers occasioned a mere denomination to become a by-name. To employ such terms in their primitive sense would now confuse all ideas; yet there is an affectation of erudition which has frequently revived terms sanctioned by antiquity. Bishop Watson entitled his vindication of the Bible 'an Apology:' this word, in its primitive sense, had long been lost for the multitude, whom he particularly addressed in this work, and who could only understand it in the sense they are accustomed to. Unquestionably, many of its readers have imagined that the bishop was offering an excuse for a belief in the Bible, instead of a vindication of its truth. The word impertinent by the ancient jurisconsults, or law-counsellors, who gave their opinions on cases, was used merely in opposition to pertinent—ratio pertinens is a pertinent reason, that is, a reason pertaining to the cause in question; and a ratio impertinens an impertinent reason, is an argument not pertaining to the subject.* Impertinent then originally meant neither absurdity, nor rude intrusion, as it does in our present popular sense. The learned Arnauld having characterized a reply of one of his adversaries by the epithet impertinent, when blamed for the freedom of his language, explained his meaning by giving this history of the word which applies to our own language. Thus also with us, the word *indifferent* has entirely changed: an historian, whose work was *indifferently* written, would formerly have claimed our attention. In the Liturgy it is prayed that 'magistrates may *indifferently* minister justice.' *Indifferently* originally meant *impartially*. The word *extravagant*, in its primitive signification, only signified to digress from the subject. The Decretals, or those letters from the popes deciding on points of ecclesiastical discipline, were at length incorporated with the canon law, and were called *extravagant* by *wandering out* of the body of the canon law, being confusedly dispersed through that collection.

When Luther had the Decretals publicly burnt at Wittemburgh, the insult was designed for the pope, rather than as a condemnation of the canon law itself. Suppose, in the present case, two persons of opposite opinions. The catholic, who had said that the decretals were extravagant, might not have intended to depreciate them, or make any concession to the Lutheran. What confusion of words has the common sense of the Scotch metaphysicians introduced into philosophy! There are no words, perhaps, in the language, which may be so differently interpreted, and Professor Dugald Stewart has collected, in a curious note, in the second volume of his 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' a singular variety of its opposite significations. The Latin phrase, 'sensus communis,' may, in various passages of Cicero, be translated by our phrase 'common sense;' but, on other occasions, it means something different; the 'sensus communis of the schoolmen is quite another thing, and is synonymous with conception, and referred to the seat of intellect; with Sir John Davies, in his curious metaphysical poem, 'common sense is used as imagination. It created a controversy with Beattie and Reid; and Reid, who introduced this vague ambiguous phrase in philosophical language, often understood the term in its ordinary acceptation. This change of the meaning of the words, which is constantly recurring in metaphysical disputes, has made that curious but obscure science liable to this objection of Hobbes, 'with many words making nothing understood!

Controversies have been keenly agitated about the principles of morals, which resolve entirely into *verbal disputes*, or at most into questions of arrangement and classification of little comparative moment to the points at issue. This observation of Mr Dugald Stewart's might be illustrated by the fate of the numerous inventors of systems of thinking or morals, who have only employed very different and even opposite terms in appearance, to express the same thing. Some, by their mode of philosophising, have strangely unsettled the words *self-interest* and *self-love;* and their misconceptions have sadly misled the votaries of these systems of morals; as others also, by such vague terms as 'utility, fitness,' &c.

* It is still a Chancery word. An answer in Chancery, for instance, referred for impertinence, reported impertinent—and the impertinence ordered to be struck out, meaning only what is immaterial or superfluous tending to unnecessary expense. I am indebted for this explanation to my friend, Mr Merivale; and to another learned friend, formerly in that court, who describes its meaning as 'an excess of words or matter in the pleadings,' and who has received many an official fee for 'expunging impertinence,' leaving, however, he acknowledges, a sufficient quantity to make the lawyers ashamed of their verbosity.

When Epicurus asserted that the sovereign good consisted in *pleasure*, opposing the unfeeling austerity of the stoics by the softness of pleasurable emotions, his principle was soon disregarded; while his *word*, perhaps chosen in the spirit of paradox, was warmly adopted by the sensualist. Epicurus, of whom Seneca has drawn so beautiful a domestic scene, in whose garden a loaf, a Cytheridean cheese, and a draught which did not inflame thirst,* was the sole banquet, would have started indignantly at

'The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty!'

Such are the facts which illustrate that principle in 'the abuse of words,' which Locke calls 'an affected obscurity arising from applying old words to new, or unusual significations.'

It was the same 'confusion of words' which gave rise to the famous sect of the Sadducees. The master of its founder Sadoc, in his moral purity was desirous of a disinterested worship of the Deity; he would not have men like slaves, obedient from the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment. Sadoc drew a quite contrary inference from the intention of his master, concluding that there were neither rewards nor punishments in a future state. The result is a parallel to the fate of Epicurus. The morality of the master of Sadoc was of the most pure and elevated kind, but in the 'confusion of words,' the libertines adopted them for their own purposes—and having once assumed that neither rewards nor punishments existed in the after-state, they proceeded to the erroneous consequence that man perished with his own dust!

The plainest words by accidental associations, may suggest the most erroneous conceptions, and have been productive of the greatest errors. In the famous Bangorian controversy, one of the writers excites a smile by a complaint, arising from his views of the signification of a plain word, whose meaning, he thinks had been changed by the contending parties. He says, 'the word *country*, like a great many others, such as *church* and *kingdom*, is, by the Bishop of Bangor's leave, become to signify a *collection of ideas* very different from its *original meaning*; with some it implies *party*, with others *private opinion*, and with most *interest*, and, perhaps, in time, may signify *some other country*. When this good innocent word has been tossed backwards and forwards a little longer, some new reformer of language may arise to reduce it to its primitive signification—*the real interest of Great Britain!*' The antagonist of this controversialist probably retorted on him his own term of the *real interest*, which might be a very opposite one, according to their notions! It has been said, with what truth I know not, that it was by a mere confusion of words that Burke was enabled to alarm the great Whig families, by showing them their fate in that of the French *noblesse*; they were misled by the *similitude of names*. The French *noblesse* had as little resemblance with our nobility, as they have to the Mandarins of China. However it may be in this case, certain it is, that the same terms misapplied, have often raised those delusive notions termed false analogies. It was long imagined in this country, that the *parliaments* of France were somewhat akin to our own; but these assemblies were very differently constituted, consisting only of lawyers in courts of law. A misnomer confuses all argument. There is a trick which consists in bestowing good names on bad things. Vices, thus veiled, are introduced to us as virtues, according to an old poet,

As drunkenness, good-fellowship we call!'
SIR THOMAS WIAT.

Or the reverse, when loyalty may be ridiculed as

'The right divine of kings—to govern wrong!'

The most innocent recreations, such as the drama, dancing, dress, have been anathematised by puritans, while philosophers have written elaborate treatises in their defence—the enigma is solved, when we discover that these words suggested a set of opposite notions to each.

But the nominalists and the realists, and the doctores fundatissimi, resolutissimi, refulgentes, profundi, and extatici, have left this heir-loom of logomachy to a race as subtile and irrefragable! An extraordinary scene has recently been performed by a new company of actors, in the modern comedy of Political Economy; and the whole dialogue has been carried on in an inimitable 'confusion of words!' This reasoning, and unreasoning fraternity never use a term, as a term, but for an explanation, and which employed by them all, signifies opposite things, but never the plainest! Is it not, therefore, strange, that they cannot yet tell us what are riches? what is rent? what is value? Monsieur Say, the most sparkling of them all, assures us that the English writers are obscure, by their confounding, like Smith, the denomination of labour. The vivacious Gaul cries out to the grave Briton, Mr Malthus, 'If I consent to employ your word labour, you must understand me,' so and so! Mr Malthus says, 'Commodities are not exchanged for commodities only; they are also exchanged for labour; and when the hypochondriac Englishman with dismay, foresees 'the glut of markets,' and concludes that we may produce more than we can consume, the paradoxical Monsieur Say discovers, that 'commodities' is a wrong word, for it gives a wrong idea; it should be productions!' for his axiom is, that 'productions can only be purchased with productions.' Money, it seems, according to dictionary ideas, has no existence in his vocabulary; for Monsieur Say has formed a sort of Berkleian conception of wealth, being immaterial, while we confine our views to its materiality. Hence ensues from this 'confusion of words,' this most brilliant paradox; that 'a glutted market is not a proof that we produce *too much*, but that we produce *too little!* for in that case there is not enough produced to exchange with what is produced!' As Frenchmen excel in politeness and impudence, Monsieur Say adds, 'I revere Adam Smith; he is my master; but this first of political economists did not understand all the phenomena of production and consumption;' this I leave to the ablest judge, Mr Ricardo, to decide in a commentary on Adam Smith, if he will devote his patriotism and his genius to so excellent a labour.* We, who remain uninitiated in this mystery of explaining the operations of trade by metaphysical ideas, and raising up theories to conduct those who never theorise, can only start at the 'confusion of words,' and leave this blessed inheritance to our sons, if ever the science survives the logomachy.

Caramuel, a famous Spanish bishop, was a grand architect of words. Ingenious in theory, his errors were confined to his practice: he said a great deal and meant nothing; and by an exact dimension of his intellect, taken at the time, it appeared that 'he had genius in the eighth degree, eloquence in the fifth, but judgment only in the second!' This great man would not read the ancients; for he had a notion that the moderns must have acquired all they possessed, with a good deal of their own 'into the bargain.' Two hundred and sixty-two works, differing in breadth and length, besides his manuscripts, attest, that if the world would read his writings, they could need no other; for which purpose his last work always referred to the preceding ones, and could never be comprehended till his readers possessed those which were to follow. As he had the good sense to perceive that metaphysicians abound in obscure and equivocal terms, to avoid this 'confusion of words,' he invented a jargon of his own; and to make 'confusion worse confounded,' projected grammars and vocabularies by which we were to learn it; but it is supposed that he was the only man who understood himself. He put every author in despair by the works which he announced. This famous architect of words, however, built more labyrinths than he could always get out of, notwithstanding his '*cabalistical* grammar,' and his '*audacious* grammar.'† Yet this great Caramuel, the critics have agreed, was nothing but a puffy giant, with legs too weak for his bulk, and only to be accounted as a hero amidst a 'confusion of words.'

Let us dread the fate of Caramuel! and before we enter into discussion with the metaphysician, first settle what he means by the nature of *ideas*; with the politician, his notion of *liberty* and *equality*; with the divine, what he deems *orthodox*; with the political economist, what he considers to be *value* and *rent!* By this means we may avoid what is perpetually recurring; that extreme laxity or vagueness of words, which makes every writer or speaker, complain of his predecessor, and attempt, sometimes not

* Sen. Epist. 21.

* Since the first edition of this work, the lamented death of Mr Ricardo has occurred—and we have lost the labours of a mind of great simplicity and native power, at, perhaps, the hour of its maturity. [English Editor.]

† Baillet gives the dates and plans of these grammars. The caballistic was published in Bruxelles, 1642, in 12mo. The audacious was in folio, printed at Frankfort, 1654.—Jugemens des Savans. Tome II. 2me partie.

in the best temper, to define and to settle the signification of what the witty South calls 'those rabble-charming words, which carry so much wild-fire wrapt up in them.'

POLITICAL NICK-NAMES.

Political calumny is said to have been reduced into an art, like that of logic, by the Jesuits. This itself may be a political calumny! A powerful body, who themselves had practised the practices of calumniators, may in their turn, often have been calumniated. The passage in question was drawn out of one of the classical authors used in their colleges. Busembaum, a German Jesuit, had composed, in duodecimo, a 'Medulla Theologiæ moralis,' where, among other casuistical propositions, there was found lurking in this old jesuit's 'marrow' one which favoured regicide and assassination! Fifty editions of the book had passed unnoticed; till a new one appearing at the critical moment of Damien's attempt, the duodecimo of the old Scholastic Jesuit which had now been amplified by its commentators into two folios, was considered not merely ridiculous, but as dangerous. It was burnt at Toulouse, in 1757, by order of the parliament, and condemned at Paris. An Italian Jesuit published an 'apology' for this theory of assassination, and the same flames devoured it! Whether Busembaum deserved the honour bestowed on his ingenuity, the reader may judge by the passage itself.

'Whoever would ruin a person, or a government, must begin this operation by spreading calumnies, to defame the person or the government; for unquestionably the calumniator will always find a great number of persons inclined to believe him, or to side with him; it therefore follows, that whenever the object of such calumnies is once lowered in credit by such means, he will soon lose the reputation and power founded on that credit, and sink under the permanent and vindictive attacks of the calumniator.' This is the politics of Satan—the evil principle which regulates so many things in this world. The enemies of the Jesuits have formed a list of great names who had become the victims of such atrocious Machiavelism.*

This has been one of the arts practised by all political parties. Their first weak invention is to attach to a new faction a contemptible or an opprobrious nick-name. In the history of the revolutions of Europe, whenever a new party has at length established its independence, the original denomination which had been fixed on them, marked by the passions of the party which bestowed it, strangely contrasts with the name finally established!

The first revolutionists of Holland incurred the contemptuous name of 'Les Gueux,' or the Beggars. The Duchess of Parma inquiring about them, the Count of Barlamont scornfully described them to be of this class; and it was flattery of the Great which gave the name currency. The Hollanders accepted the name as much in defiance as with indignation, and acted up to it. Instead of broaches in their hats, they wore little wooden platters, such as beggars used, and foxes' tails instead of feathers. On the targets of some of these *Gueux* they inscribed, 'Rather Turkish than Popish!' and had the print of a cock crowing, out of whose mouth was a label *Vive les Gueux par tout le monde!* which was every where set up, and was the favourite sign of their inns. The Protestants in France, after a variety of nick-names to render them contemptible, such as *Christodins*, because they would only talk about Christ, similar to our Puritans; and *Parpaillots*, or *Parpirelles*, a small base coin, which was odiously applied to them; at length settled in the well-known term of *Huguenots*, which probably was derived, as the Dictionnaire de Trevoux suggests, from their hiding themselves in secret places, and appearing at night, like king Hugon, the great hobgoblin of France. It appears that the term has been preserved by an earthen vessel without feet, used in cookery, which served the *Huguenots* on meagre days to dress their meat, and to avoid observation; a curious instance, where a thing still in use proves the obscure circumstance of its origin.

The atrocious insurrection, called *La Jacquérie*, was a term which originated in cruel derision. When John of France was a prisoner in England, his kingdom appears to have been desolated by its wretched nobles, who, in the indulgence of their passions, set no limits to their luxury and their extortion. They despoiled their peasantry without mercy, and when these complained, and even reproached this tyrannical nobility with having forsaken their sovereign, they were told that *Jacque bon homme* must pay for all. But *Jack good-man* came forward in person—a leader appeared under this fatal name, and the peasants revolting in madness, and being joined by all the cut-throats and thieves of Paris, at once pronounced condemnation on every gentleman in France! Froissart has the horrid narrative; twelve thousand of these *Jacques bon hommes* expiated their crimes; but the *Jacquérie*, who had received their first appellation in derision, assumed it as their *nom de guerre*.

In the spirited Memoirs of the Duke of Guise, written by himself, of his enterprise against the kingdom of Naples, we find a curious account of this political art of marking people by odious nick-names. 'Genaro and Vicenzo,' says the duke, 'cherished under-hand, that aversion the rascality had for the better sort of citizens and civiler people, who, by the insolences they suffered from these, not unjustly hated them. The better class inhabiting the suburbs of the Virgin were called *black cloaks*, and the ordinary sort of people took the name of *lazars*,' both in French and English an old word for a leprous beggar, and hence the *lazaroni* of Naples. We can easily conceive the evil eye of a *lazar* when he encountered a *black cloak!* The Duke adds—'Just as at the beginning of the revolution, the revolters in Flanders formerly took that of *beggars*; those of Guienne, that of *eaters*; those of Normandy, that of *bare-feet*; and of Beausse and Soulogne, of *woollen-pattens*.' In the late French revolution, we observed the extremes indulged by both parties chiefly concerned in revolution—the wealthy and the poor! The rich, who, in derision, called their humble fellow-citizens by the contemptuous term of *sans-culottes*, provoked a reacting injustice from the populace, who, as a dreadful return for only a slight, rendered the innocent term of *aristocrate*, a signal for plunder or slaughter!

It is a curious fact that the French verb *frender*, as well as the noun *frondeur*, are used to describe those who condemn the measures of government; and more extensively, designates any hyperbolical and malignant criticism, or any sort of condemnation. These words have been only introduced into the language since the intrigues of Cardinal de Retz succeeded in raising a faction against Cardinal Mazarine, known in French history by the nick-name of the *Frondeurs*, or the Slingers. It originated in pleasantry, although it became the pass-word for insurrection in France, and the odious name of a faction. A wit observed, that the parliament were like those school-boys, who fling their stones in the pits of Paris, and as soon as they see the *Lieutenant Civil*, run away; but are sure to collect again directly he disappears. The comparison was lively, and formed the burthen of songs; and afterwards, when affairs were settled between the king and the parliament, it was more particularly applied to the faction of Cardinal de Retz, who still held out. 'We encouraged the application,' says De Retz; for we observed that the distinction of a name heated the minds of people; and one evening we resolved to wear hat-strings in the form of slings. A hatter, who might be trusted with the secret, made a great number as a new fashion, and which were worn by many who did not understand the joke; we ourselves were the last to adopt them, that the invention might not appear to have come from us. The effect of this trifle was immense; every fashionable article was now to assume the shape of a sling; bread, hats, gloves, handkerchiefs, fans, &c., and we ourselves became more in fashion by this folly, than by what was essential.' This revolutionary term was never forgotten by the French, a circumstance which might have been considered as prognostic of that after-revolution, which De Retz had the imagination to project, but not the daring to establish. We see, however, this great politician, confessing the advantages his party derived by encouraging the application of a by-name, which served 'to heat the minds of people.'

It is a curious circumstance that I should have to recount in this chapter on 'Political Nick-names' a familiar term with all lovers of art, that of *Silhouette!* This is well understood as a *black profile*; but it is more extraordinary that a term so universally adopted should not be found in any dictionary, either in that of *L'Academie*, or in Todd's, and has not even been preserved, where it is quite indispensable, in Millin's *Dictionnaire des Beaux-Arts!* It is little suspected that this innocent term originated in a political nick-name! *Silhouette* was minister of state in France in 1759; that period was a critical one; the treasury was in an exhausted condition, and Silhouette, a very

* See Recueil, Chronologique et Analytique de tout ce qui a fait en Portugal la Société de Jesus. Vol. ii, sect. 406.

honest man, who would hold no intercourse with financiers, or loan-mongers, could contrive no other expedient to prevent a national bankruptcy, than excessive economy, and interminable reform! Paris was not the metropolis, any more than London, where a Plato or a Zeno could long be minister of state, without incurring all the ridicule of the wretched wits! At first they pretended to take his advice, merely to laugh at him!—they cut their coats shorter, and wore them without sleeves; they turned their gold snuff-boxes into rough wooden ones; and the new-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face, traced by a black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper! All the fashions assumed an air of niggardly economy, till poor Silhouette was driven into retirement, with all his projects of savings and reforms; but he left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and one as melancholy as his own fate!

This political artifice of appropriating cant terms, or odious nick-names, could not fail to flourish among a people so perpetually divided by contending interests as ourselves; every party with us have had their watch-word, which has served either to congregate themselves, or to set on the ban-dogs of one faction to worry and tear those of another. We practised it early, and we find it still prospering! The *Puritan* of Elizabeth's reign survives to this hour; the trying difficulties which that wise sovereign had to overcome in settling the national religion, found no sympathy in either of the great divisions of her people; she retained as much of the catholic rites as might be decorous in the new religion, and sought to unite, and not to separate, her children. John Knox, in the spirit of charity, declared, that 'she was neither gude protestant, nor yet resolute papist; let the world judge quilk is the third.'

A jealous party arose, who were for reforming the reformation. In their attempt at more than human purity, they obtained the nick-name of *Puritans*; and from their fastidiousness about very small matters, *Precisians*; these Drayton characterizes as persons that for a painted glass window would pull down the whole church. At that early period these nick-names were soon used in an odious sense; for Warner, a poet in the reign of Elizabeth, says,—

'If hypocrites, why *puritaines* we term be asked, in breefe,
'Tis but an *ironised-terme*; good-fellow so spels theefe!'

Honest Fuller, who knew that many good men were among these *Puritans*, wished to decline the term altogether, under the less offensive one of *Non-conformists*. But the fierce and the fiery of this party, in Charles the First's time, had been too obtrusive not to fully merit the ironical appellative; and the peaceful expedient of our Moderator dropped away with the page in which it was written. The people have frequently expressed their own notions of different parliaments by some apt nick-name. In Richard the Second's time, to express their dislike of the extraordinary and irregular proceedings of the lords against the sovereign, as well as their sanguinary measures, they called it 'The *wonder-working* and the *unmerciful* parliament.' In Edward the Third's reign, when the Black Prince was yet living, the parliament, for having pursued with severity the party of the duke of Lancaster, was so popular, that the people distinguished it as the *good* parliament. In Henry the Third's time, the parliament opposing the king, was called '*Parliamentum insanum*,' the mad parliament, because the lords came armed to insist on the confirmation of the great charter. A Scottish Parliament, from its perpetual shiftings from place to place, was ludicrously nick-named the *running* parliament; in the same spirit we had our *long* parliament. The nick-name of *Pensioner* parliament stuck to the House of Commons which sate forty years without dissolution, under Charles the Second; and others have borne satirical or laudatory epithets. So true it is, as old Holingshead observed, 'The common people will manie times give such *bie names* as seemeth *best liking to themselves*.' It would be a curious speculation to discover the sources of the popular feeling; influenced by delusion, or impelled by good sense!

The exterminating political nick-name of *malignant* darkened the nation through the civil wars: it was a proscription—and a list of *good* and *bad* lords was read by the leaders of the first tumults. Of all these inventions, this diabolical one was most adapted to exasperate the animosities of the people, so often duped by names. I have never detected the active man of faction who first hit on this odious brand for persons, but the period when the world changed its ordinary meaning was early; Charles, in 1642, retorts on the parliamentarians the opprobrious distinction, as 'The *true malignant party* which has contrived and countenanced those barbarous tumults.' And the royalists pleaded for themselves, that the hateful designation was ill applied to them: for by *malignity* you denote, said they, activity in doing evil, whereas we have always been on the suffering side in our persons, credits, and estates; but the parliamentarians, 'grinning a ghastly smile,' would reply, that 'the royalists would have been *malignant* had they proved successful.' The truth is, that *malignancy* meant with both parties any opposition of opinion. At the same period the offensive distinctions of *round-heads* and *cavaliers* supplied the people with party-names, who were already provided with so many religious as well as civil causes of quarrel; the cropt heads of the sullen sectaries and the people, were the origin of the derisory nick-name; the splendid elegance and the romantic spirit of the royalists long awed the rabble, who in their mockery could brand them by no other appellation than one in which their bearers gloried. In these distracted times of early revolution, any nick-name, however vague, will fully answer a purpose, although neither those who are blackened by the odium nor those who cast it, can define the hateful appellative. When the term of *delinquents* came into vogue, it expressed a degree and species of guilt, says Hume, not exactly known or ascertained. It served however the end of those revolutionists, who had coined it, by involving any person in, or colouring any action by, *delinquency*; and many of the nobility and gentry were, without any questions being asked, suddenly discovered to have committed the crime of *delinquency!* Whether honest Fuller be facetious or grave on this period of nick-naming parties I will not decide; but, when he tells us that there was another word which was introduced into our nation at this time, I think at least that the whole passage is an admirable commentary on this party vocabulary. 'Contemporary with *malignants* is the word *plunder*, which some make of Latin original, from *planum dare*, to *level*, to *plane* all to nothing! Others of Dutch extraction, as if it were to *plume*, or pluck the feathers of a bird to the bare skin.* Sure I am we first heard of it in the Swedish wars; and if the name and thing be sent back from whence it came, few English eyes would weep thereat.' All England had wept at the introduction of the word. The *rump* was the filthy nick-name of an odious faction—the history of this famous appellation, which was at first one of horror, till it afterwards became one of derision and contempt, must be referred to another place. The *rump* became a perpetual whetstone for the loyal wits, till at length its former admirers, the rabble themselves, in town and country vied with each other in '*burning rumps*' of beef which were hung by chains on a gallows with a bonfire underneath, and proved how the people, like children, come at length to make a play-thing of that which was once their bugbear.

Charles II during the short holiday of the restoration—all holidays seem short!—and when he and the people were in good humour, granted any thing to every one,—the mode of 'Petitions' got at length very inconvenient, and the king in council declared, that this petitioning was 'A method set on foot by ill men to promote discontents among the people,' and enjoined his loving subjects not to subscribe them. The petitioners however persisted—when a new party rose to express their abhorrence of petitioning; both parties nick-named each other the *petitioners* and the *abhorrers*! Their day was short, but fierce; the *petitioners*, however weak in their cognomen, were far the bolder of the two, for the commons were with them, and the *abhorrers* had expressed by their term rather the strength of their inclinations, than of their numbers. Charles II said to a *petitioner* from Taunton, 'How *dare* you deliver me such a paper?' 'Sir,' replied the petitioner from Taunton, 'My name is DARE!' A saucy reply, for which he was tried, fined, and imprisoned: when lo! the commons petitioned again to release the *petitioner!* 'The very name,' says Hume, 'by which each party denominated its antagonists discover the virulence and rancour which prevailed; for besides *petitioner* and *abhorrer*, this year is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*.' These silly terms of reproach are still preserved among us, as if the palladium

* Plunder, observes my friend, Mr Douce, is pure Dutch or Flemish—Plunderen, from Plunder, which means property of any kind.

of British liberty was guarded by these exotic names; for they are not English which the parties so invidiously bestow on each other. They are ludicrous enough in their origin; the friends of the court and the advocates of lineal succession, were by the republican party branded with the title of *Tories*, which was the name of certain Irish robbers: while the court party in return could find no other revenge than by appropriating to the covenanters and the republicans of that class, the name of the Scotch beverage of sour milk, whose virtue they considered so expressive of their dispositions, and which is called *whigg*. So ridiculous in their origin were these pernicious nicknames, which long excited feuds and quarrels in domestic life, and may still be said to divide into two great parties this land of political freedom. But nothing becomes obsolete in political factions, and the meaner and more scandalous the name affixed by one party to another, the more it becomes not only their rallying cry or their pass word, but even constitutes their glory. Thus the Hollanders long prided themselves on the humiliating nickname of 'les gueux:' the Protestants of France on the scornful one of the *Huguenots*; the non-conformists in England on the mockery of the *puritan*; and all parties have perpetuated their anger by their inglorious names. Swift was well aware of this truth in political history: 'each party,' says that sagacious observer, 'grows proud of that appellation which their adversaries at first intended as a reproach; of this sort were the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Huguenots* and *Cavaliers*.'

Nor has it been only by nick-naming each other by derisory or opprobrious terms that parties have been marked, but they have also worn a livery, and practised distinctive manners. What sufferings did not Italy endure for a long series of years, under those fatal party-names of the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*; alternately the victors and the vanquished, the beautiful land of Italy drank the blood of her children. Italy, like Greece, opens a moving picture of the hatreds and jealousies of small republics: her *Bianca* and her *Nera*, her *Guelphs* and her *Ghibellines!* In Bologna, two great families once shook that city with their divisions; the *Pepoli* adopted the French interests; the *Maluezzi* the Spanish. It was incurring some danger to walk the streets of Bologna, for the *Pepoli* wore their feathers on the right side of their caps, and the *Maluezzi* on the left. Such was the party-hatred of the two great Italian factions, that they carried their rancour even into their domestic habits; at table the *Guelphs* placed their knives and spoons longwise, and the *Ghibellines* across; the one cut their bread across, the other longwise. Even in cutting an orange they could not agree; for the *Guelph* cut his orange horizontally, and the *Ghibelline* downwards. Children were taught these artifices of faction—their hatreds became traditional, and thus the Italians perpetuated the full benefits of their party-spirit, from generation to generation.*

Men in private life go down to their graves with some unlucky name, not received in baptism, but more descriptive and picturesque; and even ministers of state have winced at a political christening. Malagrida the Jesuit and Jemmy Twitcher were nick-names, which made one of our ministers odious, and another contemptible. The Earl of Godolphin caught such fire at that of Volpone, that it drove him into the opposite party for the vindictive purpose of obtaining the impolitical prosecution of Sacheverell, who in his famous sermon had first applied it to the earl, and unluckily it had stuck to him.

'Faction,' says Lord Orford, 'is as capricious as fortune; wrongs, oppression, the zeal of real patriots, or the genius of false ones, may sometimes be employed for years in kindling substantial opposition to authority; in other seasons the impulse of a moment, a *ballad*, a *nick-name*, a *fashion*, can throw a city into a tumult, and shake the foundations of a state.'

Such is a slight history of the human passions in politics! We might despair in thus discovering that wisdom and patrotism so frequently originate in this turbid source of party; but we are consoled when we reflect that the most important political principles are immutable; and that they are those, which even the spirit of party must learn to reverence.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF A POET.—SHENSTONE VINDICATED.

The dogmatism of Johnson, and the fastidiousness of Gray, the critic who passed his days amidst 'the busy hum of men,' and the poet who mused in cloistered solitude, have fatally injured a fine natural genius in Shenstone. Mr Campbell, with a brother's feeling, has (since the present article was composed) sympathized with the endowments and the pursuits of this poet; but the facts I had collected seem to me to open a more important view. I am aware how lightly the poetical character of Shenstone is held by some great contemporaries—although this very poet has left us at least one poem of unrivalled originality. Mr Campbell has regretted that Shenstone not only 'affected that arcadianism,' which 'gives a certain air of masquerade in his pastoral character' adopted by our earlier poets, but also has 'rather incongruously blended together the rural swain with the disciple of Vertu.' All this requires some explanation. It is not only as a poet, possessing the characteristics of poetry, but as a creator in another way, for which I claim the attention of the reader. I have formed a picture of the domestic life of a poet, and the pursuits of a votary of taste, both equally contracted in their endeavours, from the habits, the emotions, and the events which occurred to Shenstone.

Four material circumstances influenced his character, and were productive of all his unhappiness. The neglect he incurred in those poetical studies to which he had devoted his hopes; his secret sorrows in not having formed a domestic union, from prudential motives, with one whom he loved; the ruinous state of his domestic affairs, arising from a seducing passion for creating a new taste in landscape-gardening and an ornamented farm; and finally, his disappointment of that promised patronage, which might have induced him to have become a political writer; for which his inclinations, and, it is said, his talents in early life, were alike adapted: with these points in view, we may trace the different states of his mind, show what he did, and what he was earnestly intent to have done.

Why have the 'Elegies' of SHENSTONE, which forty years ago formed for many of us the favourite poems of our youth, ceased to delight us in mature life? It is perhaps that these Elegies, planned with peculiar felicity, have little in their execution. They form a series of poetical truths, but without poetical expression; truths,—for notwithstanding the pastoral romance in which the poet has enveloped himself, the subjects are real, and the feelings could not, therefore, be fictitious.

In a Preface, remarkable for its graceful simplicity, our poet tells us, that 'He entered on his subjects occasionally, particular *incidents in life* suggested, or *dispositions of mind* recommended them to his choice.' He shows that 'He drew his pictures from the spot, and he felt very sensibly the affections he communicates.' He avers that all those attendants on rural scenery, and all those allusions to rural life, were not the counterfeited scenes of a town-poet, any more than the sentiments, which were inspired by Nature. Shenstone's friend, Graves, who knew him early in life, and to his last days, informs us, that these Elegies were written when he had taken the Leasowes into his own hands; and though his *ferme ornée* engaged his thoughts, he occasionally wrote them, 'partly,' said Shenstone, 'to divert my present impatience, and partly, as it will be a picture of most that passes in my own mind; a portrait which friends may value.' This, then, is the secret charm which acts so forcibly on the first emotions of our youth, at a moment when not too difficult to be pleased, the reflected delineations of the habits and the affections, the hopes and the delights, with all the domestic associations of this poet, always true to Nature, reflect back that picture of ourselves we instantly recognize. It is only as we advance in life that we lose the relish of our early simplicity, and that we discover that Shenstone was not endowed with high imagination.

These Elegies, with some other poems, may be read with a new interest, when we discover them to form the true Memoirs of Shenstone. Records of querulous, but delightful feelings; whose subjects spontaneously offered themselves from passing incidents; they still perpetuate emotions, which will interest the young poet, and the young lover of taste.

Elegy IV, the first which Shenstone composed, is entitled 'Ophelia's Urn,' and it was no unreal one! It was erected by Graves in Mickleton Church, to the memory of an extraordinary young woman, Utrecia Smith; the literary daughter of a learned, but poor, clergyman. Utrecia had formed so fine a taste for literature, and composed with such elegance in verse and prose, that an ex-

* These curious particulars I found in a Manuscript.

cellent judge declared, that 'he did not like to form his opinion of any author till he previously knew hers.' Graves had been long attached to her, but from motives of prudence broke off an intercourse with this interesting woman, who sunk under this severe disappointment.—When her prudent lover, Graves, inscribed the urn, her friend Shenstone, perhaps more feelingly commemorated her virtues and her tastes. Such, indeed, was the friendly intercourse between Shenstone and Utrecia, that in Elegy XVIII, written long after her death, she still lingered in his reminiscences. Composing this Elegy on the calamitous close of Somerville's life, a brother bard, and victim to narrow circumstances, and which he probably contemplated as an image of his own, Shenstone tenderly recollects that he used to read Somerville's poems to Utrecia:—

Oh, lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day
To feel his music with my flames agree;
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to Thee!

How true is the feeling! how mean the poetical expression!

The Seventh Elegy describes a vision, where the shadow of Wolsey breaks upon the author:

'A graceful form appear'd,
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd.'

Even this fanciful subject was not chosen capriciously, but sprung from an incident. Once, on his way to Cheltenham, Shenstone missed his road, and wandered till late at night among the Cotswold Hills; on this occasion he appears to have made a moral reflection, which we find in his 'Essays.' 'How melancholy is it to travel late upon any ambitious project on a winter's night, and observe the light of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds.' While the benighted poet, lost among the lonely hills, was meditating on 'ambitious projects,' the character of Wolsey arose before him; the visionary cardinal crossed his path, and busied his imagination. 'Thou,' exclaims the poet,

'Like a meteor's fire,
Shot'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees.'
ELEGY VII.

And the bard, after discovering all the miseries of unhappy grandeur, and murmuring at this delay to the house of his friend, exclaims,

'On if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!'

The silent departure of the poetical sceptre is fine:

'The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And sighing, vanished in the shades of night.'

And to prove that the subject of this Elegy thus arose to the poet's fancy, he has himself commemorated the incident that gave occasion to it, in the opening:

'On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
Weary and faint, I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.'
ELEGY VII.

The Fifteenth Elegy, composed 'in memory of a private family in Worcestershire,' is on the extinction of the ancient family of the Penns in the male line.* Shenstone's mother was a Penn; and the poet was now the inhabitant of their ancient mansion, an old timber-built house of the age of Elizabeth. The local description was a real scene—'the shaded pool,'—'the group of ancient elms,'—the flocking rooks,' and the picture of the simple manners of his own ancestors, were realities, the emotions they excited were therefore genuine, and not one of those 'mockeries' of amplification from the crowd of verse-writers.

The tenth Elegy, 'To Fortune, suggesting his Motive for repining at her Dispensations,' with his celebrated 'Pastoral Ballad, in four parts,' were alike produced by what one of the great minstrels of our own times has so finely indicated when he sung

'The secret woes the world has never known;
While on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.'

In this Elegy, SHENSTONE repines at the dispensations of fortune, not for having denied him her higher gifts, nor that she compels him to

'Check the fond love of Art that fir'd my veins,'

* This we learn from Dr Nash's History of Worcestershire.

nor that some 'dull dotard with boundless wealth,' finds his 'grating reed' preferred to the bard's, but that the 'tawdry shepherdess' of this dull dotard, by her 'pride,' makes 'the rural thane,' despise the poet's Delia.

'Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs infold!
Ah! what is native worth esteemed of clowns?
'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see;
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee!'

The Delia of our poet was not an 'Iris en air.' SHENSTONE was early in life captivated by a young lady, whom Graves describes with all those mild and serene graces of pensive melancholy, touched by plaintive love-songs and elegies of wo, adapted not only to be the muse, but the mistress of a poet. The sensibility of this passion took entire possession of his heart for some years, and it was in parting from her that he first sketched his exquisite 'Pastoral Ballad.' As he retreated more and more into solitude, his passion felt no diminution. Dr Nash informs us, that Shenstone acknowledged that it was his own fault that he did not accept the hand of the lady whom he so tenderly loved; but his spirit could not endure to be a perpetual witness of her degradation in the rank of society, by an inconsiderate union with poetry and poverty. That such was his motive, we may infer from a passage in one of his letters. 'Love' as it regularly tends to matrimony, requires certain favours from fortune and circumstances to render it proper to be indulged in.' There are perpetual allusions to these 'secret woes' in his correspondence; for, although he had the fortitude to refuse marriage, he had not the stoicism to contract his own heart, in cold and sullen celibacy. He thus alludes to this subject, which so often excited far other emotions than those of humour—'It is long since I have considered myself as *undone*. The world will not, perhaps, consider me in that light entirely till I have married my maid!'

It is probable that our poet had an intention of marrying his maid. I discovered a pleasing anecdote among the late Mr Bindley's collections, which I transcribed from the original. On the back of a picture of Shenstone himself, of which Dodsley published a print in 1780, the following energetic inscription was written by the poet on his new year's gift.

'This picture belongs to Mary Cutler, given her by her master, William Shenstone, January 1st, 1754, in acknowledgment of her native genius, her magnanimity, her tenderness, and her fidelity. W. S.'

'The Progress of Taste; or the fate of Delicacy,' is a poem on the temper and studies of the author; and 'Economy; a Rhapsody, addressed to young Poets,' abounds with self-touches. If Shenstone created little from the imagination, he was at least perpetually under the influence of real emotions. This is the reason why his truths so strongly operate on the juvenile mind, not yet matured: and thus we have sufficiently ascertained the fact, as the poet himself has expressed it, 'that he drew his pictures from the spot, and he felt very sensibly the affections he communicates.'

All the anxieties of a poetical life were early experienced by Shenstone. He first published some juvenile productions, under a very odd title, indicative of modesty, perhaps too of pride.* And his motto of *Contentus paucis lectoribus*, even Horace himself might have smiled at, for it only conceals the desire of every poet, who pants to deserve many! But when he tried at a more elaborate poetical labour, 'The judgment of Hercules', it failed to attract notice. He hastened to town, and he beat about literary coffee-houses; and returned to the country from the chase of Fame, wearied without having started it.

* While at college he printed, without his name, a small volume of verses, with this title, 'Poems upon various Occasions, written for the Entertainment of the Author, and printed for the Amusement of a few Friends, prejudiced in his Favour.' Oxford, 1737. 12 mo.—Nash's History of Worcestershire, Vol. I, p. 528.

I find this notice of it in W. Lowndes's Catalogue; 4433 Shenstone (W.) Poems, 3*l*, 13*s*, 6*d*.—(Shenstone took uncommon pains to suppress this book, by collecting and destroying copies wherever he met with them.)—In Longman's Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, it is valued at 15*l*. Oxf. 1737! Mr Harris informs me, that about the year 1770, Fletcher, the bookseller, at Oxford, had many copies of this first edition, which he sold at Eighteen pence each. The prices are amusing The prices of books are connected with their history

'A breath revived him—but a breath o'erthrew.'

Even the 'judgment of Hercules' between Indolence and Industry, or Pleasure and Virtue, was a picture of his own feelings; an argument drawn from his own reasonings; indicating the uncertainty of the poet's dubious disposition: who finally, by siding with Indolence, lost that triumph by which his hero obtained a directly opposite course.

In the following year begins that melancholy strain in his correspondence, which marks the disappointment of the man who had staked too great a quantity of his happiness on the poetical die. This was the critical moment of life when our character is formed by habit, and our fate is decided by choice. Was Shenstone to become an active, or contemplative being? He yielded to Nature!*

It was now that he entered into another species of poetry, working with too costly materials, in the magical composition of plants, water, and earth; with these he created those emotions, which his more strictly poetical ones failed to excite. He planned a paradise amidst his solitude.

When we consider that Shenstone, in developing his fine pastoral ideas in the Leasowes, educated the nation into that taste for landscape-gardening, which has become the model of all Europe, this itself constitutes a claim on the gratitude of posterity. Thus the private pleasures of a man of genius may become at length those of a whole people. The creator of this new taste appears to have received far less notice than he merited. The name of Shenstone does not appear in the Essay on Gardening, by Lord Orford: even the supercilious Gray only bestowed a ludicrous image on these pastoral scenes, which, however, his friend Mason has celebrated; and the genius of Johnson, incapacitated by nature to touch on objects of rural fancy, after describing some of the offices of the landscape designer, adds, that 'he will not inquire whether they demand any great powers of mind.' Johnson, however, conveys to us his own feelings, when he immediately expresses them under the character of 'a sullen and surly speculator.' The anxious life of Shenstone would indeed have been remunerated, could he have read the enchanting eulogium of Wheatley on the Leasowes; which, said he, 'is a perfect picture of his mind—simple, elegant and amiable; and will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verse, or whether in the scenes which he formed, he only realized the pastoral images which abound in his songs.' Yes! Shenstone had been delighted could he have heard that Montesquieu, on his return home, adorned his 'Chateau Gothique, mais ornés de bois charmans, dont j'ai pris l'idée en Angleterre;' and Shenstone, even with his modest and timid nature, had been proud to have witnessed a noble foreigner, amidst memorials dedicated to Theocritus and Virgil, to Thomson and Gesner, raising in his grounds an inscription, in bad English, but in pure taste, to Shenstone himself; for having displayed in his writings 'a mind natural,' and in his Leasowes 'laid Arcadian greens rural; and recently Pindemonte has traced the taste of English gardening to Shenstone. A man of genius sometimes receives from foreigners, who are placed out of the prejudices of his compatriots, the tribute of posterity!

Amidst these rural elegancies which Shenstone was raising about him, his muse has pathetically sung his melancholy feelings—

> But did the Muses haunt his cell,
> Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
> When all the structures shone complete
> Ah me! 'twas Damon's own confession,
> Came Poverty and took possession.
>
> THE PROGRESS OF TASTE.

The poet observes that the wants of philosophy are contracted, satisfied with 'cheap contentment,' but

> ——— 'Taste alone requires
> Entire profusion! days and nights, and hours
> Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud
> For costly draughts———.'
>
> ECONOMY.

An original image illustrates that fatal want of economy which conceals itself amidst the beautiful appearances of taste:

> 'Some graceless mark,
> Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall soon or late
> Burst like a pimple from the vitious tide
> Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease
> Amidst the bloom of show.'
>
> ECONOMY.

He paints himself:

> 'Observe Florello's mien;
> Why treads my friend with melancholy step
> That beauteous lawn? Why pensive strays his eye
> O'er statues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
> Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome
> Returns his eye unpleased disconsolate?'

The cause is 'criminal expense,' and he exclaims,

> 'Sweet interchange
> Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains,
> How gladsome once he ranged your native turf;
> Your simple scenes how rapture'd! are expense
> Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
> Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall,
> Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease.
>
> ECONOMY.

While Shenstone was rearing hazels and hawthorns, opening vistas, and winding waters;

> 'And having shown them where to stray,
> Threw little pebbles in their way;'

while he was pulling down hovels and cow-houses, to compose mottoes and inscriptions for garden-seats and urns; while he had so finely obscured with a tender gloom the grove of Virgil, and thrown over, 'in the midst of a plantation of yew, a bridge of one arch, built of a dusty-coloured stone, and simple even to rudeness,'* and invoked Oberon in some Arcadian scene;

> 'Where in cool grot and mossy cell
> The tripping fawns and fairies dwell;'

the solitary magician, who had raised all these wonders, was, in reality, an unfortunate poet, the tenant of a dilapidated farm-house, where the winds passed through, and the rains lodged, often taking refuge in his own kitchen—

> Far from all resort of mirth,
> Save the cricket on the hearth!

In a letter† of the disconsolate founder of landscape-gardening, our author paints his situation with all its misery—lamenting that his house is not fit to receive 'polite friends, were they so disposed;' and resolved to banish all others, he proceeds:

'But I make it a certain rule, "arcere profanum vulgus." Persons who will despise you for the want of a good set of chairs, or an uncouth fire-shovel, at the same time that they can't taste any excellence in a mind that overlooks those things; with whom it is in vain that your mind is furnished, if the walls are naked; indeed one loses much of one's acquisitions in virtue by an hours converse with such as judge of merit by money—yet I am now and then impelled by the social passion to sit half an hour in my kitchen.'

But the solicitude of friends and the fate of Somerville, a neighbour and a poet, often compelled Shenstone to start amidst his reveries; and thus he has preserved his feelings and his irresolutions. Reflecting on the death of Somerville, he writes,

'To be forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery which I can well conceive, because I may, without vanity, esteem myself his equal in point of economy, and consequently ought to have an eye on his misfortunes—(as you kindly hinted to me about twelve o'clock, at the Feathers.)—I should retrench—I will—but you shall not see me—I will not let you know that I took it in good part—I will do it at solitary times as I may.'

Such were the calamities of 'great taste' with 'little fortune;' but in the case of Shenstone, these were combined with the other calamity of 'mediocrity of genius.'

Here, then, at the Leasowes, with occasional trips to town in pursuit of fame, which perpetually eluded his grasp; in the correspondence of a few delicate minds, whose admiration was substituted for more genuine celebrity; composing diatribes against economy and taste, while his income was diminishing every year; our neglected author grew daily more indolent and sedentary, and

* On this subject Graves makes a very useful observation. 'In this decision the happiness of Mr Shenstone was materially concerned. Whether he determined wisely or not, people of taste and people of worldly prudence will probably be of very different opinions. I somewhat suspect, that "people of worldly prudence" are not half the fools that "people of taste" imagine they are.'

* Wheatley on Modern Gardening, p. 172. Edition 5th.

† In Hull's Collection, Vol. ii, Letter ii.

withdrawing himself entirely into his own hermitage, moaned and despaired in an Arcadian solitude.* The cries and the 'secret sorrows' of Shenstone have come down to us—those of his brothers have not always! And shall dull men, because they have minds cold and obscure, like a Lapland year which has no summer, be permitted to exult over this class of men of sensibility and taste, but of moderate genius and without fortune? The passions and emotions of the heart are facts and dates, only to those who possess them.

To what a melancholy state was our author reduced, when he thus addressed his friend:

'I suppose you have been informed that my fever was in a great measure hypochondriacal, and left my nerves so extremely sensible, that even on no very interesting subject, I could readily *think myself into a vertigo;* I had almost said an *epilepsy*: for surely I was oftentimes near it.'

The features of this sad portrait are more particularly made out in another place.

'Now I am come home from a visit, very little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry and envious, and dejected and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr Swift's complaint 'that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' My soul is no more fitted to the figure I make, than a cable rope to a cambric needle; I cannot bear to see the advantages alienated, which I think I could deserve and relish so much more than those that have them.'

There are other testimonies in his entire correspondence. Whenever forsaken by his company he describes the horrors around him, delivered up 'to winter, silence, and reflection;' ever forseeing himself 'returning to the same series of melancholy hours.' His frame shattered by the whole train of hypochondriacal symptoms, there was nothing to cheer the querulous author, who with half the consciousness of genius, lived neglected and unpatronised,—His elegant mind had not the force, by his productions, to draw the celebrity he sighed after, to his hermitage.

Shenstone was so anxious for his literary character, that he contemplated on the posthumous fame which he might derive from the publication of his Letters: see Letter LXXIX, *on hearing his letters to Mr Whistler were destroyed.* The act of a merchant, his brother, who being a *very sensible* man, as Graves describes, yet with the *stupidity* of a Goth, destroyed the *whole correspondence of Shenstone, for 'its sentimental intercourse.'*—Shenstone bitterly regrets the loss, and says, 'I would have given more money for the letters than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chef d'œuvres*—they are the history of my mind for these twenty years past.' This, with the loss of Cowley's correspondence, should have been preserved in the article 'of suppressors and dilapidators of manuscripts.'

Towards the close of life, when his spirits were exhausted, and 'the silly clue of hopes and expectations,' as he termed them, was undone, the notice of some persons of rank began to reach him. Shenstone, however, deeply colours the variable state of his own mind—'Recovering from a nervous fever, as I have since discovered by many concurrent symptoms, I seem to anticipate a little of that "vernal delight" which Milton mentions and thinks

"————able to chase
All sadness, but despair"—

at least I begin to resume my silly clue of hopes and expectations.'

In a former letter he had, however, given them up; 'I begin to wean myself from all hopes and expectations whatever. I feed my wild-ducks, and I water my carnations. Happy enough if I could extinguish my ambition quite, to indulge the desire of being something more beneficial in my sphere.—Perhaps some few other circumstances would want also to be adjusted.'

What were these 'hopes and expectations,' from which sometimes he weans himself, and which are perpetually revived, and are attributed to 'an ambition he cannot extinguish?' This article has been written in vain, if the reader has not already perceived, that they had haunted him in early life; sickening his spirit after the possession of a poetical celebrity, unattainable by his genius; some expectations too he might have cherished from the talent he possessed for political studies, in which Graves confidently says, that 'he would have made no inconsiderable figure, if he had had a sufficient motive for applying his mind to them.' Shenstone has left several proofs of this talent.* But his master-passion for literary fame had produced little more than anxieties and disappointments; and when he indulged his pastoral fancy in a beautiful creation on his grounds, it consumed the estate which it adorned. Johnson forcibly expressed his situation: 'His death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that if he had lived a little longer, he would have been assisted by a pension.'

* Graves was supposed to have glanced at his friend Shenstone in his novel of 'Columella; or the Distressed Anchoret. The aim of this work is to convey all the moral instruction I could wish to offer here to youthful genius. It is written to show the consequence of a person of education and talents retiring to solitude and indolence in the vigour of youth. Nichols's Literary anecdotes, vol. iii, p. 134. Nash's History of Worcestershire, vol. i, p. 527.

* See his Letters XL, and XLI, and more particularly XLII, and XLIII, with a new theory of political principles.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE BUILDING OF BLENHEIM.

The secret history of this national edifice derives importance from its nature, and the remarkable characters involved in the unparalleled transaction. The great architect when obstructed in the progress of his work, by the irregular payments of the workmen appears to have practised one of his own comic plots to put the debts on the hero himself; while the duke who had it much at heart to inhabit the palace of his fame, but tutored into wariness under the vigilant and fierce eye of Atossa would neither approve nor disapprove, silently looked on in hope and in grief, from year to year, as the work proceeded, or as it was left at a stand. At length we find this *comedie larmoyante* wound up by the duchess herself, in an attempt utterly to ruin the enraged and insulted architect!†

Perhaps this was the first time that it had ever been resolved in parliament to raise a public monument of glory and gratitude—to an individual! The novelty of the attempt may serve as the only excuse for the loose arrangements which followed after parliament had approved of the design, without voting any specific supply for the purpose! The queen always issued the orders at her own expense, and commanded expedition; and while Anne lived, the expenses of the building were included in her majesty's debts, as belonging to the civil list sanctioned by parliament.

When George the First came to the throne, the parliament declared the debt to be the debt of the queen, and the king granted a privy seal as for other debts. The crown and the parliament had hitherto proceeded in perfect union respecting this national edifice. However, I find that the workmen were greatly in arrears; for when George the First ascended the throne, they gladly accepted a *third* part of their several debts!

The great architect found himself amidst inextricable difficulties. With the fertile invention which amuses in his comedies, he contrived an extraordinary scheme, by which he proposed to make the duke himself responsible for the building of Blenheim!

However much the duke longed to see the magnificent edifice concluded, he showed the same calm intrepidity in the building of Blenheim as he had in its field of action. Aware that if he himself gave any order, or suggested any alteration, he might be involved in the expense of the building, he was never to be circumvented,—never to be surprised into a spontaneous emotion of pleasure or disapprobation; on no occasion, he declares, had he even entered into conversation with the architect (though his friend) or with any one acting under his orders,—about Blenheim House! Such impenetrable prudence on all sides had often blunted the subdolous ingenuity of the architect and plotter of comedies!

In the absence of the duke, when abroad in 1705, Sir John contrived to obtain from Lord Godolphin the friend

† I draw the materials of this secret history from an unpublished 'Case of the Duke of Marlborough and Sir John Vanbrugh, as also from some confidential corespondence of Vanbrugh with Jacob Tonson, his friend and publisher.

and relative of the duke of Marlborough, and probably his agent in some of his concerns, a warrant, constituting Vanbrugh *surveyor, with power of contracting on the behalf of the Duke of Marlborough*. How he prevailed on Lord Godolphin to get this appointment does not appear—his lordship probably conceived it was useful, and might assist in expediting the great work, the favourite object of the hero. This warrant, however, Vanbrugh kept entirely to himself; he never mentioned to the duke that he was in the possession of any such power; nor on his return, did he claim to have it renewed.

The building proceeded with the same delays, and the payments with the same irregularity; the veteran now foresaw what happened, that he should never be the inhabitant of his own house! The public money issued from the Treasury was never to be depended on; and after 1712, the duke took the building upon himself, for the purpose of accommodating the workmen. They had hitherto received what was called 'crown pay,' which was high wages and uncertain payment—and they now gladly abated a third of their prices. But though the duke had undertaken to pay the workmen, this could make no alteration in the claims on the Treasury. Blenheim was to be built *for* Marlborough, not *by* him; it was a monument raised by the nation to their hero, not a palace to be built by their mutual contributions.

Whether Marlborough found that his own million might be slowly injured while the Treasury remained still obdurate, or that the architect was still more and more involved, I cannot tell; but in 1715, the workmen appear to have struck, and the old delays and stand-still again renewed. It was then Sir John, for the first time, produced the warrant he had extracted from Lord Godolphin, to lay before the Treasury; adding, however, a memorandum, to prevent any misconception, that the duke was to be considered as the paymaster, the debts incurred devolving on the crown. This part of our secret history requires more development than I am enabled to afford: as my information is drawn from 'the Case' of the duke of Marlborough in reply to Sir John's depositions, it is possible Vanbrugh may suffer more than he ought in this narration; which, however, incidentally notices his own statements.

A new scene opens! Vanbrugh not obtaining his claims from the Treasury, and the workmen becoming more clamorous, the architect suddenly turns round on the duke, at once to charge him with the whole debt.

The pitiable history of this magnificent monument of public gratitude, from its beginnings, is given by Vanbrugh in his deposition. The great architect represents himself as being comptroller of her majesty's works; and as such was appointed to prepare a model, which model of Blenheim House her majesty kept in her palace, and gave her commands to issue money according to the direction of Mr Travers, the queen's surveyor-general; that the lord treasurer appointed her majesty's own officers to supervise these works; that it was upon defect of money from the Treasury that the workmen grew uneasy; that the work was stopped, till further orders of money from the Treasury; that the queen then ordered enough to secure it from winter weather; that afterwards she ordered more for payment of the workmen; that they were paid in part; and upon Sir John's telling them the queen's resolution to grant them a further supply, (*after a stop put to it by the duchess's order*) they went on and incurred the present debt; that this was afterwards brought into the house of commons as the debt of the crown, not owing from the queen to the Duke of Marlborough, but to the workmen, and this by the queen's officers.

During the uncertain progress of the building, and while the workmen were often in deep arrears, it would seem that the architect often designed to involve the Marlboroughs in its fate and his own; he probably thought that some of their round million might bear to be chipped, to finish his great work, with which, too, their glory was so intimately connected. The famous dutchess had evidently put the duke on the defensive; but once, perhaps, was the duke on the point of indulging some generous architectural fancy, when lo! Atossa stepped forwards and 'put a stop to the building.'

When Vanbrugh at length produced the warrant of Lord Godolphin, empowering him to contract for the duke, this instrument was utterly disclaimed by Marlborough; the duke declares it existed without his knowledge; and that if such an instrument for a moment was to be held valid, no man would be safe, but might be ruined by the act of another!

Vanbrugh seems to have involved the intricacy of his plot, till it fell into some contradictions. The queen he had not found difficult to manage; but after her death, when the Treasury failed in its golden source, he seems to have sat down to contrive how to make the duke the great debtor. Vanbrugh swears that 'He himself looked upon the crown, as engaged to the Duke of Marlborough for the expense; but that he believes the workmen always looked upon the duke as their paymaster.' He advances so far, as to swear that he made a contract with particular workmen, which contract was not unknown to the duke. This was not denied; but the duke in his reply observes, that 'he knew not that the workmen were employed for *his* account, or by *his* own agent:'—never having heard till Sir John produced the warrant from Lord Godolphin, that Sir John was 'his surveyor!' which he disclaims.

Our architect, however opposite his depositions appear, contrived to become a witness to such facts as tended to conclude the duke to be the debtor for the building; and 'in his depositions has taken as much care to have the guilt of perjury without the punishment of it, as any man could do.' He so managed, though he has not sworn to contradictions, that the natural tendency of one part of his evidence presses one way, and the natural tendency of another part presses the direct contrary way. In his former memorial, the main design was to disengage the duke from the debt; in his depositions, the main design was to charge the duke with the debt. Vanbrugh, it must be confessed, exerted not less of his dramatic than his architectural genius in the building of Blenheim!

'The Case' concludes with an eloquent reflection, where Vanbrugh is distinguished as the man of genius, though not, in this predicament, the man of honour. 'If at last the charge run into by order of the crown must be upon the duke, yet the infamy of it must go upon another, who was perhaps the only Architect in the world capable of building such a house: and the only friend in the world capable of contriving to lay the debt upon one to whom he was so highly obliged.'

There is a curious fact in the depositions of Vanbrugh, by which we might infer that the idea of Blenheim House might have originated with the duke himself; he swears that in 1704, the duke met him, and told him *he* designed to build a house, and must consult him about a model, *&c*; but it was the queen who ordered the present house to be built with all expedition.'

The whole conduct of this national edifice was unworthy of the nation, if in truth the nation ever entered heartily into it. No specific sum had been voted in parliament for so great an undertaking; which afterwards was the occasion of involving all the parties concerned in trouble and litigation, threatened the ruin of the architect; and I think we shall see, by Vanbrugh's letters, was finished at the sole charge, and even under the superintendence, of the duchess herself! It may be a question, whether this magnificent monument of glory did not rather originate in the spirit of party, in the urgent desire of the queen to allay the pride and jealousies of the Marlboroughs. From the circumstance to which Vanbrugh has sworn, that the duke had designed to have a house built by Vanbrugh, before Blenheim had been resolved on, we may suppose that this intention of the duke's afforded the queen a suggestion of a national edifice.

Archdeacon Coxe, in his life of Marlborough, has obscurely alluded to the circumstances attending the building of Blenheim. 'The illness of the duke, and the tedious litigation which ensued, caused such delays, that little progress was made in the work at the time of his decease. In the interim, a serious misunderstanding arose between the duchess and the architect, which forms the subject of a voluminous correspondence. Vanbrugh was in consequence removed, and the direction of the building confided to other hands, under her own immediate superintendence.

This 'voluminous correspondence' would probably afford 'words that burn' of the lofty insolence of Atossa, and 'thoughts that breathe' of the comic wit; it might too relate, in many curious points, to the stupendous fabric itself. If her grace condescended to criticise its parts with the frank roughness she is known to have done to the architect himself, his own defence and explanations might

serve to let us into the bewildering fancies of his magical architecture. Of that self-creation for which he was so much abused in his own day as to have lost his real avocation as an architect, and stand condemned for posterity in the volatile bitterness of Lord Orford, nothing is left for us but our own convictions—to behold, and to be for ever astonished! But 'this voluminous correspondence?' Alas! the historian of war and politics overlooks with contempt the little secret histories of art, and of human nature!—and 'a voluminous correspondence' which indicates so much, and on which not a solitary idea is bestowed, has only served to petrify our curiosity!

Of this quarrel between the famous duchess and Vanbrugh I have only recovered several vivacious extracts from confidential letters of Vanbrugh's to Jacob Tonson. There was an equality of the genius of *invention*, as well as rancour, in her grace and the wit: whether Atossa, like Vanbrugh, could have had the patience to have composed a comedy of five acts I will not determine; but unquestionably she could have dictated many scenes with equal spirit. We have seen Vanbrugh attempting to turn the debts incurred by the building of Blenheim on the duke; we now learn, for the first time, that the duchess, with equal aptitude, contrived a counter-plot to turn the debts on Vanbrugh!

'I have the misfortune of losing, for I now see little hopes of ever getting it, nearly 2000*l.* due to me for many years' service, plague, and trouble, at Blenheim, which that wicked woman of 'Marlborough' is so far from paying me, that the duke being sued by some of the workmen for work done there, she has tried to turn the debt due to them upon me, for which I think she ought to be hanged.'

In 1722, on occasion of the duke's death, Vanbrugh gives an account to Tonson of the great wealth of the Marlboroughs, with a caustic touch at his illustrious victims.

'The Duke of Marlborough's treasure exceeds the most extravagant guess. The grand settlement, which it was suspected her grace had broken to pieces, stands good, and hands an immense wealth to Lord Godolphin and his successors. A round million has been moving about in loans on the land-tax, *&c.* This the Treasury knew before he died, and this was exclusive of his 'land;' his 5000*l.* a year upon the post-office; his mortgages upon a distressed estate; his South Sea stock; his annuities, and which were not subscribed in, and besides what is in foreign banks; and yet this man could neither pay his workmen their bills, nor his architect his salary.

'He has given his widow (may a Scottish ensign get her!) 10,000*l.* a year *to spoil Blenheim her own way;* 12,000*l.* a year to keep herself clean and go to law; 2,000*l.* a year to Lord Rialton for present maintenance; and Lord Godolphin only 5,000*l.* a year jointure, if he outlives my lady; this last is a wretched article. The rest of the heap, for these are but snippings, goes to Lord Godolphin, and so on. She will have 40,000*l.* a year in present.'

Atossa, as the quarrel heated and the plot thickened, with the maliciousness of Puck, and the haughtiness of an Empress of Blenheim, invented the most cruel insult that ever architect endured!—one perfectly characteristic of that extraordinary woman. Vanbrugh went to Blenheim with his lady, in a company from Castle Howard, another magnificent monument of his singular genius.

'We staid two nights in Woodstock; but there was an order to the servants, *under her grace's own hand, not to let me enter Blenheim!* and lest that should not mortify me enough, she having somehow learned that my *wife* was of the company, *sent an express the night before we came there,* with orders that if *she* came with the Castle Howard ladies, the servants should not suffer her to see either house, gardens, or even to enter the park: so she was forced to sit all day long and keep me company at the inn!'

This was a *coup de theatre* in this joint comedy of Atossa and Vanbrugh! The architect of Blenheim, lifting his eyes towards his own massive grandeur, exiled to a dull inn, and imprisoned with one who required rather to be consoled, than capable of consoling the enraged architect!

In 1725, Atossa still pursuing her hunted prey, had driven it to a spot which she flattered herself would enclose it with the security of a preservatory. This produced the following explosion!

'I have been forced into chancery by that B. B. B. the Duchess of Marlborough, where she has got an injunction upon me by her friend the late good chancellor (Earl of Macclesfield,) who declared that I was never employed by the duke, and therefore had no demand upon his estate for my services at Blenheim. Since my hands were thus tied up from trying by law to recover my arrear, I have prevailed with Sir Robert Walpole *to help me in a scheme which I proposed to him, by which I got my money in spite of the hussy's teeth. My carrying this point enrages her much,* and the more because it is of considerable weight in my small fortune, which she has heartily endeavoured so to destroy as to throw me into an English bastile, there to finish my days, as *I began them, in a French one.*'

Plot for plot! and the superior claims of one of practised invention are vindicated! The writer, long accustomed to comedy-writing, has excelled the self-taught genius of Atossa. The 'scheme' by which Vanbrugh's fertile invention, aided by Sir Robert Walpole, finally circumvented the avaricious, the haughty, and the capricious Atossa, remains untold, unless it is alluded to by the passage in Lord Orford's 'Anecdotes of Painting,' where he informs us that the 'duchess quarrelled with Sir John and went to law with him; but though he *proved to be in the right,* or rather *because* he proved to be in the right, she employed Sir Christopher Wren to build the house in St. James's Park.'

I have to add a curious discovery respecting Vanbrugh himself, which explains a circumstance in his life not hitherto understood.

In all the biographies of Vanbrugh, from the time of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, the early part of the life of this man of genius remains unknown. It is said he descended from an ancient family in *Cheshire,* which came originally from *France,* though by the name, which properly written would be *Van Brugh,* he would appear to be of *Dutch* extraction. A tale is universally repeated that Sir John once visiting France in the prosecution of his architectural studies, while taking a survey of some fortifications, excited alarm, and was carried to the Bastile; where, to deepen the interests of the story, he sketched a variety of comedies, which he must have communicated to the governor, who, whispering it doubtless as an affair of state to several of the noblesse, these admirers of 'sketches of comedies'—English ones no doubt—procured the release of this English Moliere. This tale is farther confirmed by a very odd circumstance. Sir John built at Greenwich, on the spot still called 'Vanbrugh's Fields,' two whimsical houses; one on the side of Greenwich Park is still called 'the Bastile-House,' built on its model, to commemorate this imprisonment.

Not a word of this detailed story is probably true! that the *Bastile* was an object which sometimes occupied the imagination of our architect, is probable; for, by the letter we have just quoted, we discover from himself the singular incident of Vanbrugh's having been *born in the Bastile.*

Desirous probably of concealing his alien origin, this circumstance cast his early days into obscurity. He felt that he was a Briton in all respects but that of his singular birth. The ancestors of Vanbrugh, who was of *Cheshire,* said to be of *French* extraction, though with a *Dutch* name, married Sir Dudley Carleton's daughter. We are told he had 'political connexions;' and one of his 'political' tours had probably occasioned his confinement in that state-dungeon, where his lady was delivered of her burden of love. The odd fancy of building a 'Bastile-House' at Greenwich, a fortified prison! suggested to his first life-writer the fine romance; which must now be thrown aside among those literary fictions the French distinguish by the softening and yet impudent term of '*Anecdotes hazardées!*' with which formerly Varillas and his imitators furnished their pages; lies which looked like facts!

SECRET HISTORY OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.*

Rawleigh exercised in perfection incompatible talents, and his character connects the opposite extremes of our nature! His 'book of life,' with its incidents of prosperity and adversity, of glory and humiliation, was as chequered as the novelist would desire for a tale of fiction. Yet in this mighty genius there lies an unsuspected disposition, which requires to be demonstrated, before it is possible to conceive its reality. From his earliest days he betrayed the genius of an *adventurer,* which prevailed in his character to the latest; and it often involved him

* Rawleigh, as was practised to a much later period, wrote his name various ways. In the former series of this work I have discovered at least how it was pronounced in his time—thus, Rawly. See in First Series, art. 'Orthography of Proper Names.'

in the practice of mean artifices and petty deceptions; which appear like folly in the wisdom of a sage; like ineptitude in the profound views of a politician; like cowardice in the magnanimity of a hero; and degrade by their littleness the grandeur of a character which was closed by a splendid death, worthy the life of the wisest and the greatest of mankind!

The sunshine of his days was in the reign of Elizabeth. From a boy, always dreaming of romantic conquests, for he was born in an age of heroism; and formed by nature for the chivalric gallantry of the court of a maiden queen, from the moment he with such infinite art cast his rich mantle over the miry spot, his life was a progress of glory. All about Rawleigh was splendid as the dress he wore: his female sovereign, whose eyes loved to dwell on men who might have been fit subjects for 'the Faerie Queen' of Spenser, penurious of reward, only recompensed her favourites by suffering them to make their own fortunes on sea and land; and Elizabeth listened to the glowing projects of her hero, indulging that spirit which could have conquered the world, to have laid the toy at the feet of the sovereign!

This man, this extraordinary being, who was prodigal of his life and fortune on the Spanish main, in the idleness of peace could equally direct his invention to supply the domestic wants of every-day life, in his project of 'an office for address.' Nothing was too high for his ambition, nor too humble for his genius. Pre-eminent as a military and a naval commander, as a statesman and a student, Rawleigh was as intent on forming the character of Prince Henry, as that prince was studious of moulding his own aspiring qualities by the genius of the friend whom he contemplated. Yet the active life of Rawleigh is not more remarkable than his contemplative one. He may well rank among the founders of our literature: for composing on a subject exciting little interest, his fine genius has sealed his unfinished volume with immortality. For magnificence of eloquence, and massiveness of thought, we must still dwell on his pages.* Such was the man, who was the adored patron of Spenser; whom Ben Jonson, proud of calling other favourites 'his sons,' honoured by the title of his 'father;' and who left political instructions which Milton deigned to edit.

But how has it happened, that of so elevated a character, Gibbon has pronounced that it was 'ambiguous,' while it is described by Hume as 'a great but ill-regulated mind?'

There was a peculiarity in the character of this eminent man: he practised the cunning of an *adventurer*; a cunning, most humiliating in the narrative! The great difficulty to overcome in this discovery is, how to account for a sage and a hero acting folly and cowardice, and attempting to obtain by circuitous deception, what it may be supposed so magnanimous a spirit would not only deign to possess himself of by direct and open methods.

Since the present article was written, a letter, hitherto unpublished, appears in the recent edition of Shakespeare, which curiously and minutely records one of those artifices of the kind which I am about to narrate at length. When under Elizabeth, Rawleigh was once in confinement, and it appears, that seeing the queen passing by, he was suddenly seized with a strange resolution of combating with the governor and his people; declaring that the mere *sight* of the queen had made him desperate, as a confined lover would feel at the sight of his mistress. The letter gives a minute narrative of Sir Walter's astonishing conduct, and carefully repeats the warm romantic style in which he talked of his royal mistress, and his formal resolution to die rather than exist out of her presence. This extravagant scene, with all its colouring, has been most elaborately penned by the ingenious letter-writer with a hint to the person whom he addresses, to suffer it to meet the eye of their royal mistresess, who could not fail of admiring our new 'Orlando Furioso,' and soon after released this tender prisoner! To me it is evident that the whole scene was got up and concerted for the occasion, and was the invention of Rawleigh himself; the romantic incident he well knew was perfectly adapted to the queen's taste. Another similar incident, in which I have been anticipated in the disclosure of the fact, though not of its nature, was what Sir Toby Matthews obscurely alludes to his letters, of 'the guilty blow he gave himself in the Tower;' a passage which had long excited my attention, till I discovered the curious incident in some manuscript letters of Lord Cecil. Rawleigh was then confined in the Tower for the Cobham conspiracy; a plot so absurd and obscure, that one historian has called it a 'state-riddle,' but for which, so many years after, Rawleigh so cruelly lost his life.

Lord Cecil gives an account of the examination of the prisoners involved in this conspiracy. 'One afternoon, whilst diverse of us were in the Tower examining some of these prisoners, Sir Walter *attempted to murder himself*; whereof when we were advertised, we came to him and found him in some agony to be unable to endure his misfortunes, and protesting innocency, with carlessness of life; and in that humour *he had wounded himself under the right pap, but no way mortally, being in truth rather a cut than a stab*, and now very well cured both in body and mind.'* This feeble attempt at suicide, this 'cut rather than stab,' I must place among those scenes in the life of Rawleigh, so mean and incomprehensible with the genius of the man. If it were nothing but one of those

'Fears of the Brave!'

we must now open another of the

'Follies of the Wise?'

Rawleigh returned from the wild and desperate voyage of Guiana, with misery in every shape about him.* His son had perished; his devoted Keymis would not survive his reproach; and Rawleigh, without fortune and without hope, in sickness and in sorrow, brooded over the sad thought, that in the hatred of the Spaniard, and in the political pusillanimity of James, he was arriving only to meet inevitable death. With this presentiment, he had even wished to give up his ship to the crew, had they consented to land him in France; but he was probably irresolute in this decision at sea, as he was afterwards at land, where he wished to escape, and refused to fly: the clearest intellect was darkened, and magnanimity itself became humiliated, floating between the sense of honour and of life.

Rawleigh landed in his native county of Devon: his arrival was the common topic of conversation, and he was the object of censure or of commiseration: but his person was not molested, till the fears of James became more urgent than his pity.

The Cervantic Gondomar, whose 'quips and quidites' had concealed the cares of state, one day rushed into the presence of James, breathlessly calling out for 'audience!' and compressing his 'ear-piercing' message into the laconic abruptness of 'piratas! piratas! piratas!' There was agony as well as politics in this cry of Gondomar, whose brother, the Spanish governor, had been massacred in this predatory expedition. The timid monarch, terrified at this tragical appearance of his facetious friend, saw at once the demands of the whole Spanish cabinet, and vented his palliative in a gentle proclamation. Rawleigh having settled his affairs in the West, set off for London to appear before the king, in consequence of the proclamation. A few miles from Plymouth, he was met by Sir Lewis Stucley, vice-admiral of Devon, a kinsman and a friend, who, in communication with government, had accepted a sort of *surveillance* over Sir Walter. It is said, (and will be credited, when we hear the story of Stucley) that he had set his heart on the *ship*, as a probable good purchase; and on the *person*, against whom, to colour his natural treachery, he professed an old hatred. He first seized on Rawleigh more like the kinsman than the vice-admiral, and proposed travelling together to London, and baiting at the houses of the friends of Rawleigh. The warrant which Stucley in the meanwhile had desired was instantly despatched, and the bearer was one Manoury, a French empiric, who was evidently sent to act the part he did,—a part played at all times, and the last title in French politics, that so often had recourse to this instrument of state, is a *Mouton!*

Rawleigh still, however was not placed under any harsh

* I shall give in the article 'Literary Unions,' a curious account how 'Rawleigh's History of the World' was composed, which has hitherto escaped discovery

* These letters were written by Lord Cecil to Sir Thomas Parry, our ambassador in France, and were transcribed from the copy-book of Sir Thomas Parry's correspondence, which is preserved in the Pepysian library at Cambridge.

† My friend, Mr Hamper, of Derkend House, Birmingham, among other curious collections which he possesses, informs me that he has 'a manuscript of depositions taken in Spain relative to the losses of some merchants who had been plundered by Sir Walter in this voyage.'

restraint: his confidential associate, Captain King, accompanied him; and it is probable, that if Rawleigh had effectuated his escape, he would have conferred a great favour on the government.

They could not save him at London. It is certain that he might have escaped; for Captain King had hired a vessel, and Rawleigh had stolen out by night, and might have reached it, but irresolutely returned home; another night, the same vessel was ready, but Rawleigh never came! The loss of his honour appeared the greater calamity.

As he advanced in this eventful journey, every thing assumed a more formidable aspect. His friends communicated fearful advices; a pursuivant, or king's messenger, gave a more menacing appearance; and suggestions arose in his own mind, that he was reserved to become a victim of state. When letters of commission from the Privy council were brought to Sir Lewis Stucley, Rawleigh was observed to change countenance, exclaiming with an oath, 'Is it possible my fortune should return upon me thus again?' He lamented before Captain King, that he had neglected the opportunity of escape; and which, every day he advanced inland, removed him the more from any chance.

Rawleigh at first suspected that Manoury was one of those instruments of state, who are sometimes employed when open measures are not to be pursued, or when the cabinet have not yet determined on the fate of a person implicated in a state crime; in a word, Rawleigh thought that Manoury was a spy over him, and probably over Stucley too. The first impression in these matters is usually the right one; but when Rawleigh found himself caught in the toils, he imagined that such corrupt agents were to be corrupted. The French empiric was sounded, and found very compliant; Rawleigh was desirous by his aid to counterfeit sickness, and for this purpose invented a series of the most humiliating stratagems. He imagined that a constant appearance of sickness might produce delay, and procrastination, in the chapter of accidents, might end in pardon. He procured vomits from the Frenchman, and whenever he chose, produced every appearance of sickness; with dimness of sight, dizziness in his head, he reeled about, and once struck himself with such violence against a pillar in the gallery, that there was no doubt of his malady. Rawleigh's servant one morning entered Stucley's chamber, declared that his master was out of his senses, for that he had just left him in his shirt upon all fours, gnawing the rushes upon the floor. On Stucley's entrance, Rawleigh was raving, and reeling in strong convulsions. Stucley ordered him to be chafed and fomented, and Rawleigh afterwards laughed at this scene with Manoury, observing that he had made Stucley a perfect physician.

But Rawleigh found it required some more visible and alarming disease than such ridiculous scenes had exhibited. The vomits worked so slowly, that Manoury was fearful to repeat the doses. Rawleigh inquired, whether the empiric knew of any preparations which could make him look ghastly, without injuring his health. The Frenchman offered a harmless ointment to act on the surface of the skin, which would give him the appearance of a leper. 'That will do!' said Rawleigh, 'for the lords will be afraid to approach me, and besides it will move their pity.' Applying the ointment to his brows, his arms, and his breast, the blisters rose, the skin inflamed, and was covered with purple spots. Stucley concluded that Rawleigh had the plague. Physicians were now to be called in; Rawleigh took the black silk ribbon from his poniard, and Manoury tightened it strongly about his arm, to disorder his pulse; but his pulse beat too strong and regular. He appeared to take no food, while Manoury secretly provided him. To perplex the learned doctors still more, Rawleigh had the urinal coloured by a drug of a strong scent. The physicians pronounced the disease mortal, and that the patient could not be removed into the air without immediate danger. 'Awhile after, being in his bed-chamber undressed, and no one present but Manoury, Sir Walter held a looking-glass in his hand, to admire his spotted face,* and observed in merriment to his new confidant, how they should one day laugh for having thus cozened—the king, council physicians, Spaniards and all. The excuse Rawleigh offered for this course of poor stratagems, so unworthy of his genius, was to obtain time and seclusion for writing his apology, or vindication of his voyage, which has come down to us in his 'Remains.' 'The prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffered spittle to fall upon his beard, to escape from the hands of his enemies,' said Rawleigh in his last speech. Brutus, too, was another example. But his discernment often prevailed over this mockery of his spirit. The king licensed him to reside at his own house on his arrival in London; on which Manoury observed, that the king showed by this indulgence, that his majesty was favourably inclined towards him; but Rawleigh replied, 'They used all these kinds of flatteries to the Duke of Biron, to draw him fairly into prison, and then they cut off his head. I know they have concluded among them, that it is expedient that a man should die, to re-assure the traffic which I have broke with Spain.' And Manoury adds, from whose narrative we have all these particulars, that Sir Walter broke out in this rant: 'If he could but save himself for this time, he would plot such plots, as should make the king think himself happy to send for him again, and restore him to his estate, and would force the king of Spain to write into England in his favour.'

Rawleigh at length proposed a flight to France with Manoury, who declares that it was then he revealed to Stucley what he had hitherto concealed, that Stucley might double his vigilance. Rawleigh now perceived that he had two rogues to bribe instead of one, and that they were playing into one another's hands. Proposals are now made to Stucley through Manoury, who is as compliant as his brother-knave. Rawleigh presented Stucley with 'a jewel made in the fashion of hail powdered with diamonds, with a ruby in the midst.' But Stucley observing to his kinsman and friend, that he must lose his office of Vice-admiral, which had cost him six hundred pounds, in case he suffered Rawleigh to escape; Rawleigh solemnly assured him that he should be no loser, and that his lady should give him one thousand pounds when they got into France or Holland. About this time the French quack took his leave; the part he had to act was performed; the juggle was complete: and two wretches had triumphed over the sagacity and magnanimity of a sage and a hero, whom misfortune had levelled to folly; and who, in violating the dignity of his own character, had only equalled himself with vulgar knaves; men who exulted that the circumventer was circumvented; or, as they expressed it, 'the great cozener was cozened.' But our story does not here conclude, for the treacheries of Stucley were more intricate. This perfect villain had obtained a warrant of indemnity, to authorize his compliance with any offer to assist Rawleigh in his escape; this wretch was the confidant and the executioner of Rawleigh; he carried about him a license to betray him, and was making his profit of the victim before he delivered him to the sacrifice. Rawleigh was still plotting his escape: at Salisbury he had despatched his confidential friend Captain King to London, to secure a boat at Tilbury; he had also a secret interview with the French agent. Rawleigh's servant mentioned to Captain King, that his boatswain had a ketch of his own, and was ready at his service for 'thirty pieces of silver;' the boatswain and Rawleigh's servant acted Judas, and betrayed the plot to Mr William Herbert, cousin to Stucley, and thus the treachery was kept among themselves as a family concern. The night for flight was now fixed, but he could not part without his friend Stucley, who had promised never to quit him; and who, indeed, informed by his cousin Herbert, had suddenly surprised Rawleigh putting on a false beard. The party met at the appointed place; Sir Lewis Stucley with his son, and Rawleigh disguised. Stucley in saluting King, asked whether he had not shown himself an honest man? King hoped he would continue so. They had not rowed twenty strokes, before the watermen observed, that Mr. Herbert had lately taken boat, and made towards the bridge, but had returned down the river after them. Rawleigh instantly expressed his apprehensions, and wished to return home; he consulted King—the watermen took fright—Stucley acted his part well; damning his ill-fortune to have a friend whom he would save, so full of doubts and fears, and threatening to pistol the watermen if they did not proceed. Even King was over-

* A friend informs me, that he saw recently at a print-dealer's a painted portrait of Sir Walter Rawleigh, with the face thus spotted. It is extraordinary that any artist should have chosen such a subject for his pencil; but should this be a portrait of the times, it shows that this strange stratagem had excited public attention

come by the earnest conduct of Stucley, and a new spirit was infused into the rowers. As they drew near Greenwich, a wherry crossed them. Rawleigh declared it came to discover them. King tried to allay his fears, and assured him that if once they reached Gravesend, he would hazard his life to get to Tilbury. But in these delays and discussions, the tide was failing; the watermen declared they could not reach Gravesend before morning; Rawleigh would have landed at Purfleet, and the boatswain encouraged him; for there it was thought he could procure horses for Tilbury. Sir Lewis Stucley too was zealous; and declared he was content to carry the cloak-bag on his own shoulders, for half a mile, but King declared that it was useless, they could not at that hour get horses, to go by land.

They rowed a mile beyond Woolwich, approaching two or three ketches, when the boatswain doubted whether any of these were the one he had provided to furnish them. 'We are betrayed!' cried Rawleigh, and ordered the watermen to row back: he strictly examined the boatswain, alas! his ingenuity was baffled by a shuffling villain, whose real answer appeared when a wherry hailed the boat; Rawleigh observed that it contained Herbert's crew. He saw that all was now discovered. He took Stucley aside; his ingenious mind still suggesting projects for himself to return home in safety, or how Stucley might plead that he had only pretended to go with Rawleigh, to seize on his private papers. They whispered together, and Rawleigh took some things from his pocket, and handed them to Stucley; probably more 'rubies powdered with diamonds.'—Some effect was instantaneously produced; for the tender heart of his friend Stucley relented, and he not only repeatedly embraced him with extraordinary warmth of affection, but was voluble in effusions of friendship and fidelity. Stucley persuaded Rawleigh to land at Gravesend, the strange wherry which had dogged them landing at the same time; these were people belonging to Mr Herbert and Sir William St John, who, it seems, had formerly shared in the spoils of this unhappy hero. On Greenwich bridge, Stucley advised Captain King that it would be advantageous to Sir Walter, that King should confess that he had joined with Stucley to betray his master; and Rawleigh lent himself to the suggestion of Stucley, of whose treachery he might still be uncertain; but King, a rough and honest seamen, declared that he would not share in the odium. At the moment he refused, Stucley arrested the captain in the king's name, committing him to the charge of Herbert's men. They then proceeded to a tavern, but Rawleigh, who now viewed the monster in his true shape, observed, 'Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit;' and on the following day, when they passed through the Tower-gate, Rawleigh turning to King, observed, 'Stucley and my servant Cotterell have betrayed me. You need be in no fear of danger, but as for me, it is I who am the mark that is shot at.' Thus concludes the narrative of Captain King. The fate of Rawleigh soon verified the prediction.

This long narrative of treachery will not, however, be complete, unless we wind it up with the fate of the infamous Stucley. Fiction gives perfection to its narratives, by the privilege it enjoys of disposing of its criminals in the most exemplary manner; but the labours of the historian are not always refreshed by this moral pleasure. Retribution is not always discovered in the present stage of human existence, yet history is perhaps equally delightful as fiction, whenever its perfect catastrophes resemble those of romantic invention. The present is a splendid example.

I have discovered the secret history of Sir Lewis Stucley, in several manuscript letters of the times.

Rawleigh, in his admirable address from the scaffold, where he seemed to be rather one of the spectators than the sufferer, declared he forgave Sir Lewis, for he had forgiven all men; but he was bound in charity to caution all men against him, and such as he is! Rawleigh's last and solemn notice of the treachery of his 'kinsman and friend' was irrevocably fatal to this wretch. The hearts of the people were open to the deepest impressions of sympathy, melting into tears at the pathetic address of the magnanimous spirit who had touched them: in one moment Sir Lewis Stucley became an object of execration throughout the nation; he soon obtained a new title, that of 'Sir Judas,' and was shunned by every man. To remove the Cain-like mark, which God and men had fixed on him, he published an apology for his conduct; a performance, which, at least, for its ability, might raise him in our consideration; but I have since discovered, in one of the manuscript letter-writers, that it was written by Dr Sharpe, who had been a chaplain to Henry Prince of Wales. The writer pleads in Stucley's justification, that he was a state agent; that it was lawful to lie for the discovery of treason; that he had a personal hatred towards Rawleigh, for having abridged his father of his share of some prize-money; and then enters more into Rawleigh's character, who 'being desperate of any fortune here, agreeable to the height of his mind, would have made up his fortune elsewhere, upon any terms against his sovereign and his country. Is it not marvel,' continues the personifier of Stucley, 'that he was angry with me at his death for bringing him back? Besides, being a man of so great a wit, it was no small grief, that a man of mean wit as I, should be thought to go beyond him. No? *Sic ars deludit arte. Neque enim lex justior ulla est quam necis artifices arte perire sua.* (This apt latinity betrays Dr Sharpe.) But why did you not execute your commission bravely (openly?)—Why? My commission was to the contrary, to discover his pretensions, and to seize his secret papers,' &c.*

But the doctor, though no unskilful writer, here wrote in vain; for what ingenuity can veil the turpitude of long and practised treachery? To keep up appearances, Sir Judas resorted more than usually to court; where, however, he was perpetually enduring rebuffs, or avoided, as one infected with the plague of treachery. He offered the king, in his own justification, to take the sacrament, that whatever he had laid to Rawleigh's charge was true, and would produce two unexceptionable witnesses to do the like. 'Why, then,' replied his majesty, 'the more malicious was Sir Walter to utter these speeches at his death.' Sir Thomas Badger, who stood by, observed, 'Let the king take off Stucley's head, as Stucley has done Sir Walter's, and let him at his death take the sacrament and his oath upon it, and I'll believe him; but till Stucley loses his head, I shall credit Sir Walter Rawleigh's bare affirmative before a thousand of Stuckley's oaths. When Stucley, on pretence of giving an account of his office, placed himself in the audience chamber of the lord admiral, and his lordship passed him without any notice, Sir Judas attempted to address the earl; but with a bitter look his lordship exclaimed, 'Base fellow! darest thou, who art the scorn and contempt of men, offer thyself in my presence? Were it not in my own house, I would cudgel thee with my staff for presuming on this sauciness.' This annihilating affront Stucley hastened to convey to the king; his majesty answered him, 'What wouldst thou have me do? Wouldst thou have me hang him? Of my soul, if I should hang all that speak ill of thee, all the trees of the country would not suffice, so great is the number!'

One of the frequent crimes of that age, ere the forgery of bank-notes existed, was the clipping of gold; and this was one of the private amusements suitable to the character of our Sir Judas. Treachery and forgery are the same crime in a different form. Stucley received out of the exchequer five hundred pounds, as the reward of his espionage and perfidy. It was the price of blood, and was hardly in his hands ere it was turned into the fraudulent coin of 'the Cheater!' He was seized in the palace of Whitehall, for diminishing the gold coin. 'The manner of the discovery,' says the manuscript-writer, 'was strange if my occasions would suffer me to relate the particulars.' On his examination he attempted to shift the crime to his own son, who had fled, and on his man, who being taken, in the words of the letter-writer, was 'willing to set the saddle upon the right horse, and accused his master.' Manoury too, the French empiric, was arrested at Plymouth for the same crime, and accused his worthy friend. But such was the interest of Stucley with government, bought probably with his last shilling, and, as one says, with his last shirt, that he obtained his own, and his son's pardon, for a crime that ought to have finally concluded the history of this blessed family.† A more solemn and

* Stucley's humble petition, touching the bringing up Sir W. Rawleigh, 4to, 1618; republished in Somer's Tracts, vol. iii, 751.

† The anecdotes respecting Stucley I have derived from manuscript letters, and they were considered to be of so dangerous a nature, that the writer recommends secrecy, and requests after reading that 'they may be burnt.' With such injunctions I have generally found that the letters were the more carefully preserved.

tragical catastrophe was reserved for the perfidious Stucley. He was deprived of his place of vice-admiral, and left destitute in the world. Abandoned by all human beings, and most probably, by the son whom he had tutored in the arts of villany, he appears to have wandered about an infamous and distracted beggar. It is possible that even so seared a conscience may have retained some remaining touch of sensibility.

——————All are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

And Camden has recorded, among his historical notes on James I, that in August, 1620, 'Lewis Stucley, who betrayed Sir Walter Rawleigh, died in a manner mad.' Such is the catastrophe of one of the most perfect domestic tales; an historical example not easily paralleled of moral retribution.

The secret practices of the 'Sir Judas' of the court of James I, which I have discovered, throw light on an old tradition which still exists in the neighbourhood of Affeton, once the residence of this wretched man. The country people have long entertained a notion that a hidden treasure lies at the bottom of a well in his grounds, guarded by some supernatural power; a tradition no doubt originating in this man's history, and an obscure allusion to the gold which Stucley received for his bribe, or the other gold which he clipped, and might have there concealed. This is a striking instance of the many historical facts which, though entirely unknown or forgotten, may be often discovered to lie hid, or disguised, in popular traditions.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE LAST HOURS OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

The close of the life of Sir Walter Rawleigh was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied history: the promptitude and sprightliness of his genius, his carelessness of life, and the equanimity of that great spirit in quitting the world, can only be paralleled by a few other heroes and sages:—Rawleigh was both! But it is not simply his dignified yet active conduct on the scaffold, nor his admirable speech on that occasion, circumstances by which many great men are judged, when their energies are excited for a moment to act so great a part, before the eyes of the world assembled at their feet; it is not these only which claim our notice.

We may pause with admiration on the real grandeur of Rawleigh's character; not from a single circumstance, however great, but from a tissue of continued little incidents, which occurred from the moment of his condemnation till he lay his head on the block. Rawleigh was a man of such mark, that he deeply engaged the attention of his contemporaries; and to this we owe the preservation of several interesting particulars of what he did and what he said, which have entered, into his life; but all has not been told in the published narratives. Contemporary writers in their letters have set down every fresh incident, and eagerly caught up his sense, his wit, and what is more delightful, those marks of the natural cheerfulness of his invariable presence of mind: nor could these have arisen from any affectation or parade, for we shall see that they served him even in his last tender farewell to his lady, and on many unpremeditated occasions.

I have drawn together in a short compass all the facts which my researches have furnished, not omitting those which are known, concerning the feelings and conduct of Rawleigh at these solemn moments of his life; to have preserved only the new would have been to mutilate the statue, and to injure the whole by an imperfect view.

Rawleigh one morning was taken out of his bed in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. The story is well known.—Yet pleading with 'a voice grown weak by sickness and an ague he had at that instant on him,' he used every means to avert his fate: he did, therefore value the life he could so easily part with. His judges there at least, respected their state criminal, and they addressed him in a tone far different from that which he had fifteen years before listened to from Coke. Yelverton, the attorney-general, said, 'Sir Walter Rawleigh hath been as a star at which the world have gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide.' And the lord chief-justice noticed Rawleigh's great work;—'I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work; I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better than I am able to give you.' But the judge ended with saying, 'execution is granted.' It was stifling Rawleigh with roses! the heroic sage felt as if listening to fame from the voice of death.

He declared, that now being old, sickly, and in disgrace, and 'certain were he allowed to live, to go to it again, life was wearisome to him, and all he entreated was to have leave to speak freely at his farewell, to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the king, and a true lover of the commonwealth; for this he would seal with his blood.'

Rawleigh, on his return to his prison, while some were deploring his fate, observed, that 'the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution.'

That last night of his existence was occupied by writing what the letter-writer calls 'a remembrancer to be left with his lady,' to acquaint the world with his sentiments, should he be denied their delivery from the scaffold as he had been at the bar of the King's Bench. His lady visited him that night, and amidst her tears acquainted him, that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body; to which he answered smiling, 'It is well Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that, dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive.' At midnight he entreated her to leave him. It must have been then, that, with unshaken fortitude, Rawleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which being short, the most appropriate may be repeated.

'Even such is Time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, or all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!'

He has added two other lines expressive of his trust in his resurrection. Their authenticity is confirmed by the writer of the present letter, as well as another writer, enclosing 'half a dozen verses, which Sir Walter made the night before his death, to take his farewell of poetry, wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth.' The enclosure is not now with the letter. Chamberlain, the writer, was an intelligent man of the world, but not imbued with any deep tincture of literature. On the same night Rawleigh wrote this distich on the candle burning dimly:

'Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.'

At this solemn moment, before he lay down to rest, and at the instant of parting from his lady, with all his domestic affections still warm, to express his feelings in verse was with him a natural effusion, and one to which he had long been used. It is peculiar in the fate of Rawleigh, that having before suffered a long imprisonment with an expectation of a public death, his mind had been accustomed to its contemplation, and had often dwelt on the event which was now passing. The soul, in its sudden departure, and its future state, is often the subject of his few poems; that most original one of 'the Farewell,

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand, &c.

is attributed to Rawleigh, though on uncertain evidence. But another, entitled 'the Pilgrimage,' has this beautiful passage:

'Give me my scallop-shell of quiet.
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation.
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven—'

Rawleigh's cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended him, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he would rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joys within. The Dean says, that he made no

more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; 'Not,' said he, 'but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier.' The writer of a manuscript letter tells us, that the Dean declared he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give, as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, 'As the fellow, that, drinking of St Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, "that was good drink if a man might tarry by it."' The day before, in passing from Westminster-hall to the Gate-house, his eye had caught Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and calling on him, Rawleigh requested that he would see him die to-morrow. Sir Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. 'Farewell!' exclaimed Rawleigh, 'I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place.' In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, insomuch that Rawleigh noticed him, and asked, 'whether he would have ought of him?' The old man answered, 'Nothing but to see him, and to pray God for him.' Rawleigh replied, 'I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will.' Observing his bald head, he continued, 'but take this night-cap, (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore) for thou hast more need of it now than I.'

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Oldys describes it, but mentions, that 'he had a wrought night-cap under his hat,' this we have otherwise disposed of; he wore a ruff-band, a black wrought velvet night-gown over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings.

He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness as he had passed to it; and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished that they should all witness what he had to say. The request was complied with by several. His speech is well known; but some copies contain matters not in others. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death—'And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave.' 'He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast,' says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, 'I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge lightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff,' 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases,' and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, 'This is that, that will cure all sorrows.' After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Rawleigh with an embrace gave, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, '*and then, fear not, but strike home!*' When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. 'It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right,' said Rawleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for, having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Rawleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike! man?' In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any discomposure of his posture, which, like his mind, was immoveable.

'In all the time he was upon the scaffold, and before, says one of the manuscript letter-writers, 'there appeared not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had been come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer; nay, the beholders seemed much more sensible than did he, so that he hath purchased here in the opinion of men such honour and reputation, as it is thought his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage.'

The people were deeply affected at the sight, and so much, that one said, that 'we had not such another head to cut off;' and another 'wished the head and brains to be upon Secretary Naunton's shoulders.' The observer suffered for this; he was a wealthy citizen, and great newsmonger, and one who haunted Paul's Walk. Complaint was made, and the citizen summoned to the privy-council. He pleaded that he intended no disrespect to Mr Secretary; but only spoke in reference to the old proverb, that 'two heads were better than one?' His excuse was allowed at the moment; but when afterwards called on for a contribution to St Paul's cathedral, and having subscribed a hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, that 'two were better than one, Mr Wiesmark!' either from fear, or charity, the witty citizen doubled his subscription.

Thus died this glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, 'His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman.*

After having read the preceding article, we are astonished at the greatness, and the variable nature of this extraordinary man, and this happy genius. With Gibbon, who once meditated to write his life, we may pause, and pronounce 'his character is ambiguous;' but we shall not hesitate to decide, that Rawleigh knew better how to die than to live. 'His glorious hours,' says a contemporary, 'were his arraignment and execution;'—but never will be forgotten the intermediate years of his lettered imprisonment!

LITERARY UNIONS.

SECRET HISTORY OF RAWLEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AND VASARI'S LIVES.

An union of talents, differing in their qualities, might carry some important works to a more extended perfection. In a work of great enterprise, the aid of a friendly hand may be absolutely necessary to complete the labours of the projector, who may have neither the courage, the leisure, nor all acquisitions necessary for performing the favourite task which he has otherwise matured. Many great works, commenced by a master genius have remained unfinished, or have been deficient for want of this friendly succour. The public had been grateful to Johnson, had he united in his dictionary the labours of some learned etymologist. Speed's Chronicle owes most of its value, as it does its ornaments, to the hand of Sir Robert Cotton, and other curious researchers, who contributed entire portions. Goguet's esteemed work of the 'Origin of the Arts and Sciences' was greatly indebted to the fraternal zeal of a devoted friend. The still valued books of the Port-royal Society were all formed by this happy union. The secret history of many eminent works would show the advantages which may be derived from this combination of talents, differing in their nature. Cumberland's masterly versions of the fragments of the Greek dramatic poets had never been given to the poetical world, had he not accidentally possessed the manuscript notes of his relative, the learned Bentley. This treasure supplied that research in the most obscure works, which the volatile studies of Cumberland could never have explored; a circumstance which he concealed from the world, proud of the Greek erudition which he thus cheaply possessed. Yet by this literary union, Bentley's vast erudition made those researches which Cumberland could not; and Cumberland gave the nation a copy of the domestic drama of Greece, of which Bentley was incapable.

There is a large work, which is still celebrated, of which the composition has excited the astonishment even of the philosophic Hume, but whose secret history remains yet to be disclosed. This extraordinary volume is 'The History of the World, by Rawleigh.' I shall transcribe Hume's observation that the reader may observe the literary phenomenon. 'They were struck with the extensive

* The chief particulars in this narrative are drawn from two manuscript letters of the day, in the Sloane collection, under their respective dates, Nov. 3, 1618, Larkin to Sir Tho. Pickering; Oct. 31, 1618, Chamberlain's letters.

genius of the man, who being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, *had surpassed in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives*; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work, as his History of the World.' Now when the truth is known, the wonderful in this literary mystery will disappear, except in the eloquent, the grand, and the pathetic passages interspersed in that venerable volume. We may, indeed, pardon the astonishment of our calm philosopher, when we consider the recondite matter contained in this work, and recollect the little time which this adventurous spirit, whose life was passed in fabricating his own fortune, and in perpetual enterprise, could allow to such erudite pursuits. Where could Rawleigh obtain that familiar acquaintance with the rabbins, of whose language he was probably entirely ignorant? His numerous publications, the effusions of the most active mind, though excellent in their kind, were evidently composed by one who was not abstracted in curious and remote inquiries, but full of the daily business and the wisdom of human life. His confinement in the tower, which lasted several years, was indeed sufficient for the composition of this folio volume, and of a second which appears to have occupied him. But in that imprisonment it singularly happened that he lived among literary characters, with the most intimate friendship. There he joined the Earl of Northumberland, the patron of the philosophers of his age, and with whom Rawleigh pursued his chemical studies; and Serjeant Hoskins, a poet and a wit, and the poetical 'father' of Ben Johnson, who acknowledged that 'it was Hoskins who had polished him;' and that Rawleigh often consulted Hoskins on his literary works, I learn from a manuscript. But however literary the atmosphere of the Tower proved to Rawleigh, no particle of Hebrew, and perhaps little of Grecian lore, floated from a chemist and a poet. The truth is, that the collection of the materials of this history was the labour of several persons, who have not all been discovered. It has been ascertained, that Ben Jonson was a considerable contributor; and there was an English philosopher from whom Descartes, it is said, even by his own countrymen, borrowed largely—Thomas Hariot, whom Anthony Wood charges with infusing into Rawleigh's volume philosophical notions, while Rawleigh was composing his History of the World. But if Rawleigh's *pursuits surpassed even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives*, as Hume observed, we must attribute this to a 'Dr Robert Burrel, Rector of Northwald, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Rawleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's history for Criticisms, Chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors were performed by him, for Sir Walter.'* Thus a simple fact, when discovered, clears up the whole mystery; and we learn how that knowledge was acquired, which as Hume sagaciously detected, required 'a recluse and sedentary life,' such as the studies and the habits would be of a country clergyman in a learned age.

The secret history of another work, still more celebrated than the History of the World, by Sir Walter Rawleigh, will doubtless surprise its numerous admirers.

* I draw my information from a very singular manuscript in the Lansdowne collection, which I think has been mistaken for a boy's ciphering book, of which it has much the appearance, No. 741, fo. 57, as it stands in the auctioneer's catalogue. It appears to be a collection closely written, extracted out of Anthony Wood's papers; and as I have discovered in the manuscript, numerous notices not elsewhere preserved, I am inclined to think, that the transcriber copied them from that mass of Anthony Wood's papers, of which more than one sack full was burnt at his desire before him, when dying. If it be so, this MS. is the only register of many curious facts.

Ben Jonson has been too freely censured for his own free censures, and particularly for one he made on Sir Walter Rawleigh, who, he told Drummond, 'esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his history: Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered and set in his book.' Jonson's powerful advocate Mr Gifford has not alleged a word in the defence of our great Bard's free conversational strictures; the secret history of Rawleigh's great work had never been discovered; on this occasion, however, Jonson only spoke what he knew to be true—and there may have been other truths, in those conversations which were set down at random by Drummond, who may have chiefly recollected the satirical touches.

Without the aid of a friendly hand, we should probably have been deprived of the delightful history of Artists by Vasari: although a mere painter and goldsmith, and not a literary man, Vasari was blessed with the nice discernment of one deeply conversant with art, and saw rightly what was to be done, when the idea of the work was suggested by the celebrated Paulus Jovius as a suppliment to his own work of the 'Eulogiums, of illustrious men.' Vasari approved of the project; but on that occasion judiciously observed, not blinded by the celebrity of the literary man who projected it, that 'it would require the assistance of an artist to collect the materals, and arrange them in their proper order; for although Jovius displayed great knowledge in his observations, yet he had not been equally accurate in the arrangement of his facts in his book of Eulogiums.' Afterwards, when Vasari began to collect his information, and consulted Paius Jovius on the plan, although that author highly approved of what he saw, he alleged his own want of leisure and ability to complete such an enterprise; and this was fortunate: we should otherwise have had, instead of the rambling spirit which charms us in the volumes of Vasari, the verbose babble of a declaimer. Vasari, however, looked round for the assistance he wanted; a circumstance which Tiraboschi has not noticed; like Hogarth, he required a literary man for his scribe. I have discovered the name of the chief writer of the Lives of the Painters, who wrote under the direction of Vasari, and probably often used his own natural style, and conveyed to us those reflections which surely come from their source. I shall give the passage, as a curious instance where the secret history of books is often detected in the most obscure corners of research. Who could have imagined that in a collection of the lives *de' Santi e Beati dell' ordine de' Predicatori*, we are to look for the writer of Vasari's lives? Don Serafini Razzi, the author of this ecclesiastical biography, has this reference: 'Who would see more of this may turn to the lives of the painters, sculptors and architects, *written for the greater part by Don Silvano Razzi*, my brother, for the Signor Cavaliere M. Giorgio Vasari, his great friend.'*

The discovery that Vasari's volumes were not entirely written by himself, though probably under his dictation, and, unquestionably, with his communications; as we know that Dr Morrell wrote the 'Analysis of Beauty' for Hogarth, will perhaps serve to clear up some unaccountable mistakes or omissions which appear in that series of volumes, written at long intervals, and by different hands. Mr Fuseli has alluded to them in utter astonishment; and cannot account for Vasari's 'incredible dereliction of reminiscence, which prompted him to transfer what he had rightly ascribed to Giorgione in one edition to the elder Parma in the subsequent ones.' Again: Vasari's memory was either so treacherous, or his rapidity in writing so inconsiderate, that his account of the Capella Sistina, and the stanze of Raffaello, is a mere heap of errors and unpardonable confusion.' Even Bottari, his learned editor, is at a loss to account for his mistakes. Mr Fuseli finely observes, 'He has been called the Herodotus of our art; and if the main simplicity of his narrative, and the desire of heaping anecdote on anecdote, entitle him in some degree to that appellation, we ought not to forget that the information of every day adds something to the authenticity of the Greek historian, whilst every day furnishes matter to question the credibility of the Tuscan.' All this strongly confirms the suspicion that Vasari employed different hands at different times to write out his work. Such mistakes would occur to a new writer, not always conversant with the subject he was composing on, and the disjointed materials of which were often found in a disordered state. It is, however, strange that neither Bottari nor Tiraboschi appear to have been aware that Vasari employed others to write for him; we see that from the first suggestion of the work he had originally proposed that Paulus Jovius should hold the pen for him.

The principle illustrated in this article might be pursued; but the secret history of two great works so well known are as sufficient as twenty others of writings less celebrated. The literary phenomenon which had puzzled the calm inquiring Hume to cry out 'a miracle!' has been

* I find this quotation in a sort of polemical work of natural philosophy, entitled 'Saggio di Storia Letteraria Fiorentina del Secolo XVII, da Giovanne Clemente Nelli, Lucca, 1759,' p. 58. Nelli also refers to what he had said on this subject in his Piante ad alzati di S. M. del Fiore, p. vi. vii;' a work on architecture. See Brunet; and Haym, Bib Ital. de libri rari

solved by the discovery of a little fact on literary unions, which derives importance from this circumstance.

OF A BIOGRAPHY PAINTED.

There are objects connected with literary curiosity, which, though they may never gratify our sight, yet whose very history is literary; and the originality of their invention, should they excite imitation, may serve to constitute a class. I notice a book-curiosity of this nature.

This extraordinary volume may be said to have contained the travels and adventures of Charles Magius, a noble Venetian; and this volume, so precious, consisted only of eighteen pages, composed of a series of highly-finished miniature paintings on vellum, some executed by the hand of Paul Veronese. Each page, however, may be said to contain many chapters; for, generally, it is composed of a large centre-piece, surrounded by ten small ones, with many apt inscriptions, allegories, and allusions; the whole exhibiting romantic incidents in the life of this Venetian nobleman. But it is not merely as a beautiful production of art that we are to consider it; it becomes associated with a more elevated feeling in the occasion which produced it. The author, who is himself the hero, after having been long calumniated, resolved to set before the eyes of his accusers the sufferings and adventures he could perhaps have but indifferently described: and instead of composing a tedious volume for his justification, invented this new species of pictorial biography. The author minutely described the remarkable situations in which fortune had placed him; and the artists, in embellishing the facts he furnished them with to record, emulated each other in giving life to their truth, and putting into action, before the spectator, incidents which the pen had less impressively exhibited. This unique production may be considered as a model, to represent the actions of those who may succeed more fortunately by this new mode of perpetuating their history; discovering, by the aid of the pencil, rather than by their pen, the forms and colours of an extraordinary life.

It was when the Ottomans (about 1571) attacked the Isle of Cyprus, that this Venetian nobleman was charged by his republic to review and repair the fortifications. He was afterwards sent to the Pope to negotiate an alliance: he returned to the senate, to give an account of his commission. Invested with the chief command, at the head of his troops, Magius threw himself into the island of Cyprus, and after a skilful defence, which could not prevent its fall, at Famagusta, he was taken prisoner by the Turks, and made a slave. His age and infirmities induced his master, at length, to sell him to some Christian merchants; and after an absence of several years from his beloved Venice, he suddenly appeared, to the astonishment and mortification of a party who had never ceased to calumniate him; whilst his own noble family were compelled to preserve an indignant silence, having had no communications with their lost and enslaved relative. Magius now returned to vindicate his honour, to reinstate himself in the favour of the senate, and to be restored to a venerable parent amidst his family: to whom he introduced a fresh branch, in a youth of seven years old, the child of his misfortunes, who, born in trouble, and a stranger to domestic endearments, was at one moment united to a beloved circle of relations.

I shall give a rapid view of some of the pictures of this Venetian nobleman's life. The whole series has been elaborately drawn up by the Duke de la Valliere, the celebrated book-collector, who dwells on the detail with the curiosity of an amateur.*

In a rich frontispiece, a Christ is expiring on the cross Religion, leaning on a column, contemplates the Divinity, and Hope is not distant from her. The genealogical tree of the house of Magius, with an allegorical representation of Venice, its nobility, power, and riches: the arms of Magius, in which is inserted a view of the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, of which he was made a knight; his portrait, with a Latin inscription; 'I have passed through arms and the enemy, amidst fire and water, and the Lord conducted me to a safe asylum, in the year of grace 1571.' The portrait of his son, aged seven years, finished with the greatest beauty, and supposed to have come from the hand of Paul Veronese; it bears this inscription: 'Overcome by violence and artifice, almost dead before his birth, his mother was at length delivered of him, full of life, with all the loveliness of infancy; under the divine protection, his birth was happy, and his life with greater happiness shall be closed with good fortune.'

A plan of the isle of Cyprus, where Magius commanded, and his first misfortune happened, his slavery by the Turks—The painter has expressed this by an emblem of a tree shaken by the winds and scathed by the lightning; but from the trunk issues a beautiful green branch shining in a brilliant sun, with this device—'From this fallen trunk springs a branch full of vigour.'

The missions of Magius to raise troops in the province of la Puglia—In one of these Magius is seen returning to Venice; his final departure,—a thunderbolt is viewed falling on his vessel—his passage by Corfu and Zante, and his arrival at Candia.

His travels to Egypt—The centre figure represents this province raising its right hand extended towards a palm-tree, and the left leaning on a pyramid, inscribed 'Celebrated throughout the world for her wonders.' The smaller pictures are the entrance of Magius into the port of Alexandria; Rosetta, with a caravan of Turks and different nations; the city of Grand Cairo, exterior and interior, with views of other places; and finally, his return to Venice.

His journey to Rome—the centre figure an armed Pallas seated on trophies, the Tyber beneath her feet, a globe in her hands, inscribed *Quod rerum victrix ac domina* 'Because she is the Conqueress and Mistress of the World.' The ten small pictures are views of the cities in the Pope's dominion. His first audience at the conclave, forms a pleasing and fine composition.

His travels into Syria—the principal figure is a female emblematical of that fine country; she is seated in the midst of a gay orchard, and embraces a bundle of roses, inscribed *Mundi deliciæ*—'The delight of the universe.' The small compartments are views of towns and ports, and the spot where Magius collected his fleet.

His pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he was made a knight of the holy sepulchre—the principal figure represents Devotion, inscribed *Ducit*. 'It is she who conducts me.' The compartments exhibit a variety of objects, with a correctness of drawing, which are described as belonging to the class and partaking of the charms, of the pencil of Claude Lorraine. His vessel is first viewed in the roadstead at Venice beat by a storm; arrives at Zante to refresh; enters the port of Simiso; there having landed, he and his companions are proceeding to the town on asses, for Christians were not permitted to travel in Turkey on horses—In the church at Jerusalem the bishop, in his pontifical habit, receives him as a knight of the holy sepulchre, arraying him in the armour of Godfrey of Bouillon, and placing his sword in the hands of Magius. His arrival at Bethlem, to see the cradle of the Lord—and his return by Jaffa with his companions, in the dress of pilgrims; the groups are finely contrasted with the Turks mingling amongst them.

The taking of the city of Famagusta, and his slavery—The middle figure, with a dog at its feet, represents Fidelity, the character of Magius who ever preferred it to his life or his freedom, inscribed *Captivat*—'She has reduced me to slavery.' Six smaller pictures exhibit the different points of the island of Cyprus, where the Turks effected their descents. Magius retreating to Famagusta, which he long defended, and where his cousin, a skilful engineer, was killed. The Turks compelled to raise the siege, but return with greater forces—the sacking of the town and the palace, where Magius was taken.—One picture exhibits him brought before a bashaw, who has him stripped, to judge of his strength and fix his price, when after examination he is sent among other slaves.—He is seen bound and tied up among his companions in misfortune—again he is forced to labour, and carries a cask of water on his shoulders.—In another picture, his master, finding him weak of body, conducts him to a slave merchant to sell him. In another we see him leading an ass loaded with packages; his new master, finding him loitering on his way, showers his blows on him, while a soldier is seen purloining one of the packages from the

* The duke's description is not to be found, as might be expected, in his own valued catalogue, but was a contribution to Gaignat's II, 16, where it occupies fourteen pages. This singular work sold at Gaignat's sale for 902 livres. It was then the golden age of literary curiosity, when the rarest things were not ruinous; and that price was even then considered extraordinary though the work was an unique. It must consist of about 180 subjects, by Italian artists.

ass. Another exhibits Magius sinking with fatigue on the sands, while his master would raise him up by an unsparing use of the bastinado. The varied details of these little paintings are pleasingly executed.

The close of his slavery—The middle figure kneeling to Heaven, and a light breaking from it, inscribed 'He breaks my chains,' to express the confidence of Magius. The Turks are seen landing with their pillage and their slaves. In one of the pictures are seen two ships on fire; a young lady of Cyprus preferring death to the loss of her honour and the miseries of slavery, determined to set fire to the vessel in which she was carried; she succeeded, and the flames communicated to another.

His return to Venice—The painter for his principal figure has chosen a Pallas, with a helmet on her head, the ægis on one arm, and her lance in the other, to describe the courage with which Magius had supported his misfortunes, inscribed *Reducit*—'She brings me back.' In the last of the compartments he is seen at the custom-house at Venice; he enters the house of his father; the old man hastens to meet him, and embraces him.

One page is filled by a single picture, which represents the senate of Venice, with the Doge on his throne; Magius presents an account of his different employments, and holds in his hand a scroll, on which is written, *Quod commisisti perfeci; quod restat agendum, pare fide complectar*—'I have done what you committed to my care; and I will perform with the same fidelity what remains to be done.' He is received by the senate with the most distinguished honours, and is not only justified, but praised and honoured.

The most magnificent of these paintings is the one attributed to Paul Veronese. It is described by the Duke de la Valliere as almost unparalleled for its richness, its elegance, and its brilliancy. It is inscribed *Pater meus et fratres mei dereliquerunt me; Dominus autem assumpsit me!*—'My father and my brothers abandoned me; but the Lord took me under his protection.' This is an allusion to the accusation raised against him in the open senate, when the Turks took the isle of Cyprus, and his family wanted either the confidence or the courage to defend Magius. In the front of this large picture, Magius leading his son by the hand, conducts him to be reconciled with his brothers and sisters-in-law, who are on the opposite side; his hand holds this scroll, *Vos cogitastis de me malum; sed Deus convertit illud in bonum*—'You thought ill of me; but the Lord has turned it to good.' In this he alludes to the satisfaction he had given the senate, and to the honours they had decreed him. Another scene is introduced, where Magius appears in a magnificent hall at table in the midst of all his family, with whom a general reconciliation has taken place: on his left hand are gardens opening with an enchanting effect, and magnificently ornamented, with the villa of his father, on which flowers and wreaths seem dropping on the roof, as if from heaven. In the perspective the landscape probably represents the rural neighbourhood of Magius's early days.

Such are the most interesting incidents which I have selected from the copious description of the Duke de la Valliere. The idea is new of this production, an autobiography in a series of remarkable scenes, painted under the eye of the describer of them, in which too he has preserved all the fulness of his feelings and his minutest recollections; but the novelty becomes interesting from the character of the noble Magius, and the romantic fancy which inspired this elaborate and costly curiosity. It was not indeed without some trouble that I have drawn up this little account; but while thus employed, I seemed to be composing a very uncommon romance.

CAUSE AND PRETEXT.

It is an important principle in morals and in politics, not to mistake the cause for the pretext, nor the pretext for the cause, and by this means to distinguish between the concealed and the ostensible, motive. On this principle history might be recomposed in a new manner; it would not often describe *circumstances* and *characters* as they usually appear. When we mistake the characters of men, we mistake the nature of their actions, and we shall find in the study of secret history, that some of the most important events in modern history were produced from very different motives than their ostensible ones. Polybius, the most philosophical writer of the ancients, has marked out this useful distinction of *cause* and *pretext*, and aptly illustrates the observation by the facts which he explains. Amilcar, for instance, was the first author and contriver of the second Punic war, though he died ten years before the commencement of it. 'A statesman,' says the wise and grave historian, 'who knows not how to trace the origin of events, and discern the different sources from whence they take their rise, may be compared to a physician, who neglects to inform himself of the causes of those distempers which he is called in to cure. Our pains can never be better employed than in searching out the causes of events; for the most trifling incidents give birth to matters of the greatest moment and importance.' The latter part of this remark of Polybius points out another principle which has been often verified by history, and which furnished the materials of the little book of 'Grands Evenemens par les petites Causes.'

Our present inquiry concerns 'cause and pretext.'

Leo X projected an alliance of the sovereigns of Christendom against the Turks. The avowed object was to oppose the progress of the Ottomans against the Mamelukes of Egypt, who were more friendly to the Christians; but the concealed motive with his holiness was to enrich himself and his family with the spoils of Christendom, and to aggrandise the papal throne by war; and such indeed, the policy of these pontiffs had always been in those mad crusades which they excited against the East.

The Reformation, excellent as its results have proved in the cause of genuine freedom, originated in no purer source than human passion and selfish motives: it was the progeny of avarice in Germany, of novelty in France, and of love in England. The latter is elegantly alluded to by Gray,

> 'And gospel-light first beam'd from Bullen's eyes.'

The Reformation is considered by the Duke of Nevers in a work printed in 1590, as it had been by Francis I in his apology in 1537, as a *coup d'état* of Charles V, towards universal monarchy. The duke says, that the Emperor silently permitted Luther to establish his principles in Germany, that they might split the confederacy of the elective princes, and by this division facilitate their more easy conquest, and play them off one against another, and by these means to secure the imperial crown, hereditary in the house of Austria. Had Charles V not been the mere creature of his politics, and had he felt any zeal for the Catholic cause, which he pretended to fight for, never would he have allowed the new doctrines to spread for more than twenty years without the least opposition.

The famous league in France was raised for 'religion and the relief of public grievances;' such was the pretext! After the princes and the people had alike become its victims, this 'league' was discovered to have been formed by the pride and the ambition of the Guises, aided by the machinations of the Jesuits against the attempts of the Prince of Condé to dislodge them from their 'seat of power.' While the Huguenots pillaged, burnt, and massacred, declaring in their manifestoes, that they were only fighting to *release the king*, whom they asserted was a prisoner of the Guises; the catholics repaid them with the same persecution and the same manifestoes, declaring that they only wished *to liberate the Prince of Condé*, who was the prisoner of the Huguenots. The people were led on by the cry of 'religion;' but this civil war was not in reality so much Catholic against Huguenot, as Guise against Condé. A parallel event occurred between our Charles I and the Scotch Covenanters; and the king expressly declared, in 'a large declaration, concerning the late tumults in Scotland,' that religion is only *pretended*, and used by them as a cloak to palliate their *intended rebellion*,' which he demonstrated by the facts he alleged. There was a revolutionary party in France, which, taking the name of *Frondeurs*, shook that kingdom under the administration of Cardinal Mazarine, and held out for their pretext the public freedom. But that faction, composed of some of the discontented French princes and the mob, was entirely organized by Cardinal De Retz, who held them in hand, to check or to spur them as the occasion required, from a mere personal pique against Mazarine, who had not treated that vivacious genius with all the deference he exacted. This appears from his own memoirs.

We have smiled at James I threatening the states-general by the English ambassador, about Vorstius, a Dutch professor, who had espoused the doctrines of Arminius against those of the contra-remonstrants, or Calvinists; the ostensible subject was religious, or rather metaphysical-religious doctrines, but the concealed one was a

struggle for predominance between the Pensionary Barnevelt, assisted by the French interest, and the Prince of Orange, supported by the English. 'These were the real sources,' says Lord Hardwicke, a statesman and a man of letters, deeply conversant with secret and public history, and a far more able judge than Diodati the Swiss Divine, and Brandt the ecclesiastical historian, who in the synod of Dort could see nothing but what appeared in it; and gravely narrate the idle squabbles on phrases concerning predestination or grace. Hales, of Eaton, who was secretary to the English ambassador at this synod, perfectly accords with the account of Lord Hardwicke. 'Our synod,' writes that judicious observer, 'goes on like a watch; the main wheels upon which the whole business turns are least in sight; for all things of moment are acted in private sessions; *what is done in public is only for show and entertainment.*'

The *cause* of the persecution of the Jansenists was the jealousy of the Jesuits; the *pretext* was *la grace suffisante.* The learned La Croze observes, that the same circumstance occurred in the affair of Nestorius and the church of Alexandria; the pretext was orthodoxy, the cause was the jealousy of the church of Alexandria; or rather the fiery and turbulent Cyril, who personally hated Nestorius. The opinions of Nestorius, and the council which condemned them, were the same in effect. I only produce this remote fact to prove that ancient times do not alter the the truth of our principle.

When James II was so strenuous an advocate for *toleration* and *liberty of conscience* in removing the test act, this enlightened principle of government was only a *pretext* with that monk-ridden monarch; it is well known that the *cause* was to introduce and make the catholics predominant in his councils and government. The result, which that eager and blind politician hurried on too fast, and which therefore did not take place, would have been, that 'liberty of conscience' would soon have become an 'overt act of treason,' before an inquisition of his Jesuits!

In all political affairs drop the *pretexts* and strike at the *causes;* we may thus understand what the heads of parties may choose to conceal.

POLITICAL FORGERIES AND FICTIONS.

A writer whose learning gives value to his eloquence, in his Bampton Lectures has censured, with that liberal spirit so friendly to the cause of truth, the calumnies and rumours of parties, which are still industriously retailed, though they have been often confuted. Forged documents are still referred to, or tales unsupported by evidence are confidently quoted. Mr Heber's subject confined his inquiries to theological history; he has told us that 'Augustine is not ashamed, in his dispute with Faustus, to take advantage of the popular slanders against the followers of Manes, though his own experience, for he had himself been of that sect, was sufficient to detect this falsehood.' The Romanists, in spite of satisfactory answers, have continued to urge against the English protestant the romance of Parker's consecration; while the protestant persists in falsely imputing to the catholic public formularies, the systematic omission of the second commandment. 'The calumnies of Rimius and Stinstra against the Moravian brethren are cases in point,' continues Mr Heber. 'No one now believes them, yet they once could deceive even Warburton!' We may also add the obsolete calumny of Jews crucifying boys—of which a monument raised to Hugh of Lincoln perpetuates the memory, and which a modern historian records without any scruple of doubt; several authorities, which are cited on this occasion, amount only to the single one of Matthew Paris, who gives it as a popular rumour. Such accusations usually happened when the Jews were too rich and the king was too poor!

The falsehoods and forgeries raised by parties are overwhelming! It startles a philosopher, in the calm of his study, when he discovers how writers, who, we may presume, are searchers after truth, should, in fact, turn out to be searchers after the grossest fictions. This alters the habits of the literary man: it is an unnatural depravity of his pursuits—and it proves that the personal is too apt to predominate over the literary character.

I have already touched on the main point of the present article in the one on 'Political Nick-names.' I have there shown how political calumny appears to have been reduced into an art; one of its branches would e that of converting forgeries and fictions into historical authorities.

When one nation is at war with another, there is no doubt that the two governments connive at, and often encourage the most atrocious libels on each other, to madden the people to preserve their independence, and contribute cheerfully to the expenses of the war. France and England formerly complained of Holland—the Athenians employed the same policy against the Macedonians and Persians. Such is the origin of a vast number of supposititious papers and volumes, which sometimes, at a remote date, confound the labours of the honest historian, and too often serve the purposes of the dishonest, with whom they become authorities. The crude and suspicious libels which were drawn out of their obscurity in Cromwell's time against James the First have over-loaded the character of that monarch, yet are now eagerly referred to by party writers, though in their own days they were obsolete and doubtful. During the civil wars of Charles the First, such spurious documents exist in the forms of speeches which were never spoken; of letters never written by the names subscribed; printed declarations never declared; battles never fought, and victories never obtained! Such is the language of Rushworth, who complains of this evil spirit of party-forgeries, while he is himself suspected of having rescinded or suppressed whatever was not agreeable to his patron Cromwell. A curious, and, perhaps, a necessary list might be drawn up of political forgeries of our own, which have been sometimes referred to as genuine, but which are the inventions of wits and satirists! Bayle ingeniously observes, that at the close of every century such productions should be branded by a skilful discriminator, to save the future inquirer from errors he can hardly avoid. 'How many are still kept in error by the satires of the sixteenth century! These of the present age will be no less active in future ages, for they will still be preserved in public libraries.'

The art and skill with which some have fabricated a forged narrative, render its detection almost hopeless. When young Maitland, the brother to the secretary, in order to palliate the crime of the assassination of the Regent Murray, was employed to draw up a pretended conference between him, Knox, and others, to stigmatize them by the odium of advising to dethrone the young monarch, and to substitute the regent for their sovereign, Maitland produced so dramatic a performance, by giving to each person his peculiar mode of expression, that this circumstance long baffled the incredulity of those who could not in consequence deny the truth of a narrative apparently so correct in its particulars! 'The fiction of the warming-pan, enclosing the young Pretender, brought more adherents to the cause of the Whigs than the Bill of Rights,' observes Lord John Russell.

Among such party narratives, the horrid tale of the bloody Colonel Kirk, has been worked up by Hume with all his eloquence and pathos; and, from its interest no suspicion has arisen of its truth. Yet, so far as it concerns Kirk, or the reign of James the Second, or even English history, it is, as Ritson too honestly expresses it, 'an impudent and a barefaced lie!' The simple fact is told by Kennet in a few words: he probably was aware of the nature of this political fiction. Hume was not, indeed, himself the fabricator of the tale; but he had not any historical authority. The origin of this fable was probably a pious fraud of the Whig party, to whom Kirk had rendered himself odious; at that moment stories still more terrifying were greedily swallowed, and which, Ritson insinuates, have become a part of the history of England. The original story, related more circumstantially, though not more affectingly, nor perhaps more truly, may be found in Wanley's 'Wonders of the Little World,'* which I give, relieving it from the tediousness of old Wanley.

A governor of Zealand, under the bold Duke of Burgundy, had in vain sought to seduce the affections of the beautiful wife of a citizen. The governor imprisons the husband on an accusation of treason; and when the wife appeared as the suppliant, the governor, after no brief eloquence, succeeded as a lover, on the plea that her husband's life could only be spared by her compliance. The woman, in tears and in aversion, and not without a hope of vengeance only delayed, lost her honour! Pointing to the prison, the governor told her 'If you seek your husband, enter there, and take him along with

* Book III, ch. 29, sec. 18

you!' The wife, in the bitterness of her thoughts, yet not without the consolation that she had snatched her husband from the grave, passed into the prison; there in a cell, to her astonishment and horror, she beheld the corpse of her husband laid out in a coffin, ready for burial! Mourning over it, she at length returned to the governor, fiercely exclaiming, 'You have kept your word! you have restored to me my husband! and be assured the favour shall be repaid!' The inhuman villain, terrified in the presence of his intrepid victim, attempted to appease her vengeance, and more, to win her to his wishes. Returning home, she assembled her friends, revealed her whole story, and under their protection, she appealed to Charles the Bold, a strict lover of justice, and who now awarded a singular but an exemplary catastrophe. The duke first commanded that the criminal governor should instantly marry the woman whom he had made a widow, and at the same time sign his will, with a clause importing, that should he die before his lady he constituted her his heiress. All this was concealed from both sides, rather to satisfy the duke than the parties themselves. This done, the unhappy woman was dismissed alone! The governor was conducted to the prison to suffer the same death he had inflicted on the husband of his wife; and when this lady was desired once more to enter the prison, she beheld her second husband headless in his coffin as she had her first! Such extraordinary incidents in so short a period overpowered the feeble frame of the sufferer; she died—leaving a son, who inherited the rich accession of fortune so fatally obtained by his injured and suffering mother.

Such is the tale of which the party story of Kirk appeared to Ritson to have been a *refaccimento;* but it is rather the foundation than the superstructure. This critic was right in the main, but not by the by; in the general, not in the particular. It was not necessary to point out the present source, when so many others of a parallel nature exist. This tale, universally told, Mr Douce considers as the origin of 'Measure for Measure,' and was probably some traditional event; for it appears sometimes with a change of names and places, without any of incident. It always turns on a soldier, a brother, or a husband executed; and a wife, or sister, a deceived victim, to save them from death. It was, therefore, easily transferred to Kirk, and Pomfret's poem of 'Cruelty and Lust' long made the story popular. It could only have been in this form that it reached the historian, who, it must be observed, introduces it as a 'story *commonly told* of him;' but popular tragic romances should not enter into the dusty documents of a history of England, and much less be particularly specified in the index! Belleforest, in his old version of the tale, has given the circumstance of 'the Captain, who having seduced the wife under the promise to save her husband's life, exhibited him soon afterwards *through the window of her apartment suspended on a gibbet.*' This forms the horrid incident in the history of 'the bloody Colonel,' and served the purpose of a party, who wished to bury him in odium. Kirk was a soldier of fortune, and a loose liver, and a great blusterer, who would sometimes threaten to decimate his own regiment: but is said to have forgotten the menace the next day. Hateful as such military men will always be, in the present instance Colonel Kirk has been shamefully calumniated by poets and historians, who suffer themselves to be duped by the forgeries of political parties!

While we are detecting a source of error into which the party feelings of modern historians may lead them, let us confess that they are far more valuable than the ancient; for to us, at least, the ancients have written history without producing authorities! Modern historians must furnish their readers with the truest means to become their critics, by providing them with their authorities; and it is only by judiciously appreciating these that we may confidently accept their discoveries. Unquestionably the ancients have often introduced into their histories many tales similar to the story of Kirk—popular or party forgeries! The mellifluous copiousness of Livy conceals many a tale of wonder; the graver of Tacitus etches many a fatal stroke; and the secret history of Suetonius too often raises a suspicion of those whispers, *Quid rex in aurem reginæ dixerit, quid Juno fabulata sit cum Jove.* It is certain that Plutarch has often told, and varied too in the telling, the same story, which he has applied to different persons. A critic in the Ritsonian style has said of the grave Plutarch, *Mendax ille Plutarchus qui vitas oratorum, dolis et erroribus consutas, olim conscribillavit.** 'That lying Plutarch, who formerly scribbled the lives of the orators, made up of falsities and blunders! There is in Italian a scarce book, of a better design than execution, of the Abbate Lancellotti, *Farfalloni degli antichi historici.*—'Flim-flams of the ancients.' Modern historians have to dispute their passage to immortality step by step; and however fervid be their eloquence, their real test as to value, must be brought to the humble references in their margin. Yet these must not terminate our inquiries; for in tracing a story to its original source, we shall find that fictions have been sometimes grafted on truths or hearsays, and to separate them as they appeared in their first stage, is the pride and glory of learned criticism.

EXPRESSION OF SUPPRESSED OPINION.

A people denied the freedom of speech or of writing, have usually left some memorials of their feelings in that silent language which addresses itself to the eye. Many ingenious inventions have been contrived, to give vent to their suppressed indignation. The voluminous grievance which they could not trust to the voice or the pen, they have carved in wood, or sculptured on stone; and have sometimes even facetiously concealed their satire among the playful ornaments, designed to amuse those of whom they so fruitlessly complained! Such monuments of the suppressed feelings of the multitude are not often inspected by the historian—their minuteness escapes all eyes but those of the philosophical antiquary; nor are these satirical appearances always considered as grave authorities, which unquestionably they will be found to be by a close observer of human nature. An entertaining history of the modes of thinking, or the discontents of a people, drawn from such dispersed efforts in every era, would cast a new light of secret history over many dark intervals.

Did we possess a secret history of the Saturnalia, it would doubtless have afforded some materials for the present article. In those revels of venerable radicalism, when the senate was closed, and the *Pileus*, or cap of liberty, was triumphantly worn, all things assumed an appearance contrary to what they were; and human nature, as well as human laws, might be said to have been *parodied.* Among so many whimsical regulations in favour of the licentious rabble, there was one which forbad the circulation of money; if any one offered the coin of the state, it was to be condemned as an act of madness, and the man was brought to his senses by a penitential fast for that day. An ingenious French antiquary seems to have discovered a class of wretched medals, cast in lead or copper, which formed the circulating medium of these mob Lords, who, to ridicule the idea of *money*, used the basest metals, stamping them with grotesque figures or odd devices,—such as a sow; a chimerical bird; an imperator in his car, with a monkey behind him; or an old woman's head, *Acca Laurentia*, either the traditional old nurse of Romulus, or an old courtesan of the same name, who bequeathed the fruits of her labours to the Roman people! As all things were done in mockery, this base metal is stamped with s. c., to ridicule the *senatus consulto*, which our antiquary happily explains,† in the true spirit of this government of mockery, *Saturnalium consulto*, agreeing with the legend of the reverse, inscribed in the midst of four *tali*, or bones, which they used as dice, *Qui ludit arram det, quod satis sit*—'Let them who play give a pledge, which will be sufficient.' This mock money served not only as an expression of the native irony of the radical gentry of Rome during their festival, but had they spoken their mind out, meant a ridicule of money itself; for these citizens of equality have always imagined that society might proceed without this contrivance of a medium which served to represent property, in which they themselves must so little participate.

A period so glorious for exhibiting the suppressed sen-

* Taylor, Annot. ad Lysiam

† Baudelot de Dairval de l' Utilité des Voyages, II, 645. There is a work, by Ficoroni on these lead coins or Tickets. They are found in the cabinets of the curious medallist. Pinkerton, referring to this entertaining work, regrets that 'Such curious remains have almost escaped the notice of medallists, and have not yet been ranged in one class, or named. A special work on them would be highly acceptable.' The time has perhaps arrived when antiquaries may begin to be philosophers, and philosophers antiquaries! The unhappy separation of erudition from philosophy, and of philosophy from erudition, has hitherto thrown impediments in the progress of the human mind, and the history of man.

timents of the populace, as were these *Saturnalia*, had been nearly lost for us, had not some notions been preserved by Lucian; for we glean but sparingly from the solemn pages of the historian, except in the remarkable instance which Suetonius has preserved of the arch-mime who followed the body of the Emperor Vespasian at his funeral. This officer, as well as a similar one, who accompanied the general to whom they granted a triumph, and who was allowed the unrestrained licentiousness of his tongue, were both the organs of popular feeling, and studied to gratify the rabble, who were their real masters. On this occasion the arch-mime, representing both the exterior personage and the character of Vespasian, according to custom, inquired the expense of the funeral? He was answered, 'ten millions of sesterces!' In allusion to the love of money which characterized the emperor, his mock representative exclaimed, 'Give me the money, and, if you will, throw my body into the Tiber!'

All these mock offices and festivals among the ancients, I consider as organs of the suppressed opinions and feelings of the populace, who were allowed no other, and had not the means of the printing ages to leave any permanent records. At a later period, before the discovery of the art, which multiplies, with such facility, libels or panegyrics; when the people could not speak freely against those rapacious clergy, who sheared the fleece and cared not for the sheep, many a secret of popular indignation was confided not to books (for they could not read) but to pictures and sculptures, which are books which the people can always read. The sculptors and illuminators of those times, no doubt shared in common the popular feelings, and boldly trusted to the paintings or the carvings which met the eyes of their luxurious and indolent masters their satirical inventions. As far back as in 1300, we find in Wolfius* the description of a picture of this kind, in a MS. of Æsop's Fables, found in the Abbey of Fulda, among other emblems of the corrupt lives of the churchmen. The present was a wolf, large as life, wearing a monkish cowl, with a shaven crown, preaching to a flock of sheep, with these words of the apostle in a label from his mouth,—'God is my witness how I long for you all in my bowels!' And underneath was inscribed,—'This hooded wolf is the hypocrite of whom it is said in the Gospel, "Beware of false prophets!"' Such exhibitions were often introduced into articles of furniture. A cushion was found in an old abbey, in which was worked a fox preaching to geese, each goose holding in his bill his praying beads! In the stone wall, and on the columns of the great church at Strasburg was once viewed a number of wolves, bears, foxes, and other mischievous animals carrying holy-water, crucifixes, and tapers; and others more indelicate. These, probably as old as the year 1300, were engraven in 1617, by a protestant; and were not destroyed till 1685, by the pious rage of the catholics, who seemed at length to have rightly construed these silent lampoons; and in their turn broke to pieces the protestant images as the others had done the papistical dolls. The carved seats and stalls in our own cathedrals exhibit subjects, not only strange and satirical, but even indecent. At the time they built churches they satirized the ministers; a curious instance how the feelings of the people struggle to find a vent. It is conjectured that rival orders satirized each other, and that some of the carvings are caricatures of certain monks. The margins of illuminated manuscripts frequently contain ingenious caricatures, or satirical allegories. In a magnificent chronicle of Froissart I observed several. A wolf, as usual, in a monk's frock and cowl, stretching his paw to bless a cock, bending its head submissively to the wolf; or a fox with a crosier, dropping beads, which a cock is picking up; to satirize the blind devotion of the bigots; perhaps the figure of the cock alluded to our Gallic neighbours. A cat in the habit of a nun, holding a platter in its paws to a mouse approaching to lick it; alluding to the allurements of the abbesses to draw young women into their convents; while sometimes I have seen a sow in an abbess's veil, mounted on stilts; the sex marked by the sow's dugs. A pope sometimes appears to be thrust by devils into a caldron; and cardinals are seen roasting on spits! These *ornaments* must have been generally executed by monks themselves; but these more ingenious members of the ecclesiastical order appear to have sympathized with the people, like the curates in our church, and envied the pampered abbot and the purple bishop. Churchmen were the usual objects of the suppressed indignation of the people in those days; but the knights and feudal lords have not always escaped from the 'curses not loud but deep,' of their satirical pencils.

As the Reformation, or rather the Revolution, was hastening, this custom become so general, that in one of the dialogues of Erasmus, where two Franciscans are entertained by their host, it appears that such satirical exhibitions were hung up as common furniture in the apartments of inns. The facetious genius of Erasmus either invents or describes one which he had seen of an ape in the habit of a Franciscan sitting by a sick man's bed, dispensing ghostly counsel, holding up a crucifix in one hand, while with the other he is filching a purse out of the sick man's pocket. Such are 'the straws' by which we may always observe from what corner the wind rises! Mr Dibdin has recently informed us, that Geyler, whom he calls 'the herald of the Reformation,' preceding Luther by twelve years, had a stone chair or pulpit in the cathedral at Strasburg, from which he delivered his lectures, or rather rolled the thunders of his anathemas against the monks. This stone pulpit was constructed under his own superintendence, and is covered with very indecent figures of monks and nuns, expressly designed by him to expose their profligate manners. We see Geyler doing what for centuries had been done!

In the curious folios of Sauval, the Stowe of France, there is a copious chapter entitled '*Heretiques, leurs attentats.*' In this enumeration of their attempts to give vent to their suppressed indignation, it is very remarkable, that *preceding the time of Luther*, the minds of many were perfectly *Lutheran* respecting the idolatrous worship of the Roman church; and what I now notice would have rightly entered into that significant *Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem*, which was formerly projected by continental writers.

Luther did not consign the pope's decretals to the flames till 1520—this was the first open act of reformation and insurrection, for hitherto he had submitted to the court of Rome. Yet in 1490, thirty years preceding this great event, I find a priest burnt for having snatched the host in derision from the hands of another celebrating mass. Twelve years afterwards, 1502, a student repeated the same deed, trampling on it; and in 1523 the resolute death of Anne de Bourg, a counsellor in the parliament of Paris, to use the expression of Sauval, 'corrupted the world.' It is evident that the Huguenots were fast on the increase. From that period I find continued accounts which prove that the Huguenots of France, like the Puritans of England, were most resolute iconoclasts. They struck off the heads of Virgins and little Jesuses, or blunted their daggers by chipping the wooden saints, which were then fixed at the corners of streets. Every morning discovered the scandalous treatment they had undergone in the night. Then their images were painted on the walls, but these were heretically scratched and disfigured; and, since the saints could not defend themselves, a royal edict was published in their favour, commanding that all holy paintings in the streets should not be allowed short of ten feet from the ground! They entered churches at night, tearing up or breaking down the *priaus*, the *benitoires*, the crucifixes, the colossal *ecce-homos*, which they did not always succeed in dislodging for want of time or tools. Amidst these battles with wooden adversaries, we may smile at the frequent solemn processions instituted to ward off the vengeance of the parish saint; the wooden was expiated by a silver image, secured by iron bars, and attended by the king and the nobility, carrying the new saint, with prayers that he would protect himself from the heretics!

In the early period of the Reformation, an instance occurs of the art of concealing what we wish only the few should comprehend, at the same time that we are addressing the public. Curious collectors are acquainted, with 'The Olivetan Bible:' this was the first translation published by the protestants, and there seems no doubt that Calvin was the chief, if not the only translator; but at that moment not choosing to become responsible for this new version, he made use of the name of an obscure relative, Robert Pierre Olivetan. Calvin, however, prefixed a Latin preface, remarkable for delivering positions very opposite to those tremendous doctrines of absolute predestination, which in his theological despotism he afterwards assumed. De Bure describes this first protestant Bible not only as rare, but when found as usually imperfect,

* Lect. Mem. I. ad. an. 1300.

much soiled, and dog-eared, as the well-read first edition f Shakspeare, by the perpetual use of the multitude. But a curious fact has escaped the detection both of De Bure and Bebe; at the end of the volume are found *ten verses*, which, in a concealed manner, authenticate the translation; and which no one, unless initiated into the secret, could possibly suspect. The verses are not poetical, but I give the first sentence:

> Lecture entends si verité adresse
> Viens donc ouyr instament sa promesse
> Et vif parler.————&c.

The first letter of every word of these *ten verses* form a perfect distich, containing information important to those to whom the Olivetan Bible was addressed.

> Lee Vaudois, peuple evangelique
> Ont mis ce thresor en publique.

An anagram had been too inartificial a contrivance to have answered the purpose of concealing from the world at large this secret. There is an adroitness in the invention of the initial letters of all the words through these ten verses. They contained a communication necessary to authenticate the version, but which at the same time, could not be suspected by any person not instructed with the secret.

When the art of medal-engraving was revived in Europe, the spirit, we are now noticing, took possession of those less perishable and more circulating vehicles. Satiric medals were almost unknown to the ancient mint, notwithstanding those of the Saturnalia, and a few which bear miserable puns on the unlucky names of some consuls. Medals illustrate history, and history reflects light on medals; but we should not place such unreserved confidence on medals, as their advocates who are warm in their favourite study. It has been asserted, that medals are more authentic memorials than history itself; but a medal is not less susceptible of the bad passions than a pamphlet or an epigram. Ambition has its vanity, and engraves a dubious victory; and Flattery will practise its art, and deceive us in gold! A calumny or a fiction on metal may be more durable than on a fugitive page; and a libel has a better chance of being preserved, when the artist is skilful, than simple truths when miserably executed. Medals of this class are numerous, and were the precursors of those political satires exhibited in caricature prints. There is a large collection of wooden cuts about the time of Calvin, where the Romish religion is represented by the most grotesque forms which the ridicule of the early Reformers could event. More than a thousand figures attest the exuberant satire of the designers. This work is equally rare and costly.*

Satires of this species commenced in the freedom of the Reformation; for we find a medal of Luther in a monk's habit, satirically bearing for its reverse Catharine de Bora, the nun whom this monk married; the first step of his personal reformation! Nor can we be certain that Catharine was not more concerned in that great revolution than appears in the voluminous lives we have of the great reformer. However, the reformers were as great sticklers for medals as the 'papelins.' Of Pope John VIII, an effeminate voluptuary, we have a medal with his portrait, inscribed *Pope Joan!* and another of Innocent X, dressed as a woman holding a spindle; the reverse, his famous mistress, Donna Olympia, dressed as a Pope, with the tiara on her head, and the keys of St Peter in her hands!

When, in the reign of Mary, England was groaning under Spanish influence, and no remonstrance could reach the throne, the queen's person and government were made ridiculous to the people's eyes, by prints or pictures, 'representing her majesty naked, meagre, withered, and wrinkled, with every aggravated circumstance of deformity that could disgrace a female figure, seated in a regal chair; a crown on her head, surrounded with M. R. and A. in capitals, accompanied by small letters; *Maria Regina Anglia!* a number of Spaniards were sucking her to skin and bone, and a specification was added of the money, rings, jewels, and other presents with which she had secretly gratified her husband Philip.'† It is said that the queen suspected some of her own council of this invention, who alone were privy to these transactions. It is, however, in this manner that the voice, which is suppressed by authority, comes at length in another shape to the eye.

* Mr Douce possesses a portion of this very curious collection: for a complete one, De Bure asked about twenty pounds.

† Warton's Life of Sir Thomas Pope, p. 68.

The age of Elizabeth, when the Roman pontiff and all his adherents were odious to the people, produced a remarkable caricature, an ingenious invention—a gorgon's head! A church bell forms the helmet; the ornaments, instead of the feathers, are a wolf's head in a mitre devouring a lamb, an ass's head with spectacles reading, a goose holding a rosary; the face is made out with a fish for the nose, a chalice and water for the eye, and other priestly ornaments for the shoulder and breast, on which rolls of parchment pardons hang.*

A famous Bishop of Munster, Bernard de Galen, who, in his charitable violence for converting protestants, got himself into such celebrity that he appears to have served as an excellent *sign-post* to the inns in Germany, was the true church militant: and his figure was exhibited according to the popular fancy. His head was half mitre and half helmet; a crosier in one hand and a sabre in the other; half a rochet and half a cuirass: he was made performing mass as a dragoon on horseback, and giving out the charge when he ought the *Ite, missa est!* He was called the *converter!* and the 'Bishop of Munster' became popular as a sign-post in German towns; for the people like fighting men, though they should even fight against themselves.

It is rather curious to observe of this new species o satire, so easily distributed among the people, and so directly addressed to their understandings, that it was made the vehicle of national feeling. Ministers of state condescended to invent the devices. Lord Orford says, that *caricatures on cards* were the invention of George Townshend in the affair of Byng, which was soon followed by a pack. I am informed of an ancient pack of cards which has caricatures of all the Parliamentarian Generals, which might be not unusefully shuffled by a writer of secret history. We may be surprised to find the grave Sully practising this artifice on several occasions. In the civil wars of France the Duke of Savoy had taken by surprise Saluces, and struck a medal; on the reverse a centaur appears shooting with a bow and arrow, with the legend *Opportune!* But when Henry the Fourth had reconquered the town, he published another, on which Hercules appears killing the centaur, with the word *Opportunius.* The great minister was the author of this retort! A medal of the Dutch ambassador at the court of France, Van Beuninghen, whom the French represent as a haughty burgomaster, but who had the vivacity of a Frenchman, and the haughtiness of a Spaniard, as Voltaire characterizes him, is said to have been the occasion of the Dutch war in 1672; but wars will be hardly made for an idle medal. Medals may, however, indicate a preparatory war. Louis the Fourteenth was so often compared to the sun at its meridian, that some of his creatures may have imagined that, like the sun, he could dart into any part of Europe as he willed, and be as cheerfully received. The Dutch minister, whose christian name was *Joshua*, however, had a medal struck of Joshua stopping the sun in his course, inferring that this miracle was operated by his little republic. The medal itself is engraven in Van Loon's voluminous *Histoire Medallique du Pays Bas*, and in Marchand's *Dictionnaire Historique*, who labours to prove against twenty authors that the Dutch ambassador was not the inventor; it was not, however, unworthy of him, and it conveyed to the world the high feeling of her power which Holland had then assumed. Two years after the noise about this medal, the republic paid dear for the device; but thirty years afterwards this very burgomaster concluded a glorious peace, and France and Spain were compelled to receive the mediation of the Dutch Joshua with the French sun.* In these vehicles of national satire, it is odd that the phlegmatic Dutch, more than any other nation, and from the earliest period of their republic, should have indulged freely, if not licentiously. It was a republican humour. Their taste was usually gross. We owe to them, even in the reign of Elizabeth, a severe medal on Leicester, who having retired in disgust from the government of their provinces, struck a medal with his bust, reverse, a dog and sheep,

> *Non gregem, sed ingratos invitus desero:*

on which the angry juvenile states struck another, repre-

* This ancient caricature, so descriptive of the popular feelings, is tolerably given in Malcom's History of 'Caricaturing,' plate li, fig. 1.

† The history of this medal is useful in more than one respect; and may be four in Prosper Marchand.

senting an ape and young ones, reverse, Leicester near a fire,

Fugiens fumum, incidit in ignem.'

Another medal, with an excellent portrait of Cromwell, was struck by the Dutch. The protector, crowned with laurels, is on his knees, laying his head in the lap of the commonwealth, but loosely exhibiting himself to the French and Spanish ambassadors with gross indecency: the Frenchman, covered with a *fleurs de lis*, is pushing aside the grave Don, and disputes with him the precedence—*Retire toy; l'honneur appartient au roy mon maître, Louis le Grand.* Van Loon is very right in denouncing this same medal, so grossly flattering to the English, as most detestable and indelicate! But why does Van Loon envy us this lumpish invention? why does the Dutchman quarrel with his own cheese? The honour of the medal we claim, but the invention belongs to his country. The Dutch went on, commenting in this manner on English affairs, from reign to reign. Charles the Second declared war against them in 1672 for a malicious medal, though the States-General offered to break the die by purchasing it of the workman for one thousand ducats; but it served for a pretext for a Dutch war, which Charles cared more about than the *mala bestia* of his exergue. Charles also complained of a scandalous picture which the brothers De Witt had in their house, representing a naval battle with the English. Charles the Second seems to have been more sensible to this sort of national satire than we might have expected in a professed wit; a race, however, who are not the most patient in having their own sauce returned to their lips. The king employed Evelyn to write a history of the Dutch war, and 'enjoined him *to make it a little keen*, for the Hollanders had very unhandsomely abused him in their pictures, books, and libels.' The Dutch continued their career of conveying their national feeling on English affairs more triumphantly when their stadtholder ascended an English throne. The birth of the Pretender is represented by the chest which Minerva gave to the daughters of Cecrops to keep, and which, opened, discovered an infant with a serpent's tail: *Infantemque vident apporectumque draconem;* the chest perhaps alluding to the removes of the warming-pan: and in another, James and a Jesuit flying in terror, the king throwing away a crown and sceptre, and the Jesuit carrying a child, *Ite, missa est*, the words applied from the mass. But in these contests of national feeling, while the grandeur of Louis the Fourteenth did not allow of these ludicrous and satirical exhibitions; and while the political idolatry which his forty academicians paid to him, exhausted itself in the splendid fictions of a series of famous medals, amounting to nearly four hundred; it appears that we were not without our reprisals: for I find Prosper Marchand, who writes as a Hollander, censuring his own country for having at length adulated the grand monarch by a complimentary medal. He says, 'The English cannot be reproached with a similar *debonaireté*.' After the famous victories of Marlborough, they indeed inserted in a medal the head of the French monarch and the English queen, with this inscription, *Ludovicus Magnus, Anna Major.* Long ere this, one of our queens had been exhibited by ourselves with considerable energy. On the defeat of the Armada, Elizabeth, Pinkerton tells us, struck a medal representing the English and Spanish fleets, *Hesperidum regem devicit virgo.* Philip had medals dispersed in England of the same impression, with this addition, *Negatur. Et meretrix vulgi.* These the queen suppressed, but published another medal, with this legend:

Hesperidum regem devicit virgo; negatur,
Et meretrix vulgi: res eo deterior.

An age fertile in satirical prints was the eventful era of Charles the First; they were showered from all parties, and a large collection of them would admit of a critical historical commentary, which might become a vehicle of the most curious secret history. Most of them are in a bad style, for they are all allegorical; yet that these satirical exhibitions influenced the eyes and minds of the people is evident, from an extraordinary circumstance. Two grave collections of historical documents adopted them. We are surprised to find prefixed to Rushworth's and Nalson's historical collections, two such political prints! Nalson's was an act of retributive justice; but he seems to have been aware, that satire in the shape of pictures is a language very attractive to the multitude; for he has introduced a caricature print in the solemn folio of the trial of Charles the First. Of the happiest of these political prints is one by Taylor the water-poet, not included in his folio, but prefixed to his 'Mad fashions, odd fashions or the emblems of these distracted times.' It is the figure of a man whose eyes have left their sockets, and whose legs have usurped the place of his arms; a horse on his hind legs is drawing a cart; a church is inverted; fish fly in the air; a candle burns with the flame downwards; and the mouse and rabbit are pursuing the cat and the fox!

The animosities of national hatreds have been a fertile source of these vehicles of popular feeling—which discover themselves in severe or grotesque caricatures. The French and the Spaniards mutually exhibited one another under the most extravagant figures. The political caricatures of the French, in the seventeenth century, are numerous. The *badauds* of Paris amused themselves for their losses, by giving an emetic to a Spaniard, to make him render up all the towns his victories had obtained; seven or eight Spaniards are seen seated around a large turnip, with their frizzled mustachios, their hats *en pot à beurre*; their long rapiers, with their pummels down to their feet, and their points up to their shoulders; their ruffs stiffened by many rows, and pieces of garlic stuck in their girdles. The Dutch were exhibited in as great variety as the uniformity of frogs would allow. We have largely participated in the vindictive spirit, which these grotesque emblems keep up among the people; they mark the secret feelings of national pride. The Greeks despised foreigners, and considered them only as fit to be slaves;* the ancient Jews, inflated with a false idea of their small territory, would be masters of the world: the Italians placed a line of demarcation for genius and taste, and marked it by their mountains. The Spaniards once imagined that the conferences of God with Moses on Mount Sinai were in the Spanish language. If a Japanese becomes the friend of a foreigner, he is considered as committing treason to his emperor; and rejected as a false brother in a country which we are told is figuratively called *Tenka*, or the kingdom under the Heavens. John Bullism is not peculiar to Englishmen; and patriotism is a noble virtue, when it secures our independence without depriving us of our humanity.

The civil wars of the league in France, and those in England under Charles the First, bear the most striking resemblance; and in examining the revolutionary scenes exhibited by the graver in the famous *satire Menippée*, we discover the foreign artist revelling in the *caricature* of his ludicrous and severe exhibition; and in that other revolutionary period of *La Fronde*, there was a mania for *political songs*; the curious have formed them into collections; and we, not only have 'the Rump songs' of Charles the First's times, but have repeated this kind of evidence of the public feeling at many subsequent periods. *Caricatures* and *political songs* might with us furnish a new sort of history; and perhaps would preserve some truths, and describe some particular events, not to be found in more grave authorities.

AUTOGRAPHS.†

The art of judging of the characters of persons by their writing can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without constraint, may become an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural dispositions. But regulated as the pen is now too often by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand-writing; the pupils are forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine; a bevy of beauties will now write such facsimiles of each other, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the

* A passage may be found in Aristotle's politics, vol. i, c. 3—7; where Aristotle advises Alexander to govern the Greeks like his subjects, and the barbarians like slaves; for that the one he was to consider as companions, and the other as creatures of an inferior race.

† A small volume which I met with at Paris, entitled 'L'Art de juger du Caractere des Hommes sur leurs Ecritures,' is curious for its illustrations, consisting of twenty-four plates, exhibiting fac-similes of the writing of eminent and other persons, correctly taken from the original autographs.

same rolling-press. Even brothers of different tempers have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made our hand-writings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation: it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a beautiful mask of a single pattern; and the fashionable hand-writing of our young ladies is like the former tight-lacing of their mother's youthful days, when every one alike had what was supposed to be a fine shape!

Assuredly Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar countenance—a voice—and a manner. The flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will portray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot and efface and scrawl, while the neat and orderly minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variableness of the Frenchman, and the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind, which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon and Gray and Gibbon; while we find in Pope's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and the eager and rapid interlineations struck off in heat. Lavater's notion of hand-writing is by no means chimerical; nor was General Paoli fanciful, when he told Mr Northcote, that he had decided on the character and dispositions of a man from his letters, and the hand-writing.

Long before the days of Lavater, Shenstone in one of his letters said, 'I want to see Mrs Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper.' One great truth must however be conceded to the opponents of *the physiognomy of writing*; general rules only can be laid down. Yet the vital principle must be true, that the hand-writing bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result. I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school-boy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness, which polished his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the *first* and *third* poets, not indicative of their character, we have acounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs.

Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing farther than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments.

'Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen.'—The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the assertor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

'Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand.' We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and to reign when we lost him.

'Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand, like the bastard Italian.' She was indeed a most elegant caligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation: 'Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch? The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters.'

'James the First writ a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line.' James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

'Charles the First wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly perhaps, than any prince we ever had.' Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in the kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would have not been insensible to the elegancies of the pen.

'Charles the Second wrote a little fair running hand, as if wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done.' Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness, and vivacity.

'James the Second writ a large fair hand.' It is characterised by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

'Queen Ann wrote a fair round hand:' that is the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.

This subject of autographs associates itself with what has been dignified by its professors as caligraphy, or the art of beautiful writing. As I have something curious to communicate on that subject considered professionally, it shall form our following article.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING-MASTERS.

There is a very apt letter from James the First to prince Henry when very young, on the neatness and fairness of his hand-writing; the royal father suspecting that the prince's tutor, Mr, afterwards Sir Adam Newton, had helped out the young prince in the composition; and that in this specimen of caligraphy he had relied also on the pains of Mr Peter Bales, the great writing-master, for touching up his letters; his majesty shows a laudable anxiety that the prince should be impressed with the higher importance of the one over the other. James shall himself speak. 'I confess I long to receive a letter from you that may be wholly yours, as well matter as form; as well formed by your mind as drawn by your fingers; for ye may remember, that in my book to you I warn you to beware with (of) that kind of wit that may fly out at the end of your fingers; not that I cammend not a fair hand-writing; *sed hoc facito, illud non omittito;* and the other is *multo magis præcipuum*.' Prince Henry, indeed, wrote with that elegance which he borrowed from his own mind, and in an age when such minute elegance was not universal among the crowned heads of Europe. Henry IV, on receiving a letter from prince Henry, immediately opened it, a custom not usual with him, and comparing the writing with the signature, to decide whether it were of one hand, Sir George Carew, observing the French king's hesitation, called Mr Douglas to testify to the fact; on which Henry the Great, admiring an art in which he had little skill, and looking on the neat elegance of the writing before him, politely observed, 'I see that in writing fair, as in other things, the elder must yield to the younger.'

Had this anecdote of neat writing reached the professors of caligraphy, who in this country have put forth such

painful panegyrics on the art, these royal names had unquestionably blazoned their pages. Not, indeed, that these penmen require any fresh inflation; for never has there been a race of professors in any art, who have exceeded in solemnity and pretensions the practitioners in this simple and mechanical craft. I must leave to more ingenious investigators of human nature, to reveal the occult cause which has operated such powerful delusions on these 'Vive la Plume!' men, who have been generally observed to possess least intellectual ability, in proportion to the excellence they have obtained in their own art. I suspect this maniacal vanity is peculiar to the writing-masters of England; and I can only attribute the immense importance which they have conceived of their art, to the perfection to which they have carried the art of short-hand writing; an art which was always better understood, and more skilfully practised, in England, than in any other country. It will surprise some when they learn that the artists in verse and colours, poets and painters, have not raised loftier pretensions to the admiration of mankind. Writing-masters, or caligraphars, have had their engraved 'effigies,' with a Fame in flourishes, a pen in one hand, and a trumpet in the other; and fine verses inscribed, and their very lives written! They have compared

'The nimbly-turning of their silver quill,'

to the beautiful in art, and the sublime in invention; nor is this wonderful, since they discover the art of writing, like the invention of language, in a divine original; and from the tablets of stone which the Deity himself delivered, they trace their German broad-text, or their fine running-hand.

One, for 'the bold striking of those words, *Vive la Plume*,' was so sensible of the reputation that this last piece of command of hand would give the book which he thus adorned, and which his biographer acknowledges was the product of about a minute—(but then how many years of flourishing had that single minute cost him!)—that he claims the glory of an artist, observing,—

'We seldom find
The *man of business* with the *artist* join'd.'

Another was flattered that his *writing* could impart immortality to the most wretched conpositions!—

'And any lines prove pleasing, when you write.'

Sometimes the caligrapher is a sort of hero:—

'To you, you rare commander of the quill,
Whose wit and worth, deep learning, and high skill,
Speak you the honour of great Tower Hill!'

The last line became traditionally adopted by those who were so lucky as to live in the neighbourhood of this Parnassus. But the reader must form some notion of that charm of caligraphy which has so bewitched its professors, when,

'Soft, bold, and free, your manuscripts still please.'

'How justly bold in Snell's improving hand
The Pen at once joins freedom with command!
With softness strong, with ornaments not vain,
Loose with proportion, and with neatness plain;
Not swell'd, not full, complete in every part,
And artful most, when not affecting art.'

And these describe those penciled knots and flourishes, 'the angels, the men, the birds, and the beasts, which as one of them observed, he could

'Command
Even by the *gentle motion of his hand*,'

all the *speciosa miracula* of caligraphy!

'Thy *tender strokes* inimitably fine,
Crown with perfection every *flowing line;*
And to each *grand performance* add a grace,
As *curling hair* adorns a beauteous face:
In every page *new fancies* give delight,
And *sporting round the margin* charm the sight.

One Massey, a writing-master, published, in 1763, 'The Origin and Progress of Letters.' The great singularity of this volume is 'A new species of biography never attempted before in English.' This consists of the lives of 'English Penmen,' otherwise writing-masters! If some have foolishly enough imagined that the sedentary lives of authors are void of interest from deficient incident and interesting catastrophe, what must they think of the barren labours of those, who, in the degree they become eminent, to use their own style, in their art of 'dish, dash, long-tail fly,' the less they become interesting to the public; for what can the most skilful writing-master do but wear away his life in leaning over his pupil's copy, or sometimes snatch a pen to decorate the margin, though he cannot compose the page? Montaigne has a very original notion on writing-masters: he says that some of those caligraphers, who had obtained promotion by their excellence in the art, afterwards *affected to write carelessly, lest their promotion should be suspected to have been owing to such an ordinary acquisition!*

Massey is an enthusiast, fortunately for his subject. He considers that there are *schools of writing*, as well as of painting or sculpture; and expatiates with the eye of fraternal feeling on 'a natural genius, a tender stroke, a grand performance, a bold striking freedom, and a liveliness in the sprigged letters, and penciled knots and flourishes;' while this Vasari of writing-masters relates the controversies and the libels of many a rival pen-nibber. 'George Shelley, one of the most celebrated worthies who have made a shining figure in the commonwealth of English caligraphy, born I suppose of obscure parents, because brought up in Christ's hospital, yet under the humble blue-coat he laid the foundation of his caligraphic excellence and lasting fame, for he was elected writing-master to the hospital.' Shelley published his 'Natural writing;' but, alas! Snell, another blue-coat, transcended the other. He was a genius who would 'bear no brother near the throne.'—'I have been informed that there were jealous heart-burnings, if not bickerings, between him and Col. Ayres, another of our *great reformers* in the writing commonweal, both eminent men, yet, *like* our most celebrated poets, *Pope and Addison*, or, to carry the comparison still higher, like *Cæsar and Pompey*, one could bear no superior, and the other no equal.' Indeed, the great Snell practised a little stratagem against Mr Shelley, which, if writing-masters held courts-martial, this hero ought to have appeared before his brothers. In one of his works he procured a number of friends to write letters, in which Massey confesses 'are some satirical strokes upon Shelley,' as if he had arrogated too much to himself in his book of 'Natural Writing.' They find great fault with penciled knots and sprigged letters. Shelley, who was an advocate for ornaments in fine penmanship, which Snell utterly rejected, had parodied a well-known line of Herbert's in favour of his favourite decorations:

'A *Knot* may take him who from *letters* flies,
And turn *delight* into an *exercise*.'

These reflections created ill-blood, and even an open difference amongst several of the *superior artists in writing*. The commanding genius of Snell, had a more terrific contest when he published his 'Standard Rules,' pretending to have *demonstrated* them as Euclid would. 'This proved a bone of contention, and occasioned a terrific quarrel between Mr Snell and Mr Clark. This quarrel about "Standard Rules" ran so high between them, that they could scarce forbear *scurrilous language* therein, and a treatment of each other unbecoming *gentlemen*! Both sides in this dispute had their abettors; and to say which had the most truth and reason, *non nostrum est tantas componere lites;* perhaps *both parties might be too fond of their own schemes*. They should have left them to people to choose which they liked best.' A candid politician is our Massey, and a philosophical historian too: for he winds up the whole story of this civil war by describing its result, which happened as all such great controversies have ever closed. 'Who now-a-days takes those *Standard Rules*, either one or the other, for their *guide* in writing?' This is the finest lesson ever offered to the furious heads of parties, and to all their men; let them meditate on the nothingness of their 'standard rules'—by the fate of Mr Snell!

It was to be expected when once these writing-masters imagined that they were artists, that they would be infected with those plague-spots of genius, envy, detraction, and all the *jalousie du metier*. And such to this hour we find them! An extraordinary scene of this nature has long been exhibited in my neighbourhood, where two doughty champions of the quill have been posting up libels in their windows respecting the inventor of *a new art of writing*, the Carstairian or the Lewisian? When the great German philosopher asserted that he had discovered the me-

thod of fluxions before Sir Isaac, and when the dispute grew so violent that even the calm Newton sent a formal defiance in set terms, and got even George the Second to try to arbitrate, (who would rather have undertaken a campaign) the method of fluxions was no more cleared up, than the present affair between our two heroes of the quill.

A recent instance of one of these egregious caligraphers may be told of the late Tomkins. This vainest of writing-masters dreamed through life that penmanship was one of the fine arts, and that a writing-master should be seated with his peers in the Academy! He bequeathed to the British Museum his *opus magnum*; a copy of Macklin's Bible, profusely embellished with the most beautiful and varied decorations of his pen; and as he conceived that both the workman and the work would alike be darling objects with posterity, he left something immortal with the legacy, his fine bust by Chantry! unaccompanied by which they were not to receive the unparalleled gift. When Tomkins applied to have his bust, our great sculptor abated the usual price, and courteously kind to the feelings of the man, said that he considered Tomkins as an artist! It was the proudest day of the life of our writing-master!

But an eminent artist and wit now living, once looking on this fine bust of Tomkins, declared, that 'this man had died for want of a dinner!'—a fate, however, not so lamentable as it appeared! Our penman had long felt that he stood degraded in the scale of genius by not being received at the Academy, at least among the class of *engravers*; the next approach to academic honour he conceived would be that of appearing as a *guest* at their annual dinner. These invitations are as limited as they are select, and all the Academy persisted in considering Tomkins *as a writing-master!* Many a year passed, every intrigue was practised, every remonstrance was urged, every stratagem of courtesy was tried; but never ceasing to deplore the failure of his hopes, it preyed on his spirits, and the luckless caligrapher went down to his grave—without dining at the Academy! This authentic anecdote has been considered as 'satire improperly directed'—by some friend of Mr Tomkins—but the criticism is much too grave! The foible of Mr Tomkins as a writing-master, presents a striking illustration of the class of men here delineated. I am a mere historian—and am only responsible for the veracity of this fact. That 'Mr Tomkins lived in familiar intercourse with the Royal Academicians of his day, and was a frequent guest at their private tables,' and moreover was a most worthy man, I believe—but is it less true that he was ridiculously mortified by being never invited to the Academic dinner, on account of his caligraphy? He had some reason to consider that his art was of the exalted class, to which he aspired to raise it, when his friend concludes his eulogy of this writing-master thus—'Mr Tomkins, as an artist, stood foremost in his own profession, and his name will be handed down to posterity with the *Heroes* and *Statesmen*, whose excellences his *penmanship* has contributed to illustrate and to commemorate.' I always give the *Pour* and the *Contre!*

Such men about such things have produced public contests, *combats a l'outrance*, where much ink was spilt by the knights in a joust of goose-quills; these solemn trials have often occurred in the history of writing-masters, which is enlivened by public defiances, proclamations, and judicial trials by umpires! The prize was usually a golden pen of some value. One as late as the reign of Anne took place between Mr German and Mr More. German having courteously insisted that Mr More should set the copy, he thus set it, ingeniously quaint!

> As more, and More, our understanding clears,
> So more and more our ignorance appears.

The result of this pen-combat was really lamentable; they displayed such an equality of excellence that the umpires refused to decide, till one of them espied that Mr German had omitted the tittle of an i! But Mr More was evidently a man of genius, not only by his couplet, but in his 'Essay on the Invention of Writing,' where occurs this noble passage: 'Art with me is of no party. A noble emulation I would cherish, while it proceeded neither from, nor to malevolence. Bales had his Johnson, Norman his Mason, Ayres his Matlock and his Shelley; yet Art the while was no sufferer. The busy-body who officiously employs himself in creating misunderstandings between artists, may be compared to a turn-stile, which stands in every man's way, yet hinders nobody; and he is the slanderer who gives ear to the slander.'*

Among these knights of the 'Plume volant,' whose chivalric exploits astounded the beholders, must be distinguished Peter Bales in his joust with David Johnson. In this tilting match the guerdon of caligraphy was won by the greatest of caligraphers; its *arms* were assumed by the victor, *azure, a pen or*; while 'the golden pen,' carried away in triumph, was painted with a hand over the door of the caligrapher. The history of this renowned encounter was only traditionally known, till with my own eyes I pondered on this whole trial of skill in the precious manuscript of the champion himself; who, like Cæsar, not only knew how to win victories, but also to record them. Peter Bales was a hero of such transcendent eminence, that his name has entered into our history. Holingshed chronicles one of his curiosities of microscopic writing, at a time when the taste prevailed for admiring writing which no eye could read! In the compass of a silver penny this caligrapher put more things than would fill several of these pages. He presented Queen Elizabeth with the manuscript set in a ring of gold covered with a crystal; he had also contrived a magnifying glass of such power, that, to her delight and wonder, her majesty read the whole volume, which she held on her thumb nail, and 'commended the same to the lords of the council, and the ambassadors;' and frequently, as Peter often heard, did her majesty vouchsafe to wear this caligraphic ring.

'Some will think I labour on a cobweb'—modestly exclaimed Bales in his narrative, and his present historian much fears for himself! The reader's gratitude will not be proportioned to my pains, in condensing such copious pages into the size of a 'silver penny,' but without its worth!

For a whole year had David Johnson affixed a challenge 'To any one who should take exceptions to this my writing and teaching.' He was a young friend of Bales, daring and longing for an encounter; yet Bales was magnanimously silent, till he discovered that he was 'doing much less in writing and teaching' since this public challenge was proclaimed! He then set up his counter challenge, and in one hour afterwards Johnson arrogantly accepted it, 'in a most despiteful and arrogant manner.' Bales's challenge was delivered 'in good terms.' 'To all Englishmen and strangers.' It was to write for a gold pen of twenty pound's value in all kinds of hands, 'best, straightest and fastest,' and most kind of ways; a full, a mean, a small, with line and without line; in a slow set hand, a mean facile hand, and a fast running hand;' and farther, 'to write truest and speediest, most secretary and clerk-like, from a man's mouth, reading or pronouncing, either English or Latin.'

Young Johnson had the hardihood now of turning the tables on his great antagonist, accusing the veteran Bales of arrogance. Such an absolute challenge says he, was never witnessed by man, 'without exception of any in the world!' And a few days after meeting Bales, 'of set purpose to affront and disgrace him what he could, showed Bales a piece of writing of secretary's hand, which he had very much laboured in fine abortive† parchment,' uttering to the challenger these words: 'Mr Bales, give me one shilling out of your purse, and if within six months you better, or equal this piece of writing, I will give you forty pounds for it.' This legal deposit of the shilling was made, and the challenger, or appellant, was thereby bound by law to the performance.

The day before the trial a printed declaration was affixed throughout the city, taunting Bales's 'proud poverty,' and his pecuniary motives, as 'a thing ungentle, base, and mercenary, and not answerable to the dignity of the golden pen!' Johnson declares he would maintain his challenge for a thousand pounds more, but for the respondent's inability to perform a thousand groats. Bales retorts on the libel; declares it as a sign of his rival's weakness, 'yet who so bold as blind Bayard, that hath not a word of Latin to cast at a dog, or say Bo! to a goose!'

On Michaelmas day, 1595, the trial opened before five

* I have not met with More's Book, and am obliged to transcribe this from the Blog. Brit.

† This was written in the reign of Elizabeth. Holyoke notices 'virgin-perchment made of an abortive skin; membrana virgo.' Peacham on Drawing, calls parchment simply an abortive.

judges: the appellant and the respondent appeared at the appointed place, and an ancient gentleman was intrusted with 'the golden pen.' In the first trial, for the manner of teaching scholars, after Jonson had taught his pupil a fortnight, he would not bring him forward! This was awarded in favour of Bales.

The second, for secretary and clerk-like writing, dictating to them both in English and in Latin, Bales performed best, being first done; written straightest without line, with true orthogaphy; the challenger himself confessing that he wanted the Latin tongue, and was no clerk!

The third and last trial for fair writing in sundry kinds of hands, the challenger prevailed for the beauty and most 'authentic proportion,' and for the superior variety of the Roman hand. In the court hand the respondent exceeded the appellant, and likewise in the set text; and in bastard secretary was also somewhat perfecter.

At length Bales perhaps perceiving an equilibrium in the judicial decisions, to overwhelm his antagonist, presented what he distinguishes as his 'master-piece,' composed of secretary and Roman hand four ways varied, and offering the defendant to let pass all his previous advantages if he could better this specimen of caligraphy! The challenger was silent! At this moment some of the judges perceiving that the decision must go in favour of Bales, in consideration of the youth of the challenger, lest he might be disgraced to the world, requested the other judges not to pass judgment in public. Bales assures us, that he in vain remonstrated; for by these means the winning of the golden pen might not be so famously spread as otherwise it would have been. To Bales the prize was awarded. But our history has a more interesting close; the subtile Machiavelism of the first challenger!

When the great trial had closed, and Bales, carrying off the golden pen, exultingly had it painted and set up for his sign, the baffled challenger went about reporting that *he* had *won* the golden pen, but that the defendant had obtained the same by 'plots and shifts, and other base and cunning practices.' Bales vindicated his claim, and offered to show the world his 'master-piece' which had acquired it. Jonson issued an 'Appeal to all impartial Pen-men,' which he spread in great numbers through the city for ten days, a libel against the judges and the victorious defendant! He declared that there had been a subtile combination with one of the judges concerning the place of trial; which he expected to have been before 'pen-men,' but not before a multitude like a stage-play, and shouts and tumults, with which the challenger had hitherto been unacquainted. The judges were intended to be twelve; but of the five, four were the challenger's friends, honest gentlemen, but unskilled in judging of most hands; and he offered again forty pounds to be allowed in six months to equal Bale's master piece. And he closes his 'appeal' by declaring that Bales had lost in several parts of the trial, neither did the judges deny that Bales possessed himself of the golden pen by a trick! Before judgment was awarded, alleging the sickness of his wife to be extreme, he desired she might have *a sight of the golden pen to comfort her!* The ancient gentleman who was the holder, taking the defendant's word, allowed the golden pen to be carried to the sick wife; and Bales immediately pawned it, and afterwards, to make sure work, sold it at a great loss, so that when the judges met for their definitive sentence, nor pen nor penny-worth was to be had! The judges being ashamed of their own conduct, were compelled to give such a verdict as suited the occasion:

Bales rejoins: he publishes to the universe the day and the hour when the judges brought the golden pen to his house, and while he checks the insolence of this Bobadil, to show himself no recreant, assumes the golden pen for his sign.

Such is the shortest history I could contrive of this chivalry of the pen; something mysteriously clouds over the fate of the defendant; Bales's history, like Cæsar's, is but an *ex-parte* evidence. Who can tell whether he has not slurred over his defeats, and only dwelt on his victories?

There is a strange phrase connected with the art of the caligrapher, which I think may be found in most, if not in all modern languages. *to write like an angel!* Ladies have been frequently compared to angels; they are *beautiful* as angels, and *sing* and *dance* like angels; but however intelligible these are, we do not so easily connect penmanship with the other celestial accomplishments. This fanciful phrase, however, has a very human origin. Among those learned Greeks who emigrated to Italy, and afterwards into France, in the reign of Francis I, was one Angelo *Vergecio*, whose beautiful caligraphy excited the admiration of the learned. The French monarch had a Greek fount cast, modelled by his writing. The learned Henry Stephens, who, like our Porson for correctness and delicacy, was one of the most elegant writers of Greek, had learnt the practise from our *Angelo*. His name became synonymous for beautiful writing, and gave birth to the vulgar proverb or familiar phrase, *to write like an angel!*

THE ITALIAN HISTORIANS.

It is remarkable that the country, which has long lost its political independence, may be considered as the true parent of modern history. The greater part of their historians have abstained from the applause of their contemporaries, while they have not the less elaborately composed their posthumous folios, consecrated solely to truth and posterity! The true principles of national glory are opened by the grandeur of the minds of these asserters of political freedom. It was their indignant spirit, seeking to console its injuries by confiding them to their secret manuscripts, which raised up this singular phenomenon in the literary world.

Of the various causes which produced such a lofty race of patriots, one is prominent. The proud recollections of their Roman fathers often troubled the dreams of the sons. The petty rival republics, and the petty despotic principalities, which had started up from some great families, who, at first came forward as the protectors of the people from their exterior enemies or their interior factions, at length settled into a corruption of power; a power which had been conferred on them to preserve liberty itself! These factions often shook by their jealousies, their fears, and their hatreds, that divided land, which groaned whenever they witnessed the 'Ultramontanes' descending from their Alps and their Apennines. Petrarch, in a noble invective, warmed by Livy and ancient Rome, impatiently beheld the French and the Germans passing the mounts. 'Enemies,' he cries, 'so often conquered, prepared to strike with swords, which formerly served us to raise our trophies: shall the mistress of the world bear chains forged by hands which she has so often bound to their backs?' Machiavel, in his 'Exhortations to free Italy from the barbarians,' rouses his country against their changeable masters, the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards; closing with the verse of Petrarch, that short shall be the battle for which patriot virtue arms to show the world—

'che l' antico valore
Ne ge' Italici cuor non è ancor morto.'

Nor has this sublime patriotism declined even in more recent times; I cannot resist from preserving in this place a sonnet by Filicaja, which I could never read without participating in the agitation of the writer, for the ancient glory of his degenerated country! The energetic personification of the close, perhaps, surpasses even his more celebrated sonnet, preserved in Lord Byron's notes to the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold.'

Dov' è Italia, il tuo bracchio? e a che ti servi
Tu dell' altrui? non è, s'io scorgo il vero,
Di chi t' offende il defensor men fero:
Ambe nemici sono, ambo fur servi.
Così dunque l' onor, così conservi
Gli avanzi tu del glorioso Impero?
Così al valor, così al valor primiero
Che a te fede giuro, la fede osservi?
Or va; repudia il valor prisco, e sposa
L' ozio, e fra il sangue, i gemiti, e le strida
Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa!
Dormi, Adultera vil! fin che omicida
Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnacchiosa,
E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t' uccida!

Oh, Italy! where is thine arm? What purpose serves
So to be helped by others? Deem I right,
Among offenders thy defender stands?
Both are thy enemies—both were thy servants!
Thus dost thou honour—thus dost thou preserve
The mighty boundaries of the glorious empire?
And thus to Valour, to thy pristine Valour
That swore its faith to thee, thy faith thou keep'st?
Go! and divorce thyself from thy old Valiance,
And marry Idleness! and midst the blood,
The heavy groans and cries of agony,
In thy last danger sleep, and seek repose!

Sleep, vile Adulteress! the homicidal sword
Vengeful, shall waken thee; and lull'd to slumber,
While naked in thy minion's arms, shall strike!

Among the domestic contests of Italy the true principles of political freedom were developed; and in that country we may find the origin of Philosophical History, which includes so many important views and so many new results, unknown to the ancients.

Machiavel seems to have been the first writer who discovered the secret of what may be called *comparative history*. He it was who first sought in ancient history for the materials which were to illustrate the events of his own times; by fixing on analogous facts, similar personages, and parallel periods. This was enlarging the field of history, and opening a new combination for philosophical speculation. His profound genius advanced still further; he not only explained modern by ancient history, but he deduced those results or principles founded on this new sort of evidence, which guided him in forming his opinions. History had hitherto been, if we except Tacitus, but a story well told, and in writers of limited capacity, the detail and number of facts had too often been considered as the only valuable portion of history. An erudition of facts is not the philosophy of history; an historian unskilful in the art of applying his facts amasses impure ore, which he cannot strike into coin. The chancellor D'Aguesseau, in his instructions to his son on the study of history, has admirably touched on this distinction. 'Minds which are purely historical mistake a fact for an argument; they are so accustomed to satisfy themselves by repeating a great number of facts and enriching their memory, that they become incapable of reasoning on principles. It often happens that the result of their knowledge breeds confusion and universal indecision; for their facts, often contradictory, only raise up doubts. The superfluous and the frivolous occupy the place of what is essential and solid, or at least so overload and darken it, that we must sail with them in a sea of trifles to get to firm land. Those who only value the philosophical part of history, fall into an opposite extreme; they judge of what has been done by that which should be done; while the others always decide on what should be done by that which has been; the first are the dupes of their reasoning, the second of the facts which they mistake for reasoning. We should not separate two things which ought always to go in concert, and mutually lend an aid, *reason and example*. Avoid equally the contempt of some philosophers for the science of facts, and the distaste or the incapacity which those who confine themselves to facts often contract for whatever depends on pure reasoning. True and solid philosophy should direct us in the study of history, and the study of history should give perfection to philosophy. Such was the enlightened opinion, as far back as at the beginning of the last century, of the studious chancellor of France, before the more recent designation of *Philosophical History* was so generally received, and so familiar on our title-pages.

From the moment that the Florentine secretary conceived the idea that the history of the Roman people, opening such varied spectacles of human nature, served as a point of comparison to which he might perpetually recur to try the analogous facts of other nations, and the events passing under his own eye; a new light broke out and ran through the vast extents of history. The maturity of experience seemed to have been obtained by the historian, in his solitary meditations. Livy in the grandeur of Rome, and Tacitus in its fated decline, exhibited for Machiavel a moving picture of his own republics—the march of destiny in all human governments! The text of Livy and Tacitus revealed to him many an imperfect secret—the fuller truths he drew from the depth of his own observations on his own times. In Machiavel's 'Discourses on Livy,' we may discover the foundations of our *Philosophical History*.

The example of Machiavel, like that of all creative genius, influenced the character of his age, and his history of Florence produced an emulative spirit among a new dynasty of historians.

These Italian historians have proved themselves to be an extraordinary race, for they devoted their days to the composition of historical works, which they were certain could not see the light during their lives! They nobly determined that their works should be posthumous, rather than be compelled to mutilate them for the press. These historians were rather the saints than the martyrs of history; they did not always personally suffer for truth, but during their protracted labour they sustained their spirits by anticipating their glorified after-state.

Among these Italian historians must be placed the illustrious Guicciardini, the friend of Machiavel. No perfect edition of this historian existed till recent times. The history itself was posthumous; nor did his nephew venture to publish it, till twenty years after the historian's death. He only gave the first sixteen books, and these castrated. The obnoxious passages consisted of some statements relating to the papal court, then so important in the affairs of Europe; some account of the origin and progress of the papal power; some eloquent pictures of the abuses and disorders of that corrupt court; and some free caricatures on the government of Florence. The precious fragments were fortunately preserved in manuscript, and the Protestants procured transcripts which they published separately, but which were long very rare.* All the Italian editions continued to be reprinted in the same truncated condition, and appear only to have been reinstated in the immortal history, so late as in 1775! Thus it required two centuries, before an editor could venture to give the world the pure and complete text of the manuscript of the lieutenant-general of the papal army, who had been so close and so indignant an observer of the Roman cabinet.

Idriani, whom his son entitles *gentiluom Fiorentino*: the writer of the pleasing dissertation 'on the ancient painters noticed by Pliny,' prefixed to his friend Vasari's biographies; wrote, as a continuation of Guicciardini, a history of his own times in twenty-two books, of which Denina gives the highest character for its moderate spirit, and from which De Thou has largely drawn and commends for its authenticity. Our author, however, did not venture to publish his history during his lifetime: it was after his death that his son became the editor.

Nardi, of a noble family and high in office, famed for a translation of Livy which rivals its original in the pleasure it affords, in his retirement from public affairs wrote a history of Florence, which closes with the loss of the liberty of his country, in 1531. It was not published till fifty years after his death; even then the editors suppressed many passages which are found in manuscript in the libraries of Florence and Venice, with other historical documents of this noble and patriotic historian.

About the same time the senator Philip Nerli was writing his '*Commentarj de' fatti civili*,' which had occurred in Florence. He gave them with his dying hand to his nephew, who presented the MSS to the Grand Duke; yet although this work is rather an apology than a crimination of the Medici family for their ambitious views and their over-grown power, probably some state-reason interfered to prevent the publication, which did not take place till 150 years after the death of the historian!

Bernardo Segni composed a history of Florence still more valuable, which shared the same fate as that of Nerli. It was only after his death that his relatives accidentally discovered this history of Florence, which the author had carefully concealed during his lifetime. He had abstained from communicating to any one the existence of such a work while he lived, that he might not be induced to check the freedom of his pen, nor compromise the cause and the interests of truth. His heirs presented it to one of the Medici family, who threw it aside. Another copy had been more carefully preserved, from which it was printed, in 1713, about 150 years after it had been written. It appears to have excited great curiosity, for Lenglet du Fresnoy observes, that the scarcity of this history is owing to the circumstance 'of the Grand Duke having bought up the copies.' Du Fresnoy, indeed, has noticed more than once this sort of address of the Grand Duke; for he observes on the Florentine history of Bruto, that the work was not common; the Grand Duke having bought up the copies, to suppress them. The author was even obliged to fly from Italy, for having delivered his opinions too freely on the house of the Medici. This honest historian thus expresses himself at the close of his work. 'My design has but one end; that our posterity may learn by these notices the root and the causes of so many troubles which we have suffered, while they expose the malignity of those men who have raised them up, or prolonged them; as well as the goodness of those who did all which they could to turn them away.'

* They were printed at Basle in 1569—at London in 1595—in Amsterdam, 1663. How many attempts to echo the voice of suppressed truth!—Haym's Bib. Ital. 1803.

It was the same motive, the fear of offending the great personages or their families, of whom these historians had so freely written, which deterred Benedetto Varchi from publishing his well-known 'Storie Fiorentine,' which was not given to the world till 1721, a period which appears to have roused the slumbers of the literary men of Italy to recur to their native historians. Varchi, who wrote with so much zeal the history of his father-land, is noticed by Nardi as one who never took an active part in the events he records; never having combined with any party, and living merely as a spectator. This historian closes the narrative of a horrid crime of Peter Lewis Farnese with this admirable reflection: 'I know well this story, with many others which I have freely exposed, may hereafter prevent the reading of my history; but also I know, that besides what Tacitus has said on this subject, the great duty of an historian is not to be more careful of the reputation of persons than is suitable with truth, which is to be preferred to all things, however detrimental it may be to the writer.'*

Such was that free manner of thinking and of writing which prevailed in these Italian historians, who, often living in the midst of the ruins of popular freedom, poured forth their injured feelings in their secret pages; without the hope, and perhaps without the wish, of seeing them published in their life-time: a glorious example of self-denial and lofty patriotism!

Had it been inquired of these writers why they did not publish their histories, they might have answered, in nearly the words of an ancient sage, 'Because I am not permitted to write as I would; and I would not write as I am permitted.' We cannot imagine that these great men were in the least insensible to the applause they denied themselves; they were not of tempers to be turned aside; and it was the highest motive which can inspire an historian, a stern devotion to truth, which reduced them to silence, but not to inactivity! These Florentine and Venetian historians, ardent with truth, and profound in political sagacity, were solely writing these legacies of history for their countrymen, hopeless of their gratitude! If a Frenchman wrote the English history, that labour was the aliment of his own glory; if Hume and Robertson devoted their pens to history, the motive of the task was less glorious than their work; but here we discover a race of historians, whose patriotism alone instigated their secret labour, and who substituted for fame and fortune that mightier spirit, which, amidst their conflicting passions, has developed the truest principles, and even the errors, of Political Freedom!

None of these historians, we have seen, published their works in their life-time. I have called them the saints of history, rather than the martyrs. One, however, had the intrepidity to risk this awful responsibility, and he stands forth among the most illustrious and ill-fated examples of historical martyrdom!

This great historian is Giannone, whose civil history of the kingdom of Naples is remarkable for its profound inquiries concerning the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, the laws and customs of that kingdom. With some interruptions from his professional avocations at the bar, twenty years were consumed in writing this history. Researches on ecclesiastical usurpations, and severe strictures on the clergy, are the chief subjects of his bold and unreserved pen. These passages, curious, grave and indignant, were afterwards extracted from the history by Vernet, and published in a small volume, under the title of 'Anecdotes Ecclesiastiques,' 1738. When Giannone consulted with a friend on the propriety of publishing his history, his critic, in admiring the work, predicted the fate of the author. 'You have,' said he, 'placed on your head a crown of thorns, and of very sharp ones;' the historian set at naught his own personal repose; and in 1723 this elaborate history saw the light. From that moment the historian never enjoyed a day of quiet! Rome attempted at first to extinguish the author with his work; all the books were seized on; and copies of the first edition are of extreme rarity. To escape the fangs of inquisitorial power, the historian of Naples flew from Naples on the publication of his immortal work. The fugitive and excommunicated author sought an asylum at Vienna, where, though he found no friend in the emperor, prince Eugene and other nobles became his patrons. Forced to quit Vienna, he retired to Venice, when a new persecution arose from the jealousy of the state inquisitors, who one night landed him on the borders of the pope's dominions. Escaping unexpectedly with his life to Geneva, he was preparing a supplemental volume to his celebrated history, when, enticed by a treacherous friend to a catholic village, Giannone was arrested by an order of the king of Sardinia; his manuscripts were sent to Rome, and the historian imprisoned in a fort. It is curious that the imprisoned Giannone wrote a vindication of the rights of the king of Sardinia, against the claims of the court of Rome. This powerful appeal to the feelings of this sovereign was at first favourably received; but, under the secret influence of Rome, the Sardinian monarch, on the extraordinary plea that he kept Giannone as a prisoner of state that he might preserve him from the papal power, ordered that the vindicator of his rights should be more closely confined than before! and, for this purpose, transferred his state-prisoner to the Citadel of Turin, where, after twelve years of persecution and of agitation, our great historian closed his life!

Such was the fate of this historical martyr, whose work the catholic Haym describes as *opera scritta con molto fuoco e troppa liberta*. He hints that this History is only paralleled by De Thou's great work. This Italian history will ever be ranked among the most philosophical. But, profound as was the masculine genius of Giannone, such was his love of fame, that he wanted the intrepidity requisite to deny himself the delight of giving his history to the world, though some of his great predecessors had set him a noble and dignified example.

One more observation on these Italian historians. All of them represent man in his darkest colours; their drama is terrific; the actors are monsters of perfidy, of inhumanity, and inventors of crimes which seem to want a name! They were all 'princes of darkness;' and the age seemed to afford a triumph to Manicheism! The worst passions were called into play by all parties. But if something is to be ascribed to the manners of the times, much more may be traced to that science of politics, which sought for mastery in an undefinable struggle of ungovernable political power; in the remorseless ambition of the despots, and the hatreds and jealousies of the republics. These Italian historians have formed a perpetual satire on the contemptible simulation and dissimulation, and the inexpiable crimes of that system of politics, which has derived a name from one of themselves—the great, may we add, the calumniated, Machiavel?

OF PALACES BUILT BY MINISTERS.

Our ministers and court favourites, as well as those on the continent, practised a very impolitic custom, and one likely to be repeated, although it has never failed to cast a popular odium on their name, exciting even the envy of their equals—in the erection of palaces for themselves,

* My friend Merivale, whose critical research is only equalled by the elegance of his taste, has supplied me with a note which proves, but too well, that even writers who compose uninfluenced by party feelings, may not, however, be sufficiently scrupulous in weighing the evidence of the facts which they collect. Mr Merivale observes, 'The strange and improbable narrative with which Varchi has the misfortune of closing his history, should not have been even hinted at without adding, that it is denounced by other writers as a most impudent forgery, invented years after the occurrence is supposed to have happened, by the "Apostate" bishop Petrus Paulus Vergerius. See its refutation in Amiani, Hist. di Fano II, 149 et seq. 160.

'Varchi's character, as an historian, cannot but suffer greatly from his having given it insertion on such authority. The responsibility of an author for the truth of what he relates should render us very cautious of giving credit to the writers of memoirs not intended to see the light till a distant period. The credibility of Vergerius, as an acknowledged libeller of Pope Paul III, and his family, appears still more conclusively from his article in Bayle, note K.' It must be added, that the calumny of Vergerius may be found in Wolfius's Lect. Mem. II, 691, in a tract de Idolo Lauretano, published 1556. Varchi is more particular in his details of this monstrous tale. Vergerius's libels, universally read at the time, though they were collected afterwards, are now not to be met with, even in public libraries. Whether there was any truth in the story of Peter Lewis Farnese I know not; but crimes of as monstrous a die occur in the authentic Guicciardini. The story is not yet forgotten, since in the last edition of Haym's Biblioteca Italiana, the best edition is marked as that which at p. 639 contains 'lasceleratezza di Pier Lewis Farnese.' I am of opinion that Varchi believed the story, by the solemnity of his proposition. Whatever be its truth, the historian's feeling was elevated and intrepid.

which outvied those of the sovereign; and which, to the eyes of the populace, appeared as a perpetual and insolent exhibition of what they deemed the ill-earned wages of peculation, oppression, and court-favour. We discover the seduction of this passion for ostentation, this haughty sense of their power, and this self-idolatry, even among the most prudent and the wisest of our ministers; and not one but lived to lament over this vain act of imprudence. To these ministers the noble simplicity of Pitt will ever form an admirable contrast; while his personal character, as a statesman, descends to posterity, unstained by calumny.

The houses of Cardinal Wolsey appear to have exceeded the palaces of the sovereign in magnificence; and potent as he was in all the pride of pomp, the 'great Cardinal' found rabid envy pursuing him so close at his heels, that he relinquished one palace after the other, and gave up as gifts to the monarch, what, in all his overgrown greatness, he trembled to retain for himself. The state satire of that day was often pointed at this very circumstance, as appears in Skilton's 'Why come ye not to Court?' and Roy's 'Rede me, and be not wrothe.' Skelton's railing rhymes leave their bitter teeth in his purple pride; and the style of both these satirists, if we use our own orthography, shows how little the language of the common people has varied during three centuries.

Set up the wretch on high
In a throne triumphantly;
Make him a great state
And he will play check-mate
With royal majesty——
The King's Court
Should have the excellence,
But Hampton Court
Hath the pre-eminence;
And York's Place
With my Lord's grace.
To whose magnificence
Is all the confluence,
Suits, and supplications;
Embassies of all nations.

Roy, in contemplating the palace, is maliciously reminded of the butcher's lad, and only gives plain sense in plain words.

Hath the Cardinal any gay mansion?
Great palaces without comparison,
Most glorious of outward sight,
And within decked point-device,*
More like unto a paradise
Than an earthly habitation.
He cometh then of some noble stock?
His father could match a bullock,
A butcher by his occupation.

Whatever we may now think of the structure, and the low apartments of Wolsey's palace, it is described not only in his own times, but much later, as of unparalleled magnificence; and indeed Cavendish's narrative of the Cardinal's entertainment of the French ambassadors, gives an idea of the ministerial-prelate's imperial establishment, very puzzling to the comprehension of a modern inspector. Six hundred persons, I think, were banqueted and slept in an abode which appears to us so mean, but which Stowe calls 'so stately a palace.' To avoid the odium of living in this splendid edifice, Wolsey presented it to the king, who, in recompense, suffered the Cardinal occasionally to inhabit this wonder of England, in the character of keeper of the king's palace;† so that Wolsey only dared to live in his own palace by a subterfuge! This perhaps was a tribute which minsterial haughtiness paid to popular feeling, or to the jealousy of a royal master.

I have elsewhere shown the extraordinary elegance and prodigality of expenditure of Buckingham's residences; they were such as to have extorted the wonder, even of Bassompierre, and unquestionably excited the indignation of those who lived in a poor court, while our gay and thoughtless minister alone could indulge in the wanton profusion.

But Wolsey and Buckingham were ambitious and adventurous; they rose and shone the comets of the political horizon of Europe. The Roman tiara still haunted the imagination of the Cardinal: and the egotistic pride of having out-rivalled Richelieu and Olivarez, the nominal ministers but the real sovereigns of Europe, kindled the buoyant spirits of the gay, the gallant, and the splendid Villiers. But what 'folly of the wise' must account for the conduct of the profound Clarendon, and the sensible Sir Robert Walpole, who, like the other two ministers, equally became the victims of this imprudent passion for the ostentatious pomp of a palace. This magnificence looked like the vaunt of insolence in the eyes of the people, and covered the ministers with a popular odium.

Clarendon House is now only to be viewed in a print; but its story remains to be told. It was built on the site of Grafton-street; and when afterwards purchased by Monk, the Duke of Albemarle, he left his title to that well known-street. It was an edifice of considerable extent and grandeur. Clarendon reproaches himself in his life for 'his weakness and vanity,' in the vast expense incurred in this building, which he acknowledges had 'more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him, than any misdemeanor that he was thought to have been guilty of.' It ruined his estate; but he had been encouraged to it by the royal grant of the land, by that passion for building to which he owns 'he was naturally too much inclined,' and perhaps by other circumstances, among which was the opportunity of purchasing the stones which had been designed for the rebuilding of St Paul's: but the envy it drew on him, and the excess of the architect's proposed expense, had made his life 'very uneasy, and near insupportable.' The truth is, that when this palace was finished, it was imputed to him as a state-crime; all the evils in the nation, which were then numerous, pestilence, conflagration, war, and defeats, were discovered to be in some way connected with Clarendon-house; or, as it was popularly called, either Dunkirk-House, or Tangier-Hall, from a notion that it had been erected with the golden bribery which the chancellor had received for the sale of Dunkirk and Tangiers. He was reproached with having profaned the sacred stones dedicated to the use of the church. The great but unfortunate master of this palace, who, from a private lawyer, had raised himself by alliance even to royalty, the father-in-law of the Duke of York, it was maliciously suggested, had persuaded Charles the Second to marry the Infanta of Portugal, knowing (but how Clarendon obtained the knowledge, his enemies have not revealed) that the Portuguese Princess was not likely to raise any obstacle to the inheritance of his own daughter to the throne. At the Restoration, among other enemies, Clarendon found that the royalists were none the least active; he was reproached by them for preferring those who had been the cause of their late troubles. The same reproach has been incurred in the late restoration of the Bourbons. It is perhaps difficult and more political to maintain active men, who have obtained power, than to reinstate inferior talents, who at least have not their popularity. This is one of the parallel cases which so frequently strike us in exploring political history; and the *ultras* of Louis the Eighteenth are only the *royalists* of Charles the Second. There was a strong popular delusion carried on by the wits and the *Misses*, who formed the court of Charles the Second, that the government was as much shared by the Hydes as the Stuarts. We have in the state-poems, an unsparing lampoon entitled, 'Clarendon's House-warming;' but a satire yielding nothing in severity I have discovered in manuscript; and it is also remarkable for turning chiefly on a pun of the family name of the Earl of Clarendon. The witty and malicious rhymer, after making Charles the Second demand the great seal, and resolve to be his own chancellor, proceeds, reflecting on the great political victim.

Lo! his whole ambition already divides
The sceptre between the Stuarts and the Hydes.
Behold, in the depth of our plague and wars,
He built him a palace out-braves the stars;
Which house (we Dunkirk, he Clarendon, names
Looks down with shame upon St James;
But 'tis not his golden globe that will save him,

* Point-device, a term ingeniously explained by my learned friend Mr Douce. He thinks that it is borrowed from the labours of the needle, as we have point-lace, so point-device, i. e. point, a stitch, and devise, devised or invented; applied to describe any thing uncommonly exact, or worked with the nicety and precision of stitches made or devised by the needle. —Illustrations of Shakspeare, I, 93. But Mr Gifford has since observed that the origin of the expression is, perhaps, yet to be sought for; he derives it from a mathematical phrase, a point devisé, or a given point, and hence exact, correct, &c. Ben Jonson, Vol. IV, 170. See for various examples—Mr Ware's Glossary, Art. Point-devise.

† Lyson's Environs v. 56.

Being less than the custom-house farmers gave him;
His chapel for consecration calls,
Whose sacrilege plundered the stones from Paul's.
When Queen Dido landed she bought as much ground
As the *Hyde* of a lusty fat bull would surround;
But when the said *Hyde* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs;
So here in court, church, and country, far and wide,
Here's naught to be seen but *Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!*
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our hides of land, 'tis now land of Hydes!

Clarendon-House was a palace, which had been raised with at least as much fondness as pride; and Evelyn tells us, that the garden was planned by himself and his lordship; but the cost, as usual, trebled the calculation, and the noble master grieved in silence amidst this splendid pile of architecture.* Even when in his exile the sale was proposed to pay his debts, and secure some provision for his younger children, he honestly tells us, that 'he remained still so infatuated with the delight he had enjoyed, that though he was deprived of it, he hearkened very unwillingly to the advice.' In 1683 Clarendon-House met its fate, and was abandoned to the brokers, who had purchased it for its materials. An affecting circumstance is recorded by Evelyn on this occasion. In returning to town with the Earl of Clarendon, the son of the great earl, 'in passing by the glorious palace his father built but few years before, which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I turned my head the contrary way till the coach was gone past by, least I might minister occasion of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him, that in so short a time this pomp was fallen.' A feeling of infinite delicacy, so perfectly characteristic of Evelyn!

And now to bring down this subject to times still nearer. We find that Sir Robert Walpole had placed himself exactly in the situation of the great minister we have noticed; we have his confession to his brother Lord Walpole, and to his friend Sir John Hynde Cotton. The historian of this minister observes, that his magnificent buildings at Houghton drew on him great obloquy. On seeing his brother's house at Wolterton, Sir Robert expressed his wishes that he had contented himself with a similar structure. In the reign of Anne, Sir Robert sitting by Sir John Hynde Cotton, alluding to a sumptuous house which was then building by Harley, observed, that to construct a great house was a high act of imprudence in any minister! It was a long time after, when he had become prime minister, that he forgot the whole result of the present article; and pulled down his family mansion at Houghton to build its magnificent edifice; it was then Sir John Hynde Cotton reminded him of the reflection which he had made some years ago: the reply of Sir Robert is remarkable—'Your recollection is too late; I wish you had reminded me of it before I began building, for then it might have been of service to me!'

The statesman and politician then are susceptible of all the seduction of ostentation and the pride of pomp! Who could have credited it? But bewildered with power, in the magnificence and magnitude of the edifices which their colossal greatness inhabits, they seem to contemplate on its image!

Sir Francis Walsingham died and left nothing to pay his debts, as appears by a curious fact noticed in the anonymous life of Sir Philip Sidney prefixed to the Arcadia, and evidently written by one acquainted with the family history of his friend and hero. The chivalric Sidney, though sought after by court beauties, solicited the hand of the daughter of Walsingham, although, as it appears, she could have had no other portion than her own virtues and her father's name. 'And herein,' observes our anonymous biographer, 'he was exemplary to all gentlemen not to carry their love in their purses.' On this he notices this secret history of Walsingham.

'This is that Sir Francis who impoverished himself to enrich the state, and indeed made England his heir; and was so far from building up of fortune by the benefit of his place, that he demolished that fine estate left by his ancestors to purchase dear intelligence from all parts of Christendom. He had a key to unlock the pope's cabinet; and as if master of some invisible whispering-place, all the secrets of christian princes met at his closet. Wonder not then if he bequeathed no great wealth to his daughter, being *privately interred* in the quire of Paul's as *much indebted to his creditors*, though not so much as our nation is indebted to his memory.'

Some curious inquirer may afford us a catalogue of great ministers of state who have voluntarily declined the augmentation of their private fortune, while they devoted their days to the noble pursuits of patriotic glory! The labour of this research will be great, and the volume small!

'TAXATION NO TYRANNY!'

Such was the title of a famous political tract, sent forth at a moment when a people, in a state of insurrection, put forth a declaration that taxation was tyranny! It was not against an insignificant tax they protested, but against taxation itself! and in the temper of the moment this abstract proposition appeared an insolent paradox. It was instantly run down by that everlasting party which, so far back as in the laws of our Henry the First, are designated by the odd descriptive term of acephali, a *people without heads!** the strange equality of levellers!

These political monsters in all times have had an association of ideas of *taxation* and *tyranny*, and with them one name instantly suggests the other! This happened to one Gigli of Sienna, who published the first part of a dictionary of the Tuscan language,† of which only 312 leaves amused the Florentines; these having had the honour of being consigned to the flames by the hands of the hangman for certain popular errors; such as, for instance, under the word *Gran Duca* we find *Vedi Gabelli!* (see Taxes!) and the word *Gabella* was explained by a reference to *Gran Duca*. *Grand-Duke* and *taxes* were synonymes, according to this mordacious lexicographer! Such grievances, and the mode of expressing them, are equally ancient. A Roman consul, by levying a tax on *salt* during the Punic war, was nick-named *salinator*, and condemned by the 'majesty' of the people! He had formerly done his duty to the country, but the *salter* was now his reward! He retired from Rome, let his beard grow, and by his sordid dress, and melancholy air, evinced his acute sensibility. The Romans at length wanted the *salter* to command the army—as an injured man, he refused—but he was told that he should bear the caprice of the Roman people with the tenderness of a son for the humours of a parent! He had lost his reputation by a productive tax on salt, though this tax had provided an army and obtained a victory!

Certain it is that Gigli and his numerous adherents are wrong; for were they freed from all restraints as much as if they slept in forests and not in houses: were they inhabitants of wilds and not of cities, so that every man should be his own law-giver, with a perpetual immunity from all taxation, we could not necessarily infer their political happiness. There are nations where taxation is hardly known, for the people exist in such utter wretchedness, that they are too poor to be taxed; of which the Chinese, among others, exhibit remarkable instances. When Nero would have abolished all taxes, in his excessive passion for popularity, the senate thanked him for his good will to the people, but assured him that this was a certain means not of repairing, but of ruining the commonwealth. Bodin, in his curious work 'the Republic,' has noticed a class of politicians who are in too great favour with the people. 'Many seditious citizens, and desirous of innovations, did of late years promise immunity of taxes and subsidies to our people; but neither could they do it, or if they could have done it, they would not;

* At the gateway of the Three King's Inn, near Dover-street, in Piccadilly, are two pilasters with Corinthian capitals, which belonged to Clarendon-House, and are perhap the only remains of that edifice.

*Cowel's Interpretor, art. Acephali. This by-name we unexpectedly find in a grave antiquarian law-dictionary! probably derived from Pliny's description of a people whom some travellers had reported to have found in this predicament, in their fright and haste in attempting to land on a hostile shore among the savages. How it came to be introduced into the laws of Henry the First remains to be told by some profound antiquary; but it was common in the middle ages. Cowel says, 'Those are called acephali who were the levellers of that age, and acknowledged no head or superior.

† Vocabulario di Santa Caterina e della Lingua Sanese, 1717. This pungent lexicon was prohibited at Rome by desire of the Court of Florence. The history of this suppressed work may be found in Il Giornale de' Letterati d' Italia, Tomo xxix—1410. In the last edition of Havm's 'Bibliteca Italiana,' 1803, it is said to be reprinted at Manilla, nell' Isloe Filippine!—For the book-licensers it is a great way to go for it

or if it were done, should we have any commonweale, being the ground and foundation of one.'*

The undisguised and naked term of 'taxation' is, however, so odious to the people, that it may be curious to observe the arts practised by governments, and even by the people themselves, to veil it under some mitigating term. In the first breaking out of the American troubles, they probably would have yielded to the mother-country *the right of taxation*, modified by the term *regulation* (of their trade; this I infer from a letter of Dr. Robertson, who observes, that 'the distinction between *taxation* and *regulation* is mere folly!' Even despotic governments have condescended to disguise the contributions forcibly levied, by some appellative which should partly conceal its real nature. Terms have often influenced circumstances, as names do things; and conquest or oppression, which we may allow to be synonymes, apes benevolence whenever it claims as as a what it exacts as a tribute.

A sort of philosophical history of taxation appears in the narrative of Wood, in his inquiry on Homer. He tells us that 'the *presents* (a term of extensive signification in the East) which are distributed annually by the bashaw of Damascus to the several Arab princes through whose territory he conducts the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, are, at Constantinople, called a *free gift*, and considered as an act of the sultan's generosity towards his indigent subjects; while, on the other hand, the Arab sheikhs deny even a right of passage through the districts of their command, and exact those sums as a *tax* due for the permission of going through their country. In the frequent bloody contests which the adjustment of these *fees* produce, the Turks complain of *robbery*, and the Arabs of *invasion*.'*

Here we trace *taxation* through all its shifting forms accommodating itself to the feelings of the different people; the same principle regulated the alternate terms proposed by the buccaneers, when they *asked* what the weaker party was sure to *give*, or when they *levied* what the others paid only as a common *toll*.

When Louis the Eleventh of France beheld his country exhausted by the predatory wars of England, he bought a peace of our Edward the Fourth by an annual sum of fifty thousand crowns, to be paid at London, and likewise granted *pensions* to the English ministers. Holingshead and all our historians call this a yearly *tribute*; but Comines, the French memoir writer, with a national spirit, denies that these *gifts* were either *pensions* or *tributes*. 'Yet,' says Bodin, a Frenchman also, but affecting a more philosophical indifference, 'it must be either the one or the other; though I confess, that those who receive a pension to obtain peace, commonly boast of it *as if it were a tribute*.'† Such are the shades of our feelings in this history of taxation and tribute. But there is another artifice of applying soft names to hard things, by veiling a tyrannical act by a term which presents no disagreeable idea to the imagination. When it was formerly thought desirable, in the relaxation of morals which prevailed in Venice to institute the office of *censor*, three magistrates were elected bearing this title; but it seemed so harsh and austere in that dissipated city, that these reformers of manners were compelled to change their title; when they were no longer called *censors*, but *I signori sopra il bon vivere della cità*, all agreed on the propriety of the office under the softened term. Father Joseph the secret agent of Cardinal Richelieu, was the inventor of *letters de catchet*, disguising that instrument of despotism by the amusing term of *a sealed letter*. Expatriation would have been merciful compared with the result of that *billet-doux*, a sealed letter from his majesty!

Burke reflects with profound truth—'Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point which, by way of eminence, becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of *taxing*. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of *money* was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered.'*

One party clamorously asserts that taxation is their grievance, while another demonstrates that the annihilation of taxes would be their ruin! The interests of a great nation, among themselves, are often contrary to each other, and each seems alternately to predominate and to decline. 'The sting of taxation,' observs Mr Hallam, 'is wastefulness; but it is difficult to name a limit beyond which taxes will not be borne without impatience when *faithfully applied*.' In plainer words, this only signifies, we presume, that Mr Hallem's party would tax us without 'wastefulness!' Minsterial or opposition, whatever be the administration, it follows that 'taxation is no tyranny;' Dr Johnson then was terribly abused in his day for a *vox et prætera nihila*.

Still shall the innocent word be hateful, and the people will turn even on their best friend, who in administration inflicts a new impost; as we have shown by the fate of the Roman *Salinator!* Among ourselves, our government, in its constitution, if not always in its practice, long had a consideration towards the feelings of the people, and often contrived to hide the nature of its exactions, by a name of blandishment. An enormous grievance was long the office of purveyance. A purveyor was an officer who was to furnish every sort of provision for the royal house, and sometimes for great lords, during their progresses or journeys. His oppressive office, by arbitrarily fixing the market-prices, and compelling the countrymen to bring their articles to market, would enter into the history of the arts of grinding the labouring class of society; a remnant of feudal tyranny! The very title of this officer became odious; and by a statute of Edward III, the hateful name of *purveyor* was ordered to be changed into *acheteur* or buyer! A change of name, it was imagined, would conceal its nature! The term often devised strangely contrasted with the thing itself. Levies of money were long raised under the pathetic appeal of *benevolences*. When Edward IV was passing over to France, he obtained, under this gentle demand, money towards 'the great journey,' and afterwards having 'rode about the more part of the lands, and used the people in such fair manner, that they were liberal in their gifts; Old Fabian adds, 'the which way of the levying of this money was after-named a benevolence.' Edward IV was courteous in this newly-invented style, and was besides the handsomest tax-gatherer in his kingdom! His royal presence was very dangerous to the purses of his loyal subjects, particularly to those of the females. In his progress, having kissed a widow for having contributed a larger sum than was expected from her estate, she was so overjoyed at the singular honour and delight that she doubled her *benevolence*, and a second kiss had ruined her! but in the succeeding reign of Richard III, the term had already lost the freshness of its innocence. In the speech which the Duke of Buckingham delivered from the Hustings in Guildhall, he explained the term to the satisfaction of his auditors, who even then were as cross-humoured as the livery of this day, in their notions of what now we gently call 'supplies.' 'Under the plausible name of *benevolence*, as it was held in the time of Edward IV, your goods were taken from you much against your will, as if by that name was understood that every man should pay not what he pleased, but what the king would have him;' or, as a marginal note in Buck's Life of Richard III, more pointedly has it, that 'the name of *benevolence* signified that every man should pay, not what he of his own good will list, but what the king of his good will list to take.'* Richard III, whose business, like that of all usurpers, was to be popular, in a statute even condemns this 'benevolence' as 'a new imposition,' and enacts that 'none shall be charged with it in future; many families having been ruined under these pretended gifts.

* Bodin's six books of a Commonwealth, translated by Richard Knolles, 1606. A work replete with the practical knowledge of politics; and of which Mr Dugald Steward has delivered a high opinion. Yet this great politician wrote a volume to anathematize those who doubted the existence of sorcerers, and witches, &c, whom he condemns to the flames! See his 'Demonomaine des Sorciers.' 1593.

† Wood's Inquiry on Homer, p, 153.

‡ Bodin's Common-weale, translated by R. Knolles, p. 148. 1606.

* Burke's Works, vol. i. 288.

† Daines Barrington, in 'Observations on the Statutes,' gives the marginal note of Buck as the words of the Duke; they certainly served his purpose to amuse, better than the veracious ones; but we expect from a grave antiquary inviolable authenticity. The Duke is made by Barrington a sort of wit, but the pithy quaintness is Buck's.

His successor, however, found means to levy 'a benevolence;' but when Henry VIII demanded one, the citizens of London appealed to the act of Richard III. Cardinal Wolsey insisted that the law of a murderous usurper should not be enforced. One of the common-council courageously replied, that 'King Richard, conjointly with parliament, had enacted many good statutes.' Even then the citizen seems to have comprehended the spirit of our constitution—that taxes should not be raised without consent of parliament!

Charles the First, amidst his urgent wants, at first had hoped, by the pathetic appeal to *benevolence*, that he should have touched the hearts of his unfriendly commoners; but the term of *benevolence* proved unlucky. The resisters of *taxation* took full advantage of a significant meaning, which had long been lost in the custom; asserting by this very term that all levies of money were not compulsory, but the voluntary gifts of the people. In that political crisis, when in the fullness of time all the national grievances, which had hitherto been kept down, started up with one voice, the courteous term strangely contrasted with the rough demand. Lord Digby said 'the granting of *subsidies*, under so preposterous a name as of a *benevolence*, was—a *malevolence*.' And Mr Grimstone observed, that 'They have granted a benevolence, but the nature of the *thing* agrees not with the *name*.' The nature indeed had so entirely changed from the name, that when James I had tried to warm the hearts of his 'benevolent' people, he got 'little money, and lost a great deal of love.' 'Subsidies,' that is, grants made by parliament, observes Arthur Wilson, a dispassionate historian, 'get more of the people's money, but exactions enslave the mind.'

When *benevolences* had become a grievance, to diminish the odium they invented more inviting phrases. The subject was cautiously informed that the sums demanded were only *loans*; or he was honoured by a letter under the *privy seal*; a bond which the king engaged to repay at a definite period; but privy seals at length got to be hawked about to persons coming out of church. 'Privy seals,' says a manuscript letter, 'are flying thick and threefold in sight of all the world, which might surely have been better performed in delivering them to every man privately at home.' The *general loan*, which in fact was a forced loan, was one of the most crying grievances under Charles I. Ingenious in the destruction of his own popularity, the king contrived a new mode, of '*secret instructions to commissioners*.'* They were to find out persons who could bear the largest rates. How the commissioners were to acquire this secret and inquisitorial knowledge appears in the bungling contrivance. It is one of their orders that after a number of inquiries have been put to a person, concerning others who had spoken against loan-money, and what arguments they had used, this person was to be charged in his majesty's name, and upon his allegiance, not to disclose to any other the answer he had given. A striking instance of that fatuity of the human mind, when a weak government is trying to do what it knows not how to perform: it was seeking to obtain a secret purpose by the most open and general means; a self-destroying principle!

Our ancestors were children in finance; their simplicity has been too often described as tyranny! but from my soul do I believe, on this obscure subject of taxation, that old Burleigh's advice to Elizabeth includes more than all the squabbling pamphlets of our political economists—'win hearts, and you have their hands and purses!'

THE BOOK OF DEATH.

Montaigne was fond of reading minute accounts of the deaths of remarkable persons; and, in the simplicity of his heart, old Montaigne wished to be learned enough to form a collection of these deaths, to observe 'their words, their actions, and what sort of countenance they put upon it.' He seems to have been a little over curious about deaths, in reference, no doubt, to his own, in which he was certainly deceived; for we are told that he did not die as he had promised himself,—expiring in the adoration of the mass; or, as his preceptor Buchanan would have called it, in 'the act of rank idolatry.'

I have been told of a privately printed volume, under the singular title of 'The Book of Death,' where an *amateur* has compiled the pious memorials of many of our eminent men in their last moments: and it may form a companion-piece to the little volume on 'Les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant.' This work, I fear, must be monotonous; the deaths of the righteous must resemble each other; the learned and the eloquent can only receive in silence that hope which awaits 'the covenant of the grave.' But this volume will not establish any decisive principle; since the just and the religious have not always encountered death with indifference, nor even in a fit composure of mind.

The functions of the mind are connected with those of the body. On a death-bed a fortnight's disease may reduce the firmest to a most wretched state; while, on the contrary, the soul struggles, as it were in torture, in a robust frame. Nani, the Venetian historian, has curiously described the death of Innocent X, who was a character unblemished by vices, and who died at an advanced age, with too robust a constitution. *Dopo lunga e terribile agonia, con dolore e con pena, separandosi l'anima da quel corpo robusto, egli spirò ai sette di Gennaro, nel ottantesimo primo de suoi anni.* 'After a long and terrible agony, with great bodily pain and difficulty, his soul separated itself from that robust frame, and expired in his eighty-first year.'

Some have composed sermons on death, while they passed many years of anxiety, approaching to madness, in contemplating their own. The certainty of an immediate separation from all our human sympathies may, even on a death-bed, suddenly disorder the imagination. The great physician of our times told me of a general, who had often faced the cannon's mouth, dropping down in terror, when informed by him that his disease was rapid and fatal. Some have died of the strong imagination of death. There is a print of a knight brought on the scaffold to suffer; he viewed the headsman; he was blinded, and knelt down to receive the stroke. Having passed through the whole ceremony of a criminal execution, accompanied by all its disgrace, it was ordered that his life should be spared,—instead of the stroke from the sword, they poured cold water over his neck. After this operation the knight remained motionless; they discovered that he had expired in the very imagination of death! Such are among the many causes which may affect the mind in the hour of its last trial. The habitual associations of the natural character are most likely to prevail—though not always! The intrepid Marshal Biron disgraced his exit by womanish tears, and raging imbecility; the virtuous Erasmus, with miserable groans was heard crying out *Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!* Bayle having prepared his proof for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words which Lord Chesterfield was heard to speak were, when the valet opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr Dayroles—'Give Dayroles a chair!' 'This good-breeding,' observed the late Dr Warren his physician, 'only quits him with his life.' The last words of Nelson were, 'Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor.' The tranquil grandeur which cast a new majesty over Charles the First on the scaffold, appeared when he declared—'I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me!' And the characteristic pleasantry of Sir Thomas More exhilarated his last moments, when observing the weakness of the scaffold, he said, in mounting it, 'I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself!' Sir Walter Raleigh passed a similar jest when going to the scaffold.

My ingenious friend Dr Sherwen has furnished me with the following anecdotes of death. In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains, the other after long silence thus offered him consolation. 'My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away.'

At the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the royal victim looking at the soldiers who had pointed their fusees, said, 'Grenadiers! lower your arms, otherwise you will miss, or only wound me!' To two of them who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said, 'A loyal soldier who has been so often exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear.'

After a similar caution on the part of Sir George Lisle, or Sir Charles Lucas, when murdered in nearly the same manner at Colchester, by the soldiers of Fairfax, the loyal

* These 'Private Instructions to the Commissioners for the General Loan' may be found in Rushworth, i, 418.

here in answer to their assertions and assurances that they would take care not to miss him, nobly replied 'You have often missed me when I have been nearer to you in the field of battle.'

When the governor of Cadiz, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, to one of his murderers who had run a pike through his back, he calmly turned round and said, 'Coward to strike there! Come round, if you dare—face, and destroy me!'

Mr Abernethy in his Physiological Lectures has ingeniously observed, that 'Shakspeare has represented Mercutio continuing to jest, though conscious that he was mortally wounded; the expiring Hotspur thinking of nothing but honour; and the dying Falstaff still cracking his jests upon Bardolph's nose. If such facts were duly attended to, they would prompt us to make a more liberal allowance for each other's conduct under certain circumstances than we are accustomed to do.' The truth seems to be, that whenever the functions of the mind are not disturbed by 'the nervous functions of the digestive organs,' the personal character predominates even in death, and its habitual associations exist to its last moments. Many religious persons may have died without showing in their last moments any of those exterior acts, or employing those fervent expressions, which the collector of 'The Book of Death' would only deign to chronicle; their hope is not gathered in their last hour.

Yet many with us have delighted to taste of death long before they have died, and have placed before their eyes all the furniture of mortality. The horrors of a charnel-house is the scene of their pleasure. The 'Midnight Meditations' of Quarles preceded Young's 'Night Thoughts' by a century, and both these poets loved preternatural terror.

'If I must die, I'll snatch at every thing
That may but mind me of my latest breath;
Death's-heads, Graves, Knells, Blacks,* Tombs, all these shall bring
Into my soul such *useful thoughts of death*,
That this sable king of fears
Shall not catch me unawares.' QUARLES.

But it may be doubtful whether the *thoughts of death are useful*, whenever they put a man out of the possession of his faculties. Young pursued the scheme of Quarles: he raised about him an artificial emotion of death; he darkened his sepulchral study, placing a skull on his table by lamp-light; as Dr Donne had his portrait taken, first winding a sheet over his head and closing his eyes; keeping this melancholy picture by his bed-side as long as he lived, to remind him of his mortality. Young even in his garden had his conceits of death: at the end of an avenue was viewed a seat of an admirable chiaro oscuro, which, when approached, presented only a painted surface, with an inscription, alluding to the deception of the things of this world. To be looking at 'The mirror which flatters not;' to discover ourselves only as a skeleton with the horrid life of corruption about us, has been among those penitential inventions, which have often ended in shaking the innocent by the pangs which are only natural to the damned. Without adverting to those numerous testimonies, the diaries of fanatics, I shall offer a picture of an accomplished and innocent lady, in a curious and unaffected transcript she has left of a mind of great sensibility, where the preternatural terror of death might perhaps have hastened the premature one she suffered.

From the 'Reliquiæ Gethinianæ,† I quote some of Lady Gethin's ideas on 'Death.'—'The very thoughts of death disturb one's reason; and though a man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for one's health, than to be in fear of death. There are some so wise, as neither to hate nor fear it; but for my part I have an aversion for it, and with reason; for it is a rash inconsiderate thing, that always comes before it is looked for; always comes unseasonably, parts friends, ruins beauty, laughs at youth, and draws a dark veil over all the pleasures of life. This dreadful evil is but the evil of a moment, and what we cannot by any means avoid; and it is that which makes it so terrible to me; for were it uncertain, hope might diminish some part of the fear; but when I think I must die, and that I may die every moment, and that too a thousand several ways, I am in such a fright as you cannot imagine. I see dangers where, perhaps, there never were any. I am persuaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death is to think of it as little as possible.' She proceeds by enumerating the terrors of the fearful, who 'cannot enjoy themselves in the pleasantest places, and although they are neither on sea, river, or creek, but in good health in their chamber, yet are they so well instructed with the *fear of dying*, that they do not measure it only by the *present* dangers that wait on us. Then is it not best to submit to God! But some people cannot do it as they would; and though they are not destitute of reason but perceive they are to blame, yet at the same time that their reason condemns them, their imagination makes their hearts feel what it pleases.'

Such is the picture of an ingenuous and a religious mind, drawn by an amiable woman, who, it is evident, lived always in the fear of death. The Gothic skeleton was ever haunting her imagination. In Dr Johnson the same horror was suggested by the thoughts of death. When Boswell once in conversation persecuted Johnson on this subject, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death; he answered in a passion, 'No, Sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives! The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time!' But when Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he thundered out, 'Give us no more of this!' and, further, sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, 'Don't let us meet to-morrow!'

It may be a question whether those who by their preparatory conduct have appeared to show the greatest indifference for death, have not rather betrayed the most curious art to disguise its terrors. Some have invented a mode of escaping from life in the midst of convivial enjoyment. A mortuary preparation of this kind has been recorded of an amiable man, Moncriff, the author of 'Histoire des Charts' and 'L'Art de Plaire,' by his literary friend La Place, who was an actor in, as well as the historian of the singular narrative. One morning La Place received a note from Moncriff, requesting that 'he would immediately select for him a dozen volumes most likely to amuse, and of a nature to withdraw the reader from being occupied by melancholy thoughts.' La Place was startled at the unusual request, and flew to his old friend, whom he found deeply engaged in being measured for a new peruke, and a taffety robe de chambre, earnestly enjoining the utmost expedition. 'Shut the door!'—said Moncriff, observing the surprise of his friend. 'And now that we are alone, I confide my secret: on rising this morning, my valet in dressing me showed me on this leg this dark spot—from that moment I knew I "was condemned to death;" but I had presence of mind enough not to betray myself.' 'Can a head so well organised as yours imagine that such a trifle is a sentence of death?'—'Don't speak so loud, my friend!—or rather deign to listen a moment. At my age it is fatal! The system from which I have derived the felicity of a long life has been, that whenever any evil, moral or physical, happens to us, if there is a remedy, all must be sacrificed to deliver us from it—but in a contrary case, I do not choose to wrestle with destiny and to begin complaints, endless as useless! All that I request of you, my friend, is to assist me to pass away the few days which remain for me, free from all cares, of which otherwise they might be too susceptible. But do not think,' he added with warmth, 'that I mean to elude the religious duties of a citizen, which so many of late affect to contemn.' The good and virtuous curate of my parish is coming here under a pretext of an annual contribution, and I have even ordered my physician, on whose confidence I can rely. Here is a list of ten or twelve persons, friends beloved! who are mostly known to you. I shall write to them this evening, to tell them of my condemnation; but if they wish me to live, they will do me the favour to assemble here at five in the evening, where they may be certain of finding all those objects of amusement, which I shall study to discover suitable to their tastes. And you, my old friend, with my doctor, are two on whom I most depend.'

La Place was strongly affected by this appeal—neither

* Blacks was the term for mourning in James the First and Charles the First's time.

† My discovery of the nature of this rare volume, of what is original and what collected, will be found in the latter part of the First Series of these Curiosities of Literature.

Socrates, nor Cato, nor Seneca looked more serenely on the approach of death.

'Familiarize yourself early with death!' said the good old man with a smile—'It is only dreadful for those who dread it!'

During ten days after this singular conversation, the whole of Moncriff's remaining life, his apartment was open to his friends, of whom several were ladies; all kinds of games were played till nine o'clock, and that the sorrows of the host might not disturb his guests, he played the *chouette* at his favourite game of *picquet:* a supper, seasoned by the wit of the master, concluded at eleven. On the tenth night, in taking leave of his friend, Moncriff whispered to him, 'Adieu, my friend! to-morrow morning I shall return your books!' He died, as he foresaw, the following day.

I have sometimes thought that we might form a history of this *fear of death*, by tracing the first appearances of the skeleton which haunts our funeral imagination. In the modern history of mankind we might discover some very strong contrasts in the notion of death entertained by men at various epochs. The following article will supply a sketch of this kind.

HISTORY OF THE SKELETON OF DEATH.

Enthanasia! Enthanasia! an easy death! was the exclamation of Augustus; it was what Antonius Pius enjoyed; and it is that for which every wise man will pray, said Lord Orrery, when perhaps he was contemplating on the close of Swift's life.

The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to fever, to misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change! But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep; and ever the friend of the unhappy! To the eternal sleep of death they dedicated their sepulchral monuments—*Æternali Somno!** If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp, held up by the messenger of the Gods intently gazing above, implied a dedication of that soul; Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishing itself, elegantly denoted the cessation of human life; a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, such as they wore at their convivial meetings, a flask of wine, a patera, and the small bones used as dice; all these symbols were indirect allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections. They did not pollute their imagination with the contents of a charnel-house. The sarcophagi of the ancients rather recall to us the remembrance of the activity of life; for they are sculptured with battles or games, in basso relievo; a sort of tender homage paid to the dead, observes Mad. De Stael, with her peculiar refinement of thinking.

It would seem that the Romans had even an aversion to mention death in express terms, for they disguised its very name by some periphrasis, such as *discessit e vita*, 'he has departed from life;' and they did not say that their friend had *died*, but that he had *lived; vixit!* In the old Latin chronicles, and even the *Fœdera* and other documents of the middle ages, we find the same delicacy about using the fatal word *Death*, especially when applied to kings and great people. '*Transire a Sæculo—Vitam suam mutare—Si quid de eo humanitus contigerit, &c.*' I am indebted to Mr Merivale for this remark. Even among a people less refined, the obtrusive idea of death has been studiously avoided: we are told that when the Emperor of Morocco inquires after any one who has recently died, it is against etiquette to mention the word 'death;' the answer is 'his destiny is closed!' But this tenderness is only reserved for 'the elect' of the Mussulmen. A Jew's death is at once plainly expressed, 'He is dead, sir! asking your pardon for mentioning such a contemptible wretch!' i. e. a Jew! A Christian's is described by 'The infidel is dead!' or 'The cuckold is dead!'

* Montfaucon, L'Antiquité Expliquée, I, 362.

The artists of antiquity have so rarely attempted to personify Death, that we have not discovered a single revolting image of this nature in all the works of antiquity*—to conceal its deformity to the eye, as well as to elude its suggestion to the mind, seems to have been an universal feeling, and it accorded with a fundamental principle of ancient art; that of never offering to the eye a distortion of form in the violence of passion, which destroyed the beauty of its representation; such is shown in the Laocoon, where the mouth only opens sufficiently to indicate the suppressed agony of superior humanity, without expressing the loud cry of vulgar suffering. Pausanias considered as a personification of death a female figure, whose teeth and nails, long and crooked, were engraven on a coffin of cedar, which enclosed the body of Cypselus; this female was unquestionably only one of the *Parcæ*, or the Fates, 'watchful to cut the thread of life;' Hesiod describes Atropos indeed as having sharp teeth, and long nails, waiting to tear and devour the dead; but this image was in a barbarous era. Catullus ventured to personify the Sister-Destinies as three Crones; 'but in general, Winkelman observes, 'they are portrayed as beautiful virgins, with winged heads, one of whom is always in the attitude of writing on a scroll.' Death was a nonentity to the ancient artist. Could he exhibit what represents nothing? Could he animate into action what lies in a state of eternal tranquillity? Elegant images of repose and tender sorrow were all he could invent to indicate the state of death. Even the terms which different nations have bestowed on a burial-place are not associated with emotions of horror. The Greeks called a burying-ground by the soothing term of *Cœmetrion*, or, 'the sleeping-place;' the Jews, who had no horrors of the grave, by *Bethhaim*, or 'the house of the living;' the Germans, with religious simplicity, 'God's field.'

Whence, then, originated that stalking skeleton, suggesting so many false and sepulchral ideas, and which for us has so long served as the image of death?

When the christian religion spread over Europe, the world changed! the certainty of a future state of existence, by the artifices of wicked worldly men, terrified instead of consoling human nature; and in the resurrection the ignorant multitude seemed rather to have dreaded retribution, than to have hoped for remuneration. The Founder of christianity every where breathes the blessedness of social feelings. It is 'our Father!' whom he addresses. The horrors with which christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruptions of christianity among those insane ascetics, who, misinterpreting 'the word of life,' trampled on nature; and imagined that to secure an existence in the other world it was necessary not to exist in the one in which God had placed them. The dominion of mankind fell into the usurping hands of those imperious monks whose artifices trafficked with the terrors of ignorant and hypochondriac 'Keisers and kings.' The scene was darkened by penances and by pilgrimages, by midnight vigils, by miraculous shrines, and bloody flagellations; spectres started up amidst their *tenebræ*; millions of masses increased their supernatural influence. Amidst this general gloom of Europe, their troubled imaginations were frequently predicting the end of the world. It was at this period that they first beheld the grave yawn, and Death in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy parading through the universe! The people were frightened, as they viewed every where hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their cathedrals, and their 'pale cloisters,' the most revolting emblems of death. They startled the traveller on the bridge; they stared on the sinner in the carvings of his table and chair; the spectre moved in the hangings of the apartment; it stood in the niche, and was the picture of their sitting-room; it was worn in their rooms, while the illuminator shaded the bony phantom in the margins of their 'horæ,' their primers, and their breviaries. Their barbarous taste perceived no absurdity in giving action to a heap of dry bones, which could only keep together in a state of immovability and repose; nor that it was burlesquing the awful idea of the resurrection, by ex-

* A representation of Death by a skeleton appears among the Egyptians; a custom more singular than barbarous prevailed, of enclosing a skeleton of beautiful workmanship in a small coffin, which the bearer carried round at their entertainments; observing, 'after death you will resemble this figure: drink then! and be happy!' a symbol of Death in a convivial party was not designed to excite terrific or gloomy ideas

hibiting the incorruptible spirit under the unnatural and ludicrous figure of mortality drawn out of the corruption of the grave.

An anecdote of these monkish times has been preserved by old Gerard Leigh; and as old stories are best set off by old words, Gerard speaketh! 'The great Maximilian the emperor came to a monastery in high Almaine (Germany,) the monks whereof had caused to be curiously painted the charnel of a man, which they termed—death! When that well-learned emperor had beholden it awhile, he called unto him his painter, commanding to blot the skeleton out, and to paint therein the image of—a fool. Wherewith the abbot, humbly beseeching him to the contrary, said, "It was a good remembrance!"—"Nay," quoth the emperor, "as vermin that annoyeth man's body cometh unlooked for, so doth death, which here is but a fained image, and life is a certain thing, if we know to deserve it.*"' The original mind of Maximilian the Great is characterised by this curious story of converting our emblem of death into a party-coloured fool; and such satirical allusions to the folly of those who persisted in their notion of the skeleton were not unusual with the artists of those times; we find the figure of a fool sitting with some drollery between the legs of one of these skeletons.†

This story is associated with an important fact. After they had successfully terrified the people with their charnel-house figure, a reaction in the public feelings occurred, for the skeleton was now employed as a medium to convey the most facetious, satirical, and burlesque notions of human life. Death, which had so long harassed their imaginations, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humour. The Italians were too long accustomed to the study of the beautiful to allow their pencil to sport with deformity; but the Gothic taste of the German artists, who could only copy their own homely nature, delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull; to put an eye of mockery or malignity into its hollow socket, and to stretch out the gaunt anatomy into the postures of a Hogarth; and that the ludicrous might be carried to its extreme, this imaginary being, taken from the bone-house, was viewed in the action of *dancing!* This blending of the grotesque with the most disgusting image of mortality, is the more singular part of this history of the skeleton, and indeed of human nature itself!

'The Dance of Death' erroneously considered as Holbein's with other similar dances, however differently treated, have one common subject which was painted in the arcades of burying-grounds, or on town-halls and in market-places. The subject is usually The Skeleton in the act of leading all ranks and conditions to the grave, personated after nature, and in the strict costume of the times. This invention opened a new field for genius; and when we can for a moment forget their luckless choice of their bony and bloodless hero, who to abuse us by a variety of action becomes a sort of horrid harlequin in these pantomimical scenes, we may be delighted by the numerous human characters, which are so vividly presented to us. The origin of this extraordinary invention is supposed to be a favourite pageant, or religious mummery, invented by the clergy, who in these ages of barbarous christianity always found it necessary to amuse, as well as to frighten the populace; a circumstance well known to have occurred in so many other grotesque and licentious festivals they allowed the people. This pageant was performed in churches, in which the chief characters in society were supported in a sort of masquerade, mixing together in a general dance, in the course of which every one in his turn vanished from the scene, to show how one after the other died off.‡ The subject was at once poetical and ethical; and the poets and painters of Germany adopting the skeleton, sent forth this chimerical Ulysses of another world to roam among the men and manners of their own. One Macaber composed a popular poem, and the old Gaulish version reformed is still printed at Troyes, in France, with the ancient blocks of wood-cuts under the title of 'La grande Danse Macabre des hommes et des femmes.' Merian's 'Todten Tans,' or the 'Dance of the Dead,' is a curious set of prints of a dance of death from an ancient painting, I think not entirely defaced, in a cemetery at Basle, in Switzerland. It was ordered to be painted by a council which was held there during many years, to commemorate the mortality occasioned by a plague in 1439. The prevailing character of all these works is unquestionably grotesque and ludicrous; not, however, that genius, however barbarous, could refrain in this large subject of human life from inventing scenes often imagined with great delicacy of conception, and even great pathos! Such is the new-married couple, whom Death is leading, beating a drum, and in the rapture of the hour, the bride seems with a melancholy look, now insensible of his presence; or Death is seen issuing from the cottage of the poor widdow with her youngest child, who waves his hand sorrowfully, while the mother and the sister vainly answer; or the old man, to whom death is playing on a psaltery, seems anxious; that his withered fingers should once more touch the strings, while he is carried off in calm tranquillity. The greater part of these subjects of death are, however, ludicrous and it may be a question, whether the spectators of these dances of death did not find their mirth more excited than their religious emotions. Ignorant and terrified as the people were at the view of the skeleton, even the grossest simplicity could not fail to laugh at some of those domestic scenes and familiar persons drawn from among themselves. The skeleton, skeleton as it is in the creation of genius, gesticulates and mimics, which even its hideous skull is made to express every diversified character, and the result is hard to describe; for we are at once amused and disgusted with so much genius founded on so much barbarism.

When the artist succeeded in conveying to the eye the most ludicrous notions of death, the poets also discovered in it a fertile source of the burlesque. The curious collector is acquainted with many volumes where the most extraordinary topics have been combined with this subject. They made the body and the soul debate together, and ridicule the complaints of a damned soul! The greater part of the poets of the time were always composing on the subject of Death in their humourous pieces.* Such historical records of the public mind, historians, intent on political events, have rarely noticed.

Of a work of this nature, a popular favourite was long the one entitled '*Le faut mourir et les excuses inutiles qu'on apporte a cette necessité; Le tout en vers burlesques*, 1658: Jacques Jacques, a canon of Ambrun, was the writer, who humorously says of himself, that he gives his thoughts just as they lie on his heart, without dissimulation; 'for I have nothing double about me except my name! I tell thee some of the most important truths in laughing; it is for thee *d'y penser tout a bon*.' This little volume was procured for me with some difficulty in France; and it is considered as one of the happiest of this class of death-poems of which I know not of any in our literature.

Our canon of Ambrun, in facetious rhymes, and with the *naiveté* of expression which belongs to his age, and an idiomatic turn fatal to a translator, excels in pleasantry; his haughty hero condescends to hold very amusing dialogues with all classes of society, and delights to confound their 'excuses inutiles.' The most miserable of men, the galley-slave, the medicant, alike would escape when he appears to them. 'Were I not absolute over them,' Death exclaims, 'they would confound me with their long speeches; but I have business, and must gallop on!' His geographical rhymes are droll.

'Ce que j'ai fait dans l'Affrique
Je le fais bien dans l'Amerique;
On l'appelle monde nouveau
Mais ce sont des brides à veau;
Nulle terre à moy n'est nouvelle
Je vay partout sans qu'on m'appelle,
Mon bras de tout tems commanda
Dans le pays de Canada;
J'ai tenu de tout temps en bride
La Virginie et la Floride,
Et j'ai bien donné sur le bec
Aux Frangais du fort de Kebec.
Lorsque je veux je fais la nique
Aux Incas, aux Rois de Mexique.
Et montre aux nouveaux Grenadins
Qu'ils sont des foux et des badins.
Chacun sait bien comme je matte
Ceux du Bresil et de la Platte,
Ainsi que les Taupinembous—
En un mot, je fais voir à tout

* The accidence of Armorie, p. 199.

† A wood-cut preserved in Mr Dibdin's Bib. Dec. 1, 35.

‡ My well-read friend Mr Douce has poured forth his curious knowledge on this subject in a dissertation prefixed to a valuable edition of Hollar's 'Dance of Death.'

* Goujet Bib. Françoise, vol. x, 185

Que ce que nait dans la nature,
Doit prendre de moy tablature!*

The perpetual employments of Death display copious invention with a facility of humour.

'Egalement je vay rengeant,
Le counseiller et le sergeant,
Le gentilhomme et le berger,
Le bourgeois at le boulanger,
Et la maistresse et la servante
Et la niepce comme la tante;
Monsieur l'abbé, monsieur son moine,
Le petit clerc et le chanoine;
Sans choix je mets dans mon butin
Maistre Claude, maistre Martin,
Dame Luce, dame Perrette, &c.
J'en prends un dans le temps qu'il pleure
A quelque autre, au contraire à l'heure
Que demisurement il rit
Je donne le coup qui le frit.
J'en prends un, pendant qu'il se leve;
En se couchant l'autre j'enleve.
Je prends la malade et le sain
L'un aujourd'hui, l'autre le demain.
J'en surprends un dedans son lict
L'autre a l'estude quand il lit.
J'en surprends un le ventre plein
Je mené l'autre par le faim.
J'attrape l'un pendant qu'il prie,
Et l'autre pendant qu'il remie,
J'en saisis un au cabaret
Entre le blanc et le clairet,
L'autre qui dans son oratoire
A son Dieu rend honneur et gloire:
J'en surprends un lors qu'il se pasme
Le jour qu'il epouse sa femme,
L'autre le jour que plein du deuil
La sienne il voit dans le cercuil;
Un à pied et l'autre à cheval
Dans le jeu l'un, et l'autre au bal;
Un qui mange et l'autre qui boit,
Un qui paye et l'autre qui doit.
L'un en été lorsqu'il moissonne
L'autre en vendanges dans l'autre
L'un criant almanachs nouveaux—
Un qui demande son aumosne
L'autre dans le temps qu'il la donne.
Je prends le bon maistre Clement,
Au temps qu'il rend un lauement,
Et prends la dame Catherine
Le jour qu'elle prend medicine.'

This veil of gaiety in the old canon of Ambrus covers deeper and more philosophical thoughts than the singular mode of treating so solemn a theme. He has introduced many scenes of human life, which still interest, and he addresses the 'Teste à triple couronne,' as well as the 'forsat de galere,' who exclaims, 'Laissez moi vivre dans mes fers,' 'le gueu,' the 'bourgeois,' the 'chanoine,' the 'pauvre soldat,' the 'medicin,' in a word, all ranks in life are exhibited, as in the 'dances of death.' But our object of noticing those burlesque paintings and poems is to show, that after the monkish Goths had opened one general scene of melancholy and tribulation over Europe, and given birth to that dismal *skeleton of death*, which still terrifies the imagination of many, a reaction of feeling was experienced by the populace, who at length came to laugh at the gloomy spectre which had so long terrified them!

THE RIVAL BIOGRAPHERS OF HEYLIN.

Peter Heylin was one of the popular writers of his times, like Fuller and Howell, who, devoting their amusing pens to subjects which deeply interested their own busy age, will not be slighted by the curious. We have nearly outlived their divinity, but not their politics. Metaphysical absurdities are luxuriant weeds which must be cut down by the scythe of Time; but the great passions branching from the tree of life are still 'growing with our growth.'

There are two biographies of our Heylin, which led to a literary quarrel of an extraordinary nature; and, in the progress of its secret history, all the feelings of rival authorship were called out.

Heylin died in 1662. Dr Barnard, his son-in-law, and a scholar, communicated a sketch of the author's life to be prefixed to a posthumous folio, of which Heylin's son was the editor. This life was given by the son, but anonymously, which may not have gratified the author, the son-in-law.

Twenty years had elapsed when, in 1682, appeared 'The Life of Dr Peter Heylin, by George Vernon.' The writer, alluding to the prior life prefixed to the posthumous folio, asserts, that in borrowing something from Barnard, Barnard had also 'Excerpted passages out of *my papers*, the very words as well as matter, when he had them in his custody, as any reader may discern who will be at the pains of comparing the life now published with what is extant before the *Keimalea Ecclesiastica*;' the quaint, pedantic title, after the fashion of the day, of the posthumous folio.

This strong accusation seemed countenanced by a dedication to the son and the nephew of Heylin. Roused now into action, the indignant Barnard soon produced a more complete Life, to which he prefixed 'A necessary Vindication.' This is an unsparing castigation of Vernon, the literary pet whom the Heylins had fondled in preference to their learned relative. The long smothered family grudge, the suppressed mortifications of literary pride, after the subterraneous grumblings of twenty years, now burst out, and the volcanic particles flew about in caustic pleasantries and sharp invectives; all the lava of an author's vengeance, mortified by the choice of an inferior rival.

It appears that Vernon had been selected by the son of Heylin, in preference to his brother-in-law Dr Barnard, from some family disagreement. Barnard tells us, in describing Vernon, that 'No man, except himself, who was totally ignorant of the Doctor, and all the circumstances of his life, would have engaged in such a work, which was never primarily laid out for him, but by reason of some unhappy differences, as usually fall out in families; and he who loves to put his oar in troubled waters, instead of closing them up hath made them wider.'

Barnard tells his story plainly. Heylin, the son, intending to have a more elaborate life of his father prefixed to his works, Dr Barnard, from the high reverence in which he held the memory of his father-in-law, offered to contribute it. Many conferences were held, and the son intrusted him with several papers. But suddenly his caprice, more than his judgment, fancied that George Vernon was worth John Barnard. The doctor affects to describe his rejection with the most stoical indifference. He tells us, 'I was satisfied, and did patiently expect the coming forth of the work, not only term after term, but year after year, a very considerable time for such a tract. But at last, instead of the life, came a letter to me from a bookseller in London, who lived at the sign of the Black Boy, in Fleet Street.'

Now it seems that he who lived at the Black Boy had combined with another who lived at the Fleur de Luce, and that the Fleur de Luce had assured the Black Boy that Dr Barnard was concerned in writing the Life of Heylin,—this was a strong recommendation. But lo! it appeared that 'one Mr Vernon, of Gloucester,' was to be the man! a gentle thin-skinned authorling, who bleated like a lamb, and who was so fearful to trip out of its shelter, that it allows the Black Boy and the Fleur de Luce to communicate its papers to any one they choose, and erase, or add, at their pleasure.

It occurred to the Black Boy, on this proposed arithmetical criticism, that the work required addition, subtraction, and division: that the fittest critic, on whose name, indeed, he had originally engaged in the work, was our Dr Barnard; and he sent the package to the doctor, who resided near Lincoln.

The doctor, it appears, had no appetite for a dish dressed by another, while he himself was in the very act of the cookery; and it was suffered to lie cold for three weeks at the carrier's.

But entreated and overcome, the good doctor at length sent to the carrier's for the life of his father-in-law. 'I found it, according to the bookseller's description most lame and imperfect; ill begun, worse carried on, and abruptly concluded.' The learned doctor exercised that plenitude of power with which the Black Boy had invested him;—he very obligingly showed the author in what a confused state his materials lay together, and how to put them in order;

'Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.'

If his rejections were copious, to show his good will as

* Tablature d'un luth, Cotgrave says, is the belly of a lute, meaning 'all in nature must dance to my music!'

well as his severity, his additions were generous, though he used the precaution of carefully distinguishing by 'distinct paragraphs' his own insertion amidst Vernon's mass, with a gentle hint, that 'He knew more of Heylin than any man now living, and ought therefore to have been the biographer.' He returned the MS. to the gentleman with great civility, but none he received back! When Vernon pretended to ask for improvements, he did not imagine that the work was to be improved by being nearly destroyed; and when he asked for correction, he probably expected all might end in a compliment.

The narrative may now proceed in Vernon's details of his doleful mortifications, in being 'altered and mangled' by Dr Barnard.

'Instead of thanks from him (Dr Barnard,) and the return of common civility, he disfigured my papers, that no sooner came into his hands, but he fell upon them as a lion rampant, or the cat upon the poor cock in the fable, saying, *Tu hodie mihi discerperis*—so my papers came home miserably clawed, blotted, and blurred; whole sentences dismembered, and pages scratched out; several leaves omitted which ought to be printed,—shamefully he used my copy; so that before it was carried to the press, he swooped away the second part of the life wholly from it—in the room of which he shuffled in a preposterous conclusion at the last page, which he printed in a different character, yet could not keep himself honest, as the poet saith,

Dicitque tua pagina, fur es.
MARTIAL.

for he took out of my copy Doctor Heylin's dream, his sickness, his last words before his death, and left out the burning of his surplice. He so mangled and metamorphosed the whole life I composed, that I may say as Socia did, *Egomet mihi non credo ille alter, Sosia, me malis mulcavit modis—Plaut.*'

Doctor Barnard would have 'patiently endured these wrongs;' but the accusation Vernon ventured on, that Barnard was the plagiary, required the doctor 'to return the poisoned chalice to his own lips,' that 'himself was the plagiary both of words and matter.' The fact is, that this reciprocal accusation was owing to Barnard having had a prior perusal of Heylin's papers, which afterwards came into the hands of Vernon: they both drew their waters from the same source. These papers Heylin himself had left for 'a rule to guide the writer of his life.'

Barnard keenly retorts on Vernon for his surreptitious use of whole pages from Heylin's works, which he has appropriated to himself without any marks of quotation. 'I am no such excerptor (as he calls me;) he is of the humour of the man who took all the ships in the Attic haven for his own, and yet was himself not master of any one vessel.'

Again:—

'But all this while I misunderstand him, for possibly he meaneth his own dear words I have excerpted. Why doth he not speak in plain downright English, that the word may see my faults? For every one does not know what is *excerpting*. If I have been so bold to pick or snap a word from him, I hope I may have the benefit of the clergy. What words have I robbed him of? and how have I become the richer for them? I was never so taken with him as to be once tempted to break the commandments, because I love plain speaking, plain writing, and plain dealing, which he does not: I hate the word *excerpted*, and the action imported in it. However, he is a fanciful man, and thinks there is no elegancy nor wit but in his own way of talking. I must say as Tully did, *Malim equidem indisertam prudentiam quam stultam loquacitatem.*'

In his turn he accuses Vernon of being a perpetual transcriber, and for the Malone minuteness of his history.

'But how have I excerpted *his* matter? Then I am sure to rob the spittle-house; for he is so poor and put to hard shifts, that has much ado to compose a tolerable story, which he hath been hammering and conceiving in his mind for four years together, before he could bring forth his *fœtus* of intolerable transcriptions to molest the reader's patience and memory. How doth he run himself out of breath, sometimes for twenty pages and more, at other times fifteen, ordinarily nine and ten, collected out of Dr Heylin's old books, before he can take his wind again to return to his story. I never met with such a transcriber in all my days; for want of matter to fill up a *vacuum*, of which his book was in much danger, he hath set down the story of Westminster, as long as the ploughman's tale in Chaucer, which to the reader would have been more pertinent and pleasant. I wonder he did not transcribe bills of chancery, especially about a tedious suit my father had for several years about a lease at Norton.'

In his raillery of Vernon's affected metaphors and comparisons, 'his similitudes and dissimilitudes strangely hooked in, and fetched as far as the Antipodes,' Barnard observes, 'The man hath also a strange opinion of himself that he is Doctor Heylin; and because he writes his life, that he hath his natural parts, if not acquired. The soul of St Augustine (say the schools) was Pythagorically tranfused into the corpse of Aquinas; so the soul of Dr Heylin into a narrow soul. I know there is a question in philosophy, *an animæ sint æquales?* Whether souls be alike? But there's a difference between the spirits of Elijah and Elisha: so small a prophet with so great a one!'

Dr Barnard concludes by regretting that good counsel came now unseasonable, else he would have advised the writer to have transmitted his task to one who had been an ancient friend of Dr Heylin, rather than ambitiously have assumed it, who was a professed stranger to him, by reason of which no better account could be expected from him than what he has given. He hits off the character of this piece of biography—'A life to the half; an imperfect creature, that is not only lame (as the honest bookseller said,) but wanteth legs, and all other integral parts of a man; nay the very soul that should animate a body like Dr Heylin. So that I must say of him as Plutarch doth of Tib. Gracchus, "that he is a bold undertaker and rash talker of those matters he does not understand." And so I have done with him, unless he creates to himself and me a future trouble.'

Vernon appears to have slunk away from the duel. The son of Heylin stood corrected by the superior life produced by their relative; the learned and vivacious Barnard probably never again ventured to *alter and improve the works of an author* kneeling and praying for corrections. These bleating lambs, it seems, often turn out roaring lions!

OF LENGLET DU FRESNOY.

The '*Methode pour etudier l'Histoire*,' by the Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy, is a master-key to all the locked-up treasures of ancient and modern history, and to the more secret stores of the obscurer memorialists of every nation. The history of this work and its author are equally remarkable. The man was a sort of curiosity in human nature, as his works are in literature. Lenglet du Fresnoy is not a writer merely laborious; without genius, he still has a hardy originality in his manner of writing and of thinking; and his vast and restless curiosity fermenting his immense book-knowledge, with a freedom verging on cynical causticity, led to the pursuit of uncommon topics. Even the prefaces to the works which he edited are singularly curious, and he has usually added *bibliotheques*, or critical catalogues of authors, which we may still consult for notices on the writers of romances—of those on literary subjects—on alchymy, or the hermetic philosophy; of those who have written on apparitions, visions, *&c.*—an historical treatise on the secret of confession, *&c.*; besides those 'Pieces Justificatives,' which constitute some of the most extraordinary documents in the philosophy of History. His manner of writing secured him readers even among the unlearned; his mordacity, his sarcasm, his derision, his pregnant interjections, his unguarded frankness, and often his strange opinions, contribute to his reader's amusement more than comports with his graver tasks; but his peculiarities cannot alter the value of his knowledge, whatever they may sometimes detract from his opinions; and we may safely admire the ingenuity, without quarrelling with the sincerity of the writer, who having composed a work on *L'Usage des Romans*, in which he gayly impugned the authenticity of all history, to prove himself not to have been the author, ambi-dexterously published another of *L'Histoire justifiée contre les Romans*; and perhaps it was not his fault that the attack was spirited, and the justification dull.

This 'Methode' and his 'Tablettes Chronologiques, of nearly forty other publications are the only ones which outlived their writer; volumes, merely curious, are exiled to the shelf of the collector, the very name of an author

merely curious—that shadow of a shade—is not always even preserved by a dictionary-compiler in the universal charity of his alphabetical mortuary.

The history of this work is a striking instance of those imperfect beginnings, which have often closed in the most important labours. This admirable 'Methode' made its first meagre appearance in two volumes in 1713. It was soon reprinted at home and abroad, and translated into various languages. In 1729 it assumed the dignity of four quartos; but at this stage it encountered the vigilance of government, and the lacerating hand of a celebrated *censeur* Gros de Boze. It is said, that from a personal dislike of the author, he cancelled one hundred and fifty pages from the printed copy submitted to his censorship. He had formerly approved of the work, and had quietly passed over some of these obnoxious passages: it is certain that Gros de Boze, in a dissertation on the Janus of the ancients in this work, actually erased a high commendation of himself,* which Lenglet had, with unusual courtesy, bestowed on Gros de Boze; for as a critic he is most penurious of panegyric, and there is always a caustic flavour even in his drops of honey. This *censeur* either affected to disdain the commendation, or availed himself of it as a trick of policy. This was a trying situation for an author, now proud of a great work, and who himself partook more of the bull than of the lamb. He who winced at the scratch of an epithet, beheld his perfect limbs bruised by erasures and mutilated by cancels. This sort of troubles indeed was not unusual with Lenglet. He had occupied his old apartment in the Bastile so often, that at the sight of the officer who was in the habit of conducting him there, Lenglet would call for his night-cap and snuff; and finish the work he had then in hand at the Bastile, where he told Jordan, that he made his edition of Marot. He often silently restituted an epithet or a sentence which had been condemned by the *censeur*, at the risk of returning once more; but in the present desperate affair he took his revenge by collecting the castrations into a quarto volume, which was sold clandestinely. I find, by Jordan, in his *voyage littéraire*, who visited him, that it was his pride to read these cancels to his friends, who generally, but secretly, were of opinion that the decision of the *censeur* was not so wrong as the hardihood of Lenglet insisted on. All this increased the public rumour, and raised the price of the cancels. The craft and mystery of authorship was practised by Lenglet to perfection, and he often exulted, not only in the subterfuges by which he parried his *censeurs*, but in his bargains with his booksellers, who were equally desirous to possess, while they half-feared to enjoy, his uncertain or his perilous copyrights. When the *unique* copy of the *Methode*, in its pristine state, before it had suffered any dilapidations, made its appearance at the sale of the curious library of the *censeur* Gros de Boze, it provoked a Roxburgh competition, where the collectors, eagerly out-bidding each other, the price of this uncastrated copy reached to 1500 livres; an event more extraordinary in the history of French bibliography, than in our own. The curious may now find all these cancel sheets, or *castrations*, preserved in one of those works of literary history, to which the Germans have contributed more largely than other European nations; and I have discovered that even the erasures, or *bruises*, are amply furnished in another bibliographical record.†

This *Methode*, after several later editions, was still enlarging itself by fresh supplements; and having been translated by men of letters in Europe, by Coleti in Italy, by Mencken in Germany, and by Dr Rawlinson in England, these translators have enriched their own editions by more copious articles, designed for their respective nations. The sagacity of the original writer now renovated his work by the infusions of his translators; like old Æson, it had its veins filled with green juices; and thus his old work was always undergoing the magic process of rejuvenescence.*

The personal character of our author was as singular as many of the uncommon topics which engaged his inquiries; these we might conclude had originated in mere eccentricity, or were chosen at random. But Lenglet has shown no deficiency of judgment in several works of acknowledged utility; and his critical opinions, his last editor has shown, have, for the greater part, been sanctioned by the public voice. It is curious to observe how the first direction which the mind of a hardy inquirer may take, will often account for that variety of uncommon topics he delights in, and which, on a closer examination, may be found to bear an invisible connexion with some preceding inquiry. As there is an association of ideas, so in literary history there is an association of research; and a very judicious writer may thus be impelled to compose on subjects which may be deemed strange or injudicious.

This observation may be illustrated by the literary history of Lenglet du Fresnoy. He opened his career by addressing a letter and a tract to the Sorbonne, on the extraordinary affair of Maria d'Agreda, abbess of the nunnery of the Immaculate Conception in Spain, whose mystical life of the Virgin, published on the decease of the abbess, and which was received with such rapture in Spain, had just appeared at Paris, where it excited the murmurs of the pious, and the inquiries of the curious. This mystical life was declared to be founded on apparitions and revelations experienced by the abbess. Lenglet proved, or asserted, that the abbess was not the writer of this pretended life, though the manuscript existed in her hand-writing; and secondly, that the apparitions and revelations recorded were against all the rules of apparitions and revelations which he had painfully discovered. The affair was of a delicate nature. The writer was young and incredulous; a grey-beard, more deeply versed in theology, replied, and the Sorbonists silenced our philosopher in embryo.

Lenglet confined these researches to his portfolio; and so long a period as fifty-five years had elapsed before they saw the light. It was when Calmet published his Dissertations on Apparition, that the subject provoked Lenglet to return to his forsaken researches. He now published all he had formerly composed on the affair of Maria d'Agreda, and two other works; the one '*Traité historique et dogmatique sur les Apparitions, les Visions, et les Revelations particulieres*,' in two volumes; and '*Recueil de Dissertations anciennes et nouvelles, sur les Apparitions, &c.*' with a catalogue of authors on this subject, in four volumes. When he edited the *Roman de la Rose*; in compiling the glossary of this ancient poem, it led him to reprint many of the earliest French poets; to give an enlarged edition of the *Arrets d'Amour*, that work of love and chivalry, in which his fancy was now so deeply imbedded; while the subject of Romance itself naturally led to the taste of romantic productions which appeared in '*L'Usage des Romans*,' and its accompanying copious nomenclature of all romances and romance-writers, ancient and modern. Our vivacious Abbé had been bewildered by his delight in the works of a chemical philosopher; and though he did not believe in the existence of apparitions, and certainly was more than a sceptic in history, yet it is certain that the 'grand œuvre' was an article in his creed; it would have ruined him in experiments, if he had been rich enough to have been ruined. It altered his health; and the most important result of his chemical studies appears to have been the invention of a syrup, in which he had great confidence; but its trial blew him up into a tympany, from which he was only relieved by having recourse to a drug, also of his own discovery, which, in counteracting the syrup, reduced him to an alarming state of atrophy. But the mischances of the historian do not enter into his history; and our curiosity must be still eager to open Lenglet's 'Histoire de la Philosophie Hermetique,' accompanied by a catalogue of the writers in this mysterious science, in two volumes; as well as his enlarged edition of the works of a great Paracelsian, Nicholas la Fevre. This philosopher was appointed by Charles the Second superintendent over the royal laboratory at St James's: he was also a member of the Royal Society, and the friend of Boyle, to whom he

* This fact appears in the account of the minuter erasures.

† The castrations are in Beyeri Memoriæ historico-criticæ librorum rariorum, p. 166. The bruises are carefully noted in the Catalogue of the Duke de la Valliere, 4467. Those who are curious in such singularities will be gratified by the extraordinary opinions and results in Beyer; and which after all were purloined from a manuscript 'Abridgment of Universal History,' which was drawn up by Count de Boulainvilliers, and more adroitly, than delicately, inserted by Lenglet in his own work. The original manuscript exists in various copies, which were afterwards discovered. The minuter corrections, in the Duke de la Valliere's catalogue, furnish a most enlivening article in the dryness of bibliography.

* The last edition, enlarged by Drouet, is in 15 volumes, but is not later than 1772. It is still an inestimable manual for the historical student, as well as his Tablettes Chronologiques.

communicated the secret of infusing young blood into old veins, with a notion that he could renovate that which admits of no second creation.* Such was the origin of Du Fresnoy's active curiosity on a variety of singular topics, the germs of which may be traced to three or four of our author's principal works.

Our Abbé promised to write his own life, and his pugnacious vivacity, and hardy frankness, would have seasoned a piece of auto-biography; an amateur has, however, written it in the style which amateurs like, with all the truth he could discover, enlivened by some secret history, writing the life of Lenglet with the very spirit of Lenglet; it is a mask taken from the very features of the man, not the insipid wax-work of an hyperbolical eloge-maker.†

Although Lenglet du Fresnoy commenced in early life his career as a man of letters, he was at first engaged in the great chase of political adventure; and some striking facts are recorded, which show his successful activity. Michault describes his occupations by a paraphrastical delicacy of language, which an Englishman might not have so happily composed. The minister for foreign affairs, the Marquis de Torcy, sent Lenglet to Lisle, where the court of the Elector of Cologne was then held; 'He had particular orders to *watch* that the two ministers of the elector should do nothing prejudicial to the king's affairs.' He seems, however, to have *watched* many other persons, and detected many other things. He discovered a captain, who agreed to open the gates of Mons to Marlborough, for 100,000 piastres; the captain was arrested on the parade, the letter of Marlborough was found in his pocket, and the traitor was broken on the wheel. Lenglet denounced a foreign general in the French service, and the event warranted the prediction. His most important discovery was that of the famous conspiracy of Prince Cellamar, one of the chimerical plots of Alberoni; to the honour of Lenglet, he would not engage in its detection, unless the minister promised that no blood should be shed. These successful incidents in the life of an honourable spy were rewarded with a moderate pension. Lenglet must have been no vulgar intriguer; he was not only perpetually confined by his very patrons when he resided at home for the freedom of his pen, but I find him early imprisoned in the citadel of Strasburgh for six months: it is said for purloining some curious books from the library of the Abbé Bignon, of which he had the care. It is certain that he knew the value of the scarcest works, and was one of those lovers of bibliography who trade at times in costly rarities. At Vienna he became intimately acquainted with the poet Rousseau and Prince Eugene. The prince, however, who suspected the character of our author, long avoided him. Lenglet insinuated himself into the favour of the prince's librarian; and such was his bibliographical skill, that this acquaintance ended in Prince Eugene laying aside his political dread, and preferring the advice of Lenglet to his librarian's, to enrich his magnificent library. When the motive of Lenglet's residence at Vienna became more and more suspected, Rousseau was employed to *watch* him; and not yet having quarrelled with his brother spy, he could only report that the Abbé Lenglet was every morning occupied in working on his 'Tablettes Chronologiques,' a work not worthy of alarming the government; that he spent his evenings at a violin player's married to a French woman, and returned home at eleven. As soon as our historian had discovered that the poet was a brother spy and newsmonger on the side of Prince Eugene, their reciprocal civilities cooled. Lenglet now imagined that he owed his six months' retirement in the citadel of Strasburgh to the secret officiousness of Rousseau: each grew suspicious of the other's fidelity; and spies are like lovers, for their mutual jealousies settled into the most inveterate hatred. One of the most defamatory libels is Lenglet's intended dedication of his edition of Marot to Rousseau, which being forced to suppress in Holland, by order of the States-general; at Brussels, by the intervention of the Duke of Aremberg; and by every means the friends of the unfortunate Rousseau could contrive; was however many years afterwards at length subjoined by Lenglet to the first volume of his work on Romances; where an ordinary reader may wonder at its appearance unconnected with any part of the work. In this dedication or 'eloge historique' he often addresses 'Mon cher Rousseau,' but the irony is not delicate, and the calumny is heavy. Rousseau lay too open to the unlicensed causticity of his accuser. The poet was then expatriated from France for a false accusation against Saurin, in attempting to fix on him those criminal couplets, which so long disturbed the peace of the literary world in France, and of which Rousseau was generally supposed to be the writer; but of which on his death-bed he solemnly protested that he was guiltless. The *coup de grace* is given to the poet, stretched on this rack of invective, by just accusations on account of those infamous epigrams, which appear in some editions of that poet's works; a lesson for a poet, if poets would be lessoned, who indulge their imagination at the cost of their happiness, and seem to invent crimes, as if they themselves were criminals.

But to return to our Lenglet. Had he composed his own life, it would have offered a sketch of political servitude and political adventure, in a man too intractable for the one, and too literary for the other. Yet to the honour of his capacity, we must observe that he might have chosen his patrons, would he have submitted to patronage. Prince Eugene at Vienna; Cardinal Passionei at Rome; or Mons. Le Blanc, the French minister, would have held him on his own terms. But 'Liberty and my books!' was the secret ejaculation of Lenglet; and from that moment all things in life were sacrificed to a jealous spirit of independence, which broke out in his actions as well as in his writings; and a passion for study for ever crushed the worm of ambition.

He was as singular in his conversation, which, says Jordan, was extremely agreeable to a foreigner, for he delivered himself without reserve on all things, and on all persons, seasoned with secret and literary anecdotes. He refused all the conveniences offered by an opulent sister, that he might not endure the restraint of a settled dinner hour. He lived to his eightieth year, still busied, and then died by one of those grievous chances, to which aged men of letters are liable: our caustic critic slumbered over some modern work, and, falling into the fire, was burnt to death. Many characteristic anecdotes of the Abbé Lenglet have been preserved in the *Dictionnaire Historique*, but I shall not repeat what is of easy recurrence.

THE DICTIONARY OF TREVOUX.

A learned friend, in his very agreeable 'Trimester, or a three months' journey in France and Swisserland,' could not pass through the small town of Trevoux without a literary association of ideas which should accompany every man of letters in his tours, abroad or at home. A mind well informed cannot travel without discovering that there are objects constantly presenting themselves, which *suggest* literary, historical, and moral facts. My friend writes, 'As you proceed nearer to Lyons you stop to dine at Trevoux, on the left bank of the Soane. On a sloping hill, down to the water-side, rises an amphitheatre, crowned with an ancient Gothic castle, in venerable ruin; under it is the small town of Trevoux, well known for its Journal and Dictionary, which latter is almost an encyclopædia, as *there are few things of which something is not said in that most valuable compilation*, and the whole was printed at Trevoux. The knowledge of this circumstance greatly enhances the delight of any visitor who has consulted the book and is acquainted with its merits: and must add much to his local pleasures.'

A work from which every man of letters may be continually deriving such varied knowledge, and which is little

* The Dictionnaire Historique, 1789, in their article Nich. Le Fevre, notices the third edition of his 'Course of Chemistry,' that of 1664, in two volumes; but the present one of Lenglet du Fresnoy's is more recent, 1751, enlarged into five volumes, two of which contain his own additions. I have never met with this edition, and it is wanting at the British Museum. Le Fevre published a tract on the great cordial of Sir Walter Rawleigh, which may be curious.

† This anonymous work of 'Memoires de Monsieur l'Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy,' although the dedication is signed G. P, is written by Michault, of Dijon, as a presentation copy to Count de Vienne in my possession proves. Michault is the writer of two volumes of agreeable 'Melanges Historiques, et Philologiques;' and the present is a very curious piece of literary history. The Dictionnaire Historique has compiled the article of Lenglet entirely from this work; but the Journal des Sçavans was too ascetic in this opinion. 'Etoit-ce la peine de faire un livre pour apprendre au public qu'un homme de lettres, fut Espion, Escroc, bizarre, fougueux, cynique incapable d'amitié, de decence, de soumission aux loix?' &c. Yet they do not deny that the bibliography of Lenglet du Fresnoy is at all deficient in curiosity.

known but to the most curious readers, claims a place in these volumes; nor is the history of the work itself without interest. Eight large folios, each consisting of a thousand closely printed pages, stand like a vast mountain, of which, before we climb, we may be anxious to learn the security of the passage. The history of dictionaries is the most mutable of all histories; it is a picture of the inconstancy of the knowledge of man; the learning of one generation passes away with another; and a dictionary of this kind is always to be repaired, to be rescinded, and to be enlarged.

The small town of Trevoux gave its name to an excellent literary journal, long conducted by the Jesuits, and to this dictionary—as Edinburgh has to its critical Review and Annual Register, &c. It first came to be distinguished as a literary town from the Duc du Maine, as prince sovereign of Dombes, transferring to this little town of Trevoux not only his parliament and other public institutions, but also establishing a magnificent printing house, in the beginning of the last century. The duke, probably to keep his printers in constant employ, instituted the '*Journal de Trevoux*;' and this, perhaps, greatly tended to bring the printing house into notice; so that it became a favourite with many good writers, who appear to have had no other connexion with the place; and this dictionary borrowed its first title, which it always preserved, merely from the place where it was printed. Both the journal and the dictionary were, however, consigned to the cares of some learned Jesuits; and perhaps the place always indicated the principles of the writers, of whom none were more eminent for elegant literature than the Jesuits.

The first edition of this dictionary sprung from the spite of rivalry, occasioned by a French dictionary published in Holland, by the protestant Basnage de Beauval. The duke set his Jesuits hastily to work; who, after a pompous announcement that this dictionary was formed on a plan suggested by their patron, did little more than pillage Furetiere, and rummage Basnage, and produced three new folios without any novelties; they pleased the Duc du Maine and no one else. This was in 1704. Twenty years after it was republished and improved; and editions increasing, the volumes succeeded each other, till it reached to its present magnitude and value in eight large folios, in 1771, the only edition now esteemed. Many of the names of the contributors to this excellent collection of words and things, the industry of Monsieur Barbier has revealed in his 'Dictionnaire des Anonymes,' art. 10782. The work, in the progress of a century, evidently became a favourite receptacle with men of letters in France, who eagerly contributed the smallest or the largest articles with a zeal honourable to literature and most useful to the public. They made this dictionary their common-place book for all their curious acquisitions; every one competent to write a short article preserving an important fact, did not aspire to compile the dictionary, or even an entire article in it; but it was a treasury in which such mites collected together formed its wealth; and all the literati may be said to have been engaged in perfecting these volumes during a century. In this manner, from the humble beginnings of three volumes, in which the plagiary much more than the contributor was visible, eight were at length built up with more durable materials, and which claim the attention and the gratitude of the student.

The work, it appears interested the government itself, as a national concern, from the tenor of the following anecdotes.

Most of the minor contributors to this great collection were satisfied to remain anonymous; but as might be expected among such a number, sometimes a contributor was anxious to be known to his circle; and did not like this penitential abstinence of fame. An anecdote recorded of one of this class will amuse: a Monsieur Lautour du Chatel, avocat au parlement de Normandie, voluntarily devoted his studious hours to improve this work, and furnished near three thousand articles to the supplement of the edition of 1752. This ardent scholar had had a lively quarrel thirty years before with the first authors of the dictionary. He had sent them one thousand three hundred articles, on condition that the donor should be handsomely thanked in the preface of the new edition, and further receive a copy *en grand papier*. They were accepted. The conductors of the new edition, in 1721, forgot all the promises—nor thanks, nor copy! Our learned avocat, who was a little irritable, as his nephew who wrote his life acknowledges, as soon as the great work appeared, astonished, like Dennis, that 'they were rattling his own thunder,' without saying a word, quits his country town, and ventures, half dead with sickness and indignation, on an expedition to Paris, to make his complaint to the chancellor; and the work was deemed of that importance in the eye of government, and so zealous a contributor was considered to have such an honourable claim, that the chancellor ordered, first, that a copy on large paper, should be immediately delivered to Monsieur Lautour, richly bound and free of carriage; and secondly, as are paration of the unperformed promise, and an acknowledgment of gratitude, the omission of thanks should be inserted and explained in the three great literary journals of France; a curious instance among others of the French government often mediating, when difficulties occurred in great literary undertakings, and considering not lightly the claims and the honour of men of letters.

Another proof, indeed, of the same kind, concerning the present work, occurred after the edition of 1752. One Jamet l'ainé, who had with others been usefully employed on this edition, addressed a proposal to the government for an improved one, dated from the Bastile. He proposed that the government should choose a learned person, accustomed to the labour of the researches such a work requires; and he calculated, that if supplied with three amanuenses, such an editor would accomplish his task in about ten or twelve years; the produce of the edition would soon repay all the expenses and capital advanced. This literary projector did not wish to remain idle in the Bastile. Fifteen years afterwards the last improved edition appeared, published by the associated booksellers of Paris.

As for the work itself, it partakes of the character of our Encyclopædias; but in this respect it cannot be safely consulted, for widely has science enlarged its domains and corrected its errors since 1771. But it is precious as a vast collection of ancient and modern learning, particularly in that sort of knowledge which we usually term antiquarian and philological. It is not merely a grammatical, scientific and technical dictionary, but it is replete with divinity, law, moral philosophy, critical and historical learning, and abounds with innumerable miscellaneous curiosities. It would be difficult, whatever may be the subject of inquiry, to open it, without the gratification of some knowledge neither obvious nor trivial. I heard a man of great learning declare, that whenever he could not recollect his knowledge he opened Hoffman's *Lexicon Universale Historicum*, where he was sure to find what he had lost. The works are similar; and valuable as are the German's four folios, the eight of the Frenchman may safely be recommended as their substitute, or their supplement. As a Dictionary of the French Language it bears a peculiar feature, which has been presumptuously dropped in the Dictionnaire de l'Académie; the last invents phrases to explain words, which therefore have no other authority than the writer himself! this of Trevoux is furnished, not only with mere authorities, but also with quotations from the classical French writers—an improvement which was probably suggested by the English Dictionary of Johnson. One nation improves by another.

QUADRIO'S ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH POETRY.

It is, perhaps, somewhat mortifying in our literary researches to discover that our own literature has been only known to the other nations of Europe comparatively within recent times. We have at length triumphed over our continental rivals in the noble struggles of genius, and our authors now see their works printed even at foreign presses, while we are furnishing with our gratuitous labours nearly the whole literature of a new empire; yet so late as in the reign of Anne, our poets were only known by the Latin versifiers of the 'Musæ Anglicanæ;' and when Boileau was told of the public funeral of Dryden, he was pleased with the national honours bestowed on genius, but he declared that he never heard of his name before. This great legislator of Parnassus has never alluded to one of our own poets, so insular then was our literary glory! The most remarkable fact, or perhaps assertion, I have met with, of the little knowledge which the continent had of our writers, is a French translation of Bishop Hall's 'Characters of Virtues and Vices.' It is a duodecimo, printed at Paris of 109 pages, 1610, with this title. *Caracteres de Vertus et de Vices; tirés de l'Anglois de M. Josef Hall.* In a dedication to the Earl of Salisbury, the translator informs his lordship that *ce livre est la premiere tra-*

duction de l'Anglois jamais imprimée *aucun vulgaire.* The first translation from the English ever printed in any modern language!' Whether the translator is a bold liar, or an ignorant blunderer, remains to be ascertained; at all events it is a humiliating demonstration of the small progress which our home literature had made abroad in 1610!

I come now to notice a contemporary writer, professedly writing the history of our Poetry, of which his knowledge will open to us as we proceed with our enlightened and amateur historian.

Father Quadrio's *Della Storia e della ragione d'ogni Poesia,*—is a gigantic work, which could only have been projected and persevered in by some hypochondriac monk, who, to get rid of the *ennui* of life, could discover no pleasanter way than to bury himself alive in seven monstrous closely-printed quartos, and every day be compiling something on a subject which he did not understand. Fortunately for Father Quadrio, without taste to feel, and discernment to decide, nothing occurred in this progress of literary history and criticism to abridge his volumes and his amusements; and with diligence and erudition unparalleled, he has here built up a receptable for his immense, curious, and trifling knowlege on the poetry of every nation. Quadrio is among that class of authors whom we receive with more gratitude than pleasure, fly to sometimes to quote, but never linger to read; and fix on our shelves, but seldom have in our hands.

I have been much mortified, in looking over this voluminous compiler, to discover, although he wrote so late as about 1750, how little the history of English Poetry was known to foreigners. It is assuredly our own fault. We have too long neglected the bibliography and the literary history of our own country. Italy, Spain and France, have enjoyed eminent bibliographers—we have none to rival them. Italy may justly glory in her Tiraboschi and her Mazzuchelli; Spain in the Bibliothecas of Nicholas Antonio; and France, so rich in bibliographical treasures, affords models to every literary nation of every species of literary history. With us, the partial labour of the hermit Anthony for the Oxford writers, compiled before philosophical criticism existed in the nation; and Warton's History of Poetry, which was left unfinished at its most critical period, when that delightful antiquary of taste had just touched the threshold of his Paradiso—these are the sole great labours to which foreigners might resort, but these will not be found of much use to them. The neglect of our own literary history has, therefore, occasioned the errors, sometimes very ridiculous ones, of foreign writers respecting our authors. Even the lively Chaudon, in his 'Dictionnaire Historique,' gives the most extraordinary accounts of most of the English writers. Without an English guide to attend such weary travellers, they have too often been deceived by the *Mirages* of our literature. They have given blundering accounts of works which do exist, and chronicled others which never did exist; and have often made up the personal history of our authors, by confounding two or three into one. Chaudon, mentioning Dryden's tragedies, observes that Atterbury translated two into Latin verse, entitled *Achitophel* and *Absalom!**

Of all these foreign authors none has more egregiously failed than this good Father Quadrio. In this universal history of poetry, I was curious to observe what sort of figure we made; and whether the fertile genius of our original poets had struck the foreign critic with admiration, or with critical censure. But little was our English poetry known to its universal historian. In the chapter on those who have cultivated 'la melica poesia in propria lingua tra Tedeschi, Fiamminghi e Inglesi'† we find the following list of English poets.

'Of John Cowper; whose rhymes and verses are preserved in manuscript in the college of the most holy Trinity, in Cambridge.

'Arthur Kelton flourished in 1548, a skilful English poet; he composed various poems in English; also he lauds the Cambrains and their genealogy.

'The works of W. Wycherley in English prose and verse.'

These were the only English poets whom Quadrio at first could muster together! In his subsequent additions he caught the name of Sir Philip Sidney with an adventurous criticism, 'le sue poesie assai buone.' He then was lucky enough to pick up the title—not the volume surely—which is one of the rarest; 'Fiori poetici de A. Cowley,' which he calls 'poesie amorose:' this must mean that early volume of Cowley's, published in his thirteenth year, under the title of 'Poetical Blossoms.' Further he laid hold of 'John Donne' by the skirt, and 'Thomas Creech,' at whom he made a full pause; informing his Italians, that his poems are reputed by his nation as 'assai buone.' He has also 'Le opere di Guglielmo;' but to this christian name, as it would appear, he had not ventured to add the surname. At length in his progress of inquiry, in this fourth volume (for they were published at different periods) he suddenly discovers a host of English poets—in Waller, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Roscommon, and others, among whom is Dr Swift; but he acknowledges their works have not reached him. Shakespeare at length appears on the scene, but Quadrio's notions are derived from Voltaire, whom, perhaps, he boldly translates. Instead of improving our drama, he conducted it *a totale rovina nelle sue farse monstruose, che si chiaman tragedie; alcune scene vi abbia luminose e belle e alcuni tratti si trovono terribili e grandi.* Otway is said to have composed a tragic drama on the subject of 'Venezia Salvata;' he adds with surprise, 'ma affatto regolare.' Regularity is the essence of genius with such critics as Quadrio. Dryden is also mentioned; but the only drama specified is 'King Arthur.' Addison is the first Englishman who produced a classical tragedy; but though Quadrio writes much about the life of Addison, he never alludes to the Spectator.

We come now to a more curious point. Whether Quadrio had read our *comedies* may be doubtful; but he distinguishes them by very high commendation. Our comedy, he says, represents human life, the manners of citizens and the people, much better than the French and Spanish comedies, in which all the business of life is mixed up with love affairs. The Spaniards had their gallantry from the Moors, and their manners from chivalry; to which they added their tumid African taste, differing from that of other nations. I shall translate what he now adds of English comedy.

'The English more skilfully even than the French, have approximated to the true idea of comic subjects, choosing for the argument of their invention the customary and natural objects of the citizens and the populace. And when religion and decorum were more respected in their theatres, they were more advanced in this species of poetry, and merited not a little praise, above their neighbouring nations. But more than the English and the French, (to speak according to pure and bare truth,) have the Italians signalized themselves.' A sly, insinuating criticism! But, as on the whole, for reasons which I cannot account for, Father Quadrio seems to have relished our English comedy, we must value his candour. He praises our comedy; 'per il bello ed il buono;' but, as he is a methodical Aristotelian, he will not allow us that liberty in the theatre, which we are supposed to possess in parliament—by delivering whatever we conceive to the purpose. His criticism is a specimen of the irrefragable. 'We must not abandon legitimate rules *to give mere pleasure thereby;* because pleasure is produced by, and flows from, the *beautiful;* and the beautiful is chiefly drawn from the good order and unity in which it consists!'

Quadrio succeeded in discovering the name of one of our greatest comic geniuses; for, alluding to our diversity of action in comedy, he mentions in his fifth volume, page 148,—'Il celebre *Benjanson* nella sua commedia intitolato *Bartolommeo Foicere,* e in quella altra commedia intitolato *Ipsum Veetz.*' The reader may decipher the poet's name and his *Fair:* but it required the critical sagacity of Mr Douce to discover that by *Ipsum Veetz* we are to understand Shadwell's comedy of *Epsom Wells.* The Italian critic had transcribed what he and his Italian printer could not spell; we have further discovered the source of his intelligence in St Evremond, who had classed Shadwell's comedy with Ben Jonson's. To such shifts is the writer of an universal history *d'ogni poesia,* miserably reduced!

Towards the close of the fifth volume we at last find the sacred muse of Milton,—but, unluckily, he was a man 'di pochissima religione,' and spoke of Christ like an Arian. Quadrio quotes Ramsay for Milton's vomiting forth abuse on the Roman church. His figures are said to be often mean, unworthy of the majesty of his subject; but in a later place, excepting his religion, our poet, it is decided on, is worthy 'di molti laudi.'

* Even recently Il Cavaliere Onofrio Boni, in his Eloge of Lanzi, in naming the three Augustan periods of modern literature, fixes them, for the Italians, under Leo the Tenth; for the French, under Lewis the Fourteenth, or the Great; and for the English, under Charles the Second!

† Quadrio, Vol. II, p. 416.

Thus much for the information the curious may obtain on English poetry, from its universal history. Quadrio unquestionably writes with more ignorance than prejudice against us: he has not only highly distinguished the comic genius of our writers, and raised it above that of our neighbours, but he has also advanced another discovery, which ranks us still higher for original invention, and which I am confident, will be as new as it is extraordinary to the English reader.

Quadrio, who, among other erudite accessories to his work, has exhausted the most copious researches on the origin of Punch and Harlequin, has also written, with equal curiosity and value, the history of Puppet-shows. But whom has he lauded? whom has he placed paramount, above all other people, for their genius of invention in improving this art?—The English! and the glory which has hitherto been universally conceded to the Italian nation themselves, appears to belong to us! For *we*, it appears, while others were dandling and pulling their little representatives of human nature into such awkward and unnatural motions, first invented pulleys, or wires, and gave a fine and natural action to the artificial life of these gesticulating machines!

We seem to know little of ourselves as connected with the history of puppet-shows; but in an article in the curious Dictionary of Trevoux, I find that John Brioché, to whom had been attributed the invention of *Marionettes*, is only to be considered as an improver; in his time (but the learned writers supply no date,) *an Englishman* discovered the secret of moving them by springs, and without strings; but the Marionettes of Brioché were preferred for the pleasantries which he made them deliver. The erudite Quadrio appears to have more successfully substantiated our claims to the pulleys or wires, or springs of the puppets, than any of our own antiquaries; and perhaps the uncommemorated name of this Englishman was that Powell, whose Solomon and Sheba were celebrated in the days of Addison and Steele; the former of whom has composed a classical and sportive Latin poem on this very subject. But Quadrio might well rest satisfied, that the nation, which could boast of its *Fantoccini*, surpassed, and must ever surpass the puny efforts of all doll-loving people!

'POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.'

In Professor Dugald Stewart's first Dissertation on the progress of Philosophy, I find this singular and significant term. It has occasioned me to reflect on those contests for religion, in which a particular faith has been made the ostensible pretext, while the secret motive was usually political. The historians, who view in these religious wars only religion itself, have written large volumes, in which we may never discover that they have either been a struggle to obtain predominance, or an expedient to secure it. The hatreds of ambitious men have disguised their own purposes, while Christianity has borne the odium of loosening a destroying spirit among mankind; which, had Christianity never existed, would have equally prevailed in human affairs. Of a mortal malady, it is not only necessary to know the nature, but to designate it by a right name that we may not err in our mode of treatment. If we call that *religion* which we shall find for the greater part is *political*, we are likely to be mistaken in the regimen and the cure.

Fox, in his 'Acts and Monuments,' writes the martyrology of the *protestants* in three mighty folios; where, in the third, 'the tender mercies' of the catholics are 'cut in wood' for those who might not otherwise be enabled to read or spell them. Such pictures are abridgments of long narratives, but they leave in the mind a fulness of horror. Fox made more than one generation shudder; and his volume, particularly this third, chained to a reading-desk in the halls of the great, and in the aisles of churches, often detained the loiterer, as it furnished some new scene of papistical horrors to paint forth on returning to his fire-side. The protestants were then the martyrs, because, under Mary, the protestants had been thrown out of power.

Dodd has opposed to Fox three curious folios, which he calls 'the Church History of England,' exhibiting a most abundant martyrology of the *catholics*, inflicted by the hands of the protestants; who in the succeeding reign of Elizabeth, after long trepidations and balancings, were confirmed into power. He grieves over the delusion and seduction of the black-letter romance of honest John Fox, which, he says, 'has obtained a place in protestant churches next to the Bible, while John Fox himself is esteemed little less than an evangelist.' Dodd's narratives are not less pathetic; for the situation of the catholic, who had to secrete himself, as well as to suffer, was more adapted for romantic adventures than even the melancholy but monotonous story of the protestants tortured in the cell, or bound to the stake. These catholics, however, were attempting all sorts of intrigues; and the saints and martyrs of Dodd to the parliament of England were only traitors and conspirators!

Heylin, in his history of the *Puritans* and the *Presbyterians*, blackens them for political devils. He is the Spagnolet of history, delighting himself with horrors at which the painter himself must have started. He tells of their 'oppositions' to monarchical and episcopal government, their 'innovations' in the church; and their 'embroilments of the kingdoms. The sword rages in their hands; treason, sacrilege, plunder; while 'more of the blood of Englishmen had poured like water within the space of four years, than had been shed in the civil wars of York and Lancaster in four centuries!'

Neale opposes a more elaborate history; where these 'great and good men,' the puritans and the presbyterians, 'are placed among the *reformers*;' while their fame is blanched into angelic purity. Neale and his party opined that the protestant had not sufficiently protested, and that the reformation itself needed to be reformed. They wearied the impatient Elizabeth, and her ardent churchmen; and disputed with the learned James, and his courtly bishops, about such ceremonial trifles, that the historian may blush or smile who has to record them. And when the *puritan* was thrown out of preferment, and seceded into separation, he turned into a *presbyter*. Nonconformity was their darling sin, and their sullen triumph.

Calamy, in four painful volumes, chronicles the bloodless martyrology of the two thousand silenced and ejected ministers. Their history is not glorious, and their heroes are obscure; but it is a domestic tale! When the second Charles was restored, the *presbyterians*, like every other faction, were to be amused, if not courted. Some of the king's chaplains were selected from among them, and preached once. Their hopes were raised that they should, by some agreement, be enabled to share in that ecclesiastical establishment which they had so often opposed; and the bishops met the presbyters in a convocation at the Savoy. A conference was held between the *high church*, resuming the seat of power, and the *low church*, now prostrate; that is, between the *old clergy* who had recently been mercilessly ejected by the *new*, who in their turn were awaiting their fate. The conference was closed with arguments by the weaker, and votes by the stronger. Many curious anecdotes of this conference have come down to us. The presbyterians, in their last struggle, petitioned for *indulgence*; but oppressors who had become petitioners, only showed that they possessed no longer the means of resistance. This conference was followed up by the *Act of Uniformity*, which took place on Bartholomew day, August 24, 1662: an act which ejected Calamy's two thousand ministers from the bosom of the established church. Bartholomew day with this party was long paralleled, and perhaps is still with the dreadful French massacre of that fatal saint's day. The calamity was rather, however, of a private than of a public nature. The two thousand ejected ministers were indeed deprived of their livings; but this was, however, a happier fate than what has often occurred in these contests for the security of political power. This *ejection* was not like the expulsion of the Moriscoes, the best and most useful subjects of Spain, which was a human sacrifice of half a million of men, and the proscription of many Jews from that land of catholicism; or the massacre of thousands of Huguenots, and the expulsion of more than a hundred thousand by Louis the Fourteenth from France. The presbyterian divines were not driven from their father-land, and compelled to learn another language than their mother-tongue. Destitute as divines, they were suffered to remain as citizens; and the result was remarkable. These divines could not disrobe themselves of their learning and their piety, while several of them were compelled to become tradesmen; among these the learned Samuel Chandler, whose literary productions are numerous, kept a bookseller's shop in the Poultry.

Hard as this event proved in its result, it was however, pleaded, that 'It was but like for like.' And that the his-

tory of 'the like' might not be curtailed in the telling, opposed to Calamy's chronicle of the two thousand ejected ministers stands another, in folio magnitude, of the same sort of chronicle of the clergy of the church of England, with a title by no means less pathetic.

This is Walker's 'Attempt towards recovering an account of the Clergy of the Church of England who were sequestered, harassed, &c., in the late Times.' Walker is himself astonished at the size of his volume, the number of his sufferers, and the variety of the sufferings. 'Shall the church,' says he, 'not have the liberty to preserve the history of her sufferings, as well as the *separation* to set forth an account of theirs? Can Dr Calamy be acquitted for publishing the history of the *Bartholomew sufferers*, if I am condemned for writing that of the *sequestered loyalists?*' He allows that 'the number of the ejected amounts to two thousand,' and there were no less than 'seven or eight thousand of the episcopal clergy imprisoned, banished, and sent a starving,' &c. &c.

Whether the reformed were martyred by the catholics, or the catholics executed by the reformed; whether the puritans expelled those of the established church, or the established church ejected the puritans, all seems reducible to two classes, conformists and non-conformists, or, in the political style, the administration and the opposition. When we discover that the heads of all parties are of the same hot temperament, and observe the same evil conduct in similar situations; when we view honest old Latimer with his own hands hanging a mendicant friar on a tree, and the government changing, the friars binding Latimer to the stake; when we see the French catholics cutting out the tongues of the protestants, that they might no longer protest; the haughty Luther writing submissive apologies to Leo the Tenth and Henry the Eighth for the scurrility with which he had treated them in his writings, and finding that his apologies were received with contempt, then retracting his retractions; when we find that haughtiest of the haughty, John Knox, when Elizabeth first ascended the throne, crouching and repenting of having written his famous excommunication against all female sovereignty; or pulling down the monasteries, from the axiom that when the rookery was destroyed, the rooks would never return; when we find his recent apologist admiring, while he apologizes for, some extraordinary proofs of Machiavelian politics—an impenetrable mystery seems to hang over the conduct of men who profess to be guided by the bloodless code of Jesus—but try them by a human standard, and treat them as *politicians;* and the motives once discovered, the actions are understood!

Two edicts of Charles the Fifth, in 1555, condemned to death the Reformed of the Low Countries, even should they return to the catholic faith, with this exception, however, n favour of the latter, that they shall not be burnt alive, out that the men shall be beheaded, and the women buried alive! *Religion* could not then be the real motive of the Spanish cabinet, for in returning to the ancient faith that point was obtained; but the truth is, that the Spanish government considered the reformed as *rebels*, whom it was not safe to re-admit to the rights of citizenship. The undisguised fact appears in the codicil to the will of the emperor, when he solemnly declares that he had written to the inquisition 'to burn and extirpate the heretics,' *after trying to make Christians of them*, because he is convinced that they never can become sincere catholics; and he acknowledges that he had committed a great fault in permitting Luther to return free on the faith of his safe conduct, as the emperor was not bound to keep a promise with a heretic. 'It is because that I destroyed him not, that heresy has now become strong, which I am convinced might have been stifled with him in its birth.'* The whole conduct of Charles the Fifth in this mighty revolution, was, from its beginning, censured by contemporaries as purely *political*. Francis the First observed, that the emperor, under the colour of religion, was placing himself at the head of a league to make his way to a predominant monarchy. The pretext of religion is no new thing, writes the Duke of Nevers. Charles the Fifth had never undertaken a war against the protestant princes, but with the design of rendering the imperial crown hereditary in the house of Austria; and he has only attacked the electoral princes to ruin them, and to abolish their right of election. Had it been zeal for the catholic religion, would he have delayed from 1519 to 1549 to arm, that he might have extinguished the Lutheran heresy,

* Llorente's Critical History of the Inquisition.

which he could easily have done in 1526? But he considered that this novelty would serve to divide the German princes; and he patiently waited till the effect was realized.*

Good men of both parties, mistaking the nature of these religious wars, have drawn horrid inferences! The 'dragonades of Louis XIV, excited the admiration of Bruyere; and Anquetil, in his 'Esprit de la Ligue,' compares the revocation of the edict of Nantes to a salutary amputation. The massacre of St Bartholomew in its own day, and even recently, has found advocates; a Greek professor at the time asserted that there were *two classes* of protestants in France, political and religious; and that 'the late ebullition of public vengeance was solely directed against the former.' Dr M'Crie cursing the catholic with a catholic's curse, execrates 'the stale sophistry of this calumniator.' But should we allow that the Greek professor who advocated their national crime was the wretch the calvinistic doctor describes, yet the nature of things cannot be altered by the equal violence of Peter Charpentier and Dr M'Crie.

This subject of 'Political Religionism' is indeed as nice as it curious; *politics* have been so cunningly worked into the cause of *religion*, that the parties themselves will never be able to separate them; and to this moment, the most opposite opinions are formed concerning the same events, and the same persons. When public disturbances recently broke out at Nismes on the first restoration of the Bourbons, the protestants, who there are numerous, declared that they were persecuted for religion, and their cry echoed by their brethren the dissenters, resounded in this country. We have not forgotten the ferment it raised here; much was said, and something was done. Our minister however persisted in declaring that it was a mere *political* affair. It is clear that our government was right on the *cause*, and those zealous complainants wrong, who only observed the *effect;* for as soon as the Bourbonists had triumphed over the Bonapartists, we heard no more of those sanguinary persecutions of the protestants of Nismes, of which a dissenter has just published a large history. It is a curious fact, that when two writers at the same time were occupied in a life of Cardinal Ximenes, Flechier converted the cardinal into a saint, and every incident in his administration was made to connect itself with his religious character Marsollier, a writer very inferior to Flechier, shows the cardinal merely as a politician. The elegancies of Flechier were soon neglected by the public, and the deep interests of truth soon acquired, and still retain, for the less elegant writer, the attention of the statesman.

A modern historian has observed, that 'the affairs of religion were the grand fomenters and promoters of the *thirty years' war*, which first brought down the powers of the North to mix in the politics of the Southern states.' The fact is indisputable, but the cause is not so apparent. Gustavus Adolphus, the vast military genius of his age, had designed, and was successfully attempting, to oppose the overgrown power of the imperial house of Austria, which had long aimed at an universal monarchy in Europe; a circumstance which Philip IV weakly hinted at to the world when he placed this motto under his arms—'*Sine ipso factum est nihil;*' an expression applied to Jesus Christ by St John.

TOLERATION.

An enlightened toleration is a blessing of the last age—it would seem to have been practised by the Romans, when they did not mistake the primitive Christians for seditious members of society; and was inculcated even by Mahomet, in a passage in the Koran, but scarcely practised by his followers. In modern history, it was condemned, when religion was turned into a political contest, under the aspiring house of Austria—and in Spain—and in France. It required a long time before its nature was comprehended—and to this moment it is far from being clear, either to the tolerators, or the tolerated.

It does not appear, that the precepts or the practice of Jesus and the apostles inculcate the *compelling* of any to be Christians;† yet an expression employed in the nuptial parable of the great supper, when the hospitable

* Naudé Considerations Politiques, p. 115. See a curious note in Harte's Life of Gustavus Adolphus, ii, 129.

† Bishop Barlow's 'Several miscellaneous and weighty Cases of Conscience resolved, 1692.' His 'Case of a Toleration in Matters of Religion,' addressed to Robert Boyle, p 39. This volume was not intended to have been given to the world, a circumstance which does not make it the less curious.

lord commanded the servant, finding that he had still room to accommodate more guests, 'to go out in the highways and hedges, and *compel them to come in, that my house may be filled*,' was alleged as an authority by those catholics, who called themselves 'the convertors,' for using religious force, which, still alluding to the hospitable lord, they called 'a charitable and salutary violence.' It was this circumstance which produced Bayle's Commentaire philosophique sur ces Paroles de Jesus Christ,' published under the supposititious name of an *Englishman*, as printed at Canterbury in 1686, but really at Amsterdam. It is curious that Locke published his first letter on 'Toleration' in Latin at Gouda, in 1689—the second in 1690—and the third in 1692. Bayle opened the mind of Locke, and sometime after quotes Locke's Latin letter with high commendation.* The caution of both writers in publishing in foreign places, however, indicates the prudence which it was deemed necessary to observe in writing in favour of Toleration.

These were the first *philosophical* attempts; but the earliest advocates for Toleration may be found among the religious controversialists of a preceding period; it was probably started among the fugitive sects who had found an asylum in Holland. It was a blessing which they had gone far to find, and the miserable, reduced to human feelings, are compassionate to one another. With us the sect called 'the Independents' had, early in our revolution under Charles the First, pleaded for the doctrine of religious liberty, and long maintained it against the presbyterians. Both proved persecutors when they possessed power. The first of our respectable divines who advocated this cause was Jeremy Taylor, in his 'Discourse on the liberty of Prophesying,' 1647, and Bishop Hall, who had pleaded the cause of *moderation* in a discourse about the same period.† Locke had no doubt examined all these writers. The history of opinions is among the most curious of histories; and I suspect that Bayle was well acquainted with the pamphlets of our sectarists, who, in their flight to Holland, conveyed those curiosities of theology, which had cost them their happiness and their estates: I think he indicates this hidden source of his ideas, by the extraordinary ascription of his book to *an Englishman*, and fixing the place of its publication at *Canterbury!*

Toleration has been a vast engine in the hands of modern politicians. It was established in the United Provinces of Holland, and our numerous non-conformists took refuge in that asylum for disturbed consciences; it attracted a valuable community of French refugees; it conducted a colony of Hebrew fugitives from Portugal: conventicles of Brownists, quakers' meetings, French churches, and Jewish synagogues, and (had it been required) Mahometan mosques, in Amsterdam, were the precursors of its mart and its exchange; the moment they could preserve their consciences sacred to themselves, they lived without mutual persecution, and mixed together as good Dutchmen.

The excommunicated part of Europe seemed to be the most enlightened, and it was then considered as a proof of the admirable progress of the human mind, that Locke and Clarke and Newton corresponded with Leibnitz, and others of the learned in France and Italy. Some were astonished that philosophers, who differed in their *religious opinions*, should communicate among themselves with so much toleration.‡

It is not, however, clear, that had any one of these sects at Amsterdam obtained predominance, which was sometimes attempted, they would have granted to others the toleration they participated in common. The infancy of a party is accompanied by a political weakness, which disables it from weakening others.

* In the article Sancterius. Note F

† Recent writers among our sectarists assert that Dr Owen was the first who wrote in favour of toleration, in 1648! Another claims the honour for John Goodwin, the chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, who published one of his obscure polemical tracts in 1644, among a number of other persons, who at that crisis did not venture to prefix their names to pleas in favour of Toleration, so delicate and so obscure did this subject then appear! In 1651, they translated the liberal treatise of Grotius de imperio summarum potestatum circa sacra; under the title of 'The authority of the highest powers about sacred things,' London, 8vo. 1651. To the honour of Grotius, the first of philosophical reformers, be it recorded, that he displeased both parties!

‡ J. P. Rabaut, sur la Revolution Française, p. 27

The catholic in this country pleads for toleration; in his own, he refuses to grant it. Here, the presbyterian, who had complained of persecution, once fixed in the seat of power, abrogated every kind of independence among others. When the flames consumed Servetus at Geneva, the controversy began, whether the civil magistrate might punish heretics, which Beza, the associate of Calvin, maintained: he triumphed in the small predestinating city of Geneva; but the book he wrote was fatal to the protestants a few leagues distant, among a majority of catholics. Whenever the protestants complained of the persecutions they suffered, the catholics for authority and sanction, never failed to appeal to the volume of their own Beza.

M. Necker de Saussure has recently observed on 'what trivial circumstances the change or the preservation of the established religion in different districts of Europe has depended!' When the Reformation penetrated into Switzerland, the government of the principality of Neufchatel, wishing to allow liberty of conscience to all their subjects, invited each parish to vote 'for or against the adoption of the new worship; and in all the parishes, except two, the majority of suffrages declared in favour of the protestant communion.' The inhabitants of the small village of Creissier had also assembled; and forming an even number, there happened to be an equality of votes for and against the change of religion. A shepherd being absent, tending the flocks on the hills, they summoned him to appear and decide this important question: when, having no liking to innovation, he gave his voice in favour of the existing form of worship; and this parish remained catholic, and is so at this day, in the heart of the protestant cantons.

I proceed to some facts, which I have arranged for the history of Toleration. In the memoirs of James the Second, when that monarch published 'The Declaration for Liberty of Conscience,' the catholic reasons and liberalises like a modern philosopher: he accuses 'the jealousy of our clergy, who had degraded themselves into intriguers; and like mechanics in a trade, who are afraid of nothing so much as interlopers—they had therefore induced indifferent persons to imagine that their earnest contest was not about their faith, but about their temporal possessions. It was incongruous that a church, which does not pretend to be infallible, should constrain persons, under heavy penalties and punishments, to believe as she does: they delighted, he asserted, to hold an iron rod over dissenters and catholics; so sweet was dominion, that the very thought of others participating in their freedom made them deny the very doctrine they preached.' The chief argument the catholic urged on this occasion was the reasonableness of repealing laws which made men liable to the greatest punishments for that it was not in their power to remedy, for that no man could force himself to believe what he really did not believe.*

Such was the rational language of the most bigoted of zealots!—The fox can bleat like the lamb. At the very moment James the Second was uttering this mild expostulation, in his own heart he had anathematized the nation; for I have seen some of the king's private papers, which still exist; they consist of communications chiefly by the most bigoted priests, with the wildest projects, and most infatuated prophecies and dreams of restoring the true catholic faith in England! Had the Jesuit-led monarch retained the English throne, the language he now addressed to the nation would have been no longer used; and in that case it would have served his protestant subjects. He asked for toleration, to become intolerant! He devoted himself, not to the hundredth part of the English nation; and yet he was surprised that he was left one morning without an army! When the catholic monarch issued this declaration for 'liberty of conscience,' the Jekyll of his day observed, that 'It was but scaffolding: they intend to build another house; and when that house (Popery) is built, they will take down the scaffold.'†

When the Presbytery was our lord, they who had endured the tortures of persecution, and raised such sharp outcries for freedom, of all men, were the most intolerant: hardly had they tasted of the Circæan cup of dominion, ere they were transformed into the most hideous or the most grotesque monsters of political power. To their eyes toleration was an hydra, and the dethroned bishops

* Life of James the Second, from his own papers, ii. 114

† This was a Baron Wauton. From Dr H. Sacheverell's Manuscript Diary.

had never so vehemently declaimed against what, in ludicrous rage, one of the high-flying presbyterians called 'a cursed intolerable toleration!' They advocated the rights of persecution, and 'Shallow Edwards,' as Milton calls the author of 'The Grangræna,' published a treatise *against toleration*. They who had so long complained of 'the licensers,' now sent all the books they condemned to penal fires. Prynne now vindicated the very doctrines under which he himself had so severely suffered; assuming the highest possible power of civil government, even to the infliction of death, on its opponents. Prynne lost all feeling for the ears of others!

The idea of toleration was not intelligible for too long a period in the annals of Europe: no parties probably could conceive the idea of toleration in the struggle for predominance. Treaties are not proffered when conquest is the concealed object. Men were immolated! a massacre was a sacrifice! medals were struck to commemorate these holy persecutions!* The destroying angel, holding in one hand a cross, and in other a sword, with these words—*Vgonottorum Stragis*, 1572.—'The massacre of the Huguenots'—proves that toleration will not agree with that date. Castelneau, a statesman and a humane man, was at a loss how to decide on a point of the utmost importance to France. In 1532 they first began to burn the Lutherans or Calvinists, and to cut out the tongues of all protestants, 'that they might no longer protest.' According to Father Paul, fifty thousand persons had perished in the Netherlands, by different tortures, for religion. But a change in the religion of the state, Castelneau considered, would occasion one in the government: he wondered how it happened, that the more they punished with death, it only increased the number of the victims: martyrs produced proselytes. As a statesman, he looked round the great field of human actions in the history of the past; there he discovered that the Romans were more enlightened in their actions than ourselves; that Trajan commanded Pliny the younger not to molest the Christians for their *religion;* but should their conduct endanger the state, to put down *illegal assemblies;* that Julian the Apostate expressly forbid the *execution* of the Christians, who then imagined that they were securing their salvation by martyrdom; but he ordered all their goods to be *confiscated*—a severe punishment—by which Julian prevented more than he could have done by persecutions. 'All this,' he adds, 'we read in ecclesiastical history.'† Such were the sentiments of Castelneau, in 1560. Amidst perplexities of state necessity, and of our common humanity, the notion of *toleration* had not entered into the views of the statesman. It was also at this time that De Saincies, a great controversial writer, declared, that had the fires lighted for the destruction of Calvinism not been extinguished, the sect had not spread! About half a century subsequent to this period Thuanus was perhaps the first great mind who appears to have insinuated to the French monarch and his nation, that they might live at peace with heretics; by which avowal he called down on himself the haughty indignation of Rome, and a declaration, that the man who spoke in favour of heretics must necessarily be one of the first class. Hear the afflicted historian: 'Have men no compassion, after forty years passed full of continual miseries? Have they no fear, after the loss of the Netherlands, occasioned by that frantic obstinacy which marked the times? I grieve that such sentiments should have occasioned my book to have been examined with a rigour that amounts to calumny.' Such was the language of Thuanus, in a letter written in 1606;‡ which indicates an approximation to *toleration*, but which term was not probably yet found in any dictionary. We may consider, as so many attempts at toleration, the great national synod of Dort, whose history is amply written by Brandt; and the mitigating protestantism of Laud, to approximate to the ceremonies of the Roman church; but the synod, after holding about two hundred sessions, closed, dividing men into universalists and semi-universalists, supralapsarians and sublapsarians! The *reformed* themselves produced the *remonstrants;* and Laud's ceremonies ended in placing the altar eastward, and in raising the scaffold for the monarchy and the hierarchy. Error is circuitous when it will do what it has not yet learnt. They were pressing for conformity to do that which a century afterwards they found could only be done by *toleration*.

The *secret history of toleration* among certain parties has been disclosed to us by a curious document, from that religious Machiavel, the fierce ascetic republican John Knox, a calvinistical Pope. 'While the posterity of Abraham,' says that mighty and artful reformer, 'were *few in number*, and while they sojourned in *different countries*, they were merely required to avoid all participation in the idolatrous rites of the heathen; but *as soon as they prospered into a kingdom*, and had obtained *possession of Canaan*, they were strictly charged to suppress idolatry, and to destroy all the monuments and incentives. The same duty was *now* incumbent on the professors of the true religion in Scotland: formerly, when not more than *ten persons in a county* were enlightened, it would have been *foolishness* to have demanded of the nobility the suppression of idolatry. But *now*, when knowledge had been increased,' &c.* Such are the men who cry out for toleration during their state of political weakness, but who cancel the bond by which they hold their tenure whenever they 'obtain possession of Canaan.' The only commentary on this piece of the secret history of *toleration* is the acute remark of Swift: 'We are fully convinced that we shall always tolerate them, but not that they will tolerate us.'

The truth is, that toleration was allowed by none of the parties! and I will now show the dilemmas into which each party thrust itself.

When the kings of England would forcibly have established episcopacy in Scotland, the presbyters passed an act *against the toleration of dissenters from presbyterian doctrines and discipline!* and thus, as Guthrie observes, they were committing the same violence on the conscience of their brethren, which they opposed in the king. The presbyrians contrived their famous *covenant* to dispossess the royalists of their livings; and the independents, who assumed the principle of toleration in their very name, shortly after enforced what they called the *engagement*, to eject the presbyterians! In England, where the dissenters were ejected, their great advocate Calamy complains that the dissenters were only making use of the same arguments which the most eminent reformers had done in their noble defence of the reformation against the papists, while the arguments of the established church against the dissenters were the same which were urged by the papists against the protestant reformation!‡ When the presbyterians

* It is curious to observe that the catholics were afterwards ashamed of these indiscretions: they were unwilling to own that there were any medals which commemorate massacres. Thuanus, in his 53d book, has minutely described them. The medals, however, have become excessively scarce; but copies inferior to the originals have been sold. They had also pictures on similar subjects, accompanied by insulting inscriptions, which latter they have effaced, sometimes very imperfectly See Hollis's Memoirs, p. 312—14. This enthusiast advertised in the papers to request travellers to procure them.

† Memoires de Michel de Casteleneau, Liv. I, c. 4

‡ Life of Thuanus, by Rev. J. Collinson, p. 115

* Dr M'Crie's Life of John Knox, ii, 122.

† I quote from an unpublished letter, written so late as in 1749, addressed to the author of 'The Free and Candid Disquisition,' by the Reverend Thomas Allen, Rector of Kettering, Northamptonshire. However extravagant his doctrine appears to us, I suspect that it exhibits the concealed sentiments of even some protestant churchmen! This rector of Kettering attributes the growth of schisms to the negligence of the clergy, and seems to have persecuted both the archbishops, 'to his detriment,' as he tells us, with singular plans of reform borrowed from monastic institutions. He wished to revive the practice inculcated by a canon of the council of Laodicea, of having prayers ad horam nonam et ad vesperam—prayers twice a day in the churches. But his grand project take in his own words:

'I let the archbishop know that I had composed an irenicon, wherein I prove the necessity of an ecclesiastical power over consciences in matters of religion, which utterly silences their arguments who plead so hard for toleration. I took my scheme from 'a Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity,' wherein the authority of the civil magistrate over the consciences of subjects in manners of external religion is asserted; the mischiefs and inconveniences of toleration are represented, and all pretences pleaded in behalf of liberty of conscience are fully answered. If this book were reprinted and considered, the king would know his power and the people their duty.'

The rector of Kettering seems not to have known that the author of this 'Discourse on Ecclesiastical Polity,' was the notorious Parker, immortalized by the satire of Marvell This political apostate, from a republican and presbyterian, became a furious advocate for arbitrary government in church and state! He easily won the favour of James the Second, who made him Bishop of Oxford! His principles were so violent, that Father Petre, the confessor of James the Second

were our masters, and preached up the doctrine of passive obedience in spiritual matters to the civil power, it was unquestionably passing a self-condemnation on their own recent opposition and detraction of the former episcopacy. Whenever men act from a secret motive entirely contrary to their ostensible one, such monstrous results will happen; and as extremes will join, however opposite they appear in their beginnings, John Knox and Father Petre, in office, would have equally served James the Second, as confessor and prime minister!

A fact relating to the famous Justus Lipsius proves the difficulty of forming a clear notion of Toleration. This learned man, after having been ruined by the religious wars of the Netherlands, found an honourable retreat in a professor's chair at Leyden, and without difficulty abjured papacy. He published some political works; and adopted as his great principle, that only *one religion* should be allowed to a people, and that no clemency should be granted to non-conformists, who, he declares, should be pursued by sword and fire; in this manner a single member would be cut off to preserve the body sound. *Ure, seco*—are his words. Strange notions these in a protestant republic; and, in fact, in Holland it was approving of all the horrors of their oppressors, the Duke D'Alva and Philip II, from which they had hardly recovered. It was a principle by which we must inevitably infer, says Bayle, that in Holland no other mode of religious belief but one sect should be permitted; and that those Pagans who had hanged the missionaries of the Gospel had done what they ought. Lipsius found himself sadly embarrassed when refuted by Theodore Cornhert,* the firm advocate of political and religious freedom, and at length Lipsius, that protestant with a catholic heart, was forced to eat his words, like Pistol his onion, declaring that the two objectionable words, *ure, seca*, were borrowed from medicine, meaning not literally *fire* and *sword*, but a strong efficacious remedy, one of those powerful medicines to expel poison. Jean de Serres, a warm Huguenot, carried the principle of Toleration so far in his 'Inventaire generale de l'Histoire de France,' as to blame Charles Martel for compelling the Frisans, whom he had conquered, to adopt Christianity! 'A pardonable zeal,' he observes, 'in a warrior; but in fact the minds of men cannot be gained over by arms, nor that religion forced upon them, which must be introduced into the hearts of men by reason.' It is curious to see a protestant, in his zeal for toleration, blaming a king for forcing idolators to become Christians; and to have found an opportunity to express his opinions in the dark history of the eighth century, is an instance how historians incorporate their passions in their works, and view ancient facts with modern eyes.

The protestant cannot grant toleration to the catholic, unless the catholic ceases to be a papist; and the Arminian church, which opened its wide bosom to receive every denomination of Christians, nevertheless were forced to exclude the papists, for their passive obedience to the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. The catholic has curiously told us, on this word *Toleration*, that, *Ce mot devient fort en usage a mesure que le nombre des tolerans augmente.*† It was a word which seemed of recent introduction, though the book is modern! The protestants have disputed much how far they might tolerate, or whether they should tolerate at all; 'a difficulty,' triumphantly exclaims the catholic, 'which they are not likely ever to settle, while they maintain their principles of pretended reformation: the consequences which naturally follow, excite horror to the Christian. It is the weak who raise such outcries for toleration; the strong find authority legitimate.'

A religion which admits not of *toleration* cannot be safely tolerated, if there is any chance of their obtaining a political ascendency.

When Priscillian and six of his followers were condemned to torture and execution for asserting that the three persons of the Trinity were to be considered as three different *acceptions* of the same being, Saint Ambrose and Saint Martin asserted the cause of offended humanity, and refused to communicate with the bishops who had called out for the blood of the Priscillianists; but Cardinal Baronius, the annalist of the church, was greatly embarrassed to explain how men of real purity could abstain from *applauding* the ardent zeal of *the persecution*: he preferred to give up the saints rather than to allow of toleration—for he acknowledges that the toleration which these saints would have allowed was not exempt from sin.*

In the preceding article, 'Political Religionism,' we have shown how to provide against the possible evil of the *tolerated* becoming the *tolerators!* Toleration has, indeed, been suspected of indifferenee to Religion itself; but with sound minds, it is only an indifference to the logomachies of theology—things 'not of God, but of man,' that have perished, and that are perishing around us!

made sure of him! This letter of the rector of Kettering, in adopting the system of such a catholic bishop, confirms my suspicion, that toleration is condemned as an evil among some protestants!

* Cornhert was one of the fathers of Dutch literature, and even of their arts. He was the composer of the great national air of William of Orange; he was too a famous engraver, the master of Golzius. On his death-bed, he was still writing against the persecution of heretics.

† Dictionnaire de Trevoux, ad vocem Tolerance. Printed in 1771.

* Sismondi, Hist. des Francais, I, 41. The character of the first person who introduced civil persecution into the Christian church has been described by Sulpicius Severus. See Dr Maclaine's note in his translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. I.—428.

APOLOGY FOR THE PARISIAN MASSACRE.

An original document now lying before me, the autograph letter of Charles the Ninth, will prove, that that unparalleled massacre, called by the world *religious*, was, in the French cabinet, considered merely as *political*; one of those revolting state expedients which a pretended instant necessity has too often inflicted on that part of a nation which, like the under-current, subterraneously works its way, and runs counter to the great stream, till the critical moment arrives when one, or the other, must cease.

The massacre began on St Bartholomew day, in August, 1572, lasted in France during seven days: that awful event interrupted the correspondence of our court with that of France. A long silence ensued; the one did not dare to tell the tale which the other could not listen to. But sovereigns know how to convert a mere domestic event into a political expedient. Charles the Ninth, on the birth of a daughter, sent over an ambassador extraordinary to request Elizabeth to stand as sponsor: by this the French monarch obtained a double purpose; it served to renew his interrupted intercourse with the silent Queen, and alarmed the French protestants by abating their hopes, which long rested on the aid of the English queen.

The following letter, dated 8th February, 1573, is addressed by the king to La Motte Fenelon, his resident ambassador at London. The king in this letter minutely details a confidential intercourse with his mother, Catharine of Medicis, who perhaps, may have dictated this letter to the secretary, although signed by the king with his own hand.† Such minute particulars could only have been known to herself. The Earl of *Wolchester* (Worcester) was now taking his departure, having come to Paris on the baptism of the princess; and accompanied by Walsingham, our resident ambassador, after taking leave of Charles, had the following interview with Catharine de Medicis. An interview with the young monarch was usually concluded by a separate audience with his mother, who probably was still the directress of his councils.

The French court now renewed their favourite project of marrying the Duke D'Alençon with Elizabeth. They had long wished to settle this turbulent spirit, and the negotiation with Elizabeth had been broken off in consequence of the massacre at Paris. They were somewhat uneasy lest he should share the fate of his brother, the Duke of Anjou, who had not long before been expedited on the same fruitless errand; and Elizabeth had already objected to the disparity of their ages, the Duke of Alençon being only seventeen, and the maiden queen six and thirty; but Catharine observed, that D'Alençon was only one year

† All the numerous letters which I have seen of Charles the Ninth, now in the possession of Mr Murray, are carefully signed by himself, and I have also observed postscripts written with his own hand: they are always countersigned by his secretary. I mention this circumstance, because in the Dictionnaire Historique, it is said that Charles, who died young, was so given up to the amusements of his age, that he would not even sign his despatches, and introduced the custom of secretaries subscribing for the king. This voluminous correspondence shows the falsity of this statement. History is too often composed of popular tales of this stamp.

younger than his brother, against whom this objection had not occurred to Elizabeth, for he had been sent back upon another pretext—some difficulty which the queen had contrived about his performing mass in his own house.

After Catharine de Medicis had assured the Earl of Worcester of her great affection for the Queen of England, and her and the king's strict intention to preserve it, and that they were therefore desirous of this proposed marriage taking place, she took this opportunity of inquiring of the Earl of Worcester the cause of the queen his mistress's marked *coolness towards them*. The narrative becomes now dramatic.

'On this Walshingham, who kept always close by the side of the count, here took on himself to answer, acknowledging that the said count had indeed been charged to speak on this head; and he then addressed some words in English to Worcester. And afterwards the count gave to my lady and mother to understand, that the queen his mistress had been waiting for an answer on two articles; the one concerning religion, and the other for an interview. My lady and mother instantly replied, that she had never heard any articles mentioned, on which she would not have immediately satisfied the Sieur Walsingham, who then took up the word; first observing that the count was not accustomed to business of this nature, but that he himself knew for certain that the cause of this negotiation for marriage not being more advanced, was really these two unsettled points: that his mistress still wished that the point of religion should be cleared up; for that they concluded in England that this business was designed only to amuse and never to be completed, (as happened in that of my brother the Duke of Anjou;) and the other point concerned the interview between my brother the Duke of Alençon; because some letters, which may have been written between the parties* in such sort of matters, could not have the same force which the sight and presence of both the persons would undoubtedly have. But he added, *another thing, which had also greatly retarded this business, was what had happened lately in this kingdom;* and during such troubles, proceeding from religion, it could not have been well timed to have spoken with them concerning the said marriage; and that himself and those of his nation had been in great fear in this kingdom, thinking that we intended to extirpate all those of the said religion. On this, my lady and mother answered him instantly, and in order; That she was certain that the queen his mistress could never like nor value a prince who had not his religion at heart; and whoever would desire to have this otherwise, would be depriving him of what we hold dearest in this world; That he might recollect that my brother had always insisted on the freedom of religion, and that it was from the difficulty of its public exercise, which he always insisted on, which had broken off this negotiation: the Duke d'Alençon will be satisfied when this point is agreed on, and will hasten over to the queen, persuaded that she will not occasion him the pain and the shame of passing over the seas without happily terminating this affair. In regard to *what has occurred these latter days*, that he must have seen how it happened by the fault of the chiefs of those who remained here; for when the late admiral was treacherously wounded at Notre Dame, he knew the affliction it threw us unto, (fearful that it might have occasioned great troubles in this kingdom,) and the diligence we used to verify judicially whence it proceeded; and the verification was nearly finished, when they were so forgetful as to raise a conspiracy, to attempt the lives of myself, my lady and mother, and my brothers, and endanger the whole state; which was the cause, that to avoid this, I was compelled, to my very great regret, to permit what had happened in this city; but as he had witnessed, I gave orders to stop, as soon as possible, this fury of the people, and place every one in repose. On this, the Sieur Walsingham replied to my lady and mother, that the exercise of the said religion had been interdicted in this kingdom. To which she also answered, that this had not been done but for a good and holy purpose; namely, that the fury of the catholic people might the sooner be allayed, who else had been reminded of the past calamities, and would again have been let loose against those of the said religion, had they continued to preach in this kingdom. Also should these once more fix on any chiefs, which I will prevent as soon as possible, giving him clearly and pointedly to understand, that what is done here is much the same as what has been done, and is now practised by the queen his mistress in her kingdom. For she permits the exercise but of one religion, although there are many of her people who are of another; and having also, during her reign, punished those of her subjects whom she found seditious and rebellious. It is true this has been done by the laws, but I indeed could not act in the same manner; for finding myself in such imminent peril, and the conspiracy raised against me and mine, and my kingdom, ready to be executed; I had no time to arraign and try in open justice as much as I wished, but was constrained, to my very great regret, to strike the blow (lascher la main) in what has been done in this city.'

This letter of Charles the Ninth, however, does not here conclude. 'My lady and mother' plainly acquaints the Earl of Worcester and Sir Francis Walsingham that 'her son had never interfered between their mistress and her subjects, and in return expects the same favour; although, by accounts they had received from England, many ships were arming to assist their rebels at Rochelle.' 'My lady and mother' advances another step, and declares that Elizabeth by treaty is bound to assist her son against his rebellious subjects; and they expect, at least, that Elizabeth will not only stop these armaments in all her ports, but exemplarily punish the offenders. I resume the letter.

'And on hearing this, the said Walsingham changed colour, and appeared somewhat astonished, as my lady and mother well perceived by his face; and on this, he requested the Count of Worcester to mention the order which he knew the queen his mistress had issued to prevent these people from assisting those of La Rochelle; but that in England, so numerous were the seamen and others who gained their livelihood by maritime affairs, and who would starve without the entire freedom of the seas, that it was impossible to interdict them.'

Charles the Ninth encloses the copy of a letter he had received from London, in part agreeing with an account the ambassador had sent to the king, of an English expedition nearly ready to sail for La Rochelle, to assist his rebellious subjects. He is still further alarmed, that Elizabeth foments the *vartegeux*, and assists underhand the discontented. He urges the ambassador to hasten to the queen, to impart these complaints in the most friendly way, as he knows the ambassador can well do, and as, no doubt, Walsingham will have already prepared her to receive. Charles entreats Elizabeth to prove her good faith by deeds and not by words; to act openly on a point which admits of no dissimulation. The best proof of her friendship will be the marriage; and the ambassador, after opening this business to her chief ministers, who the king thinks are desirous of this projected marriage, is then 'to acquaint the queen with what has passed between her ambassadors and myself.'

Such is the first letter on English affairs which Charles the Ninth despatched to his ambassador, after an awful silence of six months, during which time La Motte Fenelon was not admitted into the presence of Elizabeth. The apology for the massacre of St Bartholomew comes from the king himself, and contains several remarkable expressions, which are at least divested of that style of bigotry and exultation we might have expected: on the contrary, this sanguinary and inconsiderate young monarch, as he is represented, writes in a subdued and sorrowing tone, lamenting his hard necessity, regretting he could not have recourse to the laws, and appealing to others for his efforts to check the fury of the people, which he himself had let loose. Catharine de Medicis, who had governed him from the tender age of eleven years, when he ascended the throne, might unquestionably have persuaded him that a conspiracy was on the point of explosion. Charles the Ninth died young, and his character is unfavourably viewed by the historians. In the voluminous correspondence which I have examined, could we judge by state letters of the character of him who subscribes them, we must form a very different notion: they are so prolix and so earnest, that one might conceive they were dictated by the young monarch himself!

* These love-letters of Alençon to our Elizabeth are noticed by Camden, who observes that the queen became wearied by receiving so many, and to put an end to this trouble, she consented that the young duke should come over, conditionally, that he should not be offended if her suitor should return home suitless.

PREDICTION.

In a curious treatise on 'Divination,' or the knowledge

of future events, Cicero has preserved a complete account of the state-contrivances which were practised by the Roman government, to instil among the people those hopes and fears by which they regulated public opinion. The pagan creed, now become obsolete and ridiculous, has occasioned this treatise to be rarely consulted; it remains, however, as a chapter in the history of man!

To these two books of Cicero on 'Divination' perhaps a third might be added, on political and moral prediction. The principles which may even raise it into a science are self-evident; they are drawn from the heart of man, and they depend on the nature and connexion of human events! We presume we shall demonstrate the positive existence of such a faculty; a faculty which Lord Bacon describes of 'making things future and remote as present.' The aruspex, the augur, and the astrologer, have vanished with their own superstitions; but the moral and the political predictor, proceeding on principles authorized by nature and experience, has become more skilful in his observations on the phenomena of human history; and it has often happened that a tolerable philosopher has not made an indifferent prophet.

No great political or moral revolution has occurred which has not been accompanied by its *prognostic*; and men of a philosophic cast of mind, in their retirement, freed from the delusions of parties and of sects, at once intelligent in the *quicquid agunt homines*, while they are withdrawn from their conflicting interests, have rarely been confounded by the astonishment which overwhelms those who, absorbed in active life, are the mere creatures of sensation, agitated by the shadows of truth, the unsubstantial appearances of things! Intellectual nations are advancing in an eternal circle of events and passions which succeed each other, and the last is necessarily connected with its antecedent; the solitary force of some fortuitous incident only can interrupt this concatenated progress of human affairs.

That every great event has been accompanied by a presage or prognostic, has been observed by Lord Bacon. 'The shepherds of the people should understand the *prognostics of state-tempests*; hollow blasts of wind seemingly at a distance, and secret swellings of the sea, often precede a storm.' Such were the prognostics discerned by the politic Bishop Williams in Charles the First's time, who clearly foresaw and predicted the final success of the Puritanic party in our country; attentive to his own security, he abandoned the government and sided with the rising opposition, at a moment when such a change in public affairs was by no means apparent.*

In this spirit of foresight our contemplative antiquary Dugdale must have anticipated the scene which was approaching in 1641, in the destruction of our ancient monuments in cathedral churches. He hurried on his itinerant labours of taking draughts and transcribing inscriptions, as he says, 'to preserve them for future and better times.' Posterity owes to the prescient spirit of Dugdale the ancient Monuments of England, which bear the marks of the haste, as well as the zeal, which have perpetuated them.

Continental writers formerly employed a fortunate expression, when they wished to have an *Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem*: this history of the Reformation would have commenced at least a century before the Reformation itself! A letter from Cardinal Julian to Pope Eugenius IV, written a century before Luther appeared, clearly predicts the Reformation and its consequences. He observed that the minds of men were ripe for something tragical; he felt the axe striking at the root, and the tree beginning to bend, and that his party, instead of propping it, were hastening its fall.† In England, Sir Thomas More was not less prescient in his views; for when his son Roper was observing to him, that the Catholic religion, under 'the Defender of the Faith,' was in a most flourishing state, the answer of More was an evidence of political foresight,—'Truth it is, son Roper! and yet I pray God that we may not live to see the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with heretics, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves.' Whether our great chancellor predicted from a more intimate knowledge of the king's character, or from some private circumstances which may not have been recorded for our information, of which I have an obscure suspicion, remains to be ascertained. The minds of men of great political sagacity were unquestionably at that moment full of obscure indications of the approaching change: Erasmus, when at Canterbury before the tomb of Becket, observing it loaded with a vast profusion of jewels, wished that those had been distributed among the poor, and that the shrine had been only adorned with boughs and flowers; 'For,' said he, 'those who have heaped up all this mass of treasure will one day be plundered, and fall a prey to those who are in power;'—a prediction literally fulfilled about twenty years after it was made. The unknown author of the Visions of Piers Ploughman, who wrote in the reign of Edward the Third, surprised the world by a famous prediction of *the fall of the religious houses from the hand of a king*. The event was realized two hundred years afterwards, by our Henry the Eighth. The protestant writers have not scrupled to declare, that in this instance he was *divino numine afflatus*. But moral and political prediction is not inspiration; the one may be wrought out by man; the other descends from God. The same principle which led Erasmus to predict that those who were 'in power' would destroy the rich shrines, because no other class of men in society could mate with so mighty a body as the monks, conducted the author of Piers Ploughman to the same conclusion; and since power only could accomplish that great purpose, he fixed on the highest as the most likely; and thus the wise prediction was, so long after, literally accomplished!

Sir Walter Rawleigh foresaw the future consequences of the separatists and the sectaries in the national church, and the very scene his imagination raised in 1530 has been exhibited, to the letter of his description, two centuries after the prediction! His memorable words are, 'Time will even bring it to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be *turned out of churches* into *barns*, and from thence again into the *fields* and *mountains*, and under *hedges*—all order of discipline and church-government left to *newness of opinion* and men's fancies, and *as many kinds of religion* spring up as there are parish-churches within England.' We are struck by the profound genius of Tacitus, who clearly foresaw the calamities which so long ravaged Europe on the fall of the Roman empire, in a work written five hundred years before the event! In that sublime anticipation of the future, he observed, 'When the Romans shall be hunted out from those countries which they have conquered, what will then happen? The revolted people, freed from their master-oppressor, will not be able to subsist without destroying their neighbours, and the most cruel wars will exist among all these nations.'

We are told that Solon at Athens, contemplating on the port and citadel of Munychia, suddenly exclaimed, 'How blind is man to futurity! Could the Athenians foresee what mischief this will do their city, they would even eat it with their own teeth, to get rid of it!'—a prediction verified more than two hundred years afterwards! Thales desired to be buried in an obscure quarter of Milesia, observing that that very spot would in time be the forum. Charlemagne, in his old age, observing from the window of a castle a Norman descent on his coast, tears started in the eyes of the aged monarch. He predicted, that since they dared to threaten his dominions while he was yet living, what would they do when he should be no more! A melancholy prediction, says De Foix, of their subsequent incursions, and of the protracted calamities of the French nation during a whole century!

There seems to be something in minds, which take in extensive views of human nature, which serves them as a kind of divination, and the consciousness of this faculty has been asserted by some. Cicero appeals to Atticus how he had always judged of the affairs of the Republic as a good diviner; and that its overthrow had happened, as he had foreseen, fourteen years before.* Cicero had not only predicted what happened in his own times, but also what occurred long after, according to the testimony of Cornelius Nepos. The philosopher indeed, affects no secret revelation, nor visionary second-sight; he honestly tells us that this art had been acquired merely by study, and the administration of public affairs, while he reminds his friend of several remarkable instances of his success

* See Rushworth, vol. i. p. 420. His language was decisive.

† This letter is in the works of Æneas Sylvius; a copious extract is given by Bossuet, in his 'Variations.' See also Mosheim, Cent. XIII, part ii. chap. note 2, m.

* Ep. ad Att. Lib. 10. Ep. 4

predictions. 'I do not divine human events by the arts practised by the augurs; but I use other signs.' Cicero then expresses himself with the guarded obscurity of a philosopher who could not openly ridicule the prevailing superstitions; but we perfectly comprehend the nature of his 'signs,' when, in the great pending event of the rival conflicts of Pompey and of Cæsar, he shows the means he used for his purpose. 'On one side I consider the humour and genius of Cæsar, and on the other the condition and the manner of civil wars.'* In a word, the political diviner foretold events by their dependence on general causes, while the moral diviner, by his experience of the personal character, anticipated the actions of the individual. Others, too, have asserted the possession of this faculty. Du Vair, a famous chancellor of France, imagined the faculty was intuitive with him: by his own experience he had observed the results of this curious and obscure faculty, and at a time when the history of the human mind was so imperfectly comprehended, it is easy to account for the apparent egotism of this grave and dignified character. 'Born,' says he, 'with constitutional infirmity, a mind and body but ill adapted to be laborious, with a most treacherous memory, enjoying no gift of nature, yet able at all times to exercise a sagacity so great, that I do not know, since I have reached manhood, that any thing of importance has happened to the state, to the public, or to myself in particular, which I had not foreseen.'† This faculty seems to be described by a remarkable expression employed by Thucydides, in his character of Themistocles, of which the following is given as a close translation. 'By a species of sagacity peculiarly his own, for which he was in no degree indebted either to early education or after study, he was supereminently happy in forming a prompt judgment in matters that admitted but little time for deliberation; at the same time that he far surpassed all in his *deductions of the future from the past;* or was the best *guesser of the future* from the past.'‡ Should this faculty of moral and political prediction be ever considered as a science, we can even furnish it with a denomination; for the writer of the life of Sir Thomas Brown, prefixed to his works, in claiming the honour of it for that philosopher, calls it 'the Stochastic,' a term derived from the Greek and from archery, meaning, 'to shoot at a mark.' This eminent genius, it seems, often 'hit the white.' Our biographer declares, that 'though he were no prophet, yet in that faculty which comes nearest to it he excelled, i. e. *the Stochastic*, wherein he was seldom mistaken as to *future events*, as well public as private.

We are not, indeed, inculcating the fanciful elements of an occult art: we know whence its principles may be drawn, and we may observe how it was practised by the wisest among the ancients. Aristotle, who collected all the curious knowledge of his times, has preserved some remarkable opinions on the art of *divination*. In detailing the various subterfuges practised by the pretended diviners of his day, he reveals the *secret principle* by which one of them regulated his predictions. He frankly declared that the future being always very obscure, while the past was easy to know, *his predictions had never the future in view;* for he decided from the past as it appeared in human affairs, which, however, lie concealed from the multitude.§ Such is the true principle by which a philosophical historian may become a skilful diviner.

Human affairs make themselves; they grow out of one another, with slight variations; and thus it is that they usually happen as they have happened. The necessary dependence of effects on causes, and the similarity of human interests and human passions, are confirmed by comparative parallels with the past. The philosophic sage of holy writ truly deduced the important principle, that 'the thing that hath been is that which shall be.' The vital facts of history, deadened by the touch of chronological antiquarianism, are restored to animation when we comprehend the principles which necessarily terminate in certain results, and discover the characters among mankind who are the usual actors in these scenes. The heart of man beats on the same eternal springs; and whether he advances or retrogrades, he cannot escape out of the march of human thought. Hence, in the most extraordinary revolutions, we discover that the time and the place only have changed; for even when events are not strictly parallel, we detect the same conducting principles. Scipio Ammirato, one of the great Italian historians, in his curious discourses on Tacitus, intermingles ancient examples with the modern; that, he says, all may see how the truth of things is not altered by the changes and diversities of time. Machiavel drew his illustrations of modern history from the ancient.

When the French revolution recalled our attention to a similar eventful period in our own history, the neglected volumes which preserved the public and private history of our Charles the First and Cromwell were collected with eager curiosity. Often the scene existing before us, even the very personages themselves, opened on us in these forgotten pages. But as the annals of human nature did not commence with those of Charles the First, we took a still more retrograde step, and it was discovered in this wider range, that in the various governments of Greece and Rome, the events of those times had been only reproduced. Among them the same principles had terminated in the same results, and the same personages had figured in the same drama. This strikingly appeared in a little curious volume, entitled, 'Essai sur l'Histoire de la Revolution Françoise, par une Societé d'Auteurs Latins,' published at Paris in 1801. The 'Society of Latin Authors,' who so inimitably have written the history of the French revolution, consists of the Roman historians themselves! By extracts ingeniously applied, the events of that melancholy period are so appositely described, indeed so minutely narrated, that they will not fail to surprise those who are not accustomed to detect the perpetual parallels which we meet with in philosophical history.

Many of these crisises in history are close resemblances of each other. Compare the history of 'The League' in France with that of our own civil wars. We are struck by the similar occurrences performed by the same political characters who played their part on both those great theatres of human action. A satirical royalist of those times has commemorated the motives, the incidents, and the personages in the 'Satire Menippée de la Vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne;' and this famous 'Satire Menippée, is a perfect Hudibras in prose! The writer discovers all the bitter ridicule of Butler in his ludicrous and severe exhibition of the 'Etats de Paris,' while the artist who designed the satirical prints becomes no contemptible Hogarth. So much are these public events alike in their general spirit and termination, that they have afforded the subject of a printed but unpublished volume, entitled 'Essai sur les Revolutions'* The whole work was modelled on this principle. 'It would be possible,' says the eloquent writer, 'to frame a table or chart in which all the given imaginable events of the history of a people would be reduced to a mathematical exactness.' The conception is fanciful, but its foundation lies deep in truth.

A remarkable illustration of the secret principle divulged by Aristotle, and described by Thucydides, appears in the recent confession of a man of genius among ourselves. When Mr Coleridge was a political writer in the Morning Post and the Courier, at a period of darkness and utter confusion, that writer was then conducted by a tract of light not revealed to ordinary journalists, on the Napoleonic empire. 'Of that despotism in masquerade' he decided by 'the state of Rome under the first Cæsars;' and of the Spanish American Revolution, by taking the war of the united provinces with Philip II, as the ground work of the comparison. 'On every great occurrence,' he says, 'I endeavoured to discover, in past history, the event that most nearly resembled it. I procured the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of *difference* from those of *likeness*, as the balance favoured the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the essays "On the probable final Restoration of the Bourbons," I feel myself authorized to affirm, by the effect produced on many intelligent men, that were the

* Ep ad Att. Lib. 6, Ep. 4.

† This remarkable confession I find in Menage's Observations sur la Langue Françoise, Part II. p. 110.

‡ Οικεια γαρ ξυνεσει, και ουτε προμαθων ες αυτην ουδεν, ουτ' επιμαθον, των τε παραχρημα δι ελαχιστης βουλες κρατ, εστος γνωμων, και των μελλοντ ων επικλειστον του γενησομενου αριστος εικαστης. THUCYDIDES, LIB. I.

§ Arist. Rhet. lib. vii, c. 5.

* This work was printed in London, as a first volume, but remained unpublished. This singularly curious production was suppressed, but reprinted at Paris. It has suffered the most cruel mutilations. I read, with surprise and instruction, the single copy which I was assured was the only one saved from the havoc of the entire edition.

dates wanting, it might have been suspected that the essays had been written within the last twelve months.'*

In moral predictions on individuals, many have discovered the future character. The revolutionary character of Cardinal de Retz, even in his youth, was detected by the sagacity of Mazarine. He then wrote the history of the conspiracy of Fiesco with such vehement admiration of his hero, that the Italian politician, after its perusal, predicted that the young author would be one of the most turbulent spirits of the age! The father of Marshal Biron, even amid the glory of his son, discovered the cloud which, invisible to others, was to obscure it. The father, indeed, well knew the fiery passions of his son. 'Biron,' said the domestic seer, 'I advise thee, when peace takes place, to go and plant cabbages in thy garden, otherwise I warn thee, thou wilt lose thy head on a scaffold!' Lorenzo de Medici had studied the temper of his son Piero; for Guicciardini informs us, that he had often complained to his most intimate friends, that 'he foresaw the imprudence and arrogance of his son would occasion the ruin of his family.' There is a remarkable prediction of James the First, of the evils likely to ensue from Laud's violence, in a conversation given by Hacket, which the king held with Archbishop Williams. When the king was hard pressed to promote Laud, he gave his reasons why he intended to 'keep Laud back from all place of rule and authority, because I find he hath a restless spirit, and cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change, and to bring things to a pitch of reformation floating in his own brain, which endangers the steadfastness of that which is in a good pass. I speak not at random; he hath made himself known to me to be such an one.' James then gives the circumstances to which he alludes; and at length, when, still pursued by the archbishop, then the organ of Buckingham, as usual, this king's good-nature too easily yielded; he did not, however, without closing with this prediction: 'Then take him to you—but, on my soul, you will repent it!' The future character of Cromwell was apparent to two of our great politicians. 'This coarse unpromising man,' said Lord Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, 'will be the first person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to blows!' And Archbishop Williams told Charles the First confidentially, that 'There was *that* in Cromwell which foreboded something dangerous, and wished his majesty would either win him over to him, or get him taken off.' The Marquis of Wellesley's incomparable character of Buonaparte predicted his fall when highest in his glory; that great statesman then poured forth the sublime language of philosophical prophecy. 'His eagerness of power is so inordinate; his jealousy of independence so fierce; his keenness of appetite so feverish in all that touches his ambition, even in the most trifling things, that he must plunge into dreadful difficulties. He is one of an order of minds that by nature make for themselves great reverses.'

Lord Mansfield was once asked, after the commencement of the French revolution, when it would end? His lordship replied, 'It is an event *without precedent*, and therefore *without prognostic*.' The truth, however, is, that it had both. Our own history had furnished a precedent in the times of Charles the First. And the prognostics were so redundant, that a volume might be collected of passages from various writers who had predicted it. However ingenious might be a history of the Reformation before it occurred, the evidence could not be more authentic and positive than that of the great moral and political revolution which we have witnessed in our own days.

A prediction, which Bishop Butler threw out in a sermon before the House of Lords, in 1741, does honour to his political sagacity, as well as to his knowledge of human nature; he calculated that the irreligious spirit would produce, some time or other, political disorders, similar to those which, in the seventeenth century, had arisen from religious fanaticism. 'Is there no danger,' he observed, 'that all this may raise somewhat like *that levelling spirit*, upon atheistical principles, which in the last age prevailed upon enthusiastic ones? Not to speak of the possibility that *different sorts of people* may *unite* in it upon these *contrary principles*?' All this literally has been accomplished! Leibnitz, indeed, foresaw the results of those selfish, and at length demoralizing, opinions, which began to prevail through Europe in his day. These disorganizing principles, conducted by a political sect, who tried 'to be worse than they could be,' as old Montaigne expresses it; a sort of men who have been audaciously congratulated as 'having a *taste* for evil;' exhibited to the astonished world the dismal catastrophe the philosopher had predicted. I shall give this remarkable passage. 'I find that certain opinions approaching those of Epicurus and Spinosa, are, little by little, insinuating themselves into the minds of the great rulers of public affairs, who serve as the guides of others, and on whom all matters depend; besides, these opinions are also sliding into fashionable books, and thus *they are preparing all things to that* general revolution *which menaces Europe*; destroying those generous sentiments of the ancients, Greek and Roman, which preferred the love of country and public good, and the cares of posterity, to fortune and even to life. Our *public spirits*,* as the English call them, excessively diminish, and are no more in fashion, and will be still less while the least vicious of these men preserve only one principle, which they call *honour*; a principle which only keeps them from not doing what they deem a low action, while they openly laugh at the love of country—ridicule those who are zealous for public ends—and when a well-intentioned man asks what will become of their posterity? they reply, "Then, as now!" *But it may happen to these persons themselves to have to endure those evils which they believe are reserved for others.* If this epidemical and intellectual disorder could be corrected, *whose bad effects are already visible*, those evils might still be prevented; but if it proceeds in its growth, *Providence will correct man by the very revolution which must spring from it.* Whatever may happen indeed, all must turn out as usual, for the best in general at the end of the account, although *this cannot happen without the punishment of those who contribute even to the general good by their evil actions.*' The most superficial reader will hardly require a commentary on this very remarkable passage; he must instantly perceive how Leibnitz, in the seventeenth century, foresaw what has occurred in the eighteenth; and the prediction has been verified in the history of the actors in the late revolution, while the result, which we have not perhaps yet had, according to Leibnitz's own exhilarating system of optimism, is an eduction of good from evil.

A great genius, who was oppressed by malignant rivals in his own times, has been noticed by Madame de Stael, as having left behind him an actual prophecy of the French revolution; this was Guibert, who, in his commentary on Folard's Polybius, published in 1727, declared, that 'a conspiracy is actually forming in Europe, by means at once so subtile and efficacious, that I am sorry not to have come into the world *thirty years later* to witness its result. It must be confessed that the sovereigns of Europe wear very bad spectacles. The proofs of it are mathematical, if such proofs ever were, of a conspiracy.' Guibert unquestionably foresaw the anti-monarchical spirit gathering up its mighty wings, and rising over the universe! but could not judge of the nature of the impulse which he predicted; prophesying from the ideas in his luminous intellect, he seems to have been far more curious about, than certain of the consequences. Rousseau even circumstantially predicted the convulsions of modern Europe. He stood on the crisis of the French revolution, which he vividly foresaw, for he seriously advised the higher classes of society to have their children taught some useful trade: a notion highly ridiculed on the first appearance of the Emile; but at its hour the awful truth struck! He, too, foresaw the horrors of that revolution; for he announced that Emile designed to emigrate, because, from the moral state of the people, a virtuous revolution had become impossible.† The eloquence of Burke was often oracular; and

* Biographia Literaria, or Biographical sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 1807.—Vol. i, p. 214.

* Public spirit, and public spirits, were about the year 1700 household words with us. Leibnitz was struck by their significance, but it might now puzzle us to find synonyms, or even to explain the very terms themselves.

† This extraordinary passage is at the close of the third book of Emile, to which I must refer the reader. It is curious, however, to observe, that in 1760 Rousseau poured forth the following awful predictions, which were considered quite absurd. 'Vous vous fiez à l'ordre actuel de la société sans songer que cet ordre est sujet à des revolutions inevitables—le grand devient petit, le riche devient pauvre, le monarque devient sujet—nous approchons l'état de crise et du siècle des revolutions. Que sera donc dans la bassesse ce satrape que vous n'aurez élevé que pour la grandeur? Que sera dans la pauvreté ce public à qui ne sont vivre que d'or? Que sera de pourvu de tout, ce fastueux imbecille qui ne sait point user de lui-meme?' &c. &c.

a speech of Pitt, in 1800, painted the state of Europe as it was only realized fifteen years afterwards.

But many remarkable predictions have turned out to be false. Whenever the facts on which the prediction is raised are altered in their situation, what was relatively true ceases to operate as a general principle. For instance, to that striking anticipation which Rousseau formed of the French revolution, he added, by way of note, as remarkable a prediction on MONARCHY. *Je tiens pour impossible que les grandes monarchies de l'Europe aient encore long terms a durer; toutes on brillé, et tout état qui brille est sur son declin.* The predominant anti-monarchical spirit among our rising generation seems to hasten on the accomplishment of the prophecy; but if an important alteration has occurred in the nature of things, we may question the result. If by looking into the past, Rousseau found facts which sufficiently proved that nations in the height of their splendour and corruption had closed their career by falling an easy conquest to barbarous invaders, who annihilated the most polished people at a single blow; we now find that no such power any longer exists in the great family of Europe: the state of the question is therefore changed. It is *now* how corrupt nations will act against corrupt nations equally enlightened? But if the citizen of Geneva drew his prediction of the extinction of monarchy in Europe from that predilection for democracy which assumes that a republic must necessarily produce more happiness to the people than a monarchy, then we say that the fatal experiment was again repeated since the prediction, and the fact proved not true! The very excess of democracy inevitably terminates in a monarchical state; and were all the monarchies in Europe republics, a philosopher might safely predict the restoration of monarchy!

If a prediction be raised on facts which our own prejudices induce us to infer will exist, it must be chimerical. We have an universal Chronicle of the Monk Carion, printed in 1532, in which he announces that the world was about ending, as well as his chronicle of it; that the Turkish empire would not last many years; that after the death of Charles the Fifth the empire of Germany would be torn to pieces by the Germans themselves. This monk will no longer pass for a prophet; he belongs to that class of historians who write to humour their own prejudices, like a certain lady-propheteess, who, in 1611, predicted that grass was to grow in Cheapside about this time! The monk Carion, like others of greater name, had miscalculated the weeks of Daniel, and wished more ill to the Mahometans than suit the Christian cabinets of Europe to inflict on them; and, lastly, the monastic historian had no notion that it would please Providence to prosper the heresy of Luther! Sir James Macintosh once observed, 'I am sensible, that in the field of *political prediction*, veteran sagacity has often been deceived.' Sir James alluded to the memorable example of Harrington, who published a demonstration of the impossibility of re-establishing monarchy in England six months before the restoration of Charles the Second. But the author of the Oceana was a political fanatic, who ventured to predict an event, not by other similar events, but by a theoretical principle which he had formed, that 'the balance of power depends on that of property.' Harrington, in his contracted view of human nature, had dropped out of his calculation all the stirring passions of ambition and party, and the vacillations of the multitude. A similar error of a great genius occurs in De Foe. 'Child,' says Mr George Chalmers, 'foreseeing from experience that men's *conduct* must finally be decided by their *principles*, foretold *the colonial revolt*. De Foe, allowing his prejudices to obscure his sagacity, reprobated that suggestion, because he deemed *interest* a more strenuous prompter than *enthusiasm*.' The predictions of Harrington and De Foe are precisely such as we might expect from a petty calculator—a political economist, who can see nothing farther than immediate results; but the true philosophical predictor was Child, who had read the *past*. It is probable that the American emancipation from the mother-country of England was foreseen, twenty or thirty years before it occurred, though not perhaps by the administration. Lord Orford, writing in 1754 under the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle, blames 'The instructions to the governor of New York, which seemed better calculated for the latitude of Mexico, and for a Spanish tribunal, than for a free British settlement, and in such opulence and such haughtiness, that *suspicions had long been conceived of their meditating to throw off the dependence on their mother country*.' If this was written at the time, as the author asserts, it is a very remarkable passage, observes the noble editor of his memoirs. The prognostics or presages of this revolution, it may now be difficult to recover; but it is evident that Child before the time when Lord Orford wrote this passage predicted the separation on true and philosophical principles.

Even when the event does not always justify the prediction, the predictor may not have been the less correct in his principles of divination. The catastrophe of human life, and the turn of great events, often prove accidental. Marshal Biron, whom we have noticed, might have ascended the throne instead of the scaffold; Cromwell and De Retz might have become only the favourite general, or the minister of their sovereigns. Fortuitous events are not comprehended in the reach of human prescience; such must be consigned to those vulgar superstitions which presume to discover the issue of human events, without pretending to any human knowledge. There is nothing supernatural in the prescience of the philosopher.

Sometimes predictions have been condemned as false ones, which, when scrutinized, we can scarcely deem to have failed: they may have been accomplished, and they may again revolve on us. In 1749, Dr Hartley published his 'Observations on Man;' and predicted the fall of the existing governments and hierarchies in two simple propositions; among others—

PROP. 81. It is probable that all the civil governments will be overturned.

PROP. 82. It is probable that the present forms of church-government will be dissolved.

Many were alarmed at these predicted falls of church and state. Lady Charlotte Wentworth asked Hartley when these terrible things would happen? The answer of the predictor was not less awful; 'I am an old man, and shall not live to see them; but you are a young woman, and probably will see them.' In the subsequent revolutions of America and of France, and perhaps now of Spain, we can hardly deny that these predictions had failed. A fortuitous event has once more thrown back Europe into its old corners; but we still revolve in a circle, and what is now dark and remote may again come round, when time has performed its great cycle. There was a prophetical passage in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, regarding the church, which long occupied the speculations of its expounders. Hooker indeed seemed to have done what no predictor of human events should do! he fixed on the period of its accomplishment. In 1597, he declared that it would 'peradventure fall out to be three-score and ten years, or if strength do awe, into four score!' Those who had outlived the revolution in 1641, when the long parliament pulled down the ecclesiastical establishment, and sold the church-lands,—a circumstance which Hooker had contemplated—and were afterwards returned to their places on the Restoration, imagined that the prediction had not yet been completed and were looking with great anxiety towards the year 1677, for the close of this extraordinary prediction! When Bishop Barlow, in 1675, was consulted on it, he endeavoured to dissipate the panic, by referring to an old historian, who had reproached our nation for their proneness to prophecies! The prediction of the venerable Hooker in truth had been fully accomplished, and the event had occurred without Bishop Barlow having recurred to it; so easy it seems to forget what we dislike to remember! The period of time was too literally taken and seems to have been only the figurative expression of man's age in scriptural language, which Hooker had employed; but no one will now deny that this prescient sage had profoundly foreseen the results of that rising party, whose designs on church and state were clearly depicted in his own luminous view.

The philosophical predictor in foretelling a crisis, from the appearances of things, will not rashly assign the period of time; for the crisis which he anticipates is calculated on by that inevitable march of events which generate each other in human affairs; but the period is always dubious, being either retarded or accelerated by circumstances of a nature incapable of entering into this moral arithmetic. It is probable, that revolution, similar to that of France, would have occurred in this country, had it not been counteracted by the genius of Pitt. In 1618, it was easy to foretell, by the political prognostics, that a mighty war throughout Europe must necessarily occur. At that moment, observes Bayle, the house of Austria aimed at an universal monarchy; the consequent domineering spirit of the ministers of the Emperor and the king of Spain, combined

with their determination to exterminate the new religions, excited a re-action to this imperial despotism; public opinion had been suppressed, till every people grew impatient: while their sovereigns, influenced by national feeling, were combining against Austria. But Austria was a vast military power, and her generals were the first of their class. The efforts of Europe would then be often repulsed! This state of affairs prognosticated a long war—and when at length it broke out, it lasted thirty years! The approach and the duration of the war might have been predicted: but the period of its termination could not have been foreseen.

There is, however, a spirit of political vaticination which presumes to pass beyond the boundaries of human prescience; it has been often ascribed to the highest source of inspiration by enthusiasts; but since 'the language of prophecy' has ceased, such pretensions are not less impious than they are unphilosophical. Knox the reformer possessed an extraordinary portion of this awful prophetic confidence: he appears to have predicted several remarkable events, and the fates of some persons. We are told, that, condemned to a galley at Rochelle, he predicted that 'within two or three years, he should preach the gospel at Saint Giles's in Edinburgh;' an improbable event, which happened. Of Mary and Darnley, he pronounced, that 'as the king, for the queen's pleasure, had gone to mass, the Lord, in his justice, would make her the instrument of his overthrow.' Other striking predictions of the deaths of Thomas Maitland, and of Kirkaldy of Grange, and the warning he solemnly gave to the Regent Murray not to go to Linlithgow, where he was assassinated, occasioned a barbarous people to imagine that the prophet Knox had received an immediate communication from Heaven. A Spanish friar and almanac-maker, predicted in clear and precise words, the death of Henry the Fourth of France: and Pieresc, though he had no faith in the vain science of astrology, yet, alarmed at whatever menaced the life of a beloved monarch, consulted with some of the king's friends, and had the Spanish almanac laid before his majesty. That high-spirited monarch thanked them for their solicitude, but utterly slighted the prediction; the event occurred, and in the following year the Spanish friar spread his own fame in a new almanac. I have been occasionally struck at the Jeremiads of honest George Withers, the vaticinating poet of our civil wars: some of his works afford many solemn predictions. We may account for many predictions of this class, without the intervention of any supernatural agency. Among the busy spirits of a revolutionary age, the heads of a party, such as Knox, have frequently secret communications with spies or with friends. In a constant source of concealed information, a shrewd, confident and enthusiastic temper will find ample matter for mysterious prescience. Knox exercised that deep sagacity which took in the most enlarged views of the future, as appears by his Machiavelian foresight on the barbarous destruction of the monasteries and the cathedrals.—'The best way to keep the *rooks* from returning, is to pull down their *nests*.' In the case of the prediction of the death of Henry the Fourth, by the Spanish friar, it resulted either from his being acquainted with the plot, or from his being made an instrument for their purpose by those who were. It appears that rumours of Henry's assassination were rife in Spain and Italy, before the event occurred. Such vaticinators as George Withers will always rise in those disturbed times which his own prosaic metre has forcibly depicted.

> It may be on that darkness, which they find
> Within their hearts, a sudden light hath shin'd,
> Making reflections of some things to come,
> Which leave within them musings troublesome
> To their weak spirits; or too intricate
> For them to put in order, and relate.
> They act as men in ecstasies have done—
> Striving their cloudy visions to declare—
> And I, perhaps, among these may be one
> That was let loose for service to be done:
> I blunder out what worldly-prudent men
> Count madnesse.'—P. 7.*

Separating human prediction from inspired prophecy, we only ascribe to the faculties of man that acquired prescience which we have demonstrated that some great minds have unquestionably exercised. We have discovered its principles in the necessary dependence of effects on general causes, and we have shown that, impelled by the same motives, and circumscribed by the same passions, all human affairs revolve in a circle; and we have opened the true source of this yet imperfect science of moral and political prediction, in an intimate, but a discriminative, knowledge of the past.

Authority is sacred, when experience affords parallels and analogies. If much which may overwhelm when it shall happen, can be foreseen, the prescient statesman and moralist may provide defensive measures to break the waters, whose streams they cannot always direct; and venerable Hooker has profoundly observed, that 'the best things have been overthrown, not so much by puissance and might of adversaries, as through defect of counsel in those that should have upheld and defended the same.*'

The philosophy of history blends the past with the present, and combines the present with the future; each is but a portion of the other! The actual state of a thing is necessarily determined by its antecedent, and thus progressively through the chain of human existence; while 'the present is always full of the future,' as Leibnitz has happily expressed the idea.

A new and beautiful light is thus thrown over the annals of mankind, by the analogies and the parallels of different ages in succession. How the seventeenth century has influenced the eighteenth; and the results of the nineteenth as they shall appear in the twentieth, might open a source of predictions, to which, however difficult it might be to affix their dates, there would be none in exploring into causes, and tracing their inevitable effects.

The multitude live only among the shadows of things in the appearances of the present; the learned, busied with the past, can only trace whence, and how, all comes; but he, who is one of the people and one of the learned, the true philosopher, views the natural tendency and terminations which are preparing for the future!

DREAMS AT THE DAWN OF PHILOSOPHY.

Modern philosophy, theoretical or experimental, only amuses while the action of discovery is suspended or advances: the interest ceases with the inquirer when the catastrophe is ascertained, as in the romance whose *denouement* turns on a mysterious incident, which, once unfolded, all future agitation ceases. But in the true infancy of Science, philosophers were as an imaginative a race as poets: marvels and portents, undemonstrable and undefinable, with occult fancies, perpetually beginning and never ending, were delightful as the shifting cantos of Ariosto. Then science entranced the eye by its thaumaturgy: when they looked through an optic tube, they believed they were looking into futurity; or, starting at some shadow darkening the glassy globe, beheld the absent person; while the mechanical inventions of art were toys and tricks, with sometimes an automaton, which frightened them with life.

The earlier votaries of modern philosophy only witnessed, as Gaffarel calls his collection, 'Unheard-of Curiosities.' This state of the marvellous, of which we are now for ever deprived, prevailed among the philosophers and the *virtuosi* in Europe, and with ourselves, long after the establishment of the Royal Society. Philosophy then depended mainly on authority—a single one however was sufficient: so that when this had been repeated by fifty others, they had the authority of fifty honest men—whoever the first man might have been! They were then a blissful race of children, rambling here and there in a golden age of innocence and ignorance, where at every step each gifted discoverer whispered to the few, some half-concealed secret of nature, or played with some toy of art; some invention which with great difficulty performed what, without it, might have been done with great

* 'A dark lanthorne, offering a dim discovery, intermixed with remembrances, predictions, &c, 1652.'

* Hooker wrote this about 1560, and he wrote before the Siècle des Révolutions had begun, even among ourselves! He penetrated into this important principle merely by the force of his own meditation. At this moment, after more practical experience in political revolutions, a very intelligent French writer in a pamphlet, entitled 'M. de Villele,' says 'Experience proclaims a great truth—namely, that revolutions themselves cannot succeed, except when they are favoured by a portion of the Government.' He illustrates the axiom by the different revolutions which have occurred in his nation within these thirty years. It is the same truth traced to its source by another road.

ease. The cabinets of the lovers of mechanical arts formed enchanted apartments, where the admirers feared to stir or look about them; while the philosophers themselves half imagined they were the very thaumaturgi, for which the world gave them too much credit, at least for their quiet! Would we run after the shadows in this gleaming land of moonshine, or sport with these children in the fresh morning of science, ere Aurora had scarcely peeped on the hills, we must enter into their feelings, view with their eyes, and believe all they confide to us; and out of these bundles of dreams sometimes pick out one or two for our own dreaming. They are the fairy tales and the Arabian nights' entertainments of Science. But if the reader is stubbornly mathematical and logical, he will only be holding up a great torch against the muslin curtain, upon which the fantastic shadows playing upon it must vanish at the instant. It is an amusement which can only take place by carefully keeping himself in the dark.

What a subject, were I to enter on it, would be the narratives of magical writers! These precious volumes have been so constantly wasted by the profane, that now a book of real magic requires some to find it, as well as a magician to use it. Albertus Magnus, or Albert the Great, as he is erroneously styled—for this sage only derived this enviable epithet from his surname *De Groot*, as did Hugo Grotius—this sage, in his 'Admirable Secrets' delivers his opinion that these books of magic should be most preciously preserved; for, he prophetically added, the time is arriving when they would be understood! It seems they were not intelligible in the thirteenth century; but, if Albertus has not miscalculated, in the present day they may be! Magical terms with talismanic figures may yet conceal many a secret; gunpowder came down to us in a sort of anagram, and the kaleidoscope, with all its interminable multiplications of forms, lay at hand, for two centuries, in Baptista Porta's 'Natural Magic.' The abbot Trithemius, in a confidential letter, happened to call himself a magician, perhaps at the moment he thought himself one, and sent three or four leaves stuffed with the names of devils, and with their evocations. At the death of his friend these leaves fell into the unwary hands of the Prior, who was so frightened on the first glance at the diabolical nomenclature, that he raised the country against the abbot, and Trithemius was nearly a lost man! Yet, after all, this evocation of devils has reached us in his 'Steganographia,' and proves to be only one of this ingenious abbot's polygraphic attempts at *secret writing*; for he had flattered himself that he had invented a mode of concealing his thoughts from all the world, while he communicated them to a friend. Roger Bacon promised to raise thunder and lightning, and disperse clouds, by dissolving them into rain. The first magical process has been obtained by Franklin; and the other, of far more use to our agriculturists, may perchance be found lurking in some corner which has been overlooked in the 'Opus majus' of our 'Doctor mirabilis.' Do we laugh at their magical works of art? Are we ourselves such indifferent artists? Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his 'Vanity of the Arts and Sciences,' intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communicating with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Psellus, Plotinus, Jamblicus—and on better, were it necessary to allege it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarm with what the Greeks called *dæmones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects. Yet this occult philosopher, who knew perfectly eight languages, and married two wives, with whom he had never exchanged a harsh word in any of them, was every where avoided as having by his side, for his companion, a personage no less than a demon! This was a great black dog whom he suffered to stretch himself out among his magical manuscripts, or lie on his bed, often kissing and patting him, and feeding him on choice morsels. Yet for this would Paulus Jovius and all the world have had him put to the ordeal of fire and faggot! The truth was afterwards boldly asserted by Wierus, his learned domestic, who believed that his master's dog was really nothing more than what he appeared! 'I believe,' says he, 'that he was a real natural dog; he was indeed black, but of a moderate size, and I have often led him by a string, and called him by the French name Agrippa had given him, Monsieur! and he had a female who was called Mademoiselle! I wonder how authors of such great character should write so absurdly on his vanishing at his death, nobody knows how!' But as it is probable that Monsieur and Mademoiselle must have generated some puppy demons, Wierus ought to have been more circumstantial.

Albertus Magnus, for thirty years, had never ceased working at a man of brass, and had cast together the qualities of his materials under certain constellations, which threw such a spirit into his man of brass, that it was reported his growth was visible; his feet, legs, thighs, shoulders, neck, and head, expanded, and made the city of Cologne uneasy at possessing one citizen too mighty for them all. This man of brass, when he reached his maturity, was so loquacious, that Albert's master, the great scholastic Thomas Aquinas, one day, tired of his babble, and declaring it was a devil, or devilish, with his staff knocked the head off; and, what was extraordinary, this brazen man, like any human being thus effectually silenced, 'word never spake more.' This incident is equally historical and authentic; though whether heads of brass can speak, and even prophecy, was indeed a subject of profound inquiry, even at a later period. Naudé, who never questioned their vocal powers, and yet was puzzled concerning the nature of this new species of animal, has no doubt most judiciously stated the question, whether these speaking brazen heads had a sensitive and reasoning nature, or whether demons spoke in them? But brass has not the faculty of providing its own nourishment, as we see in plants, and therefore they were not sensitive; and as for the act of reasoning, these brazen heads presumed to know nothing but the future: with the past and the present they seemed totally unacquainted, so that their memory and their observation were very limited; and as for the future, that is always doubtful and obscure—even to heads of brass! This learned man then infers, that 'These brazen heads could have no reasoning faculties, for nothing altered their nature; they said what they had to say, which no one could contradict; and having said their say, you might have broken the head for any thing more that you could have got out of it. Had they had any life in them, would they not have moved, as well as spoken? Life itself is but motion, but they had no lungs, no spleen; and, in fact, though they spoke, they had no tongue. Was a devil in them? I think not. Yet why should men have taken all this trouble to make, not a man, but a trumpet?'

Our profound philosopher was right not to agitate the question whether these brazen heads had ever spoken? Why should not a man of brass speak, since a doll can whisper, a statue play chess, and brass ducks have performed the whole process of digestion? Another magical invention has been ridiculed with equal reason. A magician was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passengers in the street; and he, particularly so, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered its purpose, frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! the wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick. The same magical story might have been told of Dr Franklin, who finding that under his window the passengers had discovered a spot which they made too convenient for themselves, he charged it with his newly discovered electrical fire. After a few remarkable incidents had occurred, which at a former period had lodged the great discoverer of electricity in the Inquisition, the modern magician succeeded just as well as the ancient, who had the advantage of conning over the books of Hermes. Instead of ridiculing these works of magic, let us rather become magicians ourselves!

The works of the ancient alchemists have afforded numberless discoveries to modern chemists: nor is even their grand operation despaired of. If they have of late not been so renowned, this has arisen from a want of what Ashmole calls 'apertness;' a qualification early inculcated among these illuminated sages. We find authentic accounts of some who have lived three centuries, with tolerable complexions, possessed of nothing but a crucible and a bellows! but they were so unnecessarily mysterious, that whenever such a person was discovered, he was sure in an instant to disappear, and was never afterwards heard of.

In the 'Liber Patris Sapientiæ' this selfish cautiousness is all along impressed on the student, for the accomplishment of the great mystery. In the commentary on this precious work of the alchemist Norton who counsels,

'Be thou in a place secret, by thyself alone,
That no man see or hear what thou shalt say or done.
Trust not thy friend too much wheresoe'er thou go,
For he thou trustest best, sometyme may be thy foe.'

Ashmole observes, that 'Norton gives exceeding good advice to the student in this science where he bids him be secret in the carrying on of his studies and operations, and not to let any one know of his undertakings but his good angel and himself; and such a close and retired breast had Norton's master, who,

'When men disputed of colours of the rose,
He would not speak, but kept himself full close!'

We regret that by each leaving all his knowledge to 'his good angel and himself,' it has happened that 'the good angels,' have kept it all to themselves!

It cannot, however, be denied, that if they could not always extract gold out of lead, they sometimes succeeded in washing away the pimples on ladies' faces, notwithstanding that Sir Kenelm Digby poisoned his most beautiful lady, because, as Sancho would have said, he was one of those who would 'have his bread whiter than the finest wheaten.' Van Helmont, who could not succeed in discovering the true elixir of life, however hit on the spirit of hartshorn, which for a good while he considered was the wonderful elixir itself, restoring to life persons who seemed to have lost it. And though this delightful enthusiast could not raise a ghost, yet he thought he had; for he raised something aerial from spa-water, which mistaking for a ghost, he gave it that very name; a name which we still retain in *gas*, from the German *geist*, or ghost! Paracelsus carried the tiny spirits about him in the hilt of his great sword! Having first discovered the qualities of laudanum, this illustrious quack made use of it as an universal remedy; and distributed, in the form of pills, which he carried in the basket-hilt of his sword; the operations he performed were as rapid as they seemed magical. Doubtless we have lost some inconceivable secrets by some unexpected occurrences, which the secret itself, it would seem, ought to have prevented taking place. When a philosopher had discovered the art of prolonging life to an indefinite period, it is most provoking to find that he should have allowed himself to die at an early age! We have a very authentic history from Sir Kenelm Digby himself, that when he went in disguise to visit Descartes at his retirement at Egmond, lamenting the brevity of life, which hindered philosophers getting on in their studies, the French philosopher assured him that 'he had considered that matter; to render a man immortal was what he could not promise, but that he was very sure it was possible to lengthen out his life to the period of the patriarchs.' And when his death was announced to the world, the abbé Picot, an ardent disciple, for a long time would not believe it possible; and at length insisted, that if it had occurred, it must have been owing to some mistake of the philosophers.

The late Holcroft, Loutherbourgh, and Cosway, imagined that they should escape the vulgar era of scriptural life by reorganizing their old bones, and moistening their dry marrow; their new principles of vitality were supposed by them to be found in the powers of the mind; this seemed more reasonable, but proved to be as little efficacious as those other philosophers who imagine they have detected the hidden principle of life in the eels frisking in vinegar, and allude to 'the book-binder who creates the book-worm!'

Paracelsus has revealed to us one of the grandest secrets of nature. When the world began to dispute on the very existence of the elementary folk, it was then that he boldly offered to give birth to a fairy, and has sent down to posterity the recipe. He describes the impurity which is to be transmuted into such purity, the gross elements of a delicate fairy, which, fixed in a phial, placed in fuming dung, will in due time settle into a full-grown fairy, bursting through its vitreous prison—on the vivifying principle by which the ancient Egyptians hatched their eggs in ovens. I recollect at Dr Farmer's sale the leaf which preserved this recipe for making a fairy, forcibly folded down by the learned commentator; from which we must infer the credit he gave to the experiment. There was a greatness of mind in Paracelsus, who, having furnished a recipe to make a fairy, had the delicacy to refrain from it. Even Baptista Porta, one of the most enlightened philosophers, does not deny the possibility of engendering creatures, which 'at their full growth shall not exceed the size of a mouse:' but he adds 'they are only pretty little dogs to play with.' Were these akin to the fairies of Paracelsus?

They were well convinced of the existence of such elemental beings; frequent accidents in mines showed the potency of the metallic spirits; which so tormented the workmen in some of the German mines, by blindness, giddiness, and sudden sickness, that they have been obliged to abandon mines well known to be rich in silver. A metallic spirit at one sweep annihilated twelve miners, who were all found dead together. The fact was unquestionable; and the safety-lamp was undiscovered!

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis*, as it has been termed from the Greek, or a regeneration; or rather, the apparitions of animals and plants. Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature; all is but a continuation, or a revival. The semina of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted: unsubstantial and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grew on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions; and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment! The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burnt a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial; a chemical mixture acted on it; till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upwards into its primitive forms; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower, arise: it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phœnix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produces this resurrection—in its absence it returns to its death. Thus the dead naturally revive; and a corpse may give out its shadowy reanimation, when not too deeply buried in the earth. Bodies corrupted in their graves have risen, particularly the murdered; for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts, exhaled in vapour by means of their fermentation, have arranged themselves on the surface of the earth, and formed those phantoms, which at night have often terrified the passing spectator, as authentic history witnesses. They have opened the graves of the phantom, and discovered the bleeding corpse beneath; hence it is astonishing how many ghosts may be seen at night after a recent battle, standing over their corpses! On the same principle, my old philosopher Gaffarel conjectures on the raining of frogs; but these frogs, we must conceive, can only be the ghosts of frogs; and Gaffarel himself has modestly opened this fact by a 'peradventure. A more satisfactory origin of ghosts modern philosophy has not afforded.

And who does not believe in the existence of ghosts? for, as Dr More forcibly says, 'That there should be so universal a *fame* and *fear* of that which never was, nor is, nor can be ever in the world, is to me the greatest miracle of all. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the people by false. The alchemist would never go about to sophisticate metals to pass them off for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged as true gold and silver in the world.'

The Pharmacopœia of those times combined more of morals with medicine than our own. They discovered that the agate rendered a man eloquent and even witty; a laurel leaf placed on the centre of the skull, fortified the memory; the brains of fowls, and birds of swift wing, wonderfully helped the imagination. All such specifics have not disappeared, and have greatly reduced the chances of an invalid recovering, that which perhaps he never possessed. Lentils and rape-seed were a certain cure for the small pox, and very obviously, their grains resembling the spots of this disease. They discovered that those who lived on 'fair plants became fair, those on fruitful ones were never barren; on the principle that Hercules acquired his mighty strength by feeding on the

marrow of lions. But their talismans, provided they were genuine, seem to have been wonderfully operative; and had we the same confidence, and melted down the guineas we give physicians, engraving on them talismanic figures, I would answer for the good effects of the experiment. Naudé, indeed, has utterly ridiculed the occult virtues of talismans, in his defence of Virgil, accused of being a magician: the poet, it seems, cast into a well a talisman of a horse-leech, graven on a plate of gold, to drive away the great number of horse-leeches which infested Naples. Naudé positively denies that talismans ever possessed any such occult virtues: Gaffarel regrets that so judicious a man as Naudé should have gone this length, giving the lie to so many authentic authors; and Naudé's paradox is indeed, as strange as his denial; he suspects the thing is not true because it is so generally told! 'It leads one to suspect,' says he, 'as animals are said to have been driven away from so many places by these talismans, whether they were ever driven from any one place.' Gaffarel, suppressing by his good temper his indignant feelings at such reasoning, turns the paradox on its maker:—'As if, because of the great number of battles that Hannibal is reported to have fought with the Romans, we might not, by the same reason, doubt whether he fought any one with them.' The reader must be aware that the strength of the argument lies entirely with the firm believer in talismans. Gaffarel, indeed, who passed his days in collecting 'Curiosités inouie,' is a most authentic historian of unparalleled events, even in his own times! Such as that heavy rain in Poitou, which showered down 'petites bestioles,' little creatures like bishops with their mitres, and monks with their capuchins over their heads; it is true, afterwards they all turned into butterflies!

The museums, the cabinets, and the inventions of our early virtuosi were the baby-house of philosophers. Baptista Porta, Bishop Wilkins, and old Ashmole, were they now living, had been enrolled among the quiet members of 'The Society of Arts,' instead of flying in the air, collecting 'A wing of the phœnix, as tradition goes;' or catching the disjointed syllables of an old doting astrologer. But these early dilettanti had not derived the same pleasure from the useful inventions of the aforesaid 'Society of Arts,' as they received from what Cornelius Agrippa, in a fit of spleen, calls 'things vain and superfluous, invented to no other end but for pomp and idle pleasure.' Baptista Porta was more skilful in the mysteries of art and nature than any man in his day. Having founded the Academia *degli Oriosi*, he held an inferior association in his own house, called *di Secreti*, where none was admitted but those elect who had communicated some *secret*; for, in the early period of modern art and science, the slightest novelty became a secret, not to be confided to the uninitiated. Porta was unquestionably a fine genius, as his works still show; but it was his misfortune that he attributed his own penetrating sagacity to his skill in the art of divination. He considered himself a prognosticator; and, what was more unfortunate, some eminent persons really thought he was. Predictions and secrets are harmless, provided they are not believed; but his Holiness finding Porta's were, warned him that magical sciences were great hinderances to the study of the Bible, and paid him the compliment to forbid his prophesying, Porta's genius was now limited, to astonish, and sometimes to terrify, the more ingenious part of *I Secreti*. On entering his cabinet, some phantom of an attendant was sure to be hovering in the air, moving as he who entered moved; or he observed in some mirror that his face was twisted on the wrong side of his shoulders, and did not quite think that all was right when he clapped his hand on it; or passing through a darkened apartment a magical landscape burst on him, with human beings in motion, the boughs of trees bending, and the very clouds passing over the sun; or sometimes banquets, battles, and hunting-parties, were in the same apartment. 'All these spectacles my friends have witnessed! exclaims the self-delighted Baptista Porta. When his friends drank wine out of the same cup which he had used they were mortified with wonder; for he drank wine, and they only water! or on a summer's day, when all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or on a sudden, let off a flying dragon to sail along with a cracker in its tail, and a cat tied on its back; shrill was the sound, and awful was the concussion; so that it required strong nerves, in an age of apparitions and devils, to meet this great philosopher when in his best humour. Albertus Magnus entertained the Earl of Holland, as that earl passed through Cologne, in a severe winter, with a warm summer scene, luxuriant in fruits and flowers. The fact is related by Trithemius—and this magical scene connected with his vocal head, and his books *de Secretis Mulierum*, and *De Mirabilibus*, confirmed the accusations they raised against the great Albert, for being a magician. His apologist, Theophilus Raynaud, is driven so hard to defend Albertus, that he at once asserts, the winter changed to summer, and the speaking head, to be two infamous flams! He will not believe these authenticated facts, although he credits a miracle which proves the sancity of Albertus,—after three centuries, the body of Albert the great remained as sweet as ever!

'Whether such enchauntments,' as old Mandeville cautiously observeth, two centuries preceding the days of Porta, were 'by craft or by nygromancye, I wot nere.' But that they were not unknown to Chaucer, appears in his 'Frankelein's Tale,' where, minutely describing them, he communicates the same pleasure he must himself have received from the ocular illusions of 'the Tregetoure,' or 'Jogelour.' Chaucer ascribes the miracle to a 'naturall magique;' in which, however, it was as unsettled, whether the 'Prince of Darkness' was a party concerned.

'For I am siker that there be sciences
By which men maken divers apparences
Swiche as thise subtil tregetoures play.
For oft at festes have I wel herd say
That tregetoures, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and doun.
Sometime hath semed come a grim leoun,
And sometime floures spring as in a mede,
Sometime a vine and grapes white and rede;
Sometime a castel al of lime and ston,
And whan hem liketh voideth it anon:
Thus semeth it to every mannes sight.'

Bishop Wilkins's museum was visited by Evelyn, who describes the sort of curiosities which occupied and amused the children of science. 'Here, too, there was a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance:' a circumstance, which, perhaps, they were not then aware revealed the whole mystery of the ancient oracles, which they attributed to demons, rather than to tubes, pulleys, and wheels. The learned Charles Patin, in his scientific travels, records, among other valuable productions of art, a cherry-stone, on which were engraven about a dozen and a half of portraits! Even the greatest of human geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, to attract the royal patronage, created a lion which ran before the French monarch, dropping *fleurs de lis* from its shaggy breast. And another philosopher who had a spinnet which played and stopped at command, might have made a revolution in the arts and sciences, had the half-stifled child that was concealed in it not been forced, unluckily, to crawl into day-light, and thus it was proved that a philosopher might be an impostor!

The arts, as well as the sciences, at the first institution of the Royal Society, were of the most amusing class. The famous Sir Samuel Moreland had turned his house into an enchanted palace. Every thing was full of devices, which showed art and mechanism in perfection: his coach carried a travelling kitchen; for it had a fire-place and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat by clock-work. Another of these virtuosi, who is described as 'a gentleman of superior order, and whose house was a knick-knackatory,' valued himself on his multifarious inventions, but most in 'sowing salads in the morning, to be cut for dinner.' The house of Winstanley, who afterwards raised the first Eddystone light-house, must have been the wonder of the age. If you kicked aside an old slipper, purposely lying in your way, up started a ghost before you; or if you sat down in a certain chair, a couple of gigantic arms would immediately clasp you in. There was an arbour in the garden, by the side of a canal; you had scarcely seated yourself, when you were sent out afloat to the middle of the canal—from whence you could not escape till this man of art and science wound you up to the arbour. What was passing at the 'Royal Society' was also occurring at the 'Academie des Sciences' at Paris. A great and gouty member of that philosophical body, on the departure of a stranger, would point to his legs, to

show the impossibility of conducting him to the door; yet the astonished visiter never failed finding the virtuoso waiting for him on the outside, to make his final bow! While the visiter was going down stairs, this inventive genius was descending with great velocity in a machine from the window: so that he proved, that if a man of science cannot force nature to walk down stairs, he may drive her out at the window!

If they travelled at home, they set off to note down prodigies. Dr Plott, in a magnificent project of journeying through England, for the advantage of 'Learning and Trade,' and the discovery of 'Antiquities and other Curiosities,' for which he solicited the royal aid which Leland enjoyed, among other notable designs, discriminates a class thus: 'Next I shall inquire of animals; and first of strange people.'—'Strange accidents that attend corporations of families, as that the deans of Rochester ever since the foundation by turns have died deans and bishops; the bird with a white breast that haunts the family of Oxenham near Exeter just before the death of any of that family; the bodies of trees that are seen to swim in a pool near Brereton in Cheshire, a certain warning to the heir of that honourable family to prepare for the next world.' And such remarkables as 'Number of children, such as the Lady Temple, who before she died saw seven hundred descended from her.' This fellow of the Royal Society, who lived nearly to 1700, was requested to give an edition of Pliny: we have lost the benefit of a most copious commentary! Bishop Hall went to 'the Spa.' The wood about that place was haunted not only by 'freebooters, but by wolves and witches; although these last are oftimes but one.' They were called *loups garoux:* and the Greeks, it seems, knew them by the name of λυκανθρωποι, men wolves; witches that have put on the shapes of those cruel beasts. 'We saw a boy there, whose half-face was devoured by one of them near the village; yet so, as that the ears was rather cut than bitten off.' Rumour had spread that the boy had had half his face devoured; when it was examined, it turned out that his ear had only been scratched! However, there can be no doubt of the existence of witch wolves;' for Hall saw at Limburgh 'one of those miscreants executed, who confessed on the wheel to have devoured two and forty children in that form.' They would probably have found it difficult to have summoned the mothers who had lost the children. But observe our philosopher's reasoning: 'It would aske a large volume to scan his problem of *lycanthropy*.' He had laboriously collected all the evidence, and had added his arguments: the result offers a curious instance of acute reasoning on a wrong principle.*

Men of science and art then, passed their days in a bustle of the marvellous. I will furnish a specimen of philosophical correspondence in a letter to old John Aubrey. The writer betrays the versatility of his curiosity by very opposite discoveries. 'My hands are so full of work that I have no time to transcribe for Dr Henry More an account of the Barnstable apparition—Lord Keeper North would take it kindly from you—give a sight of this letter from Barnstable, to Dr Whitchcot.' He had lately heard of a Scotchman who had been carried by fairies into France; but the purpose of his present letter is to communicate other sort of apparitions than the ghost of Barnstable. He had gone to Glastonbury, 'to pick up a few berries from the holy thorn which flowered every Christmas day.' The original thorn had been cut down by a military saint in the civil wars; but the trade of the place was not damaged, for they had contrived not to have a single holy thorn, but several, 'by grafting and inoculation.' He promises to send these 'berries;' but requests Aubrey to inform 'that person of quality who had rather have a *bush*, that it was impossible to get one for him. I am told,' he adds, 'that there is a person about Glastonbury who hath a nursery of them, which he sells for a crown a piece,' but they are supposed not to be 'of the right kind.'

The main object of this letter is the writer's 'suspicion of gold in this country;' for which he offers three reasons. Tacitus says there was gold in England, and that Agrippa came to a spot where he had a prospect of Ireland—from which place he writes; secondly, that 'an honest man' had in this spot found stones from which he had extracted good gold, and that he himself 'had seen in the broken stones a clear appearance of gold;' and thirdly, 'there is a story which goes by tradition in that part of the country, that in the hill alluded to there was a door into a hole, that when any wanted money, they used to go and knock there, that a woman used to appear, and give to such as came. At a time one by greediness or otherwise gave her offence, she flung to the door, and delivered this old saying, still remembered in the country:

"When all THE DAWS be gone and dead,
Then . . . Hill shall shine gold red."

My fancy is, that this relates to an ancient family of this name, of which there is now but one man left, and he not likely to have any issue.' These are his three reasons; and some mines have perhaps been opened with no better ones! But let us not imagine that this great naturalist was credulous; for he tells Aubrey that 'he thought it was but a monkish tale, forged in the abbey, so famous in former time; but as I have learned not to despise our forefathers, I question whether this may not refer to some rich mine in the hill, formerly in use and now lost. I shall shortly request you to discourse with my lord about it, to have advice, &c. In the mean time it will be best to *keep all private* for his majesty's service, his lordship's, and perhaps some private person's benefit.' But he has also positive evidence: 'A mason not long ago coming to the renter of the abbey for a freestone, and sawing it, out came divers pieces of gold of 3l 10s value a piece, of ancient coins. The stone belonged to some chimney-work; the gold was hidden in it, perhaps, when the Dissolution was near. This last incident of finding coins in a chimney-piece, which he had accounted for very rationally, serves only to confirm his dream that they were coined out of the gold of the mine in the hill; and he becomes more urgent for 'a private search into these mines, which I have, I think, a way to.' In the postscript he adds an account of a well, which by washing wrought a cure on a person deep in the king's evil. 'I hope you don't forget your promise to communicate whatever thing you have, relating to your Idea.'

This promised *Idea* of Aubrey may be found in his MSS under the title of 'The Idea of Universal Education.' However whimsical, one would like to see it. Aubrey's life might furnish a volume of these Philosophical dreams; he was a person who from his incessant bustle and insatiable curiosity, was called 'The Carrier of Conceptions of the Royal Society.' Many pleasant nights were 'privately' enjoyed by Aubrey and his correspondent about the 'Mine in the Hill;' Ashmole's manuscripts at Oxford, contain a collection of many secrets of the Rosicrucians; one of the completest inventions is 'a Recipe how to walk invisible.' Such were the fancies which rocked the children of science in their cradles! and so feeble were the steps of our curious infancy! But I start in my dreams! dreading the reader may also have fallen asleep!

'Measure is most excellent,' says one of the oracles; 'to which also we being in like manner persuaded, O most friendly and pious Asclepiades, here finish'—the dreams at the dawn of philosophy!

ON PUCK THE COMMENTATOR.

Literary forgeries recently have been frequently indulged in, and it is urged that they are of an innocent nature; but impostures more easily practised than detected leave their mischief behind, to take effect at a distant period; and as I shall show, may entrap even the judicious! It may require no high exertion of genius, to draw up a grave account of an ancient play-wright whose name has never reached us, or to give an extract from a volume inaccessible to our inquiries; and as dulness is no proof of spuriousness, forgeries, in time, mix with authentic documents.

We have ourselves witnessed versions of Spanish and Portuguese poets, which are passed on their unsuspicious readers without difficulty, but in which no parts of the pretended originals can be traced; and to the present hour,

* Hall's postulate is that God's work could not admit of any substantial change, which is above the reach of all infernal powers; but 'Herein the divell plays the double sophister; the sorcerer with sorcerers. Hee both deludes the witch's conceit and the beholder's eyes.' In a word, Hall believes, in what he cannot understand! Yet Hall will not believe one of the Catholic miracles of 'the Virgin of Louvain,' though Lipsius had written a book to commemorate 'the goddess,' as Hall sarcastically calls her; Hall was told, with great indignation, in the shop of the bookseller of Lipsius, that when James the First had just looked over this work, he flung it down, vociferating 'Damnation to him that made it, and to him that believes it!'

whatever antiquaries may affirm, the poems of Chatterton and Ossian are veiled in mystery!

If we possessed the secret history of the literary life of George Steevens, it would display an unparalleled series of arch deception, and malicious ingenuity. He has been happily characterized by Mr Gifford, as 'the Puck of Commentators!' Steevens is a creature so spotted over with literary forgeries and adulterations, that any remarkable one about the time he flourished may be attributed to him. They were the habits of a depraved mind, and there was a darkness in his character many shades deeper than belonged to Puck; even in the playfulness of his invention, there was usually a turn of personal malignity, and the real object was not so much to raise a laugh, as to 'grin horribly a ghastly smile,' on the individual. It is more than rumoured, that he carried his ingenious malignity into the privacies of domestic life; and it is to be regretted, that Mr Nichols, who might have furnished much secret history of this extraordinary literary forgerer, has, from delicacy, mutilated his collective vigour.

George Steevens usually commenced his operations by opening some pretended discovery in the evening papers, which were then of a more literary cast; the St James's Chronicle, the General Evening Post, or the Whitehall, were they not dead in body and in spirit, would now bear witness to his successful efforts. The late Mr Boswell told me, that Steevens frequently wrote notes on Shakspeare, purposely to mislead or entrap Malone, and obtain for himself an easy triumph in the next edition! Steevens loved to assist the credulous in getting up for them some strange new thing, dancing them about with a Will o' the wisp—now alarming them by a shriek of laughter; and now like a grinning Pigwiggin sinking them chin-deep into a quagmire! Once he presented them with a fictitious portrait of Shakspeare, and when the brotherhood were sufficiently divided in their opinions, he pounced upon them with a demonstration, that every portrait of Shakspeare partook of the same doubtful authority! Steevens usually assumed the *nom de guerre* of Collins, a pseudo-commentator, and sometimes of Amner, who was discovered to be an obscure puritanic minister who never read text or notes of a play-wright, whenever he explored into 'a thousand notable secrets' with which he has polluted the pages of Shakspeare! The marvellous narrative of the upas-tree of Java, which Darwin adopted in his plan of 'enlisting imagination under the banner of science,' appears to have been another forgery which amused our 'Puck.' It was first given in the London Magazine, as an extract from a Dutch traveller, but the extract was never discovered in the original author, and 'the effluvia of this noxious tree, which through a district of twelve or fourteen miles had killed all vegetation, and had spread the skeletons of men and animals, affording a scene of melancholy beyond what poets have described, or painters delineated,' is perfectly chimerical. A splendid flim-flam! When Dr Berkenhout was busied in writing, without much knowledge or skill, a history of our English authors, Steevens allowed the good man to insert a choice letter by George Peele, giving an account of 'a merry meeting at the Globe,' wherein Shakspeare and Ben Jonson and Ned Alleyne are admirably made to perform their respective parts. As the nature of the 'Biographia Literaria' required authorities, Steevens ingeniously added, 'Whence I copied this letter I do not recollect.' However he well knew it came from 'the Theatrical Mirror,' where he had first deposited the precious original, to which he had unguardedly ventured to affix the date of 1600; unluckily, Peele was discovered to have died two years before he wrote his own letter! The *date* is adroitly dropped in Berkenhout! Steevens did not wish to refer to his original, which I have often seen quoted as authority. One of these numerous forgeries of our Puck, appears in an article in Isaac Reed's catalogue, art. 8708. 'The Boke of the Soldan, conteyninge strange matters touchynge his lyfe and deathe, and the ways of his course, in two partes, 12mo,' with this marginal note by Reed. 'The foregoing was written by George Steevens, Esq, from whom I received it. It was composed merely to impose on "a literary friend," and had its effect; for he was so far deceived as to its authenticity that he gave implicit credit to it, and put down the person's name in whose possession the original books were supposed to be.'

One of the sort of iventions which I attribute to Steevens has been got up with a deal of romantic effect, to embellish the poetical life of Milton; and unquestionably must have sadly perplexed his last matter-of-fact editor, who is not a man to comprehend a flim-flam!—for he has sanctioned the whole fiction, by preserving it in his biographical narrative! The first impulse of Milton to travel in Italy is ascribed to the circumstance of his having been found asleep at the foot of a tree in the vicinity of Cambridge, when two foreign ladies, attracted by the loveliness of the youthful poet, alighted from their carriage, and having admired him for some time as they imagined unperceived, the youngest, who was very beautiful, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines, put the paper with her trembling hand into his own! But it seems, for something was to account how the sleeping youth could have been aware of these minute particulars, unless he had been dreaming them,—that the ladies had been observed at a distance by some friends of Milton, and they explained to him the whole silent adventure. Milton, on opening the paper, read *four verses* from Guarini, addressed to those 'human stars' his own eyes! On this romantic adventure, Milton set off for Italy, to discover the fair 'incognita,' to which undiscovered lady we are told we stand indebted for the most impassioned touches in the Paradise Lost! We know how Milton passed his time in Italy, with Dati, and Gaddi, and Frescobaldi, and other literary friends, amidst its academies, and often busied in book-collecting. Had Milton's tour in Italy been an adventure of knight-errantry, to discover a lady whom he had never seen, at least he had not the merit of going out of the direct road to Florence and Rome, nor of having once alluded to this *Dame de ses pensées*, in his letters or inquiries among his friends, who would have thought themselves fortunate to have introduced so poetical an adventure in the numerous *canzoni* they showered on our youthful poet.

This *historiette*, scarcely fitted for a novel, first appeared where generally Steeven's literary amusements were carried on, in the General Evening Post, or the St James's Chronicle: and Mr Todd, in the improved edition of Milton's Life, obtained this spurious original, where the reader may find it; but the more curious part of the story remains to be told. Mr Todd proceeds, 'The preceding highly-coloured relation, however, is *not singular*; my friend, Mr Walker, points out to me a counter-part in the extract from the preface to *Poesies de Marguerite-Eleanore Clotilde, depuis Madame de Surville, Poete Francois du XV Siécle. Paris*, 1803.'

And true enough we find among 'the family traditions' of this same Clotilde, that Justine de Levis, great-grandmother of this unknown poetess of the fifteenth century, walking in a forest, witnessed the same beautiful *spectacle* which the Italian Unknown had at Cambridge; never was such an impression to be effaced, and she could not avoid leaving her tablets by the side of the beautiful sleeper, declaring her passion in her tablets to *four Italian verses!* The very number our Milton had melted to him! Oh! these *four* verses! they are as fatal in their *number* as the *date* of Peel's letter proved to George Steevens! Something still escapes in the most ingenious fabrication which serves to decompose the materials. It is well our veracious historian dropped all mention of Guarini—else that would have given that *coup de grace*—a fatal anachronism! However his invention supplied him with more originality than the adoption of this story and the *four* verses would lead us to infer. He tells us how Petrarch was jealous of the genius of his Clotilde's grandmother, and has even pointed out a sonnet which, 'among the traditions of the family,' was addressed to her! He narrates, that the gentleman, when he fairly awoke, and had read the 'four verses,' set off for Italy, which he run over till he found Justine, and Justine found him at a tournament at Modena! This parallel adventure disconcerted our two grave English critics—they find a tale which they wisely judge improbable, and because they discover the tale copied, they conclude that 'it is not singular!' This knot of perplexity is, however, easily cut through, if we substitute, which we are fully justified in, for 'Poete du XV Siecle'—'du XIX Siecle!' The 'Poesies' of Clotilde are as genuine a fabrication as Chatterton's; subject to the same objections, having many ideas and expressions which were unknown in the language at the time they are pretended to have been composed, and exhibiting many imitations of Voltaire and other poets. The present story of the four *Italian verses*, and the beautiful *Sleeper*, would be quite sufficient

evidence of the authenticity of 'the family traditions' of *Clotilde, depuis Madame de Surville*, and also Monsieur De Surville himself; a pretended editor, who is said to have found by mere accident the precious manuscript, and while he was copying for the press, in 1793, these pretty poems, for such they are, of his *grande tante*, was shot in the reign of terror, and so completely expired, that no one could ever trace his existence! The real editor, who we must presume to be the poet, published them in 1803.

Such then, is the history of a literary forgery! A Puck composes a short romantic adventure, which is quietly thrown out to the world in a newspaper or a magazine; some collector, such as the late Mr Bindley, who procured for Mr Todd his original, as idle, at least, as he is curious, houses the forlorn fiction—and it enters into literary history! A French Chatterton picks up the obscure tale, and behold, astonishes the literary inquirers of the very country whence the imposture sprung! But the four *Italian verses*, and the *Sleeping Youth!* Oh! Monsieur Vanderbourg! for that gentleman is the ostensible editor of Clotilde's poesies of the fifteenth century, some ingenious persons are unlucky in this world! Perhaps one day we may yet discover that this 'romantic adventure' of *Milton* and *Justine de Levis* is not so original as it seems—it may lie hid in the *Astrée* of D'Urfé, or some of the long romances of the Scuderies, whence the English and the French Chattertons may have drawn it. To such literary inventors we say with Swift:

——— Such are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray your own chicks!

Will it be credited that for the enjoyment of a temporary piece of malice, Steevens would even risk his own reputation as a poetical critic? Yet this he ventured, by throwing out of his edition the poems of Shakspeare, with a remarkable hyper-criticism, that 'the strongest act of parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service.' Not only he denounced the sonnets of Shakspeare, but the sonnet itself, with an absurd question, 'What has truth or nature to do with Sonnets?' The secret history of this unwarrantable mutilation of a great author by his editor was, as I was informed by the late Mr Boswell, merely done to spite his rival commentator Malone, who had taken extraordinary pains in their elucidation. Steevens himself had formerly reprinted them, but when Malone from these sonnets claimed for himself one ivy leaf of a commentator's pride, behold, Steevens in a rage would annihilate even Shakspeare himself, that he might gain a triumph over Malone! In the same spirit, but with more caustic pleasantry, he opened a controversy with Malone respecting Shakspeare's wife! It seems that the poet had forgotten to mention his wife in his copious will; and his recollection of Mrs Shakspeare seems to mark the slightness of his regard, for he only introduced by an interlineation, a legacy to her of his 'second best bed with the furniture'—and nothing more! Malone naturally inferred that 'the poet had forgot her, and so recollected her as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her. He had already, as it is vulgarly expressed, cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed!' All this seems judicious, till Steevens asserts the conjugal affection of the bard, tells us, that the poet having, when in health, provided for her by settlement, or knowing that her father had already done so (circumstances entirely conjectural,) he bequeathed to her at his death, not *merely an old piece of furniture, but*, perhaps, *as a mark of peculiar tenderness*,

'The very bed that on his bridal night
Received him to the arms of Belvidera!'

Steevens's severity of satire marked the deep malevolence of his heart; and Murphy has strongly portrayed him in his address to the *Malevoli*.

Such another Puck was Horace Walpole! The King of Prussia's 'Letter' to Rousseau, and 'The Memorial' pretended to have been signed by noblemen and gentlemen, were fabrications, as he confesses, only to make mischief. It well became him, whose happier invention, the Castle of Otranto, was brought forward in the guise of forgery, so unfeelingly to have reprobated the innocent inventions of a Chatterton.

We have Pucks busied among our contemporaries: whoever shall discover their history will find it copious though intricate; the malignity at least will exceed, tenfold, the merriment.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

The preceding article has reminded me of a subject by no means incurious to the lovers of literature. A large volume might be composed on literary impostors; their modes of deception, however, were frequently repetitions; particularly those at the restoration of letters, when there prevailed a *mania* for burying spurious antiquities, that they might afterwards be brought to light to confound their contemporaries. They even perplex us at the present day. More sinister forgeries have been performed by Scotchmen, of whom Archibauld Bower, Lauder, and Macpherson, are well known.

Even harmless impostures by some unexpected accident have driven an unwary inquirer out of the course. George Steevens must again make his appearance for a memorable trick played on the antiquary Gough. This was the famous tombstone on which was engraved the drinking-horn of Hardyknute to indicate his last fatal carouse; for this royal Dane died drunk! To prevent any doubt, the name, in Saxon characters, was sufficiently legible. Steeped in pickle to hasten a precocious antiquity, it was then consigned to the corner of a broker's shop, where the antiquarian eye of Gough often pored on the venerable odds and ends; it perfectly succeeded on the 'Director of the Antiquarian Society.' He purchased the relic for a trifle, and dissertations of a due size were preparing for the Archælogia!* Gough never forgave himself nor Steevens, for this flagrant act of ineptitude. On every occasion in the Gentleman's Magazine when compelled to notice this illustrious imposition, he always struck out his own name, and muffled himself up under his titular office of 'The Director!' Gough never knew that this 'modern antique' was only a piece of retaliation. In reviewing Masters's Life of Baker he found two heads, one scratched down from painted glass by George Steevens who would have passed it off for a portrait of one of our kings. Gough, on the watch to have a fling at George Steevens, attacked his graphic performance, and reprobated a portrait which had nothing human in it! Steevens vowed, that wretched as Gough deemed his pencil to be, it should make 'The Director' ashamed of his own eyes, and be fairly taken in by something scratched much worse. Such was the origin of his adoption of this fragment of a chimney-slab, which I have seen, and with a better judge wondered at the injudicious antiquary, who could have been duped by the slight and ill-formed scratches, and even with a false spelling of the name, which however succeeded in being passed off as a genuine Saxon inscription: but he had counted on his man!† The trick is not so original as it seems. One De Grassis had engraved on marble the epitaph of a mule, which he buried in his vineyard: sometime after, having ordered a new plantation on the spot, the diggers could not fail of disinterring what lay ready for them. The inscription imported that one Publius Grassus had raised this monument to his mule! De Grassis gave it out as an odd coincidence of names, and a prophecy about his own mule! It was a simple joke! The marble was thrown by, and no more thought of. Several years after it rose into celebrity, for with the erudite it then passed for an ancient inscription, and the antiquary Porcacchi inserted the epitaph in his work on 'Burials.' Thus De Grassis and his mule, equally respectable, would have come down to posterity, had not the story by some means got wind! An incident of this nature is recorded in Portuguese history, contrived with the intention to keep

* I have since been informed that this famous invention was originally a flim-flam of a Mr Thomas White, a noted collector and dealer in antiquities. But it was Steevens, who placed it in the broker's shop, where he was certain of catching the antiquary. When the late Mr Pegge, a profound brother, was preparing to write a dissertation on it, the first inventor of the flam stepped forward to save any further tragical termination: the wicked wit had already succeeded too well!

† The stone may be found in the British Museum, HARDENVT is the reading on the Harthacnut stone; but the true orthography of the name is HARDALNVT.

Sylvanus Urban, my excellent and old friend, seems a trifle uncourteous on this grave occasion—He tells us, however, that 'The history of this wanton trick, with a fac-simile of Schnebbelie's drawing may be seen in his volume LX, p. 217. He says that this wicked contrivance of George Steevens was to entrap this famous draftsman! Does Sylvanus then deny that 'the Director' was not also 'entrapped?' And that he always struck out his own name in the proof-sheets of the Magazine substituting his official designation, by which the whole society itself seemed to screen 'the Director!'

up the national spirit, and diffuse hopes of the new enterprise of Vasco de Gama, who had just sailed on a voyage of discovery to the Indies. Three stones were discovered near Cintra, bearing in ancient characters, a Latin inscription; a sibylline oracle addressed prophetically 'To the inhabitants of the West!' stating that when these three stones shall be found, the Ganges, the Indus, and the Tagus should exchange their commodities! This was the pious fraud of a Portuguese poet, sanctioned by the approbation of the king. When the stones had lain a sufficient time in the damp earth, so as to become apparently antique, our poet invited a numerous party to dinner at his country-house; in the midst of the entertainment a peasant rushed in, announcing the sudden discovery of this treasure! The inscription was placed among the royal collections as a sacred curiosity! The prophecy was accomplished, and the oracle was long considered genuine!

In such cases no mischief resulted; the annals of mankind were not confused by spurious dynasties and fabulous chronologies; but when literary forgeries are published by those whose character hardly admits of a suspicion that they are themselves the impostors, the difficulty of assigning a motive only increases that of forming a decision; to adopt or to reject them may be equally dangerous.

In this class we must place Annius of Viterbo, who published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose *names* had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from unknown authors. These at first were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor, one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged, were gradually detected till at length the imposture was apparent! The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume; for the whole collection does not exceed 171 pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of Annius, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, and his declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war soon kindled; Niceron has discriminated between four parties engaged in this conflict. One party decried the whole of the collection as gross forgeries; another obstinately supported their authenticity; a third decided that they were forgeries before Annius possessed them, who was only credulous; while a fourth party considered them as partly authentic, and described their blunders to the interpolations of the editor, to increase their importance. Such as they were, they scattered confusion over the whole face of history. The false Berosius opens his history before the deluge, when, according to him, the Chaldeans through preceding ages had faithfully preserved their historical evidences! Annius hints, in his commentary, at the archives and public libraries of the Babylonians: the days of Noah comparatively seemed modern history with this dreaming editor. Some of the fanciful writers of Italy were duped: Sansovino, to delight the Florentine nobility, accommodated them with a new title of antiquity in their ancestor Noah, *Imperatore e monarcha della genti, visse e mori in quelle parti*. The Spaniards complained that in forging these fabulous origins of different nations, a new series of kings from the ark of Noah had been introduced by some of their rhodomontade historians to pollute the sources of their history. Bodin's otherwise valuable works are considerably injured by Annius's supposititious discoveries. One historian died of grief, for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of Annius! Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved—and the silence of the respectable Annius, in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings, or forgeries, and has been equally rejected and defended.

Another literary forgery supposed to have been grafted on those of Annius, involved the Inghirami family. It was by digging in their grounds that they discovered a number of Etruscan antiquities, consisting of inscriptions, and also fragments of a chronicle, pretended to have been composed sixty years before the vulgar era. The characters on the marbles were the ancient Etruscan, and the historical work tended to confirm the pretended discoveries of Annius. They were collected and enshrined in a magnificent folio by Curtius Inghirami, who, a few years after, published a quarto volume exceeding one thousand pages to support their authenticity. Notwithstanding the erudition of the forger, these monuments of antiquity betrayed their modern condiment. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters; it was more difficult to defend the small italic letters, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides that there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised till the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary; but Inghirami discovered that there had been an intercourse between the Etruscans and the Hebrews, and that David had imitated the writings of Noah and his descendants! Of Noah the chronicle details speeches and anecdotes!

The Romans, who have preserved so much of the Etruscans, had not, however, noticed a single fact recorded in these Etruscan antiquities. Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was premitted to draw his materials from the archives, and who, it would seem, was the only scribe who has favoured posterity with so much secret history. It was urged in favour of the authenticity of these Etruscan monuments, that Inghirami was so young an antiquary at the time of the discovery, that he could not even explain them; and that when fresh researches were made on the spot, other similar monuments were also disinterred, where evidently they had long lain; the whole affair, however contrived, was confined to the *Inghirami family*. One of them, half a century before, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and to him is ascribed the honour of the forgeries which he buried where he was sure they would be found. This, however, is a mere conjecture! Inghirami, who published and defended their authenticity, was not concerned in their fabrication; the design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Volaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami; and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed his posterity a collection of spurious historical monuments, which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history.*

It was probably such impostures, and those of the *false decretals of Isidore*, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and for eight hundred years formed the fundamental basis, of the canon law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity, which led to the monstrous pyrrhonism of father Hardouin, who, with immense erudition, had persuaded himself, that, excepting the Bible and Homer, Herodotus, Plautus, Pliny the elder, with fragments of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, all with remains of classical literature were forgeries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries! In two dissertations he imagined that he had proved that the Æneid was not written by Virgil, nor the Odes of Horace by that poet. Hordouin was one of those wrong-headed men, who once having fallen into a delusion, whatever afterwards occurs to them on their favourite subject only tends to strengthen it. He died in his own faith! He seems not to have been aware, that by ascribing such prodigal inventions as Plutarch, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, and other historians, to the men he did, he was raising up an unparalleled age of learning and genius when monks could only write meagre chronicles, while learning and genius themselves lay in an enchanted slumber with a suspension of all their vital powers.

There are numerous instances of the forgeries of smaller documents. The Prayer-Book of Columbus presented to him by the Pope, which the great discoverer of a new world bequeathed to the Genoese republic, has a codicil in his own writing as one of the leaves testifies, but as volumes composed against its authenticity deny. The famous description in Petrarch's Virgil, so often quoted, of his first *rencontre* with Laura in the church of St Clair on a Good

* The volume of these pretended Antiquities is entitled Etruscarum Antiquitatem fragmenta. fo. Franc. 1637. That which Inghirami published to defend their authenticity is in Italian, Discorso sopra opposizioni fatte all' Antichita Toscane 4to. Firenze, 1645.

Friday, 6 April, 1327, it has been recently attempted to be shown is a forgery. By calculation, it appears that the 6 April, 1327, fell on a Monday! The Good Friday seems to have been a blunder of the manufacturer of the note. He was entrapped by reading the second sonnet, as it appears in the *printed* editions!

> Era il giorno ch' al sol *si scolorano*
> *Per la* pietà del suo fattore i rai.

'It was on the day when the rays of the sun were obscured by compassion for his Maker.' The forger imagined this description alluded to Good Friday and the eclipse at the Crucifixion. But how stands the passage in the MS. in the imperial library of Vienna, which Abbé Costaing has found?

> Era il giorno ch' al sol *di color raro*
> *Parve* la pietà da suo fattore, *ai rai*
> Quand Io fu preso; e non mi guardai
> Che ben vostri occhi dentro mi legaro.

'It was on the day that I was captivated, devotion for its Maker appeared in the rays of a brilliant sun, and I did not well consider that it was your eyes that enchained me!'

The first meeting, according to the Abbé Costaing, was not in a *church*, but in a *meadow*—as appears by the 91st sonnet. The Laura of Sade, was *not* the Laura of Petrarch; but Laura de Baux, unmarried, and who died young, residing in the vicinity of Vaucluse. Petrarch had often viewed her from his own window, and often enjoyed her society amidst her family.* If the Abbé Costaing's discovery be confirmed, the good name of Petrarch is freed from the idle romantic passion for a married woman. It would be curious if the famous story of the first meeting with Laura in the church of St Clare originated in the blunder of the forgerer's misconception of a passage which was incorrectly printed, as appears by existing manuscripts!

Literary forgeries have been introduced into bibliography; dates have been altered; fictitious titles affixed; and books have been reprinted, either to leave out, or to interpolate whole passages! I forbear entering minutely into this part of the history of literary forgery, for this article has already grown voluminous. When we discover, however, that one of the most magnificent of *amateurs*, and one of the most critical of bibliographers, were concerned in a forgery of this nature, it may be useful to spread an alarm among collectors. The duke de la Valliere, and the Abbé de St Leger, once concerted together to supply the eager purchaser of literary rarities with a copy of *De Tribus Impostoribus*, a book, by the date, pretended to have been printed in 1598, though, probably, a modern forgery of 1698. The title of such a work had long existed by rumour, but never was a copy seen by man! Works printed with this title have all been proved to be modern fabrications. A copy, however, of the *introuvable* original was sold at the Duke de la Valliere's sale! The history of this volume is curious. The Duke and the abbé having manufactured a text, had it printed in the old Gothic character, under the title *De Tribus Impostoribus*. They proposed to put the great bibliopolist, De Bure, in good humour, whose agency would sanction the imposture. They were afterwards to dole out copies at twenty-five louis each, which would have been a reasonable price for a book which no one ever saw! They invited De Bure to dinner, flattered and cajoled him, and, as they imagined, at a moment they had wound him up to their pitch, they exhibited their manufacture; the keen eyed-glance of the renowned cataloguer of the 'Bibliographic Instructive' instantly shot like lightning over it, and, like lightning destroyed the whole edition. He not only discovered the forgery, but reprobated it! He refused his sanction; and the forging duke and abbé, in confusion, suppressed the *livre introuvable*; but they owed a grudge to the honest bibliographer, and attempted to write down the work whence the de Bures derive their fame.

Among the extraordinary literary impostors of our age, if we except Lauder, who, detected by the Ithuriel pen of Bishop Douglas, lived to make his public recantation of his audacious forgeries, and Chatterton, who has buried his inexplicable story in his own grave; a tale, which seems but half told; we must place a man well known in the literary world under the assumed name of George Psalmanaazaar. He composed his autobiography as the penance of contrition, not to be published till he was no more, when all human motives had ceased which might cause his veracity to be suspected. The life is tedious; but I have curiously traced the progress of the mind in an ingenious imposture, which is worth preservation. The present literary forgery consisted of personating a converted islander of Formosa; a place then little known, but by the reports of the Jesuits, and constructing a language and history of a new people, and a new religion, entirely of his own invention! This man was evidently a native of the south of France; educated in some provincial college of the Jesuits, where he had heard much of their discoveries of Japan; he had looked over their maps, and listened to their comments. He forgot the manner in which the Japanese wrote; but supposed, like orientalists, they wrote from the right to the left, which he found difficult to manage. He set about excogitating an alphabet; but actually forgot to give names to his letters, which afterwards baffled him before literary men.

He fell into gross blunders; having inadvertently affirmed that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually, he persisted in not lessening the number. It was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island, without occasioning a depopulation. He had made it a principle in this imposture never to vary when he had once said a thing. All this was projected in haste, fearful of detection by those about him.

He was himself surprised at his facility of invention, and the progress of his forgery. He had formed an alphabet, a considerable portion of a new language, a grammar, a new division of the year into twenty months, and a new religion! He had accustomed himself to write his language; but being an inexpert writer with the unusual way of writing backwards, he found this so difficult, that he was compelled to change the complicated forms of some of his letters. He now finally quitted his home, assuming the character of a Formosan convert, who had been educated by the Jesuits. He was then in his fifteenth or sixteenth year. To support his new character, he practised some religious mummeries; he was seen worshipping the rising and setting sun. He made a prayer-book, with rude drawings of the sun, moon, and stars, to which he added some gibberish prose and verse, written in his invented character, muttering or chanting it, as the humour took him. His custom of eating raw flesh seemed to assist his deception more than the sun and moon.

In a garrison at Sluys he found a Scotch regiment in the Dutch pay; the commander had the curiosity to invite our Formosan to confer with Innes, the chaplain of the regiment. This Innes was probably the chief cause of the imposture being carried to the extent it afterwards reached. Innes was a clergyman, but a disgrace to his cloth. As soon as he fixed his eye on our Formosan, he hit on a project; it was nothing less than to make Psalmanaazaar the ladder of his own ambition, and the stepping-place for him to climb up to a good living! Innes was a worthless character; as afterwards appeared, when by an audacious imposition, Innes practised on the Bishop of London, he avowed himself to be the author of an anonymous work, entitled 'A modest Inquiry after Moral Virtue;' for this he obtained a good living in Essex; the real author, a poor Scotch clergyman, obliged him afterwards to disclaim the work in print, and to pay him the profit of the edition which Innes had made! He lost his character, and retired to the solitude of his living; if not penitent, at least mortified.

Such a character was exactly adapted to become the foster-father of imposture. Innes courted the Formosan, and easily won on the adventurer, who had hitherto in vain sought for a patron. Meanwhile no time was lost by Innes to inform the unsuspicious and generous Bishop of London of the prize he possessed—to convert the Formosan was his ostensible pretext; to procure preferment his concealed motive. It is curious enough to observe, that the ardour of conversion died away in Innes, and the most marked neglect of his convert prevailed, while the answer of the bishop was protracted or doubtful. He had at first proposed to our Formosan impostor to procure his dis-

* I draw this information from a little 'new year's gift,' which my learned friend, the Rev. S. Weston, presented to his friends in 1822, entitled, 'A visit to Vaucluse,' accompanied by a Supplement.' He derives his account apparently from a curious publication of L'Abbé Costaing de Pusigner d'Avignon, which I with other inquirers have not been able to procure, but which it is absolutely necessary to examine, before we can decide on the very curious but unsatisfactory accounts we have hitherto possessed of the Laura of Petrarch.

charge, and convey him to England; this was eagerly consented to by our pliant adventurer. A few Dutch schellings, and fair words, kept him in good humour; but no letter coming from the bishop, there were fewer words, and not a stiver! This threw a new light over the character of Innes to the inexperienced youth. Psalmanaazaar sagaciously now turned all his attention to some Dutch ministers; Innes grew jealous lest they should pluck the bird which he had already in his net. He resolved to baptize the impostor—which only the more convinced Psalmanaazaar that Innes was one himself; for before this time Innes had practised a stratagem on him, which had clearly shown what sort of a man his Formosan was.

The stratagem was this: he made him translate a passage in Cicero, of some length, into his pretended language, and give it him in writing; this was easily done, by Psalmanaazaar's facility of inventing characters. After Innes had made him construe it, he desired to have another version of it on another paper. The proposal, and the arch manner of making it, threw our impostor into the most visible confusion. He had had but a short time to invent the first paper, less to recollect it; so that in the second transcript not above half the words were to be found which existed in the first. Innes assumed a solemn air, and Psalmanaazaar was on the point of throwing himself on his mercy, but Innes did not wish to unmask the impostor; he was rather desirous of fitting the mask closer to his face. Psalmanaazaar, in this hard trial, had given evidence of uncommon facility, combined with a singular memory. Innes cleared his brow, smiled with a friendly look, and only hinted in a distant manner, that he ought to be careful to be better provided for the future! An advice which Psalmanaazaar afterwards bore in mind, and at length produced the forgery of an entire new language; and which, he remarkably observes, 'by what I have tried since I came into England, I cannot say but I could have compassed it with less difficulty than can be conceived had I applied closely to it.' When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, which was submitted to the judgment of the first scholars, it appeared to them grammatical, and was pronounced to be a real language, from the circumstance that it resembled no other! and they could not conceive that a stripling could be the inventor of a language. If the reader is curious to examine this extraordinary imposture, I refer him to that literary curiosity, 'An historical and geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a Native of the said Isle,' 1704; with numerous plates, wretched inventions! of their dress! religious ceremonies! their tabernacle and altars to the sun, the moon, and the ten stars! their architecture! the viceroy's castle! a temple! a city house! a countryman's house! and the Formosan alphabet! In his conferences before the Royal Society with a Jesuit just returned from China, the Jesuit had certain strong suspicions that our hero was an impostor. The good father remained obstinate in his own conviction, but could not satisfactorily communicate it to others; and Psalmanaazaar, after politely asking pardon for the expression, complains of the Jesuit that 'HE *lied most impudently*,' *mentitur impudentissime!* Dr Mead absurdly insisted Psalmanaazaar was a Dutchman or a German; some thought him a Jesuit in disguise, a tool of the non-jurors; the catholics thought him bribed by the protestants to expose their church; the presbyterians that he was paid to explode their doctrine, and cry up episcopacy! This fabulous history of Formosa seems to have been projected by his artful prompter Innes, who put Varenius into Psalmanaazaar's hands to assist him; trumpeted forth in the domestic and foreign papers on account of this converted Formosan; maddened the booksellers to hurry the author, who was scarcely allowed two months to produce this extraordinary volume: and as the former accounts which the public possessed of this island were full of monstrous absurdities and contradictions, these assisted the present imposture. Our forger resolved not to describe new and surprising things as they had done, but rather studied to clash with them, probably that he might have an opportunity of pretending to correct them. The first edition was immediately sold; the world was more divided than ever in opinion: in a second edition he prefixed a vindication!—the unhappy forger got about twenty guineas for an imposture, whose delusions spread far and wide! Some years afterwards Psalmanaazaar was engaged in a minor imposture; one man had persuaded him to father a white composition called the *Formosan japan!* which was to be sold at a high price! It was curious for its whiteness, but it had its faults. The project failed, and Psalmanaazaar considered the miscarriage of the *white Formosan japan* as a providential warning to repent of all his impostures of Formosa!

Among these literary forgeries may be classed several ingenious ones fabricated for a *political* purpose. We had certainly numerous ones during our civil wars in the reign of Charles I. This is not the place to continue the controversy respecting the mysterious *Eikon Basiliké*, which has been ranked among them, from the ambiguous claim of Gauden. A recent writer who would probably incline not to leave the monarch were he living, not only his head but the little fame he might obtain by the 'Verses' said to be written by him at Carisbrooke Castle, would deprive him also of these. Henderson's death-bed recantation is also reckoned among them; and we have a large collection of 'Letters of Sir Henry Martin to his Lady of Delight,' which were certainly the satirical effusions of a wit of that day, but by the price they have obtained, are probably considered as genuine ones, and exhibit an amusing picture of his loose rambling life. There is a ludicrous speech of the strange Earl of Pembroke, which was forged by the inimitable Butler, and Sir John Firkenhead, a great humorist and wit, had a busy pen in these spurious letters and speeches.

OF LITERARY PILCHERS.

An honest historian at times will have to inflict severe strokes on his favourites. This has fallen to my lot, for in the course of my researches, I have to record that we have both forgers and purloiners, as well as other more obvious impostors, in the republic of letters! The present article descends to relate anecdotes of some contrivances to possess our literary curiosities by other means than by purchase; and the only apology which can be alleged for the *splendida peccata*, as St Austin calls the virtues of the heathens, of the present innocent criminals, is their excessive passion for literature, and otherwise the respectability of their names. According to Grose's 'Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue,' we have had celebrated *collectors*, both in the learned and vulgar idioms. But one of them, who had some reasons too to be tender on this point, distinguishes this mode of completing his collections, not by *book-stealing*, but by *book-coveting*. On some occasions, in mercy, we must allow of softening names. Were not the Spartans allowed to steal from one another, and the bunglers only punished?

It is said that Pinelli made occasional additions to his literary treasures sometimes by his skill in an art which lay much more in the hand than in the head: however, as Pinelli never stirred out of his native city but once in his lifetime, when the plague drove him from home, his field of action was so restricted, that we can hardly conclude that he could have been so great an enterpriser in this way. No one can have lost their character by this sort of exercise in a confined circle, and be allowed to prosper! A light-fingered Mercury would hardly haunt the same spot: however, this is, as it may be! It is probable that we owe to this species of accumulation many precious manuscripts in the Cottonian collection. It appears by the manuscript note-book of Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief-justice of the king's bench from the second to the seventh year of Charles the First, that Sir Robert Cotton had in his library, records, evidences, ledger-books, original letters, and other state-papers, belonging to the king; for the attorney-general of that time, to prove this, showed a copy of the *pardon* which Sir Robert had obtained from King James for *embezzling records*, &c.*

Gough has more than insinuated that Rawlinson and his friend Umfreville 'lie under very strong suspicions;' and he asserts that the collector of the Wilton treasures made as free as Dr Willis with his friend's coins. But he has also put forth a declaration relating to Bishop More, the famous collector, that 'the bishop collected his library by *plundering* those of the clergy in his diocese; some he paid with sermons or more modern books; others, less civilly, only with a *quid illiterati cum libris?*' This *plundering* then consisted rather of *cajoling* others out of what they knew not how to value; and this is an advantage which every skilful lover of books must enjoy over those

* Lansdowne MSS. 888 in the former printed catalogue, Art. 79.

whose apprenticeship has not expired. I have myself been plundered by a very dear friend of some such literary curiosities, in the days of my innocence and of his precocity of knowledge. However, it does appear that Bishop More did actually lay violent hands in a snug corner on some irresistible little charmer; which we gather from a precaution adopted by a friend of the bishop, who one day was found busy in *hiding his rarest books*, and locking up as many as he could. On being asked the reason of this odd occupation, the bibliopolist ingenuously replied, 'the Bishop of Ely dines with me to-day.' This fact is quite clear, and here is another as indisputable. Sir Robert Saville writing to Sir Robert Cotton, appointing an interview with the founder of the Bodleian Library, cautions Sir Robert, that 'If he held any book so dear as that he would be loath to lose it, he should *not let Sir Thomas out of his sight*, but set "the boke" aside before hand.' A surprise and detection of this nature has been revealed in a piece of secret history by Amelot de la Houssaie, which terminated in very important political consequences. He assures us that the personal dislike which Pope Innocent X, bore to the French had originated in his youth, when cardinal, from having been detected in the library of an eminent French collector, of having purloined a most rare volume. The delirium of a collector's rage overcame even French politesse; the Frenchman not only openly accused his illustrious culprit, but was resolved that he should not quit the library without replacing the precious volume —from accusation and denial both resolved to try their strength; but in this literary wrestling-match the book dropped out of the cardinal's robes!—and from that day he hated the French—at least their more curious collectors!

Even an author on his dying-bed, at those awful moments, should a collector be by his side, may not be considered secure from his too curious hands. Sir William Dugdale possessed the minutes of King James's life, written by Camden, till within a fortnight of his death; as also Camden's own life, which he had from Hacket, the author of the folio life of Bishop Williams; who, adds Aubrey, 'did *filch* it from Mr Camden, as he lay a dying!' He afterwards corrects his information, by the name of Dr Thorndyke, which, however, equally answers our purpose, to prove that even dying authors may dread such collectors!

The medallists have, I suspect, been more predatory than these subtractors of our literary treasures; not only from the facility of their conveyance, but from a peculiar contrivance which of all those things which admit of being secretly purloined, can only be practised in this department—for they can steal and no human hand can search them with any possibility of detection—they can pick a cabinet and swallow the curious things, and transport them with perfect safety, to be digested at their leisure. An adventure of this kind happened to Baron Stosch, the famous antiquary. It was in looking over the gems of the royal cabinet of medals, that the keeper perceived the loss of one; his place, his pension, and his reputation were at stake; and he insisted that Baron Stosch should be most minutely examined: in this dilemma, forced to confession, this erudite collector assured the keeper of the royal cabinet, that the strictest search would not avail: 'Alas, sir! I have it here within,' he said, pointing to his breast—an emetic was suggested by the learned practitioner himself, probably from some former experiment. This was not the first time that such a natural cabinet had been invented; the antiquary Vaillant, when attacked at sea by an Algerine, zealously swallowed a whole series of Syrian kings; when he landed at Lyons, groaning with his concealed treasure, he hastened to his friend, his physician, and his brother antiquary Dufour,—who at first was only anxious to inquire of his patient, whether the medals were of the higher empire? Vaillant showed two or three, of which nature had kindly relieved him. A collection of medals was left to the city of Exeter, and the donor accompanied the bequest by a clause in his will, that should a certain antiquary, his old friend and rival, be desirous of examining the coins, he should be watched by two persons, one on each side. La Croze informs us in his life, that the learned Charles Patin, who has written a work on medals, was one of the present race of collectors; Patin offered the curators of the public library at Basle to draw up a catalogue of the cabinet of Amerbach there preserved, containing a good number of medals; but they would have been more numerous, had the catalogue-writer not diminished both them and his labour, by sequestrating some of the most rare, which was not discovered till this plunderer of antiquity was far out of their reach.

When Gough touched on this odd subject in the first edition of his 'British Topography,' 'An Academic' in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1772, insinuated that this charge of literary pilfering was only a jocular one; on which Gough, in his second edition, observed that this was not the case, and that 'one might point out enough *light-fingered antiquaries* in the present age, to render such a charge extremely probable against earlier ones.' The most extraordinary part of this slight history is, that our public denouncer sometime after proved himself to be one of these 'light-fingered antiquaries;' the deed itself, however, was more singular than disgraceful. At the disinterment of the remains of Edward the First, around which, thirty years ago, assembled our most erudite antiquaries, Gough was observed, as Steevens used to relate, in a wrapping great coat of unusual dimensions; that witty and malicious 'Puck,' so capable himself of inventing mischief, easily suspected others, and divided his glance as much on the living piece of antiquity, as on the elder. In the act of closing up the relics of royalty, there was found wanting an entire fore-finger of Edward the first; and as the body was perfect when opened, a murmur of dissatisfaction was spreading, when 'Puck' directed their attention to the great antiquary in the watchman's great coat—from whence too surely was extracted Edward the First's great fore-finger!—so that 'the light-fingered antiquary' was recognized ten years after he had denounced the race, when he came to 'try his hand.'*

OF LORD BACON AT HOME.

The history of Lord Bacon would be that of the intellectual faculties, and a theme so worthy of the philosophical biographer remains yet to be written. The personal narrative of this master-genius or inventor must for ever be separated from the *scala intellectus* he was perpetually ascending: and the domestic history of this creative mind must be consigned to the most humiliating chapter in the volume of human life: a chapter already sufficiently enlarged, and which has irrefutably proved how the greatest minds are not freed from the infirmities of the most vulgar.

The parent of our philosophy is now to be considered in a new light one which others do not appear to have observed. My researches into contemporary notices of Bacon have often convinced me that his philosophical works, in his own days and among his own countrymen, were not only not comprehended, but often ridiculed, and sometimes reprobated; that they were the occasion of many slights and mortifications which this depreciated man endured; but that from a very early period in his life, to that last record of his feelings which appears in his will, this 'servant of posterity,' as he prophetically called himself, sustained his mighty spirit with the confidence of his own posthumous greatness. Bacon cast his views through the maturity of ages, and perhaps amidst the sceptics and the rejectors of his plans, may have felt at times all that idolatry of fame, which has now consecrated his philosophical works.

At college, Bacon discovered how 'that scrap of Grecian knowledge, the peripatetic philosophy,' and the scholastic babble, could not serve the ends and purposes of knowledge; that syllogisms were not things, and that a new logic might teach us to invent and judge by induction. He found that theories were to be built upon experiments. When a young man, abroad, he began to make those observations on Nature, which afterwards led on to the foun-

* It is probable that this story of Gough's pocketing the fore-finger of Edward the First, was one of the malicious inventions of George Steevens, after he discovered that the antiquary was among the few admitted to the untombing of the royal corpse; Steevens himself was not there! Sylvanus Urban who must know much more than he cares to record of 'Puck,'—has, however, given the following 'secret history' of what he calls 'ungentlemanly and unwarrantable attacks' on Gough, by Steevens. It seems that Steevens was a collector of the works of Hogarth, and while engaged in forming his collection, wrote an abrupt letter to Gough, to obtain from him some early impressions, by purchase or exchange. Gough resented the manner of his address by a rough refusal, for it is admitted to have been 'a peremptory one.' Thus arose the implacable vengeance of Steevens, who used to boast that all the mischievous tricks he played on the grave antiquary, who was rarely over-kind to any one, was but a pleasant kind of revenge!

dations of the new philosophy. At sixteen, he philosophised; at twenty-six, he had framed his system into some form; and after forty years of continued labours, unfinished to his last hour, he left behind him sufficient to found the great philosophical reformation.

On his entrance into active life, study was not however his prime object. With his fortune to make, his court connexions and his father's example opened a path for ambition. He chose the practice of common law as his means, while his inclinations were looking upwards to political affairs as his end. A passion for study however had strongly marked him; he had read much more than was required in his professional character, and this circumstance excited the mean jealousies of the minister Cecil, and the attorney-general Coke. Both were mere practical men of business, whose narrow conceptions and whose stubborn habits assume, that whenever a man acquires much knowledge foreign to his profession, he will know less of professional knowledge than he ought. These men of strong minds, yet limited capacities, hold in contempt all studies alien to their habits.

Bacon early aspired to the situation of solicitor-general; the court of Elizabeth was divided into factions; Bacon adopted the interests of the generous Essex, which were inimical to the party of Cecil. The queen, from his boyhood, was delighted by conversing with her 'young lord-keeper,' as she early distinguished the precocious gravity and the ingenious turn of mind of the future philosopher. It was unquestionably to attract her favour, that Bacon presented to the queen his 'Maxims and Elements of the Common Law,' not published till after his death. Elizabeth suffered her minister to form her opinions on the legal character of Bacon. It was alleged that Bacon was addicted to more general pursuits than law, and the miscellaneous books which he was known to have read confirmed the accusation. This was urged as a reason why the post of solicitor-general should not be conferred on a man of speculation, more likely to distract than to direct her affairs. Elizabeth, in the height of that political prudence which marked her character, was swayed by the vulgar notion of Cecil, and believed that Bacon, who afterwards filled the situation both of solicitor-general and lord chancellor, was 'A man rather of show than of depth.' We have been recently told by a great lawyer, that 'Bacon was a master.'

On the accession of James the First, when Bacon still found the same party obstructing his political advancement, he appears, in some momentary fit of disgust, to have meditated on a retreat into a foreign country; a circumstance which has happened to several of our men of genius, during a fever of solitary indignation. He was for some time thrown out of the sunshine of life, but he found its shade more fitted for contemplation; and, unquestionably, philosophy was benefited by his solitude at Gray's Inn. His hand was always on his work, and better thoughts will find an easy entrance into the mind of those who feed on their thoughts, and live amidst their reveries. In a letter on this occasion, he writes, 'My ambition now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit, of the times succeeding,' And many years after when he had finally quitted public life, he told the king, 'I would live to study, and not study to live: yet I am prepared for *date obolum* Bellisario; and I that have borne a bag, can bear a wallet.'

Ever were the TIMES SUCCEEDING in his mind. In that delightful Latin letter to Father Fulgentio, where, with the simplicity of true grandeur, he takes a view of all his works, and in which he describes himself as 'one who served posterity,' in communicating his past and his future designs, he adds, that 'they require some ages for the ripening of them.' There, while he despairs of finishing what was intended for the sixth part of his Instauration, how nobly he despairs! 'Of the perfecting this I have cast away all hopes; but in future ages, perhaps, the design may bud again.' And he concludes by avowing, that the zeal and constancy of his mind in the great design, after so many years, had never become cold and indifferent. He remembers how, forty years ago, he had composed a juvenile work about those things, which, with confidence, but with too pompous a title, he had called *Temporis Partus Maximus*; the great birth of time! Besides the public dedication of his *Novum Organum* to James the First, he accompanied it with a private letter. He wishes the king's favour to the work, which he accounts as much as a hundred years time; for he adds, 'I am persuaded *the work will gain upon men's minds in* AGES.'

In his last will appears his remarkable legacy of fame. 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own countrymen *after some time be passed over*.' Time seemed always personated in the imagination of our philosopher, and with time he wrestled with a consciousness of triumph.

I shall now bring forward sufficient evidence to prove how little Bacon was understood, and how much he was even despised, in his philosophical character.

In those prescient views by which the genius of Verulam has often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, there was one important object which even his foresight does not appear to have contemplated. Lord Bacon did not foresee that the English language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover, or poetry can invent; that his country should at length possess a national literature of its own, and that it should exult in classical compositions which might be appreciated with the finest models of antiquity. His taste was far unequal to his invention. So little he esteemed the language of his country, that his favourite works are composed in Latin; and he was anxious to have what he had written in English preserved in that 'universal language which may last as long as books last.' It would have surprised Bacon to have been told, that the most learned men in Europe have studied English authors to learn to think and to write. Our philosopher was surely somewhat mortified, when in his dedication of the Essays he observed, that 'of all my other works my Essays have been most current; for that *as it seems*, they come home to men's business and bosoms.' It is too much to hope to find in a vast and profound inventor a writer also who bestows immortality on his language. The English language is the only object in his great survey of art and of nature, which owes nothing of its excellence to the genius of Bacon.

He had reason indeed to be mortified at the reception of his philosophical works; and Dr Rawley, even some years after the death of his illustrious master, had occasion to observe, that 'His fame is greater and sounds louder in foreign parts abroad than at home in his own nation; thereby verifying that divine sentence, a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house.' Even the men of genius, who ought to have comprehended this new source of knowledge thus opened to them, reluctantly entered into it; so repugnant are we suddenly to give up ancient errors which time and habit have made apart of ourselves. Harvey, who himself experienced the sluggish obstinacy of the learned, which repelled a great but a novel discovery, could however in his turn deride the amazing novelty of Bacon's *Novum Organum*. Harvey said to Aubrey, that 'Bacon was no great philosopher; he writes philosophy like a lord chancellor.' It has been suggested to me that Bacon's philosophical writings have been much over-rated. His experimental philosophy from the era in which they were produced must be necessarily defective; the time he gave to them could only have been had at spare hours; but like the great prophet on the mount, Bacon was doomed to view the land afar, which he himself could never enter.

Bacon found but small encouragement for his *new learning* among the most eminent scholars, to whom he submitted his early discoveries. A very copious letter by Sir Thomas Bodley on Bacon's desiring him to return the manuscript of *Cogitata et Visa*, some portion of the *Novum Organum* has come down to us; it is replete with objections to the new philosophy. 'I am one of that crew,' says Sir Thomas, 'that say we possess a far greater holdfast of certainty in the sciences than you will seem to acknowledge. He gives a hint too that Solomon complained 'of the infinite making of books in his time;' that all Bacon delivers is only 'by averment without other force of argument, to disclaim all our axioms, maxims, &c, left by tradition from our elders unto us, which have passed all probations of the sharpest wits that ever were;' and he concludes, that the end of all Bacon's philosophy, by 'a fresh creating new principles of sciences, would be to be dispossessed of the learning we have;' and he fears that it would require as many ages as have marched before us that knowledge should be perfectly achieved. Bodley truly compares himself to 'the carrier's horse which cannot planch the beaten way in which I was trained.'

Bacon did not lose heart by the timidity of 'the carrier's horse:' a smart vivacious note in return shows his quick apprehension.

'As I am going to my house in the country, I shall want my papers, which I beg you therefore to return. You are slothful, and you help me nothing, so that I am half in conceit you affect not the argument; for myself I know well you love and affect. I can say no more, but *non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ*. If you be not *of the lodgings chalked up*, whereof I speak in my preface, I am but to pass by your door. But if I had you a fortnight at Gorhambury, I would make you tell another tale; or else I would add a cogitation *against libraries*, and be revenged on you that way.'

A keen but playful retort of a great author too concious of his own views to be angry with his critic! The *lodgings chalked up* is some sarcasm which we must supply from our own conception; but the threatened cogitation *against libraries* must have caused Bodley's cheek to tingle.

Let us now turn from the scholastic to the men of the world, and we shall see what sort of notion these critics entertained of the philosophy of Bacon. Chamberlain writes, 'This week the lord chancellor hath set forth his new work called *Instauratio Magna*, or a kind of *Novum Organum* of all philosophy. In sending it to the king, he wrote that he wished his majesty might be so long in reading it as he hath been in composing and polishing it, which is well near thirty years. I have read no more than the bare title, and am not greatly encouraged by Mr Cuffe's judgment,* who having long since persued it, gave this censure, that a fool could not have written such a work, and a wise man would not.' A month or two afterwards we find that 'The king cannot forbear sometimes in reading the lord chancellor's last book to say, that it is like *the peace of God, that surpasseth all understanding*.'

Two years afterwards the same letter-writer proceeds with another literary paragraph about Bacon. 'This lord busies himself altogether about *books*, and hath set out two lately, *Historiæ Ventorum*, and *de Vita et Morte*, with promise of more. I have yet seen neither of them, because I have not leisure; but if the life of Henry the Eighth (the Seventh), which they say he is about, might *come out after his own manner* (meaning his Moral Essays), I should find time and means enough to read it.' When this history made its appearance, the same writer observes, 'My Lord Verulam's history of Henry the Seventh is come forth; I have not read much of it, but they say it is a very pretty book.'†

Bacon, in his vast survey of human knowledge, included even its humbler provinces, and condescended to form a collection of apophthegms: his lordship regretted the loss of a collection made by Julius Cæsar, while Plutarch indiscriminately drew much of the dregs. The wits, who could not always comprehend his plans, ridiculed the sage. I shall now quote a contemporary poet, whose works, for by their size they may assume that distinction, were never published. A Dr Andrews wasted a sportive pen on fugitive events; but though not always deficient in humour and wit, such is the freedom of his writings, that they will not often admit a quotation. The following is indeed but a strange pun on Bacon's title, derived from the town of St Alban's and his collection of apophthegms;

ON LORD BACON PUBLISHING APOPHTHEGMS.

When learned Bacon wrote essays,
He did deserve and hath the praise;
But now he writes his *apophthegms*
Surely he doses or he dreams;
One said, *St Albans* now is grown unable,
And is in the high-road-way—*to Dunstable*. [i. e *Dunce-table*.]

To the close of his days were Lord Bacon's philosophical pursuits still disregarded and depreciated by ignorance and envy, in the forms of friendship or rivality. I shall now give a remarkable example. Sir Edward Coke was a mere great lawyer, and like all such, had a mind so walled in by law-knowledge, that in its bounded views it shut out the horizon of the intellectual faculties, and the whole of his philosophy lay in the statutes. In the library at Holkham there must be found a presentation copy of Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, the *Instauratio Magna*, 1620. It was given to Coke, for it bears the following note on the title-page in the writing of Coke:

Edw. Coke, *Ex dono authoris*
Auctori consilium
Instaurare paras veterum documenta sophorum
Instaura leges, justitiamque prius.

The verses not only reprove Bacon for going out of his profession, but must have alluded to his character as a prerogative lawyer, and his corrupt administration of the chancery. The book was published in October, 1620, a few months before the impeachment. And so far one may easily excuse the causticity of Coke; but how he really valued the philosophy of Bacon appears by this: in this first edition there is a device of a ship passing between Hercules's pillars; the *plus ultra*, the proud exultation of our philosopher. Over this device Coke has written a miserable distich in English, which marks his utter contempt of the philosophical pursuits of his illustrious rival. This ship passing beyond the columns of Hercules he sarcastically conceits as 'The Ship of Fools,' the famous satire of the German Sebastian Brandt, translated by Alexander Barclay.

It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools.

Such then was the fate of Lord Bacon; a history not written by his biographers, but which may serve as a comment on that obscure passage dropped from the pen of his chaplain, and already quoted, that he was more valued abroad than at home.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is an extraordinary circumstance in our history, that the succession to the English dominion, in two remarkable cases, was never settled by the possessors of the throne themselves during their lifetime; and that there is every reason to believe this mighty transfer of three kingdoms became the sole act of their ministers, who considered the succession merely as a state expedient. Two of our most able sovereigns found themselves in this predicament; Queen Elizabeth, and the Protector Cromwell! Cromwell probably had his reasons not to name his successor; his positive election would have dissatisfied the opposite parties of his government, whom he only ruled while he was able to cajole them. He must have been aware that latterly he had need of conciliating all parties to his usurpation, and was probably as doubtful on his death-bed whom to appoint his successor, as at any other period of his reign. Ludlow suspects that Cromwell was 'so discomposed in body or mind, that he could not attend to that matter; and whether he named any one is to me uncertain.' All that we know is the report of the Secretary Thurlow and his chaplains, who, when the protector lay in his last agonies, suggested to him the propriety of choosing his eldest son, and they tell us that he agreed to this choice. Had Cromwell been in his senses, he would have probably fixed on *Henry*, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, rather than on *Richard*, or possibly had not chosen either of his sons!

Elizabeth, from womanish infirmity, or from state-reasons, could not endure the thoughts of her successor; and long threw into jeopardy the politics of all the cabinets of Europe, each of which had its favourite candidate to support. The legitimate heir to the throne of England was to be the creature of her breath, yet Elizabeth would not speak him into existence! This had, however, often raised the discontents of the nation, and we shall see how it harrassed the queen in her dying hours. It is even suspected that the queen still retained so much of the woman, that she could never overcome her perverse dislike to name a successor, so that according to this opinion, she died and left the crown to the mercy of a party! This would have been acting unworthy of the magnanimity of her great character—and as it is ascertained that the queen was very sensible that she lay in a dying state several days before the natural catastrophe occurred, it is difficult to believe that she totally disregarded so important a circumstance. It is, therefore, reasoning *a priori*, most natural to conclude, that the choice of a successor must have occupied her thoughts as well as the anxieties of her mu-

* Henry Cuffe, secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, and executed, being concerned in his treason. A man noted for his classical acquirements and his genius, who perished early in life.

† Chamberlain adds the price of this moderate sized folio, which was six shillings

isters; and that she would not have left the throne in the same unsettled state at her death as she had persevered in during her whole life. How did she express herself when bequeathing the crown to James the First, or did she bequeath it at all?

In the popular pages of her female historian, Miss Aikin has observed, that 'the closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth was marked by that peculiarity of character and destiny which attended her from the cradle, and pursued her to the grave.' The last days of Elizabeth were, indeed, most melancholy—she died a victim of the higher passions, and perhaps as much of grief as of age, refusing all remedies and even nourishment. But in all the published accounts, I can nowhere discover how she conducted herself respecting the circumstance of our present inquiry. The most detailed narrative, or as Gray the poet calls it, 'the Earl of Monmouth's *odd account* of Queen Elizabeth's death,' is the one most deserving notice; and there we find the circumstance of this inquiry introduced. The queen, at that moment, was reduced to so sad a state, that it is doubtful whether her majesty was at all sensible of the inquiries put to her by her ministers respecting the succession. The Earl of Monmouth says, 'on Wednesday, the 23d of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.' Such a sign as that of a dying woman putting her hand to her head was, to say the least, a very ambiguous acknowledgment of the right of the Scottish monarch to the English throne. The 'odd' but very *naïve* account of Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, is not furnished with dates, nor with the exactness of a diary. Something might have occurred on a preceding day which had not reached him. Camden describes the death-bed scene of Elizabeth; by this authentic writer it appears that she had confided her state-secret of the succession to the lord admiral (the Earl of Nottingham;) and when the earl found the queen almost at her extremity, *he communicated her majesty's secret to the council*, who commissioned the lord admiral, the lord keeper, and the secretary to wait on her majesty, and acquaint her that they came in the name of the rest to learn her pleasure in reference to *the succession*. The queen was then very weak, and answered them with a faint voice, that she had already declared, that as she held a regal sceptre, so she desired no other than a royal successor. When the secretary requested her to explain herself, the queen said, 'I would have a king succeed me; and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the king of Scots?' Here this state-conversation was put an end to by the interference of the archbishop advising her majesty to turn her thoughts to God. 'Never,' she replied, has my mind wandered from him.'

An historian of Camden's high integrity would hardly have forged a fiction to please the new monarch; yet Camden has not been referred to on this occasion by the exact Birch, who draws his information from the letters of the French ambassador, Villeroy; information which it appears the English ministers had confined to this ambassador; nor do we get any distinct ideas from Elizabeth's more recent popular historian, who could only transcribe the account of Cary. He had told us a fact which he could not be mistaken in, that the queen fell speechless on Wednesday, 23d of March, on which day, however, she called her council, and made that sign with her hand, which, as the lords chose to understand, for ever united the two kingdoms. But the noble editor of Cary's Memoirs (the Earl of Cork and Orrery,) has observed, that 'the speeches made for Elizabeth on her death bed are all forged.' Echard, Rapin, and a long string of historians, make her say faintly (so faintly indeed that it could not possibly be heard,) 'I will that a king succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman the king of Scots?' A different account of this matter will be found in the following memoirs. 'She was speechless, and almost expiring, when the chief counsellors of state were called into her bed-chamber. As soon as they were perfectly convinced that she could not utter an articulate word, and scarce could hear or understand one, they named the king of Scots to her, *a liberty they dared not to have taken if she had been able to speak*; she put her hand to her head, which was probably at that time in agonizing pain. *The lords, who interpreted her signs just as they pleased*, were immediately convinced that the *motion of her hand to her head was a declaration of James the Sixth as her successor*. What was this but the unanimous interpretations of persons who were adoring the rising sun?'

This is lively and plausible; but the noble editor did not recollect that 'the speeches made by Elizabeth on her death-bed,' which he deems 'forgeries,' in consequence of the circumstance he had found in Cary's Memoirs, originate with Camden, and were only repeated by Rapin and Echard, &c. I am now to confirm the narrative of the elder historian, as well as the circumstance related by Cary, describing the sign of the queen a little differently, which happened on Wednesday 23d. A hitherto unnoticed document pretends to give a fuller and more circumstantial account of this affair, which commenced on *the preceding day*, when the queen retained the power of speech; and it will be confessed that the language here used has all that loftiness and brevity which was the natural style of this queen. I have discovered a curious document in a manuscript volume formerly in the possession of Petyt, and seemingly in his own hand-writing. I do not doubt its authenticity, and it could only have come from some of the illustrious personages who were the actors in that solemn scene, probably from Cecil. This memorandum is entitled,

'Account of the last words of Queen Elizabeth about her Successor.

'On the Tuesday before her death, being the twenty-third of March, the admiral being on the right side of her bed, the lord keeper on the left, and Mr Secretary Cecil (afterwards Earl of Salisbury) at the bed's feet, all standing, the lord admiral put her in mind of her speech concerning the succession had at Whitehall, and that they, in the name of all the rest of her council, came unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed; whereunto she thus replied:

'*I told you my seat had been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me. And who should succeed me but a king?*

'The lords not understanding this dark speech and looking one on the other; at length Mr Secretary boldly asked her what she meant by those words, that *no rascal should succeed her*. Whereto she replied, that *her meaning was, that a king should succeed: and who*, quoth she, *should that be but our cousin of Scotland?*

'They asked her whether that were her absolute resolution? whereto she answered, *I pray you trouble me no more: for I will have none but him*. With which answer they departed.

'Notwithstanding, after again, about four o'clock in the afternoon the next day, being Wednesday, after the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other divines, had been with her, and left her in a manner speechless, the three lords aforesaid repaired unto her again, asking her if she remained in her former resolution, and who should succeed her? but not being able to speak, was asked by Mr Secretary in this sort, 'We beseech your majesty, if you remain in your former resolution, and that you would have the king of Scots to succeed you in your kingdom, show some sign unto us: whereat, *suddenly heaving herself upwards in her bed, and putting her arms out of bed, she held her hands jointly over her head in manner of a crown*; whence, as they guessed, she signified that she did not only wish him the kingdom, but desire continuance of his estate: after which they departed, and the next morning she died. Immediately after her death, all the lords, as well of the council as other noblemen that were at the court, came from Richmond to Whitehall by six o'clock in the morning, where other noblemen that were in London met them. Touching the succession, after some speeches of divers competitors and matters of State, at length the admiral rehearsed all the aforesaid premises which the late queen had spoken to him, and to the lord keeper, and Mr Secretary (Cecil,) with the manner thereof; which they being asked, did affirm to be true upon their honour.'

Such is this singular document of secret history. I cannot but value it as authentic, because the one part is evidently alluded to by Camden, and the other is fully confirmed by Cary; and besides this, the remarkable expression of 'rascal' is found in the letter of the French ambassador. There were two interviews with the queen, and Cary appears only to have noticed the last on Wednesday, when the queen lay speechless. Elizabeth all her life had persevered in an obstinate mysteriousness respecting the succession, and it harassed her latest moments,

The second interview of her ministers may seem to us quite supernumerary; but Cary's 'putting her hand to her head,' too meanly describes the 'joining her hands in manner of a crown.'

JAMES THE FIRST, AS A FATHER AND A HUSBAND.

Calumnies and sarcasms have reduced the character of James the First to contempt among general readers; while the narrative of historians, who have related facts in spite of themselves, is in perpetual contradiction with their own opinions. Perhaps no sovereign has suffered more by that art, which is described by an old Irish proverb, of 'killing a man by lies.' The surmises and the insinuations of one party, dissatisfied with the established government in church and state; the misconceptions of more modern writers, who have not possessed the requisite knowledge; and the anonymous libels, sent forth at a particular period to vilify the Stuarts; all these cannot be treasured up by the philosopher as the authorities of history. It is at least more honourable to resist popular prejudice than to yield to it a passive obedience; and what we can ascertain, it would be a dereliction of truth to conceal. Much can be substantiated in favour of the domestic affections and habits of this pacific monarch; and those who are more intimately acquainted with the secret history of the times will perceive how erroneously the personal character of this sovereign is exhibited in our popular historians, and often even among the few, who with better information, have re-echoed their preconceived opinions.

Confining myself here to his domestic character, I shall not touch on the many admirable public projects of this monarch, which have extorted the praise, and even the admirations of some who have not spared their pens in his disparagement. James the First has been taxed with pusillanimity and foolishness; this monarch cannot, however, be reproached with having engendered them! All his children, in whose education their father was so deeply concerned, sustained through life a dignified character, and a high spirit. The short life of Henry was passed in a school of prowess, and amidst an academy of literature. Of the king's paternal solicitude, even to the hand and the letter-writing of Prince Henry when young, I have preserved a proof in the article of 'The History of Writing-masters.' Charles the First, in his youth more particularly designed for a studious life, with a serious character, was, however, never deficient in active bravery, and magnanimous fortitude. Of Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, tried as she was by such vicissitudes of fortune, it is much to be regretted that the interesting story remains untold; her buoyant spirits rose always above the perpetual changes, of a princely to a private state—a queen to an exile! The father of such children derives some distinction for capacity, in having reared such a noble offspring; and the king's marked attention to the formation of his children's minds was such as to have been pointed out by Ben Jonson, who, in his 'Gipsies Metamorphosed,' rightly said of James, using his native term,

'You are an honest, good man, and have care of your Bearns' (bairns.)

Among the flouts and gibes so freely bespattering the personal character of James the First, is one of his coldness and neglect of his queen. It would, however, be difficult to prove by any known fact, that James was not as indulgent a husband, as he was a father. Yet even a writer so well informed as Daines Barrington, who, as a lawyer, could not refrain from lauding the royal sage during his visit to Denmark, on his marriage, for having borrowed three statutes from the Danish code, found the king's name so provocative of sarcasm, that he could not forbear observing, that James 'spent more time in those courts of judicature than in *attending upon his destined consort*.' 'Men of all sorts have taken a pride to gird at me,' might this monarch have exclaimed. But every thing has two handles, saith the ancient adage. Had an austere puritan chosen to observe that James the First, when abroad, had lived jovially; and had this historian then dropped silently the interesting circumstance of the king's 'spending his time in the Danish courts of judicature,' the fact would have borne him out in his reproof; and Francis Osborne, indeed, has censured James for giving marks of his *uxoriousness!* There was no deficient gallantry in the conduct of James the First to his queen; the very circumstance, that when the Princess of Denmark was driven by a storm back to Norway, the king resolved to hasten to her, and consummate his marriage in Denmark, was itself as romantic an expedition as afterwards was that of his son's into Spain, and betrays no mark of that tame pusillanimity with which he stands overcharged.

The character of the queen of James the First is somewhat obscure in our public history, for in it she makes no prominent figure; while in secret history she is more apparent. Anne of Denmark was a spirited and enterprising woman; and it appears from a passage in Sully, whose authority should weigh with us, although we ought to recollect that it is the French minister who writes, that she seems to have raised a court faction against James, and inclined to favour the Spanish and catholic interests; yet it may be alleged as a strong proof of James's political wisdom, that the queen was never suffered to head a formidable party, though she latterly might have engaged Prince Henry in that court-opposition. The *bon-homie* of the king, on this subject expressed with a simplicity of style, which, though it may not be royal, is something better, appears in a letter to the queen, which has been preserved in the appendix to Sir David Dalrymple's collections. It is without date, but written when in Scotland to quiet the queen's suspicions, that the Earl of Mar, who had the care of Prince Henry, and whom she wished to take out of his hands, had insinuated to the king that her majesty was strongly disposed to any 'popish or Spanish course.' This letter confirms the representation of Sully; but the extract is remarkable for the manly simplicity of style which the king used.

'I say over again, leave these froward womanly apprehensions, for I thank God, I carry that love and respect unto you, which, by the law of God and nature, I ought to do to my wife, and mother of my children; but not for that ye are a king's daughter; for whether ye were a king's daughter, or a cook's daughter, ye must be all alike to me, since my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear you is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour, as of my other fortunes. I beseech you excuse my plainness in this, for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me (that is, not pertinent.) God is my witness, I ever preferred you to (for) my bairns, much more than to a subject.'

In an ingenious historical dissertation, but one perfectly theoretical, respecting that mysterious transaction the Gowrie conspiracy, Mr Pinkerton has attempted to show that Anne of Denmark was a lady somewhat inclined to intrigue, and that 'the king had cause to be jealous.' He confesses that 'he cannot discover any positive charge of adultery against Anne of Denmark, but merely of coquetry.'* To what these accusations amount it would be difficult to say. The progeny of James the First sufficiently bespeak their family resemblance. If it be true, that 'the king had ever reason to be jealous,' and yet that no single criminal act of the queen's has been recorded, it must be confessed that one or both of the parties were singularly discreet and decent; for the king never complained, and the queen was never accused, if we except this burden of an old Scottish ballad,

O the bonny Earl of Murray,
He was the queen's love.

Whatever may have happened in Scotland, in England the queen appears to have lived, occupied chiefly by the amusements of the court, and not to have interfered with the *arcana* of state. She appears to have indulged a passion for the elegancies and splendours of the age, as they were shown in those gorgeous court masques with which the taste of James harmonised, either from his gallantry for the queen, or his own poetic sympathy. But this taste for court masques could not escape the slur and scandal of the puritanic, and these 'high-flying fancies' are thus recorded by honest Arthur Wilson, whom we summon into court as an indubitable witness of the mutual cordiality of this royal couple. In the spirit of his party, and like Milton, he censures the taste, but likes it. He says, 'The court being a continued *maskarado*, where she (the queen) and her ladies, like so many sea-nymphs or Nereides, appeared often in various dresses to the ravishment of the

* This historical dissertation is appended to the first volume of Mr Malcolm Laing's 'History of Scotland,' who thinks that 'it has placed that obscure transaction in its genuine light.'

beholders; the king himself not being a little delighted with such fluent elegancies as made the night more glorious than the day.' This is a direct proof that James was by no means cold or negligent in his attentions to his queen; and the letter which has been given is the picture of his mind. That James the First was fondly indulgent to his queen, and could perform an act of chivalric gallantry with all the generosity of passion, and the ingenuity of an elegant mind, a pleasing anecdote which I have discovered in an unpublished letter of the day will show. I give it in the words of the writer.

August, 1613.

'At their last, being at Theobald's, about a fortnight ago, the queen, shooting at a deer, mistook her mark, and killed *Jewel*, the king's most principal and special hound; at which he stormed exceedingly awhile; but after he knew who did it, he was soon pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse: and the next day sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds, as *a legacy from his dead dog*. Love and kindness increase daily between them.'

Such is the history of a contemporary living at court, very opposite to that representation of coldness and neglect with which the king's temper has been so freely aspersed; and such too is the true portrait of James the First in domestic life. His first sensations were thoughtless and impetuous; and he would ungracefully thunder out an oath, which a puritan would set down in his 'tables,' while he omitted to note that this king's forgiveness and forgetfulness of personal injuries was sure to follow the feeling they had excited.

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

Mr Maurice, in his animated memoirs, has recently acquainted us with a fact which may be deemed important in the life of a literary man. He tells us, 'We have been just informed that Sir Wm. Jones *invariably* read through every year the works of Cicero, whose life indeed was the great exemplar of his own.' The same passion for the works of Cicero has been participated by others. When the best means of forming a good style were inquired of the learned Arnauld, he advised the daily study of Cicero; but it was observed that the object was not to form a Latin, but a French style: 'In that case,' replied Arnauld, 'you must still read Cicero.'

A predilection for some great author, among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention, seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste: accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our favourite, we may in this intimacy possibly resemble him. It is to be feared, that if we do not form such a permanent attachment, we may be acquiring knowledge, while our enervated taste becomes less and less lively. Taste embalms the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author, will always be found to be a formidable antagonist; he has saturated his mind with the excellencies of genius; he has shaped his faculties insensibly to himself by his model, and he is like a man who even sleeps in armour, ready at a moment! The old Latin proverb reminds us of this fact, *Cave ab homine unius libri*: be cautious of the man of one book!

Pliny and Seneca give very safe advice on reading; that we should read much, but not many books—but they had no 'monthly lists of new publications!' Since their days others have favoured us with 'Methods of Study,' and 'Catalogues of Books to be read.' Vain attempts to circumscribe that invisible circle of human knowledge which is perpetually enlarging itself! The multiplicity of books is an evil for the many; for we now find an *helluo librorum*, not only among the learned, but, with their pardon, among the unlearned; for those who, even to the prejudice of their health, persist only in reading the incessant book-novelties of our own time, will after many years acquire a sort of learned ignorance. We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read, rather than not to read them; such an art is practicable. But amidst this vast multitude still let us be 'the man of one book,' and preserve an uninterrupted intercourse with that great author with whose mode of thinking we sympathize, and whose charms of composition we can habitually retain.

It is remarkable that every great writer appears to have a predilection for some favourite author; and with Alexander, had they possessed a golden casket, would have enshrined the works they so constantly turned over. Demosthenes felt such delight in the history of Thucydides, that to obtain a familiar and perfect mastery of his style, he re-copied his history eight times; while Brutus not only was constantly perusing Polybius even amidst the most busy periods of his life, but was abridging a copy of that author on the last awful night of his existence, when on the following day he was to try his fate against Antony and Octavius. Selim the Second had the Commentaries of Cæsar translated for his use; and it is recorded that his military ardour was heightened by the perusal. We are told that Scipio Africanus was made a hero by the writings of Xenophon. When Clarendon was employed in writing his history, he was in a constant study of Livy and Tacitus, to acquire the full and flowing style of the one, and the portrait-painting of the other: he records this circumstance in a letter. Voltaire had usually on his table the *Athalie* of Racine, and the *Petit Careme* of Masillon; the tragedies of the one were the finest model of French verse, the sermons of the other of French prose.' 'Were I obliged to sell my library,' exclaimed Diderot,' 'I would keep back Moses, Homer, and Richardson;' and by the *eloge* which this enthusiast writer composed on our English novelist, it is doubtful, had the Frenchman been obliged to have lost two of them, whether Richardson had not been the elected favourite. Monsieur Thomas, a French writer, who at times displays high eloquence and profound thinking, Herault de Sechelles tells us, studied chiefly one author, but that author was Cicero; and never went into the country unaccompanied by some of his works. Fenelon was constantly employed on his Homer; he left a translation of the greater part of the Odyssey, without any design of publication, but merely as an exercise for style. Montesquieu was a constant student of Tacitus, of whom he must be considered a forcible imitator. He has, in the manner of Tacitus, characterized Tacitus: 'That historian,' he says, 'who abridged every thing, because he saw every thing.' The famous Bourdaloue re-perused every year Saint Paul, Saint Chrysostom, and Cicero. 'These,' says a French critic, 'were the sources of his masculine and solid eloquence.' Grotius had such a taste for Lucan, that he always carried a pocket edition about him, and has been seen to kiss his hand-book with the rapture of a true votary. If this anecdote be true, the elevated sentiments of the stern Roman were probably the attraction with the Batavian republican. The diversified reading of Leibnitz is well known; but he still attached himself to one or two favourites: Virgil was always in his hand when at leisure, and Leibnitz had read Virgil so often, that even in his old age he could repeat whole books by heart; Barclay's Argenis was his model for prose; when he was found dead in his chair, the Argenis had fallen from his hands. Rabelais and Marot were the perpetual favourites of La Fontaine; from one he borrowed his humour, and from the other his style. Quevedo was so passionately fond of the Don Quixote of Cervantes, that often in reading that unrivalled work he felt an impulse to burn his own inferior compositions: to be a sincere admirer and a hopeless rival is a case of authorship the hardest imaginable. Few writers can venture to anticipate the award of posterity; yet perhaps Quevedo had not even been what he was, without the perpetual excitement he received from his great master. Horace was the friend of his heart to Malherbe; he laid the Roman poet on his pillow, took him in the fields, and called his Horace his breviary. Plutarch, Montaigne, and Locke, were the three authors constantly in the hands of Rousseau, and he has drawn from them the groundwork of his ideas in his Emilie. The favourite author of the great Earl of Chatham was Barrow; on his style he had formed his eloquence, and had read his great master so constantly, as to be able to repeat his elaborate sermons from memory. The great Lord Burleigh always carried Tully's Offices in his pocket; Charles V. and Buonaparte had Machiavel frequently in their hands; and Davila was the perpetual study of Hampden: he seemed to have discovered in that historian of civil wars those which he anticipated in the land of his fathers.

These facts sufficiently illustrate the recorded circumstance of Sir William Jones's invariable habit of reading his Cicero through every year, and exemplify the happy

result for him, who, amidst the multiplicity of his authors, still continues in this way to be 'the man of one book.'

A BIBLIOGNOSTE.

A startling literary prophecy, recently sent forth from our oracular literature, threatens the annihilation of Public Libraries, which are one day to moulder away!

Listen to the vaticinator! 'As conservatories of mental treasures, their value in times of darkness and barbarity was incalculable; and even in these happier days, when men are incited to explore new regions of thought, they command respect as depots of methodical and well-ordered references for the researches of the curious. But what in one state of society is invaluable, may at another be worthless; and the progress which the world has made within a very few centuries has considerably reduced the estimation which is due to such establishments. We will say more'*—but enough! This idea of striking into dust 'the god of his idolatry,' the Dagon of his devotion, is sufficient to terrify the bibliographer, who views only a blind Samson pulling down the pillars of his temple!

This future universal inundation of books, this superfluity of knowledge, in billions and trillions, overwhelms the imagination! It is now about four hundred years since the art of multiplying books has been discovered; and an arithmetician has attempted to calculate the incalculable of these four ages of typography, which he discovers have actually produced 3,641,960 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning only each impression to consist of three hundred copies, which is too little, the actual amount from the presses of Europe will give to 1816—32,776,400 volumes! each of which being an inch thick, if placed on a line, would cover 6069 leagues! Leibnitz facetiously maintained that such would be the increase of literature, that future generations would find whole cities insufficient to contain their libraries. We are, however, indebted to the patriotic endeavours of our grocers and trunkmakers, alchemists of literature! they annihilate the gross bodies without injuring the finer spirits. We are still more indebted to that neglected race, the bibliographers!

The science of books, for so bibliography is sometimes dignified, may deserve the gratitude of a public, who are yet insensible of the useful zeal of those book-practitioners, the nature of whose labours is yet so imperfectly comprehended. Who is this vaticinator of the uselessness of public libraries? Is he a *bibliognoste*, or a *bibliographe*, or a *bibliomane*, or a *bibliophile*, or a *bibliotaphe*? A *bibliothecaire*, or a *bibliopole*, the prophet cannot be; for the *bibliothecaire* is too delightfully busied among his shelves, and the *bibliopole* is too profitably concerned in furnishing perpetual additions, to admit of this hyperbolical terror of annihilation!†

Unawares, we have dropped into that professional jargon which was chiefly forged by one who, though seated in the 'scorner's chair,' was the Thaumaturgus of books and manuscripts. The Abbé Rive had acquired a singular taste and curiosity, not without a fermenting dash of singular *charlatanerie*, in bibliography: the little volumes he occasionally put forth are things which but few hands have touched. He knew well, that for some books to be noised about they should not be read: this was one of those recondite mysteries of his, which we may have occasion further to reveal. This bibliographical hero was librarian to the most magnificent of book-collectors, the Duke de la Valliere. The Abbé Rive was a strong but ungovernable brute, rabid, surly, but *très mordant*. His master, whom I have discovered to have been the partner of the cur's tricks, would often pat him: and when the *bibliognostes* and the *bibliomanes* were in the heat of contest, let his 'bull-dog' loose among them, as the duke affectionately called his librarian. The 'bull-dog' of bibliography appears, too, to have had the taste and appetite of the tiger of politics, but he hardly lived to join the festival of the guillotine. I judge of this by an expression he used to one complaining of his parish priest, whom he advised to give 'une messe dans sa ventre!' He had tried to exhaust his genius in *La Chasse aux Bibliographes et aux Antiquaires mal avisés*, and acted Cain with his brothers.

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxiv—384.

† Will this writer pardon me for ranking him, for a moment, among those 'generalisers' of the age who excel in what a critical friend has happily discriminated as ambitious writing; that is, writing on any topic, and not least strikingly, on that of which they know least: men otherwise of fine taste, and who excel in every charm of composition.

All Europe was to receive from him new ideas concerning books and manuscripts. Yet all his mighty promises fumed away in projects; and though he appeared for ever correcting the blunders of others, this French Ritson left enough of his own to afford them a choice of revenge. His style of criticism was perfectly *Ritsonian*. He describes one of his rivals, as *l'insolent et très-insensé auteur de l'almanach de Gotha*, on the simple subject of the origin of playing cards!

The Abbé Rive was one of those men of letters, of whom there are not a few, who pass all their lives in preparations. Mr Dibdin, since the above was written, has witnessed the confusion of the mind, and the gigantic industry, of our *bibliognoste*, which consisted of many trunks full of *memoranda*. The description will show the reader to what hard hunting these book-hunters voluntarily doom themselves, with little hope of obtaining fame! 'In one trunk were about *six thousand* notices of MSS of all ages. In another were wedged about *twelve thousand* descriptions of books in all languages, except those of French and Italian; sometimes with critical notes. In a third trunk was a bundle of papers relating to the *History of the Troubadours*. In a fourth was a collection of memoranda and literary sketches connected with the invention of arts and sciences, with pieces exclusively bibliographical. A fifth trunk contained between *two* and *three thousand* cards, written upon each side, respecting a collection of prints. In a sixth trunk were contained his papers respecting earthquakes, volcanoes, and geographical subjects.' This *Ajax flagellifer* of the bibliographical tribe, who was, as Mr Dibdin observes, 'the terror of his acquaintance, and the pride of his patron,' is said to have been in private a very different man from his public character: all which may be true, without altering a shade of that public character. The French revolution showed how men, mild and even kind in domestic life, were sanguinary and ferocious in their public.

The rabid Abbé Rive gloried in terrifying, without enlightening his rivals; he exulted that he was devoting to 'the rods of criticism and the laughter of Europe the *bibliopoles*,' or dealers in books, who would not get by heart his 'Cathechism' of a thousand and one questions and answers: it broke the slumbers of honest De Bure, who had found that life was already too short for his own 'Bibliographie Instructive.'

The Abbé Rive had contrived to catch the shades of the appellatives necessary to discriminate book-amateurs; and of the first term he is acknowledged to be the inventor.

A *bibliognoste*, from the Greek, is one knowing in title-pages and colophons, and in editions; the place and year when printed; the presses whence issued; and all the *minutiæ* of a book.

A *bibliographe* is a describer of books and other literary arrangements.

A *bibliomane* is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained, and purse-heavy!

A *bibliophile*, the lover of books, is the only one in the class, who appears to read them for his own pleasure.

A *bibliotaphe* buries his books by keeping them under lock, or framing them in glass-cases.

I shall catch our *bibliognoste* in the hour of book-rapture! It will produce a collection of bibliographical writers, and show to the second-sighted Edinburgher what human contrivances have been raised by the art of more painful writers than himself—either to postpone the day of universal annihilation, or to preserve for our posterity three centuries hence, the knowledge which now so busily occupies us, and to transmit to them something more than what Bacon calls 'Inventories' of our literary treasures.

'Histories, and literary *bibliotheques* (or bibliothecas,) will always present to us,' says La Rive, 'an immense harvest of errors, till the authors of such catalogues shall be fully impressed by the importance of their art; and as it were, reading in the most distant ages of the future the literary good and evil which they may produce, force a triumph from the pure devotion to truth, in spite of all the disgusts which their professional tasks involve; still patiently enduring the heavy chains which bind down those who give themselves up to this pursuit, with a passion which resembles heroism.

'The catalogues of *bibliotheques fixes* (or critical, historical, and classified accounts of writers) have engendered that enormous swarm of bibliographical errors, which have spread their roots, in greater or less quantities, in all

our bibliographers. He has here furnished a long list, which I shall preserve in the note.*

The list, though curious, is by no means complete. Such are the men of whom the Abbé Rive speaks with more respect than his accustomed courtesy. 'If such,' says he, 'cannot escape from errors, who shall? I have only marked them out to prove the importance of bibliographical history. A writer of this sort must occupy himself with more regard for his reputation than his own profit, and yield himself up entirely to the study of books.'

The mere knowledge of books, which has been called an erudition of title pages, may be sufficient to occupy the life of some; and while the wits and 'the million' are ridiculing these hunters of editions, who force their passage through secluded spots, as well as course in the open fields, it will be found that this art of book-knowledge may turn out to be a very philosophical pursuit, and that men of great name have devoted themselves to labours, more frequently contemned than comprehended. Apostolo Zeno, a poet, a critic, and a true man of letters, considered it as no small portion of his glory, to have annotated Fontanini, who, himself an eminent prelate, had passed his life in forming his *Bibliotheca Italiana*. Zeno did not consider that to correct errors and to enrich by information this catalogue of Italian writers was a mean task. The enthusiasm of the Abbé Rive considered bibliography as a sublime pursuit, exclaiming on Zeno's Commentary on Fontanini—'He chained together the knowledge of whole generations for posterity, and he read in future ages.'

There are few things by which we can so well trace the history of the human mind as by a classed catalogue, with dates of the first publication of books; even the relative prices of books at different periods, their decline and then their rise, and again their fall, form a chapter in this history of the human mind; we become critics even by this literary chronology, and this appraisement of auctioneers. The favourite book of every age is a certain picture of the people. The gradual depreciation of a great author marks a change in knowledge or in taste.

But it is imagined that we are not interested in the history of indifferent writers, and scarcely in that of the secondary ones. If none but great originals should claim our attention, in the course of two thousand years we should not count twenty authors! Every book whatever be its character, may be considered as a new experiment made by the human understanding; and as a book is a sort of individual respresentation, not a solitary volume exists but may be personified, and described as a human being.—Hints start discoveries: they are usually found in very different authors who could go no further; and the historian of obscure books is often preserving for men of genius indications of knowledge, which without his intervention, we should not possess! Many secrets we discover in bibliography. Great writers, unskilled in this science of books, have frequently used defective editions, as Hume did the castrated Whitelocke; or like Robertson, they are ignorant of even the sources of the knowledge they would give the public; or they compose on a subject which too late they discover had been anticipated. Bibliography will show what has been done, and suggest to our invention what is wanted. Many have often protracted their journey in a road which had already been worn out by the wheels which had traversed it: bibliography unrolls the whole map of the country we propose travelling over—the post-roads, and the by-paths.

Every half century, indeed, the obstructions multiply: and the Edinburgh prediction, should it approximate to the event it has foreseen, may more reasonably terrify a far distant posterity. Mazzuchelli declared after his laborious researches in Italian literature, that one of his more recent predecessors, who had commenced a similar work, had collected notices of forty thousand writers—and yet, he adds, my work must increase that number to ten thousand more! Mazzuchelli said this in 1753; and the amount of half a century must now be added, for the presses of Italy have not been inactive. But the literature of Germany, of France, and of England, has exceeded the multiplicity of the productions of Italy, and an appalling population of authors swarm before the imagination. Hail then the peaceful spirit of the literary historian, which sitting amidst the night of time, by the monuments of genius trims the sepulchral lamps of the human mind! Hail to the literary Reaumur, who by the clearness of his glasses makes even the minute interesting, and reveals to us the world of insects! These are guardian spirits, who at the close of every century standing on its ascent, trace out the old roads we have pursued, and with a lighter line indicate the new ones which are opening, from the imperfect attempts, and even the errors of our predecessors!

* Gesner, Simler, Bellarmin, L'Abbe, Mabillon, Montfaucon, Moreri, Bayle, Baillet, Niceron, Dupin, Cave, Warton, Casimir Oudin, Le Long, Goujet, Wolfius, John Albert Fabricius Argelati, Tiraboschi, Nicholas Antonio, Walchius, Struvius, Brucker, Scheuchzer, Linnæus, Seguier, Haller, Adamson, Manget, Kestner, Eloy, Douglas, Weidler, Hallbronner, Montucla, Lalande, Bailly, Quadrio, Morkoff, Stollius, Funccius, Schelhorn, Engels, Beyer, Gerdesius, Vogts, Freytag, David Clement, Chevillier, Maittaire, Orlandi, Prosper Marchand, Schoeplin, De Boze Abbé Sallier, and De Saint Leger.

SECRET HISTORY OF AN ELECTIVE MONARCHY.

A Political Sketch.

Poland, once a potent and magnificent kingdom, when it sunk into an elective monarchy, became 'venal thrice an age.' That country must have exhibited many a diplomatic scene of intricate intrigue, which although they could not appear in its public, have no doubt been often consigned to its secret history. With us the corruption of a rotten borough has sometimes exposed the guarded proffer of one party, and the dexterous chaffering of the other: but a master-piece of diplomatic finesse and political invention, electioneering viewed on the most magnificent scale, with a kingdom to be canvassed, and a crown to be won and lost, or lost and won in the course of a single day, exhibits a political drama, which, for the honour and happiness of mankind, is of rare and strange occurrence. There was one scene in this drama, which might appear somewhat too large for an ordinary theatre; the actors apparently were not less than fifty to a hundred thousand; twelve vast tents were raised on an extensive plain, a hundred thousand horses were in the environs—and palatines and castellans, the ecclesiastical orders, with the ambassadors of the royal competitors, all agitated by the ceaseless motion of different factions during the six weeks of the election, and of many preceding months of preconcerted measures and vacillating opinions, now were all solemnly assembled at the diet.—Once the poet, amidst his gigantic conception of a scene, resolved to leave it out;

'So vast a thing the stage can ne'er contain—
Then build a new, or *act it in a plain!*'

exclaimed 'La Mancha's knight,' kindling at a scene so novel and so vast!

Such an electioneering negotiation, the only one I am acquainted with, is opened in the 'Discours' of Choisnin, the secretary of Montluc, bishop of Valence, the confidential agent of Catharine de Medicis, and who was sent to intrigue at the Polish diet, to obtain the crown of Poland for her son the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. This bold enterprise at the first seemed hopeless, and in its progress encountered growing obstructions; but Montluc was one of the most finished diplomatists that the genius of the Gallic cabinet ever sent forth. He was nicknamed in all the courts of Europe, from the circumstance of his limping, 'le Boiteux;' our political bishop was in cabinet intrigues the Talleyrand of his age, and sixteen embassies to Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and Turkey, had made this 'Connoisseur en hommes' an extraordinary politician!

Catharine de Medicis was infatuated with the dreams of judicial astrology: her pensioned oracles had declared that she should live to see each of her sons crowned, by which prediction probably they had only purposed to flatter her pride and her love of dominion. They, however, ended in terrifying the credulous queen; and she dreading to witness a throne in France, disputed perhaps by fratricides, anxiously sought for a separate crown for each of her three sons. She had been trifled with in her earnest negotiations with our Elizabeth; twice had she seen herself baffled in her views in the Dukes of Alençon and of Anjou. Catharine then projected a new empire for Anjou, by incorporating into one kingdom Algiers, Corsica, and Sardinia; but the other despot, he of Constantinople, Selim II, dissipated the brilliant speculation of our female Machiavel. Charles IX was sickly, jealous and desirous of removing from the court the Duke of Anjou, whom two victories had made popular, though he afterwards sunk into a Sardanapalus. Montluc penetrated into the secret wishes of Catharine and Charles, and suggested to them the possibility of encircling the brows of Anjou, with the

diadem to Poland, the Polish monarch then being in a state of visible decline. The project was approved; and like a profound politician, the bishop prepared for an event which might be remote, and always problematical, by sending into Poland a natural son of his, Balagny, as a disguised agent; his youth, his humble rank, and his love of pleasure, would not create any alarm among the neighbouring powers, who were alike on the watch to snatch the expected spoil; but as it was necessary to have a more dexterous politician behind the curtain, he recommended his secretary Choisnin as a travelling tutor to a youth who appeared to want one.

Balagny proceeded to Poland, where, under the veil of dissipation, and in the midst of splendid festivities, with his trusty adjutant, this hare-brained boy of revelry began to weave those intrigues which were afterwards to be knotted, or untied, by Montluc himself. He had contrived to be so little suspected, that the agent of the emperor had often disclosed important secrets to his young and amiable friend. On the death of Sigismond Augustus, Balagny, leaving Choisnin behind to trumpet forth the virtues of Anjou, hastened to Paris to give an account of all which he had seen or heard. But poor Choisnin found himself in a dilemma among those who had so long listened to his panegyrics on the humanity and meek character of the Duke of Anjou; for the news of St Bartholomew's massacre had travelled faster than the post; and Choisnin complains that he was now treated as an impudent liar, and the French prince as a monster. In vain he assured them that the whole was an exaggerated account, a mere insurrection of the people, or the effects of a few private enmities, praying the indignant Poles to suspend their decision till the Bishop came: 'Attendez le Boiteux!' cried he in agony.

Meanwhile, at Paris, the choice of a proper person for this embassy had been difficult to settle. It was a business of intrigue, more than of form, and required an orator to make speeches and addresses in a sort of popular assembly; for though the people, indeed, had no concern in the Diet, yet the greater and the lesser nobles and gentlemen, all electors, were reckoned at one hundred thousand. It was supposed that a lawyer who could negotiate in good Latin, and one, as the French proverb runs, who could *aller et parler*, would more effectually puzzle their heads, and satisfy their consciences to vote for his client. Catharine at last fixed on Montluc himself, from the superstitious prejudice, which however, in this case accorded with philosophical experience, 'that Montluc had ever been *lucky* in his negotiations.'

Montluc hastened his departure from Paris; and it appears that our political bishop had, by his skilful penetration into the French cabinet, foreseen the horrible catastrophe which occurred very shortly after he had left it; for he had warned the Count of Rochefoucault to absent himself; but this lord, like so many others, had no suspicions of the perfidious projects of Catharine and her cabinet. Montluc, however, had not long been on his journey, ere the news reached him, and it occasioned innumerable obstacles in his progress, which even his sagacity had not calculated on. At Strasburgh he had appointed to meet some able coadjutors, among whom was the famous Joseph Scaliger; but they were so terrified by *les Matinés Parisiennes*, that Scaliger flew to Geneva, and would not budge out of that safe corner; and the others ran home, not imagining that Montluc would venture to pass through Germany, where the protestant indignation had made the roads too hot for a catholic bishop. But Montluc had set his cast on the die. He had already passed through several hair-breadth escapes from the stratagems of the Guise faction, who more than once attempted to hang or drown the bishop, whom they cried out was a Calvinist; the fears and jealousies of the Guises had been roused by this political mission. Among all these troubles and delays, Montluc was most affected by the rumour that the election was on the point of being made, and that the plague was universal throughout Poland; so that he must have felt that he might be too late for the one, and too early for the other.

At last Montluc arrived, and found that the whole weight of this negotiation was to fall on his single shoulders; and further, that he was to sleep every night on a pillow of thorns. Our bishop had not only to allay the ferment of the popular spirit of the evangelists, as the protestants were then called, but even of the more rational catholics of Poland. He had also to face those haughty and feudal lords, of whom each considered himself the equal of the sovereign whom he created, and whose avowed principle was, and many were incorrupt, that their choice of a sovereign should be regulated solely by the public interest; and it was hardly to be expected that the emperor, the czar, and the king of Sweden, would prove unsuccessful rivals to the cruel, and voluptuous, and bigoted duke of Anjou, whose political interests were too remote and novel to have raised any faction among these independent Poles.

The crafty politician had the art of dressing himself up in all the winning charms of candour and loyalty; a sweet flow of honeyed words melted on his lips, while his heart, cold and immovable as a rock, stood unchanged amidst the most unforeseen difficulties.

The emperor had set to work the Abbé Cyre in a sort of ambiguous character, an envoy for the nonce, to be acknowledged or disavowed as was convenient, and by his activity he obtained considerable influence among the Lithuanians, the Wallachians, and nearly all Prussia, in favour of the Arch-duke Ernest. Two Bohemians, who had the advantage of speaking the Polish language, had arrived with a state and magnificence becoming kings rather than ambassadors. The Moscovite had written letters full of golden promises to the nobility, and was supported by a palatine of high character; a perpetual peace between two such great neighbours was too inviting a project not to find advocates; and this party, Choisnin observes, appeared at first the most to be feared. The King of Sweden was a close neighbour who had married the sister of their late sovereign, and his son urged his family claims as superior to those of foreigners. Among these parties was a patriotic one, who were desirous of a Pole for their monarch; a king of their father-land, speaking their mother-tongue, one who would not strike at the independence of his country, but preserve its integrity from the stranger. This popular party was even agreeable to several of the foreign powers themselves, who did not like to see a rival power strengthening itself by so strict a union with Poland; but in this choice of a sovereign from among themselves, there were at least thirty lords who equally thought that they were the proper wood of which kings should be carved out. The Poles therefore could not agree on the Pole who deserved to be a *Piaste*; an endearing title for a native monarch, which originated in the name of the family of the *Piastis*, who had reigned happily over the Polish people for the space of five centuries! The remembrance of their virtues existed in the minds of the honest Poles in this affectionate title, and their party were called the *Piastis*.

Montluc had been deprived of the assistance he had depended on from many able persons, whom the massacre of St Bartholomew had frightened away from every French political connexion. He found that he had himself only to depend on. We are told that he was not provided with the usual means which are considered most efficient in elections, nor possessed the interest nor the splendour of his powerful competitors: he was to derive all his resources from diplomatic finesse. The various ambassadors had fixed and distant residences, that they might not hold too close an intercourse with the Polish nobles. Of all things, he was desirous to obtain an easy access to these chiefs, that he might observe, and that they might listen. He who would seduce by his own ingenuity must come in contact with the object he would corrupt. Yet Montluc persisted in not approaching them without being sought after, which answered his purpose in the end. One favourite argument which our Talleyrand had set afloat, was to show that all the benefits which the different competitors had promised to the Poles were accompanied by other circumstances which could not fail to be ruinous to the country; while the offer of his master, whose interests were remote, could not be adverse to those of the Polish nation: so that much good might be expected from him, without any fear of accompanying evil. Montluc procured a clever Frenchman to be the bearer of his first despatch, in Latin, to the Diet; which had hardly assembled, ere suspicions and jealousies were already breaking out. The emperor's ambassadors had offended the pride of the Polish nobles by travelling about the country without leave, and resorting to the infanta; and besides, in some intercepted letters the Polish nation was designated as *gens barbara et gens inepta*. 'I do not think that the said letter was really written by the said ambassadors, who were statesmen too politic to employ such unguarded language,' very ingenuously writes the secretary of Montluc. However, it was a blow levelled at the imperial ambassadors; while the letter of the French bishop, com-

posed 'in a humble and modest style,' began to melt their proud spirits, and two thousand copies of the French bishop's letter were eagerly spread.

'But this good fortune did not last more than four-and-twenty hours,' mournfully writes our honest secretary; 'for suddenly the news of the fatal day of St Bartholomew arrived, and every Frenchman was detested.'

Montluc, in this distress, published an apology for *les Matinées Parisiennes*, which he reduced to some excesses of the people, the result of a conspiracy plotted by the protestants; and he adroitly introduced as a personage his master Anjou, declaring that 'he scorned to oppress a party whom he had so often conquered with sword in hand.' This pamphlet, which still exists, must have cost the good bishop some invention; but in elections the lie of the moment serves a purpose; and although Montluc was in due time bitterly recriminated on, still the apology served to divide public opinion.

Montluc was a whole cabinet to himself: he dispersed another tract in the character of a Polish gentleman, in which the French interests were urged by such arguments, that the leading chiefs never met without disputing; and Montluc now found that he had succeeded in creating a French party. The Austrian then employed a real Polish gentleman to write for his party; but this was too genuine a production, for the writer wrote too much in earnest; and in politics we must not be in a passion.

The mutual jealousies of each party assisted the views of our negotiator; they would side with him against each other. The archduke and the czar opposed the Turk; the Muscovite could not endure that Sweden should be aggrandized by this new crown; and Denmark was still more uneasy. Montluc had discovered how every party had its vulnerable point, by which it could be managed. The cards had now got fairly shuffled, and he depended on his usual good play.

Our bishop got hold of a palatine to write for the French cause in the vernacular tongue; and appears to have held a more mysterious intercourse with another palatine, Albert Lasky. Mutual accusations were made in the open diet; the Poles accused some Lithuanian lords of having contracted certain engagements with the czar; these in return accused the Poles, and particularly this Lasky, with being corrupted by the gold of France. Another circumstance afterwards arose; the Spanish ambassador had forty thousand *thalers* sent to him, but which never passed the frontiers, as this fresh supply arrived too late for the election. 'I believe,' writes our secretary with great simplicity, 'that this money was only designed to distribute among the trumpeters and the tabourines.' The usual expedient in contested elections was now evidently introduced; our secretary acknowledging that Montluc daily acquired new supporters, because he did not attempt to gain them over *merely by promises*—resting his whole cause on this argument, that the interest of the nation was concerned in the French election.

Still would ill fortune cross our crafty politician when every thing was proceeding smoothly. The massacre was refreshed with more damning particulars; some letters were forged, and others were but too true: all parties, with rival intrepidity, were carrying on a complete scene of deception. A rumour spread that the French king disavowed his accredited agent, and apologized to the emperor for having yielded to the importunities of a political speculator, whom he was now resolved to recall. This somewhat paralysed the exertions of those palatines who had involved themselves in the intrigues of Montluc, who was now forced patiently to wait for the arrival of a courier with renewed testimonials of his diplomatic character from the French court. A great odium was cast on the French in the course of this negotiation by a distribution of prints, which exposed the most inventive cruelties practised by the catholics on the reformed; such as women cleaved in half, in the act of attempting to snatch their children from their butchers; while Charles the Ninth and the Duke of Anjou, were hideously represented in their persons, and as spectators of such horrid tragedies, with words written in labels, complaining that the executioners were not zealous enough in this holy work. These prints, accompanied by libels and by horrid narratives, inflamed the popular indignation, and more particularly the women, who were affected to tears, as if these horrid scenes had been passing before their eyes.

Montluc replied to the libels as fast as they appeared, while he skilfully introduced the most elaborate panegyrics on the Duke of Anjou; and in return for the caricatures, he distributed two portraits of the king and the duke, to show the ladies, if not the diet, that neither of these princes had such ferocious and inhuman faces. Such are the small means by which the politician condescends to work his great designs; and the very means by which his enemies thought they should ruin his cause, Montluc adroitly turned to his own advantage. Any thing of instant occurrence serves electioneering purposes, and Montluc eagerly seized this favourable occasion to exhaust his imagination on an ideal sovereign, and to hazard, with address, anecdotes, whose authenticity he could never have proved, till he perplexed even unwilling minds to be uncertain whether that intolerant and inhuman duke was not the most heroic and most merciful of princes. It is probable that the Frenchman abused even the license of the French *eloge*, for a noble Pole told Montluc that he was amplifying his duke with such ideal greatness, and attributing to him such immaculate purity of sentiment, that it was inferred there was no man in Poland who could possibly equal him; and that his declaration, that the duke was not desirous of reigning over Poland to possess the wealth and the grandeur of the kingdom, and that he was solely ambitious of the honour to be the head of such a great and virtuous nobility, had offended many lords, who did not believe that the duke sought the Polish crown *merely* to be the sovereign of a virtuous people.

These Polish statesmen appear, indeed, to have been more enlightened than the subtile politician perhaps calculated on; for when Montluc was over anxious to exculpate the Duke of Anjou from having been an actor in the Parisian massacre, a noble Pole observed, 'That he need not lose his time at framing any apologies; for if he could prove that it was the interest of the country that the duke ought to be elected their king, it was all that was required. His cruelty, were it true, would be no reason to prevent his election, for we have nothing to dread from it: once in in our kingdom, he will have more reason to fear us than we him, should he ever attempt our lives, our property, or our liberty.'

Another Polish lord, whose scruples were as pious as his patriotism was suspicious, however observed that, in his conferences with the French bishop, the bishop had never once mentioned God, whom all parties ought to implore to touch the hearts of the electors in their choice of God's 'anointed.' Montluc might have felt himself unexpectedly embarrassed at the religious scruples of this lord, but the politician was never at a fault. 'Speaking to a man of letters, as his lordship was,' replied the French bishop, 'it was not for him to remind his lordship what he so well knew; but since he had touched on the subject, he would, however, say that were a sick man desirous of having a physician, the friend who undertook to procure one would not do his duty should he say it was necessary to call in one whom God had chosen to restore his health; but another who should say that the most learned and skilful is him whom God has chosen, would be doing the best for the patient, and evince most judgment. By a parity of reason we must believe that God will not send an angel to point out the man whom he would have his anointed; sufficient for us that God has given us a knowledge of the requisites of a good king; and if the Polish gentlemen choose such a sovereign, it will be him whom God has chosen.' This shrewd argument delighted the Polish lord, who repeated the story in different companies, to the honour of the bishop. 'And in this manner,' adds the secretary with great *naiveté*, 'did the *sieur* strengthened by good arguments, divulge his opinions, which were received by many, and run from hand to hand.'

Montluc had his inferior manœuvres. He had to equipoise the opposite interests of the Catholics and the Evangelists, or the Reformed: it was mingling fire and water without suffering them to hiss, or to extinguish one another. When the imperial ambassadors gave *fêtes* to the higher nobility only, they consequently offended the lesser. The Frenchman gave no banquets, but his house was open to all at all times, who were equally welcome. 'You will see that the *fêtes* of the imperialists will do them more harm than good,' observed Montluc to his secretary.

Having gained over by every possible contrivance a number of the Polish nobles, and showered his courtesies on those of the inferior orders, at length the critical moment

approached, and the finishing hand was to be put to the work. Poland, with the appearance of a popular government, was a singular aristocracy of a hundred thousand electors, consisting of the higher and the lower nobility, and the gentry; the people had no concern with the government. Yet still it was to be treated by the politician as a popular government, where those who possessed the greatest influence over such large assemblies were orators, and he who delivered himself with the utmost fluency, and the most pertinent arguments, would infallibly bend every heart to the point he wished. The French bishop depended greatly on the effect which his oration was to produce when the ambassadors were respectively to be heard before the assembled Diet; the great and concluding act of so many tedious and difficult negotiations—'which had cost my master,' writes the ingenuous secretary, 'six months' daily and nightly labours; he had never been assisted or comforted by any but his poor servants; and in the course of these six months had written ten reams of paper, a thing which for forty years he had not used himself to.'

Every ambassador was now to deliver an oration before the assembled electors, and thirty-two copies were to be printed to present one to each palatine, who, in his turn, was to communicate it to his lords. But a fresh difficulty occurred to the French negotiator; as he trusted greatly to his address influencing the multitude, and creating a popular opinion in his favour, he regretted to find that the imperial ambassador would deliver his speech in the Bohemian language, so that he would be understood by the greater part of the assembly; a considerable advantage over Montluc, who could only address them in Latin. The inventive genius of the French bishop resolved on two things which had never before been practised; first, to have his Latin translated into the vernacular idiom; and secondly, to print an edition of fifteen hundred copies in both languages, and thus to obtain a vast advantage over the other ambassadors with their thirty-two manuscript copies, of which each copy was used to be read 1200 persons. The great difficulty was to get it secretly translated and printed. This fell to the management of Choisnin, the secretary. He set off to the castle of the palatine, Solikotski, who was deep in the French interest; Solikotski despatched the version in six days. Hastening with the precious MS, to Cracow, Choisnin flew to a trusty printer, with whom he was connected: the sheets were deposited every night at Choisnin's lodgings, and at the end of the fortnight, the diligent secretary conducted the 1500 copies in secret triumph to Warsaw.

Yet this glorious labour was not ended; Montluc was in no haste to deliver his wonder-working oration, on which the fate of a crown seemed to depend. When his turn came to be heard he suddenly fell sick; for the fact was, that he wished to speak last, which would give him the advantage of replying to any objection raised by his rivals, and admit also of an attack on their weak points. He contrived to obtain copies of their harangues, and discovered five points which struck at the French interest. Our poor bishop had now to sit up through the night to re-write five leaves of his printed oration, and cancel five which had been printed; and worse! he had to get them by heart, and to have them translated and inserted, by employing twenty scribes day and night. 'It is scarcely credible what my master went through about this time,' saith the historian of his 'gestes.'

The council or diet was held in a vast plain. Twelve pavilions were raised to receive the Polish nobility and the ambassadors. One of a circular form was supported by a single mast, and was large enough to contain 6000 persons, without any one approaching the mast nearer than by twenty steps, leaving this space void to preserve silence; the different orders were placed around; the archbishops and the bishops, the palatines, the castellans, each according to their rank. During the six weeks of the sittings of the diet, 100,000 horses were in the environs, yet forage and every sort of provisions abounded. There were no disturbances, not a single quarrel occurred, although there wanted not in that meeting for enmities of long standing. It was strange, and even awful, to view such a mighty assembly preserving the greatest order, and every one seriously intent on this solemn occasion.

At length the elaborate oration was delivered: it lasted three hours, and Choisnin assures us not a single auditor felt weary. 'A cry of joy broke out from the tent, and was re-echoed through the plain, when Montluc ceased: it was a public acclamation; and had the election been fixed for that moment, when all hearts were warm, surely the duke had been chosen without a dissenting voice.' Thus writes, in rapture, the ingenuous secretary; and in the spirit of the times communicates a delightful augury attending this speech, by which evidently was foreseen its happy termination. 'Those who disdain all things will take this to be a mere invention of mine,' says honest Choisnin; 'but true it is, that while the said *sieur* delivered his harangue, a lark was seen all the while upon the mast of the pavilion, singing and warbling, which was remarked by a great number of lords, because the lark is accustomed only to rest itself on the earth: the most impartial confessed this to be a good augury.* Also it was observed, that when the other ambassadors were speaking, a hare, and at another time a hog, ran through the tent; and when the Swedish ambassador spoke, the great tent fell half way down. This lark singing all the while, did no little good to our cause; for many of the nobles and gentry noted this curious particularity, because when a thing which does not commonly happen occurs in a public affair, such appearances give rise to hopes either of good or of evil.'

The singing of this lark in favour of the Duke of Anjou is not so evident, as the cunning trick of the other French agent, the political bishop of Valence, who now reaped the full advantage of his 1500 copies over the thirty-two of his rivals. Every one had the French one in hand, or read it to his friends; while the others, in manuscript, were confined to a very narrow circle.

The period from the 10th of April to the 6th of May, when they proceeded to the election, proved to be an interval of infinite perplexities, troubles, and activity: it is probable that the secret history of this period of the negotiations was never written. The other ambassadors were for protracting the election, perceiving the French interest prevalent: but delay would not serve the purpose of Montluc, he not being so well provided with friends and means on the spot as the others were. The public opinion which he had succeeded in creating, by some unforeseen circumstance might change.

During this interval, the bishop had to put several agents of the other parties *hors du combat*. He got rid of a formidable adversary in the cardinal Commendon, an agent of the pope's, whom he proved ought not to be present at the election, and the cardinal was ordered to take his departure. A bullying colonel was set upon the French negotiator, and went about from tent to tent with a list of the debts of the Duke of Anjou, to show that the nation could expect nothing profitable from a ruined spendthrift. The page of a Polish count flew to Montluc for protection, entreating permission to accompany the bishop on his return to Paris. The servants of the count pursued the page; but this young gentleman had so insinuated himself into the favour of the bishop, that he was suffered to remain. The next day the page desired Montluc would grant him the full liberty of his religion, being an evangelist, that he might communicate this to his friends, and thus fix them to the French party. Montluc was too penetrating for this young political agent, whom he discovered to be a spy, and the pursuit of his fellows to have been a farce: he sent the page back to his master, the evangelical count, observing, that such tricks were too gross to be played on one who had managed affairs in all the courts of Europe before he came into Poland.

Another alarm was raised by a letter from the grand vizier of Selim II, addressed to the diet, in which he requested that they would either choose a king from among themselves, or elect the brother of the king of France. Some zealous Frenchman at the Sublime Porte had officiously procured this recommendation from the enemy of Christianity; but an alliance with Mahometism did no service to Montluc, either with the catholics or the evangelists. The bishop was in despair, and thought that his handywork of six months' toil and trouble was to be shook into pieces in an hour. Montluc being shown the letter, instantly insisted that it was a forgery, designed to injure his master the duke. The letter was attended by some suspicious circumstances; and the French bishop, quick

* Our honest secretary reminds me of a passage in Geoffroy of Monmouth, who says, 'at this place an eagle spoke while the wall of the town was building; and, indeed, I should not have failed transmitting the speech to posterity, had I thought it true as the rest of the history.'

at expedients, snatched at an advantage which the politician knows how to lay hold of in the chapter of accidents. 'The letter was not sealed with the golden seal nor enclosed in a silken purse or cloth of gold; and farther, if they examined the translation,' he said, 'they would find that it was not written on Turkish paper.' This was a piece of the *sieur's* good fortune, for the letter was not forged; but owing to the circumstance that the boyar of Wallachia had taken out the letter, to send a translation with it which the vizier had omitted, it arrived without its usual accompaniments; and the courier, when inquired after, was kept out of the way: so that, in a few days, nothing more was heard of the great vizier's letter. 'Such was our fortunate escape,' says the secretary, 'from the friendly but fatal interference of the Sultan, than which the *sieur* dreaded nothing so much:

Many secret agents of the different powers were spinning their dark intrigues; and often, when discovered or disconcerted, the creatures were again at their 'dirty work.' These agents were conveniently disavowed or acknowledged by their employers. The abbé Cyre was an active agent of the emperor's, and though not publicly accredited, was still hovering about. In Lithuania he had contrived matters so well as to have gained over that important province for the archduke; and was passing through Prussia to hasten to communicate with the emperor, but 'some honest men,' *quelques bons personages*, says the French secretary, and, no doubt, some good friends of his master, 'took him by surprise, and laid him up safely in the castle of Mariemburgh, where truly he was a little uncivilly used by the soldiers, who rifled his portmanteau and sent us his papers, when we discovered all his foul practices.' The emperor, it seems, was angry at the arrest of his secret agent; but as no one had the power of releasing the abbé Cyre at that moment, what with receiving remonstrances and furnishing replies, the time passed away, and a very troublesome adversary was in safe custody during the election. The dissentions between the catholics and the evangelists were always on the point of breaking out; but Montluc succeeded in quieting these inveterate parties by terrifying their imaginations with sanguinary civil wars, and invasions of the Turks and the Tartars. He satisfied the catholics with the hope that time would put an end to heresy, and the evangelists were glad to obtain a truce from persecution. The day before the election Montluc found himself so confident, that he despatched a courier to the French court, and expressed himself in the true style of a speculative politician, that *des douze tables du Damier nous en avions les Neufs assures.*

There were preludes to the election; and the first was probably in acquiescence with a saturnalian humour prevalent in some countries, where the lower orders are only allowed to indulge their taste for the mockery of the great at stated times and on fixed occasions. A droll scene of a mock election, as well as combat, took place between the numerous Polish pages, who, saith the grave secretary, are still more mischievous than our own; these elected among themselves four competitors, made a senate to burlesque the diet, and went to loggerheads. Those who represented the archduke were well beaten; the Swede was hunted down, and for the *Piastis*, they seized on a cart belonging to a gentleman, laden with provisions, broke it to pieces, and burnt the axle-tree, which in that country is called a *piasti*, and cried out *The piasti is burnt!* nor could the senators at the diet that day command any order or silence. The French party wore white handkerchiefs in their hats, and they were so numerous, as to defeat the others.

The next day however opened a different scene; 'the nobles prepared to deliberate, and each palatine in his quarters was with his companions on their knees, and many with tears in their eyes chanting a hymn to the Holy Ghost: it must be confessed, that this looked like a work of God,' says our secretary, who probably understood the manœuvring of the mock combat, or the mock prayers, much better than we may. Every thing tells at an election, burlesque or solemnity.

The election took place, and the Duke of Anjou was proclaimed king of Poland—but the troubles of Montluc did not terminate. When they presented certain articles for his signature, the bishop discovered that these had undergone material alterations from the proposals submitted to him before the proclamation; these alterations referred to a disavowal of the Parisian massacre; the punishment of its authors, and toleration in religion. Montluc refused to sign, and cross-examined his Polish friends about the original proposals; one party agreed that some things had been changed, but that they were too trivial to lose a crown for; others declared that the alterations were necessary to allay the fears, or secure the safety of the people. Our Gallic diplomatist was outwitted, and after all his intrigues and cunning, he found that the crown of Poland was only to be delivered on conditional terms.

In this dilemma, with a crown depending on a stroke of his pen,—remonstrating, entreating, arguing, and still delaying, like Pistol swallowing his leek, he witnessed with alarm some preparations for a new election, and his rivals on the watch with their protests. Montluc, in despair, signed the conditions—'assured, however,' says the secretary, who groans over this *finale*, 'that when the elected monarch should arrive, the states would easily be induced to correct them, and place things in *statu quo*, as before the proclamation. I was not a witness, being then despatched to Paris with the joyful news, but I heard that the *sieur evesque* it was thought would have died in this agony, of being reduced to the hard necessity either to sign, or to lose the fruits of his labours. The conditions were afterwards for a long while disputed in France.' De Thou informs us in lib. lvii. of his history, that Montluc after signing these conditions wrote to his master, that he was not bound by them, because they did not concern Poland in general, and that they had compelled him to sign, what at the same time he had informed them his instructions did not authorize. Such was the true Jesuistic conduct of a gray-haired politician, who at length found, that honest plain sense could embarrass and finally entrap the creature of the cabinet, the artificial genius of diplomatic finesse.

The secretary, however, views nothing but his master's glory in the issue of this most difficult negotiation; and the triumph of Anjou over the youthful archduke, whom the Poles might have moulded to their will, and over the King of Sweden, who claimed the crown by his queen's side, and had offered to unite his part of Livonia with that which the Poles possessed. He labours hard to prove that the palatines and the castellans were not *praticques*, i. e. had their votes bought up by Montluc, as was reported; from their number and their opposite interests, he confesses that the *sieur evesque* slept little, while in Poland, and that he only gained over the hearts of men by that natural gift of God, which acquired him the title of the *happy ambassador*. He rather seems to regret that France was not prodigal of her purchase-mony, than to affirm that all palatines were alike scrupulous of their honour.

One more fact may close this political sketch; a lesson of the nature of court gratitude! The French court affected to receive Choisnin with favour, but their suppressed discontent was reserved for 'the happy ambassador!' Affairs had changed; Charles IX was dying, and Catharine de Medicis in despair for a son, to whom she had sacrificed all; while Anjou, already immersed in the wantonness of youth and pleasure, considered his elevation to the throne of Poland as an exile which separated him from his depraved enjoyments. Montluc was rewarded only by incurring disgrace; Catharine de Medicis and the Duke of Anjou now looked coldly on him, and expressed their dislike of his successful mission. 'The mother of kings,' as Choisnin designates Catharine of Medicis, to whom he addresses his Memoirs, with the hope of awakening her recollections of the zeal, the genius, and the success of his old master, had no longer any use for her favourite; and Montluc found, as the commentator of Choisnin expresses in few words, an important truth in political morality, that 'at court the interest of the moment is the measure of its affections and its hatreds.'*

BUILDINGS IN THE METROPOLIS, AND RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

Recently more than one of our learned judges from the bench have perhaps astonished their auditors by impressing them with an old-fashioned notion of residing more on their estates than the fashionable modes of life, and the

* I have drawn up this article, for the curiosity of its subject and its details, from the 'Discours au vray de tout ce qui s'est fait et passé pour l'entière negociation de l'election du Roi de Pologne, divisés en trois livres par Jehan Choisnin de Chatelleraud, nagueres secretaire de M. le Evesque de Valence, 1734.'

esprit de société, now overpowering all other *esprit*, will ever admit. These opinions excited my attention to a curious circumstance in the history of our manners—the great anxiety of our government, from the days of Elizabeth till much later than those of Charles II, to preserve the kingdom from the evils of an overgrown metropolis. The people themselves indeed participated in the same alarm at the growth of the city; while, however, they themselves were perpetuating the grievance which they complained of.

It is amusing to observe, that although the government was frequently employing even their most forcible acts to restrict the limits of the metropolis, the suburbs were gradually incorporating with the city, and Westminister at length united itself with London. Since that happy marriage, their fertile progenies have so blended together, that little Londons are no longer distinguishable from the ancient parent; we have succeeded in spreading the capital into a county, and have verified the prediction of James the First, that 'England will shortly be London, and London England.'

'I think it a great object,' said Justice Best, in delivering his sentiments in favour of the Game Laws, 'that gentlemen should have a temptation *to reside in the country, amongst their neighbours and tenantry, whose interests must be materially advanced by such a circumstance.* The links of society are thereby better preserved, and *the mutual advantages and dependence of the higher and lower classes* on one another are better maintained. The baneful effects of our present system we have lately seen in a neighbouring country, and an ingenious French writer has lately shown the ill consequences of it on the Continent.'*

These sentiments of a living luminary of the Law afford some reason of policy for the dread which our government long entertained on account of the perpetual growth of the metropolis; the nation, like an hypocondriac, was ludicrously terrified that their head was too monstrous for their body, and that it drew all the moisture of life from the middle and the extremities. Proclamations warned and exhorted; but the very interference of a royal prohibition seemed to render the crowded city more charming: in vain the statute against new buildings was passed by Elizabeth; in vain during the reigns of James the First, and both the Charleses, we find proclamations continually issuing to forbid new erections.

James was apt to throw out his opinions in these frequent addresses to the people, who never attended to them: his majesty notices 'those swarms of gentry, who through the instigation of their wives, or to new model and fashion their daughters, (who if they were unmarried, marred their reputations, and if married lost them), did neglect their country hospitality, and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom.'—He addressed the Star-chamber to regulate 'the exorbitancy of the new buildings about the city, which were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, lacqueys and fine clothes like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses like Italians: but the honour of the English nobility and gentry is to be hospitable among their tenants.' Once conversing on this subject, the monarch threw out that happy illustration, which has been more than once noticed, that 'Gentlemen resident on their estates were like ships in port; their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged; but when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated.'

A manuscript writer of the times complains of the breaking up of old family establishments, all crowding to 'upstart London.' - 'Every one strives to be a Diogenes in his house, and an emperor in the streets; not caring if they sleep in a tub, so they may be hurried in a coach: giving that allowance to horses and mares, that formerly maintained houses full of men; pinching many a belly to paint a few backs, and burying all the treasures of the kingdom into a few citizens' coffers; their woods into wardrobes, their leases into laces, and their goods and chattels into guarded coats and gaudy toys.' Such is the representation of an eloquent contemporary; and however contracted might have been his knowledge of the principles of political economy, and of that prosperity which a wealthy nation is said to derive from its consumption of articles of luxury, the moral effects have not altered, nor has the scene in reality greatly changed.

* Morning Chronicle, January 23, 1820.

The government not only frequently forbade new buildings within ten miles of London, but sometimes ordered them to be pulled down—after they had been erected for several years. Every six or seven years proclamations were issued. In Charles the First's reign, offenders were sharply prosecuted by a combined operation, not only against *houses*, but against *persons*.* Many of the nobility and gentry, in 1632, were informed against for having resided in the city, contrary to the late proclamation. And the attorney-general was then fully occupied in filing bills of indictment against them, as well as ladies, for staying in town. The following curious 'information' in the Star-chamber will serve our purpose.

The attorney-general informs his majesty, that both Elizabeth and James, by several proclamations, had commanded that 'persons of livelihood and means should reside in their counties, and not abide or sojourn in the city of London, so that countries remain unserved.' These proclamations were renewed by Charles the First, who had observed 'a greater number of nobility and gentry, and abler sort of people, with their families, had resorted to the cities of London and Westminister, residing there, contrary to the ancient usage of the English nation'—'by their abiding in their several counties where their means arise, they would not only have served his majesty according to their ranks, but by their *housekeeping in those parts the meaner sort of people formerly were guided, directed, and relieved.*' He accused them of wasting their estates in the metropolis, which would employ and relieve the common people in their several counties. The loose and disorderly people that follow them, living in and about the cities, are so numerous, that they are not easily governed by the ordinary magistrates: mendicants increase in great number—the prices of all commodities are highly raised, &c. The king had formerly proclaimed that all ranks who were not connected with public officers, at the close of forty days' notice, should resort to their several counties, and with their families continue their residence there. And his majesty further warned them 'Not to put themselves to unnecessary charge in providing themselves to return in winter to the said cities, as it was the king's firm resolution to withstand such great and growing evil.' The information concludes with a most copious list of offenders, among whom are a great number of nobility, and ladies and gentlemen, who were accused of having lived in London for several months after the given warning of forty days. It appears that most of them, to elude the grasp of the law, had contrived to make a show of quitting the metropolis, and, after a short absence had again returned; 'and thus the service of *your majesty* and *your people* in the several counties have been neglected and undone.'

Such is the substance of this curious information, which enables us, at least, to collect the ostensible motives of this singular prohibition. Proclamations had hitherto been considered little more than the news of the morning, and three days afterwards were as much read as the last week's newspapers. They were now, however, resolved to stretch forth the strong arm of law, and to terrify by an example. The constables were commanded to bring in a list of the names of strangers, and the time they proposed to fix their residence in their parishes. A remarkable victim on this occasion was a Mr Palmer, a Sussex gentleman, who was brought *ore tenus* into the Star-chamber for disobeying the proclamation for living in the country. Palmer was a squire of a 1000*l* per annum, then a considerable income. He appears to have been some rich bachelor; for in his defence he alleged that he had never been married, never was a housekeeper, and had no house fitting for a man of his birth to reside in, as his mansion in the country had been burnt down within two years. These reasons appeared to his judges to aggravate rather than extenuate his offence; and after a long reprimand for having deserted his tenants and neighbours, they heavily fined him in one thousand pounds.†

The condemnation of this Sussex gentleman struck a terror through a wide circle of sojourners in the metropolis. I find accounts, pathetic enough, of their 'packing away on all sides for fear of the worst;' and gentlemen 'grumbling that they should be confined to their houses;' and this was sometimes backed too by a second proclamation, respecting 'their wives and families, and also widows,' which was '*durus sermo* to the women. It is no-

* Rushworth, vol. ii, p. 288.

† From a manuscript letter from Sir George Gresley to Sir Thomas Puckering, Nov. 1632.

thing pleasing to all,' says the letter writer, 'but least of all to the women.' 'To encourage gentlemen to live more willingly in the country,' says another letter writer, 'all game-fowl, as pheasants, partridges, ducks, as also hares, are this day by proclamation forbidden to be dressed or eaten in any inn.' Here we find realized the argument of Mr Justice Best, in favour of the game-laws.

It is evident that this severe restriction must have produced great inconvenience to certain persons who found a residence in London necessary for their pursuits. This appears from the manuscript diary of an honest antiquary, Sir Symond D'Ewes: he has preserved an opinion, which, no doubt, was spreading fast, that such prosecutions of the attorney-general were a violation of the liberty of the subject. 'Most men wondered at Mr Noy, the attorney-general being accounted a great lawyer, that so strictly *took away men's liberties at one blow, confining them to reside at their own houses* and not permitting them freedom to live where they pleased within the king's dominions. I was myself a little startled upon the first coming out of the proclamation; but having first spoken with the Lord Coventry, lord keeper of the great seal, at Islington, when I visited him; and afterwards with Sir William Jones, one of the king's justices of the bench, about my condition and residence at the said town of Islington, and they both agreeing that I was not within the letter of the proclamation, nor the intention of it neither, I rested satisfied, and thought myself secure, laying in all my provisions for housekeeping for the year ensuing, and never imagined myself to be in danger, till this unexpected censure of Mr Palmer passed in the Star-chamber: so, having advised with my friends, I resolved for a remove, being much troubled not only with my separation from Records, but with my wife, being great with child, fearing a winter journey might be dangerous for her.'* He left Islington and the records in the Tower to return to his country-seat, to the great disturbance of his studies.

It is, perhaps, difficult to assign the cause of this marked anxiety of the government for the severe restriction of the limits of the metropolis, and the prosecution of the nobility and gentry to compel a residence on their estates.—Whatever were the motives, they were not peculiar to the existing sovereign, but remained transmitted from cabinet to cabinet, and were even renewed under Charles the Second. At a time when the plague often broke out, a close and growing metropolis might have been considered to be a great evil; a terror expressed by the manuscript writer before quoted, complaining of 'this deluge of building, that we shall be all poisoned with breathing in one another's faces.' The police of the metropolis was long imbecile, notwithstanding their 'strong watches and guards' set at times; and bodies of the idle and the refractory often assumed some mysterious title, and were with difficulty governed. We may conceive the state of the police, when 'London apprentices,' growing in number and insolence, frequently made attempts on Bridewell, or pulled down houses. One day the citizens, in proving some ordnance, terrified the whole court of James the First with a panic, that there was a 'rising in the city.' It is possible that the government might have been induced to pursue this singular conduct for I do not know that it can be paralleled, of pulling down new-built houses by some principle of political economy which remains to be explained, or ridiculed, by our modern adepts.

It would hardly be supposed that the present subject may be enlivened by a poem, the elegance and freedom of which may even now be admired. It is a great literary curiosity, and its length may be excused for several remarkable points.

AN ODE,

BY SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon Occasion of his Majesty's Proclamation in the year 1630, *commanding the Gentry, to reside upon their Estates in the Country.*

Now war is all the world about,
And every where Eyrnnis reigns;
Or of the torch so late put out
The stench remains.

Holland for many years hath been
Of christian tragedies the stage,
Yet seldom hath she play'd a scene
Of bloodier rage:

And France that was not long compos'd,
With civil drums again resounds,
And ere the old are fully clos'd,
Receives new wounds.

The great Gustavus in the west
Plucks the imperial eagle's wing,
Than whom the earth did ne'er invest
A fiercer king.

Only the island which we sow,
A world without the world so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

White peace, the beautifull'st of things,
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spread the downy wings
Over the nest.

As when great Jove, usurping reign,
From the plagued world did her exile,
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest isle,

Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough,
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now;

Yet we, as if some foe were here,
Leave the despised fields to clowns,
And come to save ourselves, as 'twere,
In walled towns.

Hither we bring wives, babes, rich clothes,
And gems—till now my sovereign
The growing evil doth compose:
Counting in vain,

His care preserves us from annoy
Of enemies his realms to invade,
Unless he force us to enjoy
The peace he made.

To roll themselves in envied leisure;
He therefore sends the landed heirs,
Whilst he proclaims not his own pleasure
So much as their's.

The sap and blood of the land, which fled
Into the root, and chok'd the heart,
Are bid their quick'ning power to spread
Through every part.

O 'twas an act, not for my muse
To celebrate, nor the dull age,
Until the country air infuse
A purer rage.

And if the fields as thankful prove
For benefits receiv'd, as seed,
They will be 'quite so great a love
A Virgil breed.

Nor let the gentry grudge to go
Into those places whence they grew,
But think them blest they may do so.
Who would pursue

The smoky glory of the town,
That may go till his native earth,
And by the shining fire sit down
Of his own hearth,

Free from the griping scriveners' bands,
And the more biting mercers' books;
Free from the bait of oiled hands,
And painted looks?

The country too even chops for rain
You that exhale it by your power,
Let the fat drops fall down again
In a full shower.

And you bright beauties of the time,
That waste yourselves here in a blaze,
Fix to your orb and proper clime
Your wandering rays

Let no dark corner of the land
Be unimbellish'd with one gem,
And those which here too thick do stand
Sprinkle on them.

Believe me, ladies you will find
In that sweet life more solid joys,
More true contentment to the mind
Than all town-toys.

* Harl. MSS, 6, fo. 152.

Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love,
Not feather'd with a sparrow's quill,
But of a dove.

There you shall hear the nightingale,
The harmless syren of the wood,
How prettily she tells a tale
Of rape and blood.

Thy lyric lark with all beside
Of nature's feather'd quire, and all
The commonwealth of flowers in 'ts pride,
Behold you shall.

The lily queen, the royal rose,
The gillyflower, prince of the blood!
The courtier tulip, gay in cloths,
The regal bud;

The violet purple senator,
How they do mock the pomp of state,
And all that at the surly door
Of great ones wait.

Plant trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your children, to be served
To your clean boards, and the fairest fruit
To be preserved:

And learn to use their several gums;
'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
Of cherry, apricocks, and plums,
To be imbrued.

ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.

The satires and the comedies of the age have been consulted by the historian of our manners, and the features of the times have been traced from those amusing records of folly. Daines Barrington enlarged this field of domestic history, in his very entertaining 'Observations on the Statutes.' Another source, which to me seems not to have been explored, is the Proclamations which have frequently issued from our sovereigns, and were produced by the exigences of the times.

These proclamations, or royal edicts, in our country were never armed with the force of laws—only as they enforce the execution of laws already established; and the proclamation of a British monarch may become even an illegal act, if it be in opposition to the law of the land. Once, indeed, it was enacted, under the arbitrary government of Henry the Eighth, by the sanction of a pusillanimous parliament, that the force of acts of parliament should be given to the king's proclamations; and at a much later period, the chancellor Lord Elsemere was willing to have advanced the king's proclamations into laws, on the sophistical maxim, that 'all precedents had a time when they began;' but this chancellor argued ill, as he was told with spirit by Lord Coke, in the presence of James the First,* who probably did not think so ill of the chancellor's logic. Blackstone, to whom on this occasion I could not fail to turn, observes, on the statute under Henry the Eighth, that it would have introduced the most despotic tyranny, and must have proved fatal to the liberties of this kingdom had it not been luckily repealed in the minority of his successor, whom he elsewhere calls an amiable prince—all our young princes, we discover, were amiable! Blackstone has not recorded the subsequent attempt of the Lord Chancellor, under James the First, which tended to raise proclamations to the nature of an ukase of the autocrat of both the Russias. It seems that our national freedom, notwithstanding our ancient constitution, has had several narrow escapes.

Royal proclamations, however, in their own nature are innocent enough; for since the manner, time, and circumstances of putting laws into execution must frequently be left to the discretion of the executive magistrate, a proclamation that is not adverse to existing laws need not create any alarm; the only danger they incur is that they seem never to have been attended to, and rather testified the wishes of the government than the compliance of the subjects. They were not laws, and were therefore considered as sermons or pamphlets, or any thing forgotten in a week's time!

These proclamations are frequently alluded to by the letter-writers of the times, among the news of the day, but usually their royal virtue hardly kept them alive beyond the week. Some on important subjects are indeed noticed in our history. Many indications of the situation of affairs, the feelings of the people, and the domestic history of our nation, may be drawn from these singular records. I have never found them to exist in any collected form, and they have been probably only accidentally preserved.

The proclamations of every sovereign would characterize his reign, and open to us some of the interior operations of the cabinet. The despotic will, yet vacillating conduct of Henry the Eighth, towards the close of his reign, may be traced in a proclamation to abolish the translation of the scriptures, and even the reading of Bibles by the people; commanding all printers of English books and pamphlets to affix their names to them, and forbidding the sale of any English books printed abroad. When the people were not suffered to publish their opinions at home, all the opposition flew to foreign presses, and their writings were then smuggled into the country in which they ought to have been printed. Hence many volumes printed in a foreign type at this period are found in our collections. The king shrunk in dismay from that spirit of reformation which had only been a party-business with him, and making himself a pope, decided that nothing should be learnt but what he himself designed to teach!

The antipathies and jealousies, which our populace too long indulged by their incivilities to all foreigners, are characterized by a proclamation issued by Mary, commanding her subjects to behave themselves peaceably towards the strangers coming with King Philip; that noblemen and gentlemen should warn their servants to refrain from 'strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance, by mimicking them, &c.' The punishment not only 'her grace's displeasure, but to be committed to prison without bail or mainprise.'

The proclamations of Edward the Sixth curiously exhibit the unsettled state of the reformation, where the rights and ceremonies of catholicism were still practised by the new religionists, while an opposite party, resolutely bent on eternal separation from Rome, were avowing doctrines which afterwards consolidated themselves into puritanism and while others were hatching up that demoralizing fanaticism, which subsequently shocked the nation with those monstrous sects, the indelible disgrace of our country! In one proclamation the king denounces to the people 'those who despise the sacrament by calling it *idol*, or such other vile name.' Another is against such 'as innovate any ceremony,' and who are described as 'certain private preachers and other laiemen who rashly attempt of *their own and singular wit and mind*, not only to persuade the people from the old and accustomed rites and ceremonies, but also themselves bring in *new and strange orders according to their phantasies*. The which, as it is an evident token of pride and arrogancy, so it tendeth both to confusion and disorder.' Another proclamation, to press 'a godly conformity throughout his realm,' where we learn the following curious fact, of 'divers unlearned and indiscreet priests of a devilish mind and intent, teaching that a man may forsake his wife and marry another, his first wife yet living; likewise that the wife may do the same to the husband. Others that a man may have *two wives or more* at once, for that these things are not prohibited by God's law, but by the Bishop of Rome's law; so that by such evil and phantastical opinions some have not been afraid indeed to marry and keep *two wives*.' Here, as in the bud, we may unfold those subsequent scenes of our story, which spread out in the following century; the branching out of the non-conformists into their various sects; and the indecent haste of our reformed priesthood, who, in their zeal to cast off the yoke of Rome, desperately submitted to the liberty of having 'two wives or more!' There is a proclamation to abstain from flesh on Fridays and Saturdays; exhorted on the principle, not only that 'men should abstain on those days, and forbear their pleasures and the meats wherein they have more delight, to the intent to subdue their bodies to the soul and spirit, but also for *worldly policy*. To use *fish* for the benefit of the commonwealth, and profit of many who be *fishers* and men using that trade, unto the which this realm, in every part environed with the seas, and so plentiful of fresh waters, be increased the nourishment of the land by saving flesh.' It did not seem to occur to the king in council that the butchers might have had cause to petition against this monopoly of two days in the week granted to the fishmongers; and much less, that it was better to let the people eat flesh or

* The whole story is in 12 Co. 746. I owe this curious fact to the author of Eunomus, ii, 116

fish as suited their conveniency. In respect to the religious rite itself, it was evidently not considered as an essential point of faith, since the king enforces it on the principle 'for the profit and commodity of his realm.' Burnet has made a just observation on religious fasts.*

A proclamation against excess of apparel, in the reign of Elizabeth, and renewed many years after, shows the luxury of dress, which was indeed excessive: I shall shortly notice it in another article. There is a curious one against the *iconoclasts, or image-breakers and picture-destroyers*, for which the antiquary will hold her in high reverence. Her majesty informs us, that 'several persons, ignorant, malicious, or covetous, of late years, have spoiled and broken ancient monuments, erected only *to show a memory to posterity*, and not to nourish any kind of *superstition*.' The queen laments, that what is broken and spoiled would be now hard to recover, but advises her good people to repair them; and commands them in future to desist from committing such injuries' A more extraordinary circumstance than the proclamation itself was the manifestation of her majesty's zeal, in subscribing her name with her own hand to every proclamation dispersed throughout England! These image-breakers first appeared in Elizabeth's reign; it was afterwards that they flourished in all the perfection of their handicraft, and have contrived that these monuments of art shall carry down to posterity the *memory of their* shame *and of their age*. These image-breakers, so famous in our history, had already appeared under Henry the Eighth, and continued their practical zeal, in spite of proclamations and remonstrances, till they had accomplished their work. In 1641, an order was published by the commons, that they should 'take away all scandalous pictures out of churches:' but more was intended than was expressed; and we are told that the people did not at first carry their barbarous practice against all Art, to the lengths which they afterwards did, till they were instructed by *private information!* Dowsing's Journal has been published, and shows what the *order* meant. He was their giant-destroyer! Such are the Machiavelian secrets of revolutionary governments; they give a *public* order in moderate *words*, but the *secret* one, for the *deeds*, is that of extermination! It was this sort of men who discharged their prisoners by giving a secret sign to lead them to their execution!

The proclamations of James the First, by their number, are said to have sunk their value with the people. He was fond of giving them gentle advice, and it is said by Wilson that there was an intention to have this king's printed proclamations bound up in a volume, that better notice might be taken of the matters contained in them. There is more than one to warn the people against 'speaking too freely of matters above their reach,' prohibiting all 'undutiful speeches.' I suspect that many of these proclamations are the composition of the king's own hand; he was often his own secretary. There is an admirable one against private duels and challenges. The curious one respecting Cowell's 'Interpreter' is a sort of royal review of some of the arcana of state: I refer to the quotation.†

I will preserve a passage of a proclamation 'against excess of lavish and licentious speech.' James was a king of words!

'Although the commixture of nations, confluence of ambassadors, and the relation which the affairs of our kingdoms have had towards the business and interests of foreign states, have caused, during our regiment (government,) a greater openness and liberty of discourse, even concerning *matters of state* (which are *no themes or subjects fit for vulgar persons or common meetings*) than hath been in former times used or permitted; and although in our own nature and judgment we do well allow of *convenient freedom of speech*, esteeming any over-curious or restrained hands carried in that kind rather as a weakness, or else overmuch severity of government than otherwise; yet for as much as it is come to our ears, by common report, that there is at this time a more licentious passage of *lavish discourse and bold censure in matters of state* than is fit to be suffered: We give this warning, *&c.*, to take heed *how they intermeddle by pen or speech with causes of state and secrets of empire*, either at home or abroad, but contain themselves within that modest and reverent regard of matters above their reach and calling; nor to give any manner of applause to such discourse, without acquainting one of our privy council within the space of twenty-four hours.'

It seems that 'the bold speakers,' as certain persons were then denominated, practised an old artifice of lauding his majesty, while they severely arraigned the counsels of the cabinet; on this James observes, 'Neither let any man mistake us so much as to think that by giving fair and specious attributes to our person, they cover the scandals which they otherwise lay upon our government, but conceive that we make no other construction of them but as fine and artificial glosses, the better to give passage to the rest of their imputations and scandals.'

This was a proclamation in the eighteenth year of his reign; he repeated it in the nineteenth, and he might have proceeded to 'the crack of doom' with the same effect!

Rushworth, in his second volume of Historical Collections, has preserved a considerable number of the proclamations of Charles the First, of which many are remarkable; but latterly they mark the feverish state of his reign. One regulates access for cure of the king's evil—by which his majesty, it appears, 'hath had good success therein;' but though ready and willing as any king or queen of this realm ever was to relieve the distresses of his good subjects, 'his majesty commands to change the seasons for his "sacred touch" from Easter and Whitsuntide to Easter and Michaelmas, as times more convenient for the temperature of the season,' &c. Another against 'departure out of the realm without licence.' One to erect an office 'for the suppression of cursing and swearing," to receive the forfeitures; against 'libellous and seditious pamphlets and discourses from Scotland,' framed by factious spirits, and re-published in London—this was in 1640; and Charles, at the crisis of that great insurrection in which he was to be at once the actor and the spectator, fondly imagined that the possessors of these 'scandalous' pamphlets would bring them, as he proclaimed, 'to one of his majesty's justices of peace, to be by him sent to one of his principal secretaries of state!'

On the Restoration, Charles the Second had to court his people by his domestic regulations. He early issued a remarkable proclamation, which one would think reflected on his favourite companions, and which strongly marks the moral disorders of those depraved and wretched times. It is against 'vicious, debauched, and profane persons!' who are thus described:

'A sort of men of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed; who spend their time in taverns, tipling-houses and debauches; giving no *other evidence of their affection to us but in drinking our health*, and inveighing against all others who are not of their own dissolute temper; and who, in truth, have *more discredited our cause*, by the licence of their manners and lives, than they could ever advance it by their affection or courage. We hope all persons of honour, or in place and authority, will so far assist us in discountenancing such men, that their discretion and shame will persuade them to reform what their conscience would not; and that the displeasure of good men towards them may supply what the laws have not, and, it may be, cannot well provide against; there being by the licence and corruption of the times, and the depraved nature of man, many enormities, scandals, and impieties in practice and manners, which *laws cannot well describe, and consequently not enough provide against*, which may, by the example and severity of virtuous men, be easily discountenanced, and by degrees suppressed.'

Surely the gravity and moral severity of Clarendon dictated this proclamation! which must have afforded some mirth to the gay, debauched circle, the loose cronies of royalty!

It is curious that in 1660 Charles the Second issued a long proclamation for the strict observance of Lent, and alleges for it the same reason as we found in Edward the Sixth's proclamation, 'for the good it produces in the employment of *fishermen*.' No ordinaries, taverns, &c, to make any supper *on Friday nights, either in Lent or out of Lent*.

Charles the Second issued proclamations 'to repress the excess of gilding of coaches and chariots,' to restrain the waste of gold, which, as they supposed, by the excessive use of gilding, had grown scarce. Against 'the exportation and the buying and selling of gold and silver at higher rates than in our mint,' alluding to a statute made in the ninth year of Edward the Third, called the Statute of Money. Against building in and about London and Westminster in 1661: 'The inconveniences daily growing by increase of new buildings are, that the people increasing in such great numbers, are not well to be governed

* History of the Reformation, vol. ii, p. 96, folio.

† I have noticed it in Calamities of Authors, ii. 246.

by the wonted officers; the prices of victuals are enhanced; the health of the subject inhabiting the cities much endangered, and many good towns and boroughs unpeopled, and in their trades much decayed—frequent fires occasioned by timber-buildings. It orders to build with brick and stone, which would beautify, and make an uniformity in the buildings; and which are not only more durable and safe against fire, but by experience are found to be of *little more if not less charge than the building with timber*.' We must infer that by the general use of timber, it had considerably risen in price, while brick and stone not then being generally used, became as cheap as wood!

The most remarkable proclamations of Charles the Second are those which concern the regulations of coffee-houses, and one for putting them down; to restrain the spreading of false news, and licentious talking of state and government, the speakers and the hearers were made alike punishable. This was highly resented as an illegal act by the friends of civil freedom; who, however, succeeded in obtaining the freedom of the coffee-houses, under the promise of not sanctioning treasonable speeches. It was urged by the court lawyers, as the high Tory, Roger North tells us, that the retailing coffee might be an innocent trade, when not used in the nature of a common assembly to discourse of matters of state news and great persons, as a means 'to discontent the people;' on the other side Kennet asserted that the discontents existed before they met at the coffee-houses, and that the proclamation was only intended to suppress an evil which was not to be prevented. At this day we know which of those two historians exercised the truest judgment. It was not the coffee-houses which produced political feeling, but the reverse. Whenever government ascribes effects to a cause quite inadequate to produce them, they are only seeking means to hide the evil which they are too weak to suppress.

TRUE SOURCES OF SECRET HISTORY.

This is a subject which has been hitherto but imperfectly comprehended even by some historians themselves; and has too often incurred the satire, and even the contempt, of those volatile spirits who play about the superficies of truth, wanting the industry to view it on more than one side; and those superficial readers who imagine that every tale is told when it is written.

Secret history is the supplement of History itself, and is its greatest corrector; and the combination of secret with public history has in itself a perfection, which each taken separately has not. The popular historian composes a plausible rather than an accurate tale; researches too fully detailed would injure the just proportions, or crowd the bold design of the elegant narrative; and facts, presented as they occurred, would not adapt themselves to those theoretical writers of history who arrange events not in a natural, but in a systematic, order. But in secret history we are more busied in observing what passes than in being told of it. We are transformed into the contemporaries of the writers, while we are standing on 'the 'vantage ground' of their posterity; and thus what to them appeared ambiguous, to us has become unquestionable; what was secret to them has been confided to us. They mark the beginnings, and we the ends. From the fullness of their accounts we recover much which had been lost to us in the general views of history, and it is by this more intimate acquaintance with persons and circumstances that we are enabled to correct the less distinct, and sometimes the fallacious appearances in the page of the popular historian. He who *only* views things in masses will have no distinct notion of any one particular; he may be a fanciful or a passionate historian, but he is not the historian who will enlighten while he charms.

But as secret history appears to deal in minute things, its connexion with great results is not usually suspected. The circumstantiality of its story, the changeable shadows of its character, the redundance of its conversations, and the many careless superfluities which egotism or vanity may throw out, seem usually confounded with that small-talk familiarly termed *gossiping*. But the *gossiping* of a profound politician, or a vivacious observer, in one of their letters, or in their memoirs, often, by a spontaneous stroke, reveals the individual, or by a simple incident unriddles a mysterious event. We may discover the value of these pictures of human nature, with which secret history abounds, by an observation which occurred between two statesmen in office. Lord Raby, our ambassador, apologized to Lord Bolingbroke, then secretary of state, for troubling him with the minuter circumstances which occurred in his conferences; in reply, the minister requests the ambassador to continue the same manner of writing, and alleges an excellent reason. 'Those *minute circumstances* give very great light to the general scope and design of the *persons* negotiated with. And I own that nothing pleases me more in that valuable collection of the Cardinal D'Ossat's letters, than the *minute* descriptions which he gives of the looks, gestures, and even tones of voice, of the persons he conferred with.' I regret to have to record to the opinions of another noble author who recently has thrown out some degrading notions of the secret history, and particularly of the historians. I would have silently passed by a vulgar writer, superficial, prejudiced, and uninformed; but as so many are yet deficient in correct notions of *secret history*, it is but justice that their representative should be heard before they are condemned.

His lordship says, that 'Of late the appetite for *Remains* of all kinds has surprisingly increased. A story repeated by the Duchess of Portsmouth's waiting-woman to Lord Rochester's valet forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian: and you may hear of an assembly of scholars and authors discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour more than two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's house-keeper. It is a matter of the greatest interest to see the *letters* of every busy trifler. Yet who does not laugh at such men?' This is the attack! but as if some half-truths, like light through the cranny in a dark room, had just darted in a stream of atoms over this scoffer of secret history, he suddenly views his object with a very different appearance—for he justly concludes that 'It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining; and here and there among the rubbish we find hints that may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better analysis of the human mind than a whole library of metaphysics!' The philosopher may well abhor all intercourse with wits! because the faculty of judgment is usually quiescent with them; and in their orgasm they furiously decry what in their sober senses they as eagerly laud! Let me inform his lordship, that 'the waiting-woman and the valet' of eminent persons, are sometimes no uninportant personages in history. By the *Memoirs de Mons. De la Porte, premier valet de chambre de Louis XIV*, we learn what before 'the valet' wrote had not been known—the shameful arts which Mazarine allowed to be practised, to give a bad education to the prince, and to manage him by depraving his tastes. *Madame de Motteville* in her Memoirs, 'the waiting' lady of our Henrietta, has preserved for our own English history some facts which have been found so essential to the narrative, that they are referred to by our historians. In *Gui Joly*, the humble dependent of Cardinal De Retz, we discover an unconscious, but a useful commentator on the Memoirs of his master; and the most affecting personal anecdotes of Charles the First have been preserved by *Thomas Herbert*, his gentleman in waiting; *Clery*, the valet of Louis XIV, with pathetic faithfulness has shown us the man, in the monarch whom he served!

Of secret history there are obviously two species; it is positive, or it is relative. It is *positive*, when the facts are first given to the world; a sort of knowledge which can only be drawn from our own personal experience, or from those contemporary documents preserved in their manuscript state in public or in private collections; or it is *relative*, in proportion to the knowledge of those to whom it is communicated, and will be more or less valued, according to the acquisitions of the reader; and this inferior species of secret history is drawn from rare and obscure books and other published authorities, often as scarce as manuscripts.

Some experience I have had in those literary researches, where curiosity, ever-wakeful and vigilant, discovers among contemporary manuscripts new facts; illustrations of old ones; and sometimes detects, not merely by conjecture, the concealed causes of many events; often opens a scene in which some well-known personage is exhibited in a new character; and thus penetrates beyond those generalising representations which satisfy the superficial and often cover the page of history with delusion and fiction.

It is only since the later institutions of national libraries, that these immense collections of manuscripts have been formed; with us they are an undescribable variety, usually classed under the vague title of 'State-papers.' The instructions of ambassadors, but more particularly their own despatches; charters and chronicles brown with antiquity, which preserve a world which had been else lost for us, like the one before the deluge; series upon series of private correspondence, among which we discover the most confidential communications, designed by the writers to have been destroyed by the hand which received them; memoirs of individuals by themselves or by their friends, such as are now published by the pomp of vanity, or the faithlessness of their possessors; and the miscellaneous collections formed by all kinds of persons, characteristic of all countries and of all eras, materials for the history of man!—records of the force, or of the feebleness of the human understanding, and still the monuments of their passions!

The original collectors of these dispersed manuscripts were a race of ingenious men; silent benefactors of mankind, to whom justice has not yet been fully awarded; but in their fervour of accumulation, every thing in a manuscript state bore its spell; acquisition was the sole point aimed at by our early collectors, and to this these searching spirits sacrificed their fortunes, their ease, and their days; but life would have been too short to have decided on the intrinsic value of the manuscripts flowing in a stream to the collectors; and suppression, even of the disjointed reveries of madmen, or the sensible madness of projectors might have been indulging a capricious taste, or what has proved more injurious to historical pursuits, that party-feeling which has frequently annihilated the memorials of their adversaries.*

These manuscript collections now assume a formidable appearance. A toilsome march over these 'Alps rising over Alps!' a voyage in 'a sea without a shore!' has turned away most historians from their severer duties; those who have grasped at early celebrity have been satisfied to have given a new form to, rather than contributed to the new matter of history. The very sight of these masses of history has terrified some modern historians. When Pere Daniel undertook a history of France, the learned Boivin, the king's librarian, opened for his inspection an immense treasure of charters, and another of royal autograph letters, another of private correspondence; treasures, reposing in fourteen hundred folios! The modern historian passed two hours impatiently looking over them, but frightened at another plunge into the gulf, this Curtius of history would not immolate himself for his country! He wrote a civil letter to the librarian for his 'supernumerary kindness,' but insinuated that he could write a very readable history without any further aid of such *paperasses* or 'paper-rubbish.' Pere Daniel, therefore, 'quietly sat down to his history,' copying others—a compliment which was never returned by any one: but there was this striking novelty in his 'readable history,' that according to the accurate computation of Count Boulainvilliers, Pere Daniel's history of France contains ten thousand blunders! The same circumstance has been told me by a living historian of the late Gilbert Stuart; who, on some manuscript volumes of letters being pointed out to him when composing his history of Scotland, confessed that 'what was already printed was more than he was able to read! and thus much for his theoretical history, written to run counter to another theoretical history, being Stuart versus Robertson! They equally depend on the simplicity of their readers, and the charms of style! Another historian, Anquetil, the author of *L'Esprit de la Ligue*, has described his embarrassment at an inspection of the contemporary manuscripts of that period. After thirteen years of researches to glean whatever secret history printed books afforded, the author, residing in the country, resolved to visit the royal library at Paris, Monsieur Melot receiving him with that kindness, which is one of the official duties of the public librarian towards the studious, opened the cabinets in which were deposited the treasures of French history.—'This is what you require! come here at all times, and you shall be attended!' said the librarian to the young historian, who stood by with a sort of shudder, while he opened cabinet after cabinet. The intrepid investigator repeated his visits, looking over the mass as chance directed, attacking one side, and then fixing to another. The historian, who had felt no weariness during thirteen years among printed books, discovered that he was now engaged in a task, apparently always beginning, and never ending! The 'Esprit de la Ligue' was however enriched by labours, which at the moment appeared so barren.

The study of these *paperasses* is not perhaps so disgusting as the impatient Pere Daniel imagined; there is a literary fascination in looking over the same papers which the great characters of history once held and wrote on; catching from themselves their secret sentiments; and often detecting so many of their unrecorded actions! By habit the toil becomes light; and with a keen inquisitive spirit, even delightful! For what is more delightful to the curious, than to make fresh discoveries every day? Addison has a true and pleasing observation on such pursuits. 'Our employments are converted into amusements, so that even in those objects which were indifferent, or even displeasing to us, the mind not only gradually loses its aversion, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for them.' Addison illustrates this case by one of the greatest genuises of the age, who by habit took incredible pleasure in searching into rolls, and records, till he preferred them to Virgil and Cicero! The faculty of curiosity is as fervid, and even as refined in its search after Truth, as that of Taste in the objects of Imagination, and the more it is indulged, the more exquisitely it is enjoyed!

The popular historians of England and of France have, in truth, made little use of manuscript researches. Life is very short for long histories; and those who rage with an avidity of fame or profit will gladly taste the fruit which they cannot mature. Researches too remotely sought after, or too slowly acquired, or too fully detailed, would be so many obstructions in the smooth texture of a narrative. Our theoretical historians write from some particular and pre-conceived result; unlike Livy, and De Thou, and Machiavel, who describe events in their natural order, these cluster them together by the fanciful threads of some political or moral theory, by which facts are distorted, displaced, and sometimes altogether omitted! One single original document has sometimes shaken into dust their palladian edifice of history. At the moment Hume was sending some sheets of his History to press, Murdin's State Papers appeared. And we are highly amused and instructed by a letter of our historian to his rival, Robertson, who probably found himself often in the same forlorn situation. Our historian discovered in that collection what compelled him to retract his pre-conceived system—he hurries to stop the press, and paints his confusion and his anxiety with all the ingenuous simplicity of his nature. 'We are all in the wrong!' he exclaims. Of Hume I have heard, that certain manuscripts at the state paper office had been prepared for his inspection during a fortnight, but he never could muster courage to pay his promised visit. Satisfied with the common accounts, and the most obvious sources of history, when librarian at the Advocates' Library, where yet may be examined the books he used, marked by his hand; he spread the volumes about the sofa, from which he rarely rose to pursue obscure inquiries, or delay by fresh difficulties the page which every day was growing under his charming pen. A striking proof of his careless happiness I discovered in his never referring to the perfect edition of Whitelock's Memorials of 1732, but to the old truncated and faithless one of 1682.

Dr Birch was a writer with no genius for composition, but to whom British history stands more indebted than to any superior author; his incredible love of labour, in transcribing with his own hand a large library of manuscripts from originals dispersed in public and in private repositories, has enriched the British Museum by thousands of the most authentic documents of genuine secret history. He once projected a collection of original historical letters, for which he had prepared a preface, where I find the following passage. 'It is a more important service to the public to contribute *something not before known* to the general fund of history, than to give new form and colour to what we are already possessed of, by superadding refinement and ornament, which too often tend *to disguise the real state of the facts*; a fault not to be atoned for by the pomp of *style*, or even the fine *eloquence* of the historian.' This was an oblique stroke aimed at Robertson, to whom Birch had generously opened the stores of history, for the Scotch historian had needed all his charity; but Robertson's attractive inventions, and highly-

* See what I have said of 'Suppressors and Dilapidators of Manuscripts, p. 242

finished composition, seduce the public; and we may forgive the latent spark of envy in the honest feelings of the man, who was profoundly skilled in delving in the native beds of ore, but not in fashioning it; and whose own neglected historical works, constructed on the true principle of secret history, we may often turn over to correct the erroneous, the prejudiced, and the artful accounts of those who have covered their faults by 'the pomp of style, and the eloquence of the historian.'

The large manuscript collections of original documents, from whence may be drawn what I have called *positive secret history*, are, as I have observed, comparatively of modern existence. Formerly they were widely dispersed in private hands; and the nature of such sources of historic discovery but rarely occurred to our writers. Even had they sought them, their access must have been partial and accidental. Lord Hardwicke has observed, that there are still many untouched manuscript collections within these kingdoms, which, through the ignorance or inattention of their owners, are condemned to dust and obscurity; but how valuable and essential they may be to the interests of authentic history and of sacred truth, cannot be more strikingly demonstrated than in the recent publications of the Marlborough and the Shrewsbury papers by Archdeacon Coxe.* The editor was fully authorized to observe: 'It is singular that those transactions should either have been passed over in silence, or imperfectly represented by most of our national historians.' Our modern history would have been a mere political romance, without the astonishing picture of William and his ministers, exhibited in those unquestionable documents. Burnet was among the first of our modern historians who showed the world the preciousness of such materials, in his History of the Reformation, which he largely drew from the Cottonian Collection. Our earlier historians only repeated a tale ten times told. Milton, who wanted not for literary diligence, had no fresh stories to open for his History of England; while Hume despatches, comparatively in a few pages, a subject which has afforded to the fervent diligence of my learned friend Sharon Turner, volumes precious to the antiquary, the lawyer, and the philosopher.

To illustrate my idea of the usefulness, and of the absolute necessity of secret history, I fix first on *a public event*, and secondly on *a public character*; both remarkable in our own modern history, and both serving to expose the fallacious appearances of popular history by authorities indisputably genuine. The *event* is the restoration of Charles the Second: and the *character* is that of Mary the queen of William the Third.

In history, the Restoration of Charles appears in all its splendour—the king is joyfully received at Dover, and the shore is covered by his subjects on their knees—crowds of the Great hurry to Canterbury—the army is drawn up, in number and with a splendour that had never been equalled—his enthusiastic reception is on his birth-day, for that was the lucky day fixed on for his entrance into the metropolis—in a word, all that is told in history describes a monarch the most powerful and the most happy. One of the tracts of the day, entitled 'England's Triumph,' in the mean quaintness of the style of the time tells us, that 'The soldiery, who had hitherto made *clubs* trump, resolved now to enthrone the *king of hearts*.' Turn to the faithful memorialist, who so well knew the secrets of the king's heart, and who was himself an actor behind the curtain; turn to Clarendon, in his own life; and we shall find that the power of the king was then as dubious as when he was in exile; and his feelings were so much racked, that he had nearly resolved on a last flight.

Clarendon, in noticing the temper and spirits of that time, observes, 'Whoever reflects upon all this composition of contradictory wishes and expectations, must confess that the king was not yet the master of the kingdom, nor his *authority* and *security* such as *the general noise and acclamation, the bells and the bonfires, proclaimed it to be*.'—'The first mortification the king met with was as soon as he arrived at Canterbury, within three hours after he landed at Dover.' Clarendon then relates how many the king found there, who while they waited with joy to kiss his hand, also came with importunate solicitations for themselves; forced him to give them present audience, in which they reckoned up the insupportable losses undergone by themselves or their fathers; demand some grant, or promise of such offices; some even for more! 'pressing for two or three with such confidence and importunity, and with such tedious discourses, that the king was extremely nauseated with their suits, though his modesty knew not how to break from them; that he no sooner got into his chamber, which for some hours he was not able to do, than *he lamented the condition to which he found he must be subject*; and did, in truth, from that minute, contract such a prejudice against some of those persons.' But a greater mortification was to follow, and one which had nearly thrown the king into despair.

General Monk had from the beginning to this instant acted very mysteriously, never corresponding with nor answering a letter of the king's, so that his majesty was frequently doubtful whether the general designed to act for himself or for the king: an ambiguous conduct which I attribute to the power his wife had over him, who was in the opposite interest. The general in his rough way, presented him a large paper, with about seventy names for his privy council, of which not more than two were acceptable. 'The king,' says Clarendon, 'was *in more than ordinary confusion*, for he knew not well what to think of the general, in whose absolute power he was—so that at this moment his majesty was almost alarmed at the demand and appearance of things.' The general afterwards undid this unfavourable appearance, by acknowledging that the list was drawn up by his wife, who had made him promise to present it; but he permitted his majesty to act as he thought proper. At that moment General Monk was more King than Charles.

We have not yet concluded. When Charles met the army at Blackheath, 50,000 strong, 'he knew well the ill constitution of the army, the distemper and murmuring that was in it, and how many diseases and convulsions their infant loyalty was subject to; that *how united soever their inclinations and acclamations seemed to be at Blackheath*, their *affections* were not the *same*—and *the very countenances* there of many *officers*, as well as *soldiers*, did sufficiently manifest that they were drawn thither to a service they were not delighted in. The *old soldiers* had little regard for their *new officers*; and it quickly appeared, by the select and affected mixtures of sullen and melancholic parties of officers and soldiers'———And then the chancellor of human nature adds, 'And in this *melancholic and perplexed condition* the king and all his hopes stood, *when he appeared most gay and exalted, and wore a pleasantness in his face* that became him, and looked like as full an assurance of his security as was possible to put on.' It is imagined that Louis the Eighteenth would be the ablest commentator on this piece of secret history, and add another *twin* to Pierre de Saint Julien's 'Gemelles ou Pareilles,' an old French treatise of histories which resemble one another; a volume so scarce, that I have never met with it.

Burnet informs us, that when Queen Mary held the administration of government during the absence of William, it was imagined by some, that as 'every woman of sense loved to be meddling, they concluded that she had but a small portion of it, because she lived so abstracted from all affairs. He praises her exemplary behaviour; 'regular in her devotions, much in her closet, read a great deal, was often busy at work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state. Her conversation was lively and obliging; every thing in her was easy and natural. The King told the Earl of Shrewsbury, that though he could not hit on the right way of pleasing England, he was confident she would, and that we should all be very happy under her.' Such is the miniature of the queen which Burnet offers; we see nothing but her tranquillity, her simplicity, and her carelessness, amidst the important transactions passing under her eye: but I lift the curtain from a longer picture. The distracted state amidst which the queen lived, the vexations, the secret sorrows, the agonies and the despair of Mary in

* Whenever that vast collection, which from their former possessor, may be called the 'Conway papers,' shall be given to the public, from what I have already been favoured with the sight of, I may venture to predict that our history will receive a new form, and our literature an important accession. They are now in the possession of John Wilson Croker, Esq, M. P. and Secretary of the Admiralty, and placed at his disposal by the Marquis of Herford, with a view of making a selection for the use of the public. The reader may find a lively summary of the contents of these papers, in Horace Walpole's account of his visit to Ragley, in his letter to George Montague, 20th August, 1758. Mr Croker is also so fortunate as to be the possessor of the Throckmorton papers of which the reader may likewise observe a particular notice in Sir Henry Wooton's will, in Isaac Walton's Lives.

the absence of William, nowhere appears in history! and, as we see, escaped the ken of the Scotch bishop! They were reserved for the curiosity and the instruction of posterity; and were found by Dalrymple, in the letters of Mary to her husband, in King William's cabinet. It will be well to place under the eye of the reader the suppressed cries of this afflicted queen, at the time when 'every thing in her was so easy and natural, employing her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state—often busy at work!'

I shall not dwell on the pangs of the queen for the fate of William—or her deadly suspicions that many were unfaithful about her: a battle lost might have been fatal; a conspiracy might have undone what even a victory had obtained; the continual terrors she endured were such, that we might be at a loss to determine who suffered most, those who had been expelled from, or those who had ascended the throne.

So far was the queen from not 'employing her thoughts' on 'matters of state,' that every letter, usually written towards evening, chronicles the conflicts of the day; she records not only events, but even dialogues and personal characteristics; hints her suspicions, and multiplies her fears: her attention was incessant.—'I never write but what I think others do not;' and her terrors were as ceaseless.—'I pray God, send you back quickly, for I see all breaking out into all flames.' The queen's difficulties were not eased by a single confidential intercourse. On one occasion she observes, 'As I do not know what I ought to speak, and when not, I am as silent as can be.'—'I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you.—It seems to me that every one is afraid of themselves.—I am very uneasy in one thing, which is want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for it's a great constraint to think and be silent; and there is so much matter, that I am one of Solomon's fools, who am ready to burst.' I must tell you again how Lord Monmouth endeavours to frighten me, and indeed things have but a melancholy prospect. She had indeed reason to fear Lord Monmouth, who, it appears, divulged all the secrets of the royal councils to Major Wildman, who was one of our old republicans; and, to spread alarm in the privy council, conveyed in lemon-juice all their secrets to France, often on the very day they had passed in council! They discovered the fact, and every one suspected the other as the traitor! Lord Lincoln even once assured her, that 'the Lord President and all in general, who are in trust, were rogues.' Her council was composed of factions, and the queen's suspicions were rather general than particular: for she observes on them, 'Till now I thought you had given me wrong characters of men; but now I see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body.'—For a final extract, take this full picture of royal misery—'I must see company on my set days; I must play twice a week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will; I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me; at least, it is a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world; so that I have this misery added to that of your absence, that I must grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air; but then I never can be quite alone, neither can I complain—that would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely to. Besides, I must hear of business, which being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but break my brains the more, and not ease my heart.

Thus different from the representation of Burnet was the actual state of Queen Mary; and I suspect that our warm and vehement bishop had but little personal knowledge of her majesty, notwithstanding the elaborate character of the queen which he has given in her funeral eulogium.—He must have known that she did not always sympathize with his party-feelings: for the queen writes, 'The bishop of Salisbury has made a long thundering sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire to print; which I could not refuse, though I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him.' Burnet (whom I am very far from calling what an inveterate Tory, Edward Earl of Oxford, does in one of his manuscript notes, 'that lying Scot,') unquestionably has told many truths in his garrulous page; but the cause in which he stood so deeply engaged, coupled to his warm sanguine temper, may have sometimes dimmed his sagacity, so as to have caused him to have mistaken, as in the present case, a mask for a face, particularly at a time when almost every individual appears to have worn one!

Both these causes of Charles the Second and Queen Mary show the absolute necessity of researches into secret history, to correct the appearances and the fallacies which so often deceive us in public history.

'The appetite for Remains,' as the noble author whom I have already alluded to calls it, may then be a very wholesome one, if it provides the only materials by which our popular histories can be corrected, and since it often infuses a freshness into a story which, after having been copied from book to book, inspires another to tell it for the tenth time! Thus are the *sources of* secret history unexpected by the idler and the superficial, among those masses of untouched manuscripts—that subterraneous history!—which indeed may terrify the indolent, bewilder the inexperienced, and confound the injudicious, if they have not acquired the knowledge which not only decides on facts and opinions, but on the authorities which have furnished them. Popular historians have written to their readers; each with different views, but all alike form the open documents of history; like feed advocates, they declaim, or like special pleaders, they keep only on one side of their case: they are seldom zealous to push on their cross-examinations; for they come to gain their cause, and not to hazard it!

Time will make the present age as obsolete as the last, for our sons will cast a new light over the ambiguous scenes which distract their fathers; they will know how some things happened, for which we cannot account; they will bear witness to how many characters we have mistaken; they will be told many of those secrets which our contemporaries hide from us; they will pause at the ends of our beginning; they will read the perfect story of man, which can never be told while it is proceeding. All this is the possession of posterity, because they will judge without our passions; and all this we ourselves have been enabled to possess, by the secret history *of the last two ages!**

LITERARY RESIDENCES.

Men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret; and few literary characters have lived, like Pliny and Voltaire, in a villa or *chateau* of their own. It has not therefore often happened, that a man of genius could raise local emotions by his own intellectual suggestions. Ariosto, who built a palace in his verse, lodged himself in a small house, and found that stanzas and stones were not put together at the same rate: old Montaigne has left a description of his library; 'over the entrance of my house, where I view my court-yards, and garden, and at once survey all the operations of my family!'

There is, however, a feeling among literary men, of building up their own elegant fancies, and giving a permanency to their own tastes: we dwell on their favourite scenes as a sort of portraits, and we eagerly collect those few prints, which are their only vestiges. A collection might be formed of such literary residences chosen for their amenity and their retirement, and adorned by the objects of their studies; from that of the younger Pliny, who called his villa of literary leisure by the endearing term of *villula*, to that of Cassiodorus, the prime minister of Theodoric, who has left so magnificent a description of his literary retreat, where all the elegances of life were at hand; where the gardeners and the agriculturists laboured on scientific principles; and where, amidst gardens and

* Since this article has been sent to press, I rise, from reading one in the Edinburg Review on Lord Oxford's and Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs. This is one of the very rare articles which could only come from the hand of a master, long exercised in the studies he criticises. The critic, or rather the historian, observes, that 'of a period remarkable for the establishment of our present system of government, no authentic materials had yet appeared. Events of public notoriety are to be found, though often inaccurately told, in our common histories; but the secret springs of action, the private views and motives of individuals, &c, are as little known to us, as if the events to which they relate had taken place in China or Japan.' The clear, connected, dispassionate, and circumstantial narrative, with which he has enriched the stores of English history, is drawn from the sources of secret history; from published memoirs and contemporary correspondence.

parks, stood his extensive library, with scribes to multiply his manuscripts;—From Tycho Brahe's, who built a magnificent astronomical house on an island, which he named after the sole objects of his musings, Uranienburgh, or the castle of the Heavens;—to that of Evelyn, who first began to adorn Wotton, by building 'a little study,' till many years after he dedicated the ancient house to contemplation, among the 'delicious streams and venerable woods, the gardens, the fountains, and the groves most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse; and indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegancy since so much in vogue.' From Pope, whose little garden seemed to multiply its scenes by a glorious union of nobility and literary men conversing in groupes;—down to lonely Shenstone, whose 'rural elegance,' as he entitles one of his odes, compelled him to mourn over his hard fate, when

——— Expense
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall;
Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease.

We have all by heart the true and delightful reflection of Johnson on local associations, when the scene we tread suggests to us the men or the deeds, which have left their celebrity to the spot. We are in the presence of their fame, and feel its influence!

A literary friend, whom a hint of mine had induced to visit the old tower in the garden of Buffon, where the sage retired every morning to compose, passed so long a time in that lonely apartment, as to have raised some solicitude among the honest folks of Montbar, who having seen 'the Englishman' enter, but not return, during a heavy thunder-storm which had occurred in the interval, informed the good mayor, who came in due form, to notify the ambiguous state of the stranger. My friend is, as is well known, a genius of that cast, who could pass two hours in the *Tower of Buffon*, without being aware that he had been all that time occupied by suggestions of ideas and reveries, which in some minds such a locality may excite. He was also busied with his pencil; for he has favoured me with two drawings of the interior and the exterior of this *old tower in the garden:* the nakedness within can only be compared to the solitude without. Such was the studying room of Buffon, where his eye resting on no object, never interrupted the unity of his meditations on Nature.

In return for my friend's kindness, it has cost me, I think, two hours, in attempting to translate the beautiful picture of this literary retreat, which Vicq D'Azyr has finished with all the warmth of a votary. 'At Montbar, in the midst of an ornamented garden, is seen an antique tower; it was there that Buffon wrote the History of Nature, and from that spot his fame spread through the universe. There he came at sunrise, and no one, however importunate, was suffered to trouble him. The calm of the morning hour, the first warbling of the birds, the varied aspect of the country, all at that moment which touched the senses, recalled him to his model. Free, independent, he wandered in his walks; there was he seen with quickened or with slow steps, or standing rapt in thought, sometimes with his eyes fixed on the heavens in the moment of inspiration, as if satisfied with the thought that so profoundly occupied his soul; sometimes, collected within himself, he sought what would not always be found; or at the moments of producing, he wrote, he effaced, and re-wrote, to efface once more; thus he harmonized, in silence, all the parts of his composition, which he frequently repeated to himself, till, satisfied with his corrections, he seemed to repay himself for the pains of his beautiful prose, by the pleasure he found in declaiming it aloud. Thus he engraved it in his memory, and would recite it to his friends, or induce some to read it to him. At those moments he was himself a severe judge, and would again re-compose it, desirous of attaining to that perfection which is denied to the impatient writer.'

A curious circumstance, connected with local associations, occurred to that extraordinary oriental student Fourmont. Originally he belonged to a religious community, and never failed in performing his offices; but he was expelled by the superior for an irregularity of conduct, not likely to have become contagious through the brotherhood—he frequently prolonged his studies far into the night, and it was possibe that the house might be burnt by such superfluity of learning. Fourmont retreated to the college of Montaign, where he occupied the very chambers which had formerly been those of Erasmus; a circumstance which contributed to excite his emulation, and to hasten his studies. He who smiles at the force of such emotions, only proves that he has not experienced what are real and substantial as the scene itself—for those who are concerned in them. Pope, who had far more enthusiasm in his poetical disposition than is generally understood, was extremely susceptible of the literary associations with localities: one of the volumes of his Homer was began and finished in an old tower over the chapel at Stanton Harcourt; and he has perpetuated the event, if not consecrated the place, by scratching with a diamond on a pane of stained glass this inscription:

In the year 1718,
Alexander Pope
Finished HERE
*The fifth volume of Homer.**

It was the same feeling which induced him one day, when taking his usual walk with Harte in the Haymarket, to desire Harte to enter a little shop, where going up three pair of stairs into a small room, Pope said, 'In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign!' Nothing less than a strong feeling impelled the poet to ascend this garret—it was a consecrated spot to his eye; and certainly a curious instance of the power of genius contrasted with its miserable locality! Addison, whose mind had fought through 'a campaign' in a garret, could he have called about him 'the pleasures of imagination,' had probably planned a a house of literary repose, where all parts would have been in harmony with his mind.

Such residence of men of genius have been enjoyed by some; and the vivid descriptions which they have left us convey something of the delightfulness which charmed their studious repose.

The Italian Paul Jovius has composed more than three hundred concise eulogies of statesmen, warriors, and literary men of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but the occasion which induced him to compose them is perhaps more interesting than the compositions.

Jovius had a country-house, situated on a peninsula, bordered by the lake of Como. It was built on the ruins of the villa of Pliny, and in his time the foundations were still visible. When the surrounding lake was calm, the sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan, were still viewed in its lucid bosom. Jovius was the enthusiast of literature, and the leisure which it loves. He was an historian, with the imagination of a poet, and though a christian prelate, almost a worshipper of the sweet fictions of pagan mythology; and when his pen was kept pure from satire or adulation, to which it was too much accustomed, it becomes a pencil. He paints with rapture his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake; the shade and freshness of his woods; his green slopes, his sparkling fountains, the deep silence and calm of his solitude! A statue was raised in his gardens to Nature! In his hall stood a fine statue of Apollo, and the Muses around, with their attributes. His library was guarded by a Mercury, and there was an apartment adorned with Doric columns, and with pictures of the most pleasing subjects, dedicated to the Graces! Such was the interior! Without, the transparent lake here spread its broad mirror, and there was seen luminously winding by banks covered with olives and laurels; in the distance, towns, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatre, blushing with vines, and the first elevation of the Alps, covered with woods and pasture, and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

It was in a central spot of this enchanting habitation that a cabinet or gallery was erected, where Jovius had collected, with prodigal cost, the portraits of celebrated men; and it was to explain and describe the characteristics of those illustrious names that he had composed his eulogies. This collection became so remarkable, that the great men, his contemporaries, presented our literary collector with their own portraits, among whom the renowned Fernandez Cortes sent Jovius his before he died, and probably others who were less entitled to enlarge the collection; but it is equally probable that our caustic Jovius would throw them aside. Our historian had often to describe men more famous than virtuous; sovereigns, politicians,

* On a late inquiry it appears that this consecrated pane has been removed—and the relic is said to be preserved at Nuneham.

poets, and philosophers, men of all ranks, countries, and ages, formed a crowded scene of men of genius or of celebrity: sometimes a few lines compress their character, and sometimes a few pages excite his fondness. If he sometimes adulates the living, we may pardon the illusions of a contemporary; but he has the honour of satirizing some by the honest freedom of a pen which occasionally broke out into premature truths.

Such was the inspiration of literature and leisure which had embellished the abode of Jovius, and had raised in the midst of the lake of Como a cabinet of portraits; a noble tribute to those who are 'the salt of the earth.'

We possess prints of Rubens's house at Antwerp. That princely artist perhaps first contrived for his *studio* the circular apartment with a dome, like the rotunda of the Pantheon, where the light descending from an aperture or window at the top, sent down a single equal light,—that perfection of light which distributes its magical effects on the objects beneath. Bellori describes it, *una stanza rotunda con un solo occhio in cima;* the *solo occio* is what the French term *œil de bœuf;* we ourselves want this *single eye* in our technical language of art. This was his precious museum, where he had collected a vast number of books, which were intermixed with his marbles, statues, cameos, intaglios, and all that variety of the riches of art which he had drawn from Rome: but the walls did not yield in value; for they were covered by pictures of his own composition, or copies by his own hand, made at Venice and Madrid, of Titian and Paul Veronese. No foreigners, men of letters, or lovers of the arts, or even princes, would pass through Antwerp without visiting the house of Rubens, to witness the animated residence of genius, and the great man who had conceived the idea. Yet, great as was his mind, and splendid as were the habits of his life, he could not resist the entreaties, of the hundred thousand florins of our Duke of Buckingham, to dispose of this *studio.* The great artist could not, however, abandon for ever the delightful contemplations he was depriving himself of; and as substitutes for the miracles of art he had lost, he solicited and obtained leave to replace them by casts, which were scrupulously deposited in the places where the originals had stood.

Of this feeling of the local residences of genius, the Italians appear to have been, not perhaps more susceptible than other people, but more energetic in their enthusiasm. Florence exhibits many monuments of this sort. In the neighbourhood of *Santa Maria Novella,* Zimmerman has noticed a house of the celebrated Viviani, which is a singular monument of gratitude to his illustrious master Galileo. The front is adorned with the bust of this father of science, and between the windows are engraven accounts of the discoveries of Galileo; it is the most beautiful biography of genius! Yet another still more eloquently excites our emotions—the house of Michael Angelo: his pupils, in perpetual testimony of their admiration and gratitude, have ornamented it with all the leading features of his life; the very soul of this vast genius put in action: this is more than biography!—it is living as with a contemporary!

WHETHER ALLOWABLE TO RUIN ONESELF?

The political economist replies that it is!

One of our old dramatic writers, who witnessed the singular extravagance of dress among the modellers of fashion, our nobility, condemns their 'superfluous bravery,' echoing the popular cry,

> 'There are a sort of men, whose coining heads
> Are mints of all new fashions, that have done
> More hurt to the kingdom, by superfluous bravery
> Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war
> Or a long famine. All the treasure by
> This foul excess is got into the merchants',
> Embroiders', silk-mens', jewellers', taylors' hands,
> And the third part of the land too; the nobility
> Engrossing titles only.'

Our poet might have been startled at the reply of our political economist. If the nobility, in follies such as these, only preserved their 'titles,' while their 'lands' were dispersed among the industrious classes, the people were not sufferers. The silly victims ruining themselves by their excessive luxury, or their costly dress, as it appears some did, was an evil which, left to its own course, must check itself; if the rich did not spend, the poor would starve.—Luxury is the cure of that unavoidable evil in society—great inequality of fortune! Political economists therefore tell us, that any regulations would be ridiculous which, as Lord Bacon expresses it, should serve for the repressing of waste and excess by *sumptuary laws.*' Adam Smith is not only indignant at 'sumptuary laws,' but asserts, with a democratic insolence of style, that 'it is the highest impertinence and presumption in kings and ministers to pretend to watch over the economy of private people, and to restrain their expense by sumptuary laws. They are themselves always the greatest spendthrifts in the society: let them look well after their own expense, and they may safely trust private people with theirs. If their own extravagance does not ruin the state, that of their subjects never will.' We must therefore infer, that governments, by extravagance, may ruin a state, but that individuals enjoy the remarkable privilege of ruining themselves, without injuring society! Adam Smith afterwards distinguishes two sorts of luxury; the one, exhausting itself in 'durable commodities, as in buildings, furniture, books, statues, pictures,' will increase 'the opulence of a nation;' but of the other, wasting itself in dress and equipages, in frivolous ornaments, jewels, baubles, trinkets, &c, he acknowledges 'no trace or vestige would remain; and the effects of ten or twenty years' profusion would be as completely annihilated as if they had never existed.' There is, therefore a greater or lesser evil in this important subject of the opulent, unrestricted by any law, ruining his whole generation.

Where 'the wealth of nations' is made the solitary standard of its prosperity, it becomes a fertile source of errors in the science of morals; and the happiness of the individual is then too frequently sacrificed to what is called the prosperity of the state. If an individual, in the pride of luxury and selfism, annihilates the fortunes of his whole generation, untouched by the laws as a criminal, he leaves behind him a race of the discontented and the seditious, who having sunk in the scale of society, have to reascend from their degradation by industry and by humiliation; but for the work of industry their habits have made them inexpert; and to humiliation, their very rank presents a perpetual obstacle.

Sumptuary laws, so often enacted, and so often repealed, and always eluded, were the perpetual, but ineffectual, attempts of all governments to restrain what, perhaps, cannot be restrained—criminal folly! And to punish a man for having ruined himself would usually be to punish a most contrite penitent!

It is not surprising that before 'private vices were considered as public benefits,' the governors of nations instituted sumptuary laws—for the passion for pageantry, and an incredible prodigality in dress, were continually impoverishing great families—more equality of wealth has now rather subdued the form of private ruin than laid this evil domestic spirit. The incalculable expenditure, and the blaze of splendour, of our ancestors, may startle the incredulity of our *élegantes.* We find men of rank exhausting their wealth and pawning their castles, and then desperately issuing from them, heroes for a crusade, or brigands for their neighbourhood!—and this frequently from the simple circumstance of having for a short time maintained some gorgeous chivalric festival on their own estates, or from having melted thousands of acres into a cloth of gold; their sons were left to beg their bread on the estates which they were to have inherited.

It was when chivalry still charmed the world by the remains of its seductive splendours, towards the close of the fifteenth century, that I find an instance of this kind occurring in the *Pas de Sandricourt,* which was held in the neighbourhood of the *sieur* of that name. It is a memorable affair, not only for us curious inquirers after manners and morals, but for the whole family of the Sandricourts; for though the said sieur is now receiving the immortality we bestow on him, and *la dame,* who presided in that magnificent piece of chivalry, was infinitely gratified, yet for ever after was the lord of Sandricourt ruined—and all for a short, romantic three months!

This story of the chivalric period may amuse. A *pas d'armes,* though consisting of military exercises and deeds of gallantry, was a sort of festival distinct from a tournament. It signified a *pas* or passage to be contested by one or more knights against all comers. It was necessary that the road should be such that it could not be passed without encountering some guardian knight. The *chevaliers* who disputed the *pas* hung their blazoned shields on trees, pales, or posts raised for this purpose. The as-

pirants after chivalric honours would strike with their lance one of these shields, and when it rung it instantly summoned the owner to the challenge. A bridge or a road would sometimes serve for this military sport, for such it was intended to be, whenever the heat of the rivals proved not too earnest. The sieur of Sandricourt was a fine-dreamer of feasts of chivalry, and in the neighbourhood of his castle he fancied that he saw the very spot adapted for every game: there was one admirably fitted for the barrier of a tilting-match; another embellished by a solitary pine-tree; another which was called the meadow of the thorn; there was a *carrefour*, where, in four roads, four knights might meet; and, above all, there was a forest called *devoyable*, having no path, so favourable for errant knights, who might there enter for strange adventurers, and, as chance directed, encounter others as bewildered as themselves. Our chivalric Sandricourt found nine young *seigneurs* of the court of Charles the Eighth of France, who answered all his wishes. To sanction this glorious feat it was necessary to obtain leave from the king, and a herald of the Duke of Orleans to distribute the *cartel* or challenge all over France, announcing that from such a day, ten young lords would stand ready to combat, in those different places, in the neighbourhood of Sandricourt's *chateau*. The names of this flower of chivalry have been faithfully registered, and they were such as instantly to throw a spark into the heart of every lover of arms! The world of fashion, that is, the chivalric world, were set in motion. Four bodies of assailants soon collected, each consisting of ten combatants. The herald of Orleans having examined the arms of these gentlemen, and satisfied himself of their ancient lineage, and their military renown, admitted their claims to the proffered honour. Sandricourt now saw with rapture, the numerous shields of the assailants placed on the sides of his portals and corresponding with those of the challengers which hung above them. Ancient lords were elected judges of the feats of the knights, accompanied by the ladies, for whose honour only the combatants declared they engaged.

The herald of Orleans tells the history in no very intelligible verse; but the burden of his stanza is still

Du pas d'armes du chasteau Sandricourt.

He sings, or says,

'Oncques, depuis le temps du roi Artus,
Ne furent tant les armes exaulcées—
Maint chevaliers et preux entrepenans—
Princes plusieurs ont terre déplacées
Pour y venir donner coups, et poussées
Qui ont été là tenus si de court,
Que par force n'ont prises et passées
Les barrieres, entrées, et passées
Du pas des armes du chasteau Sandricourt.'

Doubtless, there, many a Roland met with his Oliver, and could not pass the barriers. Cased as they were in steel, *de pied en cap*, we presume that they could not materially injure themselves; yet, when on foot, the ancient judges discovered such symptoms of peril, that on the following day they advised our knights to satisfy themselves by fighting on horseback. Against this prudential counsel for some time they protested, as an inferior sort of glory. However, on the next day, the horse combat was appointed in the *carrefour*, by the pine-tree. On the following day they tried their lances in the meadow of the thorn; but, though on horseback, the judges deemed their attacks were so fierce, that this assault was likewise not without peril; for some horses were killed, and some knights were thrown, and lay bruised by their own mail; but the barbed horses, wearing only *des champfriens*, head-pieces magnificently caparisoned, found no protection in their ornaments. The last days were passed in combats of two to two, or in a single encounter, a-foot, in the *foret devoyable*. These jousts passed without any accident, and the prizes were awarded in a manner equally gratifying to the claimants. The last day of the festival was concluded with a most sumptuous banquet. Two noble knights had undertaken the humble office of *maitres d'hotel*; and while the knights were parading in the *foret devoyable*, seeking adventures, a hundred servants were seen at all points, carrying white and red hypocras, and juleps, and *sirop de violars*, sweetmeats, and other spiceries, to comfort these wanderers, who on returning to the *chasteau*, found a grand and plenteous banquet. The tables were crowded in the court-apartment, where some held one hundred and twelve gentlemen, not including the *dames* and the *damoiselles*. In the halls, and outside of the *chasteau*, were other tables. At that festival more than two thousand persons were magnificently entertained free of every expense; their attendants, their armourers, their *plumassiers*, and others, were also present. *La Dame de Sandricourt*, 'fut moult aise d'avoir donné dans son chasteau si belle, si magnifique, et gorgiasse fete.' Historians are apt to describe their personages as they appear, not as they are: if the lady of the Sieur Sandricourt really was 'moult aise' during these gorgeous days, one cannot but sympathize with the lady, when her loyal knight and spouse confessed to her, after the departure of the mob of two thousand visiters, neighbours, soldiers, and courtiers,—the knights challengers, and the knights assailants, and the fine scenes at the pine-tree; the barrier in the meadow of the thorn; and the horse-combat at the *carrefour*; and the jousts in the *foret devoyable*; the carousals in the castle-halls; the jollity of the banquet-tables, the moresco's danced till they were reminded 'How the waning night grew old!'—in a word, when the costly dream had vanished,—that he was a ruined man forever, by immortalizing his name in one grand chivalric festival! The Sieur de Sandricourt, like a great torch, had consumed himself in his own brightness; and the very land on which the famous *Pas de Sandricourt* was held—had passed away with it! Thus one man sinks generations by that wastefulness, which a political economist would assure us was committing no injury to society!—The moral evil goes for nothing in financial statements!

Similar instances of ruinous luxury we may find in the prodigal costliness of dress through the reign of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First. Not only in their massy grandeur they outweighed us, but the accumulation and variety of their wardrobe displayed such a gaiety of fancy in their colours and their ornaments, that the drawing-room in those days must have blazed at their presence, and changed colour as the crowd moved. But if we may trust to royal proclamations, the ruin was general among some classes. Elizabeth issued more than one proclamation against 'the excess of apparel!' and among other evils which the government imagined this passion for dress occasioned, it notices 'the wasting and undoing of a great number of young gentlemen, otherwise serviceable; and that others, seeking by show of apparel to be esteemed as gentlemen, and allured by the vain show of these things, not only consume their goods and lands, but also run into such debts and shifts, as they cannot live out of danger of laws, without attempting of unlawful acts.' The queen bids her own household 'to look unto it for good example to the realm; and all noblemen, archbishops and bishops, all mayors, justices of peace, &c, should see them executed in their private households.' The greatest difficulty which occurred to regulate the wear of apparel was ascertaining the incomes of persons, or, in the words of the proclamation, 'finding that it is very hard for any man's state of living and value to be truly understood by other persons.' They were to be regulated, as they appear 'sessed in the subsidy books.' But if persons chose to be more magnificent in their dress, they were allowed to justify their means: in that case, if allowed, her majesty would not be the loser; for they were to be rated in the subsidy books according to such values as they themselves offered as a qualification for the splendour of their dress!

In my researches among manuscript letters of the times, I have had frequent occasion to discover how persons of considerable rank appear to have carried their acres on their backs, and with their ruinous and fantastical luxuries sadly pinched their hospitality. It was this which so frequently cast them into the nets of 'the gold-smiths,' and other trading usurers. At the coronation of James the First, I find a simple knight whose cloak cost him five hundred pounds; but this was not uncommon. At the marriage of Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First, 'Lady Wotton had a gown of which the embroidery cost fifty pounds a yard. The Lady Arabella made four gowns, one of which cost 1500*l*. The Lord Montacute (Montague) bestowed 1500*l* in apparel for his two daughters. One lady, under the rank of baroness, was furnished with jewels exceeding one hundred thousand pounds: and the Lady Arabella goes beyond her,' says the letter-writer. 'All this extreme cost and riches makes us all poor,' as he imagined! I have been amused in observing grave writers of state-despatches jocular on any mischance or mortification to which persons are liable, whose happiness entirely depends on their dress. Sir Dudley Carle-

ton, our minister at Venice, communicates, as an article worth transmitting, the great disappointment incurred by Sir Thomas Glover, 'who was just come hither, and had appeared one day like a comet, all in crimson velvet and beaten gold, but had all his expectations marred on a sudden, by the news of Prince Henry's death.'

A similar mischance, from a different cause, was the lot of Lord Hay, who made great preparations for his embassy to France, which, however, were chiefly confined to his dress. He was to remain there twenty days; and the letter-writer maliciously observes, that 'He goes with twenty special suits of apparel for so many days' abode, besides his travelling robes; but news is very lately come that the French have lately altered their fashion, whereby he must needs be out of countenance, if he be not set out after the last edition!' To find himself out of fashion, with twenty suits for twenty days, was a mischance his lordship had no right to count on!

'The glass of fashion' was unquestionably held up by two very eminent characters, Rawleigh and Buckingham; and the authentic facts recorded of their dress, will sufficiently account for the frequent 'Proclamations' to control that servile herd of imitators—the smaller gentry!

There is a remarkable picture of Sir Walter, which will at least serve to convey an idea of the gaiety and splendour of his dress. It is a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white, and buff shoes with white ribbon. Oldys, who saw this picture, has thus described the dress of Rawleigh. But I have some important additions; for I find that Rawleigh's shoes on great court days were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of six thousand six hundred pounds; and that he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; whose value was not so easily calculated. Rawleigh had no patrimonial inheritance; at this moment he had on his back a good portion of a Spanish galleon, and the profits of a monopoly of trade he was carrying on with the newly-discovered Virginia. Probably he placed all his hopes in his dress! The virgin queen, when she issued proclamations against 'the excess of apparel,' pardoned, by her looks, that promise of a mine which blazed in Rawleigh's; and, parsimonious as she was, forgot the three thousand changes of dresses, which she herself left in the royal wardrobe.

Buckingham could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les dames de la cour!* for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. This was however, but for ordinary dances. 'He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and gems, could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword girdle, hat, and spurs.* In the masques and banquets with which Buckingham entertained the court, he usually expended, for the evening, from one to five thousand pounds. To others I leave to calculate the value of money; the sums of this gorgeous wastefulness, it must be recollected, occurred before this million age of ours.

If, to provide the means for such enormous expenditure, Buckingham multiplied the grievances of monopilies; if he pillaged the treasury for his eighty thousand pounds' coat; if Rawleigh was at length driven to his last desperate enterprise, to relieve himself of his creditors, for a pair of six the thousand pounds' shoes—in both these cases, as in that of chivalric Sandricourt, the political economist may perhaps acknowledge, that *there is a sort of luxury highly criminal.* All the arguments he may urge, all the statistical accounts he may calculate, and the healthful state of his circulating medium among 'the merchants, embroiderers, silkmen, and jewellers'—will not alter such a moral evil, which leaves an eternal taint in 'the wealth of nations!' It is the principle that 'private vices are public benefits,' and that men may be allowed to ruin their generations without committing any injury to society.

* The Jesuit Drexelius, in one of his religious dialogues, notices the fact; but I am referring to an Harleian manuscript, which confirms the information of the Jesuit.

DISCOVERIES OF SECLUDED MEN.

Those who are unaccustomed to the labours of the closet are unacquainted with the secret and silent triumphs obtained in the pursuits of studious men. That aptitude, which in poetry is sometimes called *inspiration*, in knowledge we may call *sagacity*; and it is probable, that the vehemence of the one does not excite more pleasure than the still tranquillity of the other: they are both, according to the strict signification of the Latin term from whence we have borrowed ours of *invention*, a finding out, the result of a combination which no other has formed but ourselves.

I will produce several remarkable instances of the felicity of this aptitude of the learned in making discoveries which could only have been effectuated by an uninterrupted intercourse with the objects of their studies, making things remote and dispersed familiar and present.

One of ancient date is better known to the reader than those I am preparing for him. When the magistrates of Syracuse were showing to Cicero the curiosities of the place, he desired to visit the tomb of Archimedes; but, to his surprise, they acknowledged that they knew nothing of any such tomb, and denied that it ever existed. The learned Cicero, convinced by the authorities of ancient writers, by the verses of the inscription which he remembered, and the circumstance of a sphere with a cylinder being engraven on it, requested them to assist him in the search. They conducted the illustrious but obstinate stranger to their most ancient burying ground: amidst the number of sepulchres, they observed a small column overhung with brambles—Cicero, looking on while they were clearing away the rubbish, suddenly exclaimed, 'Here is the thing we are looking for!' His eye had caught the geometrical figures on the tomb, and the inscription soon confirmed his conjecture. Cicero long after exulted in the triumph of this discovery.—'Thus!' he says, 'one of the noblest cities of Greece, and once the most learned, had known nothing of the monument of its most deserving and ingenious citizen, had it not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum!'

The great French antiquary Peiresc exhibited a singular combination of learning, patient thought, and luminous sagacity, which could restore an 'airy nothing' to 'a local habitation and a name.' There was found an amethyst, and the same afterwards occurred on the front of an ancient temple, a number of *marks*, or indents, which had long perplexed inquirers, more particularly as similar marks or indents were frequently observed in ancient monuments. It was agreed on, as no one could understand them, and all would be satisfied, that they were secret hieroglyphics. It occurred to Peiresc, that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened little *laminæ*, which represented so many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw lines from one hole to another; and he beheld the amethyst reveal the name of the sculptor, and the frieze of the temple the name of the God! This curious discovery has been since frequently applied; but it appears to have originated with this great antiquary, who by his learning and sagacity explained a supposed hieroglyphic, which had been locked up in the silence of seventeen centuries.*

Learned men, confined to their study, have often rectified the errors of travellers; they have done more, they have found out paths for them to explore, or opened seas for them to navigate. The situation of the vale of Tempe had been mistaken by modern travellers; and it is singular, observes the Quarterly Reviewer, yet not so singular as it appears to that elegant critic, that the only good directions for finding it had been given by a person who was never in Greece. Arthur Browne, a man of letters of Trinity College, Dublin—it is gratifying to quote an Irish philosopher and man of letters, from the extreme rarity of the character—was the first to detect the inconsistencies of Pococke and Busching, and to send future travellers to look for Tempe in its real situation, the defiles between Ossa and Olympus; a discovery subsequently realized.

* The curious reader may view the marks, and the manner in which the Greek characters were made out, in the preface to Hearne's 'Curious Discourses.' The amethyst proved more difficult than the frieze, from the circumstance, that in engraving on the stone the letters must be reversed.

When Dr Clarke discovered an inscription purporting that the pass of Tempe had been fortified by Cassius Longinus, Mr Walpole, with equal felicity, detected, in Cæsar's History of the Civil War, the name and the mission of this very person.

A living geographer, to whom the world stands deeply indebted, does not read Herodotus in the original; yet, by the exercise of his extraordinary aptitude, it is well known that he has often corrected the Greek historian, explained obscurities in a text which he never read, by his own happy conjectures, and confirmed his own discoveries by the subsequent knowledge which modern travellers have afforded.

Gray's perseverance in studying the geography of India and of Persia, at a time when our country had no immediate interests with those ancient empires, would have been placed by a cynical observer among the curious idleness of a mere man of letters. These studies were indeed prosecuted, as Mr Mathias observes, 'on the disinterested principles of liberal investigation, not on those of policy, nor of the regulation of trade, nor of the extension of empire, nor of permanent establishments, but simply and solely on the grand view of what is, and of what is past. They were the researches of a solitary scholar in academical retirement.' Since the time of Gray, these very pursuits have been carried on by two consummate geographers, Major Rennel and Dr Vincent, who have opened to the classical and the political reader all he wished to learn, at a time when India and Persia had become objects interesting and important to us. The fruits of Gray's learning, long after their author was no more, became valuable!

The studies of the 'solitary scholar' are always useful to the world, although they may not always be timed to its present wants; with him, indeed, they are not merely designed for this purpose. Gray discovered India for himself; but the solitary pursuits of a great student, shaped to a particular end, will never fail being useful to the world; though it may happen, that a century may elapse between the periods of the discovery and its practical utility.

Halley's version of an Arabic MS on a mathematical subject, offers an instance of the extraordinary sagacity I am alluding to; it may also serve as a demonstration of the peculiar and supereminent advantages possessed by mathematicians, observes Mr Dugald Stewart, in their fixed relations, which form the objects of their science, and the correspondent precision in their language and reasonings:—as matter of literary history, it is highly curious. Dr Bernard accidentally discovered in the Bodleian library an Arabic version of Apollonius *de Sectione Rationis*, which he determined to translate in Latin, but only finished about a tenth part. Halley, extremely interested by the subject, but with an entire ignorance of the Arabic language, resolved to complete the imperfect version! Assisted only by the manuscript which Bernard had left, it served him as a key for investigating the sense of the original; he first made *a list of those words* wherever they occurred, with the *train of reasoning* in which they were involved, to decipher, by these very slow degrees, the import of the context; till at last Halley succeeded in mastering the whole work, and in bringing the translation, without the aid of any one, to the form in which he gave it to the public; so that we have here a difficult work translated from the Arabic, by one who was in no manner conversant with the language, merely by the exertion of his sagacity!

I give the memorable account, as Boyle has delivered it, of the circumstances which led Harvey to the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

'I remember that when I asked our famous Harvey, in the only discourse I had with him, which was but a little while before he died, what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood? he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way, he was invited to think that so provident a cause as nature had not placed so many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent by the arteries and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way.'

The reason here ascribed to Harvey seems now so very natural and obvious, that some have been disposed to question his claim to the high rank commonly assigned to him among the improvers of science! Dr William Hunter has said, that after the discovery of the valves in the veins, which Harvey learned while in Italy from his master, Fabricius ab Aquapendente, the remaining step might easily have been made by any person of common abilities. 'This discovery,' he observes, 'set Harvey to work upon the use of the heart and vascular system in animals; and in the *course of some years*, he was so happy as to discover, and to prove beyond all possibility of doubt, the circulation of the blood.' He afterwards expresses his astonishment that this discovery should have been left for Harvey, though he acknowledges it occupied 'a course of years;' adding, that 'Providence meant to reserve it for *him*, and would not let men *see what was before them, nor understand what they read*. It is remarkable that when great discoveries are effected, their simplicity always seems to detract from their originality; on these occasions we are reminded of the egg of Columbus!

It is said that a recent discovery, which ascertains that the Niger empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, was really anticipated by the geographical acumen of a student at Glasgow, who arrived at the same conclusion by a most persevering investigation of the works of travellers and geographers, ancient and modern, and by an examination of African captives; and had actually constructed, for the inspection of government, a map of Africa, on which he had traced the entire course of the Niger from the interior.

Franklin *conjectured* the identity of lightning and of electricity, before he had *realized* it by decisive experiment. The kite being raised, a considerable time elapsed before there was any appearance of its being electrified. One very promising cloud had passed over it without any effect. Just as he was beginning to despair of his contrivance, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string to stand erect, and to avoid one another, just as if they had been suspended on a common conductor. Struck with this promising appearance, he immediately presented his knuckle to the key! And let the reader judge of the exquisite pleasure he must have felt at that moment when *the discovery was complete!* We owe to Priestly this admirable narrative—the strong sensation of delight which Franklin experienced as his knuckle touched the key, and at the moment when he felt that a new world was opening, might have been equalled, but it was probably not surpassed, when the same hand signed the long-disputed independence of his country!

When Leibnitz was occupied in his philosophical reasonings on his *Law of Continuity*, his singular sagacity enabled him to predict a discovery which afterwards was realized—he *imagined* the necessary existence of the polypus!

It has been remarked of Newton, that several of his slight hints, some in the modest form of queries, have been ascertained to be predictions, and among others that of the inflammability of the diamond; and many have been eagerly seized upon as indisputable axioms. A hint at the close of his optics, that 'If natural philosophy should be continued to be improved in its various branches, the bounds of moral philosophy would be enlarged also,' is, perhaps, among the most important of human discoveries—it gave rise to Hartley's *Physiological Theory of the Mind*. The queries, the hints, the conjectures of Newton, display the most creative sagacity; and demonstrate in what manner the discoveries of retired men, while they bequeath their legacies to the world, afford to themselves a frequent source of secret and silent triumphs.

SENTIMENTAL BIOGRAPHY.

A periodical critic, probably one of the juniors, has thrown out a startling observation. 'There is,' says this literary senator, 'something melancholy in the study of biography, because it is—a history of the dead!' A truism and a falsity mixed up together, is the temptation with some modern critics to commit that darling sin of theirs—novelty and originality! But we really cannot condole with the readers of Plutarch for their deep melancholy; we who feel our spirits refreshed amidst the mediocrity of society, when we are recalled back to the men and women who WERE! illustrious in every glory! Biography with us is a re-union with human existence in its most excellent state; and we find nothing dead in the past, while we retain the sympathies which only require to be awakened.

It would have been more reasonable had the critic discovered that our country has not yet had her Plutarch; and that our biography remains still little more than a mass of compilation.

In this study of biography there is a species which has not yet been distinguished—biographies composed by some domestic friend, or by some enthusiast who works with love. A term is unquestionably wanted for this distinct class. The Germans seem to have invented a platonic one, drawn from the Greek, *psyche*, or the soul; for they call this the *psychological life*. Another attempt has been made, by giving it the scientific term of *idiosyncracy*, to denote a peculiarity of disposition. I would call it *sentimental biography!*

It is distinct from a *chronological* biography, for it searches for the individual's feelings amidst the ascertained facts of his life; so that facts, which occurred remotely from each other, are here brought at once together. The detail of events which completes the chronological biography contains many which are not connected with the peculiarity of the character itself. The *sentimental* is also distinct from the *auto-biography*, however it may seem a part of it. Whether a man be entitled to lavish his panegyric on himself, I will not decide; but it is certain that he risks every thing by appealing to a solitary and suspected witness.

We have two lives of Dante, one by Boccaccio, and the other by Leonardo Aretino, both interesting; but Boccaccio's is the *sentimental life!*

Aretino, indeed, finds fault, but with all the tenderness possible, with Boccaccio's affectionate sketch, *Origine, Vita, Studi e Costumi del clarissimo* Dante, *&c.* 'Origin, Life, Studies, and Manners, of the illustrious Dante,' *&c.* 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that our Boccaccio, *dolcissimo e suavissimo uomo*, sweet and delightful man! has written the life and manners of this sublime poet, as if he had been composing the *Filocolo*, the *Filostrato*, or the *Fiametta*' the romances of Boccaccio—'for all breathes of love and sighs, and is covered with warm tears, as if a man were born in this world only to live among the enamoured ladies and the gallant youths of the ten amorous days of his hundred novels.'

Aretino, who wanted not all the feeling requisite for the delightful 'costumi e studi' of Boccaccio's Dante, modestly requires that his own life of Dante should be considered as a supplement to, not as a substitute for, Boccaccio's. Pathetic with all the sorrows, and eloquent with all the remonstrances of a fellow-citizen, Boccaccio while he wept, hung with anger over his country's shame in its apathy for the honour of its long-injured exile. Catching inspiration from the breathing pages of Boccaccio, it inclines one to wish that we possessed two biographies of an illustrious favourite character; the one strictly and fully historical, the other fraught with those very feelings of the departed, which we may have to seek in vain for, in the circumstantial and chronological biographer. Boccaccio, indeed, was overcome by his feelings. He either knew not, or he omits the substantial incidents of Dante's life; while his imagination throws a romantic tinge on occurrences raised on slight, perhaps on no foundation. Boccaccio narrates a dream of the mother of Dante so fancifully poetical, that probably Boccaccio forgot that none but a dreamer could have told it. Seated under a high laurel-tree, by the side of a vast fountain, the mother dreamed that she gave birth to her son; she saw him nourished by its fruit, and refreshed by the clear waters; she soon beheld him a shepherd; approaching to pluck the boughs, she saw him fall! When he rose he had ceased to be a man, and was transformed into a peacock! Disturbed by her admiration, she suddenly awoke; but when the father found that he really had a son, in allusion to the dream he called him Dante—or *given! e meritamente; perocchè ottimamente, siccome si vedrà procedendo, seguì al nome l'effetto;* 'and deservedly! for greatly, as we shall see, the effect followed the name!' At nine years of age, on a May-day, whose joyous festival Boccaccio beautifully describes, when the softness of the heavens re-adorning the earth with its mingled flowers, waved the green boughs, and made all things smile, Dante mixed with the boys and girls in the house of the good citizen who on that day gave the feast, beheld little Bricé, as she was familiarly called, but named Beatrice. The little Dante might have seen her before, but he loved her then, and from that day never ceased to love; and thus Dante *nella pargoletta era fatto d'amore ferventissimo servidore;* so fervent a servant to Love, in an age of childhood! Boccaccio appeals to Dante's own account of his long passion, and his constant sighs, in the *Vita Nuovo*. No look, no word, no sign, sullied the purity of his passion; but in her twenty-fourth year died 'la bellissima Beatrice.' Dante is then described as more than inconsolable; his eyes were long two abundant fountains of tears; careless of life, he let his beard grow wildly, and to others appeared a savage meagre man, whose aspect was so changed, that while this weeping life lasted, he was hardly recognised by his friends; all looked on a man so entirely transformed, with deep compassion. Dante, won over by those who could console the inconsolable, was at length solicited by his relations to marry a lady of his own condition in life; and it was suggested that as the departed lady had occasioned him such heavy griefs, the new one might open a source of delight. The relations and friends of Dante gave him a wife that his tears for Beatrice might cease.

It is supposed that this marriage proved unhappy. Boccaccio, like a pathetic lover rather than biographer, exclaims, '*Oh menti cieche! Oh tenebrosi intelletti! Oh argomenti vani di molti mortali quante sono le riuscite in assai cose contrarie a' nostri avvisi!* &c. Oh blind men! Oh dark minds! Oh vain arguments of most mortals, how often are the results contrary to our advice! Frequently it is like leading one who breathes the soft air of Italy to refresh himself in the eternal shades of the Rhodopean mountains. What physician would expel a burning fever with fire, or put in the shivering marrow of the bones snow and ice? So certainly shall it fare with him, who, with a new love, thinks to mitigate the old. Those who believe this know not the nature of love, nor how much a second passion adds to the first. In vain would we assist or advise this forceful passion, if it has struck its root near the heart of him who long has loved.'

Boccaccio has beguiled my pen for half an hour with all the loves and fancies which sprung out of his own affectionate and romantic heart. What airy stuff has he woven into the 'Vita' of Dante! this *sentimental biography!* Whether he knew but little of the personal history of the great man whom he idolized, or whether the dream of the mother—the May-day interview with the little Bricé, and the rest of the children—and the effusions on Dante's marriage, were grounded on tradition, one would not harshly reject such tender incidents.* But let it not be imagined that the heart of Boccaccio was only susceptible to amorous impressions—bursts of enthusiasm and eloquence, which only a man of genius is worthy of receiving, and only a man of genius is capable of bestowing—kindle the masculine patriotism of this bold, indignant spirit!

Half a century had elapsed since the death of Dante, and still the Florentines showed no sign of repentance for their ancient hatred of their persecuted patriot, nor any sense of the memory of the creator of their language, whose immortality had become a portion of their own glory. Boccaccio, impassioned by all his generous nature, though he regrets he could not raise a statue to Dante has sent down to posterity more than marble, in the 'life. I venture to give the lofty and bold apostrophe to his fellow-citizens; but I feel that even the genius of our language is tame by the side of the harmonized eloquence of the great votary of Dante!

'Ungrateful country! what madness urged thee, when thy dearest citizen, thy chief benefactor, thy only poet, with unaccustomed cruelty was driven to flight. If this had happened in the general terror of that time, coming from evil counsels, thou mightest stand excused; but when the passions ceased, didst thou repent? didst thou recall him? Bear with me, nor deem it irksome from me, who am thy son, that thus I collect what just indignation prompts me to speak, as a man more desirous of witnessing your amendment, than of beholding you punished! Seems it to you glorious, proud of so many titles and of such men, that the one whose like no neighbouring city can show, you have chosen to chase from among you?

* 'A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante,' in English, printed in Italy, has just reached me. I am delighted to find that this biography of Love, however romantic, is true! In his ninth year, Dante was a lover and a poet! The tender sonnet, free from all obscurity, which he composed on Beatrice, is preserved in the above singular volume. There can be no longer any doubt of the story of Beatrice; but the sonnet and the passion must be 'classed among curious natural phenomena,' or how far apocryphal, remains for future inquiry.

With what triumphs, with what valorous citizens are you splendid? Your wealth is a removable and uncertain thing; your fragile beauty will grow old; your delicacy is shameful and feminine; but these make you noticed by the false judgments of the populace! Do you glory in your merchants and your artists? I speak imprudently; but the one are tenaciously avaricious in their servile trades; and Art, which once was so noble, and became a second nature struck by the same avarice, is now as corrupted, and nothing worth! Do you glory in the baseness and the listlessness of those idlers, who, because their ancestors are remembered, attempt to raise up among you a nobility to govern you, ever by robbery, by treachery, by falsehood! Ah! miserable mother! open thine eyes; cast them with some remorse on what thou hast done, and blush, at least, reputed wise as thou art, to have had in your errors so fatal a choice! Why not rather imitate the acts of those cities who so keenly disputed merely for the honour of the birth-place of the divine Homer? Mantua, our neighbour, counts as the greatest fame which remains for her, that Virgil was a Mantuan! and holds his very name in such reverence, that not only in public places, but in the most private, we see his sculptured image! You only, while you were made famous by illustrious men, you only have shown no care for your great poet. Your Dante Alighieri died in exile, to which you unjustly, envious of his greatness, destined him! A crime not to be remembered, that the mother should bear an envious malignity to the virtues of a son! Now cease to be unjust! He cannot do you that, now dead, which living, he never did do to you! He lies under another sky than yours, and you never can see him again, but on that day, when all your citizens shall view him, and the great Remunerator shall examine, and shall punish! If anger, hatred, and enmity, are buried with a man, as it is believed, begin then to return to yourself; begin to be ashamed to have acted against your ancient humanity; begin, then, to wish to appear a mother, and not a cold negligent step-dame. Yield your tears to your son; yield your maternal piety to him whom once you repulsed, and, living, cast away from you! At least think of possessing him dead, and restore your citizenship, your award, and your grace, to his memory. He was a son who held you in reverence, and though long an exile, he always called himself, and would be called, a Florentine! He held you ever above all others; ever he loved you! What will you then do? Will you remain obstinate in iniquity? Will you practise less humanity than the barbarians? You wish that the world should believe that you are the sister of famous Troy, and the daughter of Rome; assuredly the children should resemble their fathers and their ancestors. Priam, in his misery, bought the corpse of Hector with gold; and Rome would possess the bones of the first Scipio, and removed them from Linternum, those bones, which, dying, so justly he had denied her. Seek then to be the true guardian of your Dante, claim him! show this humane feeling, claim him! you may securely do this: I am certain he will not be returned to you; but thus at once you may betray some mark of compassion, and, not having him again, still enjoy your ancient cruelty! Alas! what comfort am I bringing you! I almost believe, that if the dead could feel, the body of Dante would not rise to return to you, for he is lying in Ravenna, whose hallowed soil is every where covered with the ashes of saints. Would Dante quit this blessed company to mingle with the remains of those hatreds and iniquities which gave him no rest in life? The relics of Dante, even among the bodies of emperors and of martyrs, and of their illustrious ancestors, is prized as a treasure, for there his works are looked on with admiration; those works of which you have not yet known to make yourselves worthy. His birth-place, his origin, remains for you, spite of your ingratitude! and this, Ravenna envies you, while she glories in your honours which she has snatched from you through ages yet to come!'

Such was the deep emotion which opened Boccaccio's heart in this sentimental biography, and which awoke even shame and confusion in the minds of the Florentines: they blushed for their old hatreds, and, with awakened sympathies, they hastened to honour the memory of their great bard. By order of the city, the *Divina Commedia* was publicly read and explained to the people. Boccaccio, then sinking under the infirmities of age, roused his departing genius: still was there marrow in the bones of the aged lion, and he engaged in the task of composing his celebrated Commentaries on the *Divina Commedia*.

In this class of *sentimental biography* I would place a species which the historian Carte noticed in his literary travels on the continent, in pursuit of his historical design. He found, preserved among several ancient families of France, their domestic annals. 'With a warm, patriotic spirit, worthy of imitation, they have often carefully preserved in their families the acts of their ancestors.' This delight and pride of the modern Gauls in the great and good deeds of their ancestors, preserved in domestic archives, will be ascribed to their folly or their vanity; yet in that folly there may be so much wisdom, and in that vanity there may be so much greatness, that the one will amply redeem the other.

This custom has been rarely adopted among ourselves; we have, however, a few separate histories of some ancient families, as those of Mordaunt, and of Warren. One of the most remarkable is 'a genealogical history of the House of Yvery, in its different branches of Yvery, Luvel, Perceval, and Gournay.' Two large volumes, closely printed,* expatiating on the characters and events of a single family with the grave pomp of a herald, but more particularly the idolatry of the writer for ancient nobility, and his contempt for that growing rank in society whom he designates as 'New Men,' provoked the ridicule at least of the aspersed.† This extraordinary work, notwithstanding its absurdities in its general result, has left behind a deep impression. Drawn from the authentic family records, it is not without interest that we toil through its copious pages; we trace with a romantic sympathy the fortunes of the descendants of the House of Yvery, from that not-forgotten hero *le vaillant Perceval chevalier de la Table Ronde*, to the Norman Baron Asselin, surnamed the Wolf, for his bravery or his ferocity; thence to the Cavalier of Charles the First, Sir Philip Percival, who having gloriously defended his castle, was at length deprived of his lordly possessions, but never of his loyalty, and died obscurely in the metropolis, of a broken heart, till we reach the Polish Nobleman, the Lord Egmont of the Georges.

The nation has lost many a noble example of men and women acting a great part on great occasions, and then retreating to the shade of privacy; and we may be confident that many a name has not been inscribed on the roll of national glory only from wanting a few drops of ink! Such domestic annals may yet be viewed in the family records at Appleby Castle! Anne, Countess of Pembroke, was a glorious woman the descendant of two potent northern families, the Veteriponts and the Cliffords.—She lived in a state of regal magnificence and independence, inhabiting five or seven castles; yet though her magnificent spirit poured itself out in her extended charities, and though her independence mated that of monarchs, yet she herself, in her domestic habits, lived as a hermit in her own castles; and though only acquainted with her native language, she had cultivated her mind in many parts of learning; and as Donne, in his way, observes, 'she knew how to converse of every thing; from predestination to slea-silk.' Her favorite design was to have materials collected for the history of those two potent northern families to whom she was allied; and at a considerable expense she employed learned persons to make collections for this purpose, from the records in the Tower, the Rolls, and other depositories of manuscripts; Gilpin had seen three large volumes fairly transcribed. Anecdotes of a great variety of characters, who had exerted themselves on very important occasions, compose these family records—and induce one to wish that the public were in possession of

* This work was published in 1742, and the scarcity of these volumes was felt in Grange's day, for they obtained then the considerable price of four guineas; some time ago a fine copy was sold for thirty at a sale, and a cheap copy was offered to me at twelve guineas. These volumes should contain seventeen portraits. The first was written by Mr Anderson, who, dying before the second appeared, Lord Egmont, from the materials Anderson had left, concluded his family history—con amore.

† Mr Anderson, the writer of the first volume, was a feudal enthusiast: he has thrown out an odd notion that the commercial, or the wealthy class, had intruded on the dignity of the ancient nobility: but as wealth has raised such high prices for labour, commodities, &c, it had reached its ne plus ultra, and commerce could be carried on no longer! He has ventured on this amusing prediction. 'As it is, therefore, evident that new men will never rise again in any age with such advantages of wealth, at least in considerable numbers, their party will gradually decrease.'

such annals of the domestic life of heroes and of sages, who have only failed in obtaining an historian!*

A biographical monument of this nature, which has passed through the press, will sufficiently prove the utility of this class of *sentimental biography*. It is the life of Robert Price, a Welsh lawyer, and an ancestor of the gentleman whose ingenuity, in our days, has refined the principles of the Picturesque in Art. This life is announced as 'printed by the appointment of the family;' but it must not be considered merely as a tribute of private affection; and how we are at this day interested in the actions of a Welsh lawyer in the reign of William the Third, whose name has probably never been consigned to the page of history, remains to be told.

Robert Price, after having served Charles the Second, lived latterly in the eventful times of William the Third—he was probably of Tory principles, for on the arrival of the Dutch prince, he was removed from the attorney-generalship of Glamorgan. The new monarch has been accused of favouriteism, and of an eagerness in showering exorbitant grants on some of his foreigners, which soon raised a formidable opposition in the jealous spirit of Englishmen. The grand favourite, William Bentinck, after being raised to the Earldom of Portland, had a grant bestowed on him of three lordships, in the county of Denbigh. The patriot of his native country—a title which the Welsh had already conferred on Robert Price—then rose to assert the rights of his father-land, and his speeches are as admirable for their knowledge as their spirit. 'The submitting of 1500 freeholders to the will of a Dutch lord was,' as he sarcastically declared, 'putting them in a worse posture than their former estate, when under William the Conqueror and his Norman lords. England must not be tributary to strangers—we must, like patriots, stand by our country—otherwise, when God shall send us a Prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him, as a Pope did to King John, who was surnamed *sans terre*, and was by his father made Lord of Ireland, which grant was confirmed by the Pope, who sent him a crown of peacock's feathers, in derogation of his power, and the poverty of his country.' Robert Price asserted that the king could not, by the Bill of Rights, alien or give away the inheritance of a Prince of Wales, without the consent of parliament. He concluded a copious and patriotic speech, by proposing that an address be presented to the king to put an immediate stop to the grant now passing to the Earl of Portland for the lordships, &c.

This speech produced such an effect, that the address was carried unanimously; and the king, though he highly resented the speech of Robert Price, sent a civil message to the commons, declaring that he should not have given Lord Portland those lands, had he imagined the House of Commons could have been concerned; 'I will therefore recall the grant!' On receiving the royal message, Robert Price drew up a resolution to which the house assented, that 'to procure or pass exorbitant grants by any member of the privy council, &c, was a high crime and misdemeanor.' The speech of Robert Price contained truths too numerous and too bold to suffer the light during that reign; but his speech against foreigners was printed the year after King William's death, with this title '*Gloria Cambriæ*, or the speech of a bold Briton in parliament, against the Dutch prince of Wales,' with this motto, *Oppugnit et Vicit*. Such was the great character of Robert Price, that he was made a Welsh judge by the very sovereign whose favourite plans he had so patriotically thwarted.

Another marked event in the life of this English patriot was a second noble stand he made against the royal authority, when in opposition to the public good. The secret history of a quarrel between George the First and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, on the birth of a son, appears in this life; and when the prince in disgrace left the palace, his royal highness proposed taking his children and the princess with him; but the king detained the children, claiming the care of the royal offspring as a royal prerogative. It now became a legal point to ascertain 'whether the education of his majesty's grandchildren, and the care of their marriages, &c, belonged of right to his majesty as king of this realm, or not?' Ten of the judges obsequiously allowed of the prerogative to the full. Robert Price and another judge decided that the education, &c, was the right of the father, although the marriages was that of his majesty as king of this realm, yet not exclusive of the prince, their father. He assured the king, that the ten obsequious judges had no authority to support their precipitate opinion; all the books and precedents cannot form a prerogative for the king of this realm to have the care and education of his grandchildren during the life and without the consent of their father—a prerogative unknown to the laws of England! He pleads for the rights of a father, with the spirit of one who feels them, as well as with legal science, and historical knowledge.

Such were the two great incidents in the life of this Welsh judge! Yet had the family not found one to commemorate these memorable events in the life of their ancestor, we had lost the noble picture of a constitutional interpreter of the laws, an independent country gentleman, and an Englishman jealous of the excessive predominance of ministerial or royal influence.

Cicero, and others, have informed us that the ancient history of Rome itself was composed out of such accounts of private families, to which, indeed, we must add those annals or registers of public events which unquestionably were preserved in the archives of the Temples by the Priests. But the history of the individual may involve public interest, whenever the skill of the writer combines with the importance of the event. Messala, the orator, gloried in having composed many volumes of the genealogies of the Nobility of Rome; and Atticus wrote the genealogy of Brutus, to prove him descended from Junius Brutus the expulsor of the Tarquins, and founder of the Republic, near five hundred years before.

Another class of this *sentimental biography* was projected by the late Elizabeth Hamilton. This was to have consisted of a series of what she called *comparative biography*, and an ancient character was to have been paralleled by a modern one. Occupied by her historical romance with the character of *Agrippina*, she sought in modern history for a partner of her own sex, and 'one who, like her, had experienced vicissitudes of fortune;' and she found no one better qualified than the princess palatine, *Elizabeth the daughter of James the First*. Her next life was to have been that of *Seneca*, with the scenes and persons of which her life of Agrippina had familiarized her;' and the contrast or the parallel was to have been *Locke*; which, well managed, she thought, would have been sufficiently striking. It seems to me, that it would rather have afforded an evidence of her invention! Such a biographical project reminds one of Plutarch's Parallels, and might incur the danger of displaying more ingenuity than truth. The sage of Cheronea must often have racked his invention to help out his parallels, bending together to make them similar, the most unconnected events and the most distinct feelings; and, to keep his parallels in two straight lines, he probably made a free use of augmentatives and diminutives to help out his pair, who might have been equal, and yet not alike!

Our Father-land is prodigal of immortal names, or names which might be made immortal; Gibbon once contemplated with complacency, the very ideal of Sentimental Biography, and, we may regret that he has only left the project! 'I have long revolved in my mind a volume of biographical writing; the lives or rather the characters of the most eminent persons in arts and arms, in church and state, who have flourished in Britain, from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present age. The subject would afford a rich display of human nature and domestic history, and powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman.'

LITERARY PARALLELS.

An opinion on this subject in the preceding article has led me to a further investigation. It may be right to acknowledge that so attractive is this critical and moral amusement of comparing great characters with one another, that, among others, Bishop Hurd once proposed to write *a book of Parallels*, and has furnished a specimen in that of Petrarch and Rousseau, and intended for another that of Erasmus with Cicero. It is amusing to observe how a lively and subtile mind can strike out resemblances, and make contraries accord, and at the same time it may show the pinching difficulties through which a parallel is pushed, till it ends in a paradox.

Hurd says of Petrarch and Rousseau—'Both were impelled by an equal enthusiasm, though directed towards

* Much curious matter about the old Countess of Westmoreland and her seven castles may be found in Whitaker's history of Craven, and in Pennant.

different objects: Petrarch's towards the glory of the Roman name, Rousseau's towards his idol of a state of nature; the one religious, the other *un esprit fort;* but may not Petrarch's spite to Babylon be considered, in his time, as a species of free-thinking'—and concludes, that 'both were mad, but of a different nature.' Unquestionably there were features much alike, and almost peculiar to these two literary characters; but I doubt if Hurd has comprehended them in the parallel.

I now give a specimen of those parallels which have done so much mischief in the literary world, when drawn by a hand which covertly leans on one side. An elaborate one of this sort was composed by Longolius or Longueil, between Budæus and Erasmus.* This man, though of Dutch origin, affected to pass for a Frenchman, and, to pay his court to his chosen people, gives the preference obliquely to the French Budæus; though, to make a show of impartiality, he acknowledges that Francis the First had awarded it to Erasmus; but probably he did not infer that kings were the most able reviewers! This parallel was sent forth during the lifetime of both these great scholars, who had long been correspondents, but the publication of the parallel interrupted their friendly intercourse. Erasmus returned his compliments and thanks to Longolius, but at the same time insinuates a gentle hint that he was not over-pleased. 'What pleases me most,' Erasmus writes, 'is the just preference you have given Budæus over me; I confess you are even too economical in your praise of him, as you are too prodigal in mine. I thank you for informing me what it is the learned desire to find in me; my self-love suggests many little excuses, with which, you observe, I am apt *to favour my defects.* If I am careless, it arises partly from my ignorance, and more from my indolence; I am so constituted, that I cannot conquer my nature; I precipitate rather than compose, and it is far more irksome for me to revise than to write.'

This parallel between Erasmus and Budæus, though the parallel itself was not of a malignant nature, yet disturbed the quiet, and interrupted the friendship of both. When Longolius discovered that the Parisian surpassed the Hollander in Greek literature and the knowledge of the civil law, and wrote more learnedly and laboriously, how did this detract from the finer genius and the varied erudition of the more delightful writer? The parallist compares Erasmus to 'a river swelling its waters and often overflowing its banks; Budæus rolled on like a majestic stream, ever restraining its waves within its bed. The Frenchman has more nerve and blood, and life, and the Hollander more fulness, freshness, and colour.'

This taste for *biographical parallels* must have reached us from Plutarch; and there is something malicious in our nature which inclines us to form *comparative estimates,* usually with a view to elevate one great man at the cost of another, whom we would secretly depreciate. Our political parties at home have often indulged in these fallacious parallels, and Pitt and Fox once balanced the scales, not by the standard weights and measures which ought to have been used, but by the adroitness of the hand that pressed down the scale. In literature these comparative estimates have proved most prejudicial. A finer model exists not than the *parallel of Dryden and Pope,* by Johnson; for without designing any undue preference, his vigorous judgment has analyzed them by his contrasts, and has rather shown their distinctness than their similarity. But literary *parallels* usually end in producing *parties;* and, as I have elsewhere observed, often originate in undervaluing one man of genius, for his deficiency in some eminent quality possessed by the other man of genius; they not unfrequently proceed from adverse tastes, and are formed with the concealed design of establishing some favourite one. The world of literature has been deeply infected with this folly. Virgil probably was often vexed in his days by a parallel with Homer, and the *Homerians* combated with the *Virgilians.* Modern Italy was long divided into such literary sects: a perpetual skirmishing is carried on between the *Ariostoists* and the *Tassoists;* and feuds as dire as those between two Highland clans were raised concerning the *Petrarchists* and the *Chiabrerists.* Old *Corneille* lived to bow his venerable genius before a parallel with *Racine;* and no one has suffered more unjustly by such arbitrary criticisms than *Pope,* for a strange unnatural civil war has often been renewed between the *Drydenists* and the *Popists.* Two men of great genius should never be depreciated by the misapplied ingenuity of a parallel; on such occasions we ought to conclude, that they are *magis pares quam similes.*

* It is noticed by Jortin, in his Life of Erasmus, vol. I, p. 160.

THE PEARL BIBLES, AND SIX THOUSAND ERRATA.

As a literary curiosity, I notice a subject which might rather enter into the history of religion. It relates to the extraordinary state of our English Bibles, which were for some time suffered to be so corrupted that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errata!

These errata unquestionably were in great part voluntary commissions, passages interpolated, and meanings forged for certain purposes; sometimes to sanction the new creed of a half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all scriptural authority by a confusion, or an omission of texts—the whole was left open to the option or the malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine-merchants, contrived to accommodate 'the waters of life' to their customers' peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in a form as contracted as they possibly could for the common people; and they proceeded till it nearly ended with having no bible at all: and, as Fuller, in his 'Mixt Contemplations on better Times,' alluding to this circumstance, with not one of his lucky quibbles, observes, 'The *small price* of the Bible hath caused the *small prizing* of the Bible.'

This extraordinary attempt on the English Bible began even before Charles the First's dethronement, and probably arose from an unusual demand for Bibles, as the sectarian fanaticism was increasing. Printing of English Bibles, was an article of open trade; every one printed at the lowest price, and as fast as their presses would allow. Even those who were dignified as 'his Majesty's Printers' were among these manufacturers; for we have an account of a scandalous omission by them of the important negative in the seventh commandment! the printers were summoned before the court of High Commission, and this cost served to bind them in a fine of three thousand pounds. A prior circumstance, indeed, had occurred, which induced the government to be more vigilant on the Biblical press. The learned Usher, one day hastening to preach at Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers as booksellers were then called, and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror, he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the king of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press; and, says the manuscript writer of this anecdote, first bred that great contest which followed, between the University of Cambridge and the London stationers, about the right of printing Bibles.*

The secret bibliographical history of these times would show the extraordinary state of the press in this new trade of Bibles. The writer of a curious pamphlet exposes the combination of those called the king's printers, with their contrivances to keep up the prices of Bibles; their correspondences with the book-sellers of Scotland and Dublin, by which means they retained the privilege in their own hands; the king's *London* printers got Bibles printed cheaper at Edinburgh. In 1629, when folio Bibles were wanted, the Cambridge printers sold them at ten shillings in quires; on this the Londoners set six printing houses at work, and, to annihilate the Cambridgians printed a similar *folio* Bible, but sold with it five hundred *quarto* Roman Bibles, and five hundred *quarto* English, at five shillings a book; which proved the ruin of the folio Bibles, by keeping them down under the cost price. Another competition arose among those who printed English Bibles in Holland, in *duodecimo,* with an English colophon, for half the price even of the lowest in London. Twelve thousand of these *duodecimo* Bibles, with notes, fabricated in Holland, usually by our fugitive sectarians, were seized by the king's printers, as contrary to the statute.† Such was this shameful war of Bibles—folios, quartos, and duodecimos, even in the days of Charles the First. The public spirit of the rising sects was the real occasion of these increased demands for Bibles.

* Harl. MS, 6395.

† Scintilla, or a Light broken into darke Warehouses of some Printers, sleeping Stationers, and combining Booksellers; in which is only a touch of their forestalling and ingrossing of Books in Patents, and raysing them to excessive prices. Left to the consideration of the high and honourable House of Parliament, now assembled. London: No where to be sold, but some where to be given. 1641.'

During the civil wars they carried on the same open trade and competition, besides the private ventures of the smuggled Bibles. A large impression of these Dutch English Bibles were burnt by order of the Assembly of Divines, for these *three errors*:—

Gen. xxxvi, 24.—This is that *ass* that found rulers in the wilderness—for *mule*.

Ruth iv, 13.—The Lord gave her *corruption*—for *conception*.

Luke xxi, 28.—Look up and lift up your hands, for your *condemnation* draweth nigh—for *redemption*.

These errata were none of the printers; but, as a writer of the times expresses it, 'egregious blasphemies, and damnable errata' of some sectarian, or some Bellamy editor of that day!

The printing of Bibles at length was a privilege conceded to one William Bentley; but he was opposed by Hills and Field; and a paper war arose, in which they mutually recriminated on each other, with equal truth.

Field printed in 1653 what was called the Pearl Bible; alluding, I suppose, to that diminutive type in printing, for it could not derive its name from its worth. It is a twenty-fours; but to contract the mighty book into this dwarfishness, all the original Hebrew texts prefixed to the Psalms, explaining the occasion and the subject of their composition, is wholly expunged. This Pearl Bible, which may be inspected among the great collection of our English Bibles at the British Museum, is set off by many notable *errata*, of which these are noticed:—

Romans vi, 13.—Neither yield ye your members as instruments of *righteousness* unto sin—for *unrighteousness*.

First Corinthians vi, 9.—Know ye not the unrighteous *shall inherit* the kingdom of God?—for *shall not inherit*.

This *erratum* served as the foundation of a dangerous doctrine; for many libertines urged the text from this corrupt Bible, against the reproofs of a divine.

This Field was a great forger; and it is said that he received a present of 1500*l* from the *independents* to corrupt a text in Acts vi, 3, to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. The corruption was the easiest possible; it was only to put a *ye* instead of a *we*; so that the right in Field's Bible emanated from the people, not from the apostles. The only account I recollect of this extraordinary state of our Bibles is a happy allusion in a line of Butler:—

> Religion spawn'd a various rout
> Of petulant, capricious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts.

In other Bibles by Hills and Field we may find such abundant errata, reducing the text to nonsense or to blasphemy, making the Scriptures contemptible to the multitude, who came to pray, and not to scorn.

It is affirmed, in the manuscript account already referred to, that one Bible swarmed with *six thousand faults!* Indeed, from another source we discover that 'Sterne, a solid scholar, who was the first who summed up the *three thousand and six hundred* faults, that were in our printed Bibles of London.* If one book can be made to contain near four thousand errors, little ingenuity was required to reach to six thousand: but perhaps this is the first time so remarkable an incident in the history of literature has ever been chronicled. And that famous edition of the Vulgate by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, a memorable book of blunders, which commands such high prices, ought now to fall in value, before the Pearl Bible, in twenty-fours, of Messrs Hills and Field!

Mr Field, and his worthy coadjutor, seem to have carried the favour of the reigning powers over their opponents; for I find a piece of their secret history. They engaged to pay 500*l* per annum to some, 'whose names I forbear to mention,' warily observes the manuscript writer; and above 100*l* per annum to Mr *Marchmont Needham and his wife*, out of the profits of the sales of their Bibles; deriding, insulting, and triumphing over others, out of their confidence in their great friends and purse, as if they were lawless and free, both from offence and punishment.† This Marchmont Needham is sufficiently notorious, and his secret history is probably true; for in a Mercurius Politicus of this unprincipled Cobbett of his day, I found an elaborate puff of an edition, published by the annuity-grantor to this Worthy and his Wife!

* G Garrard's Letter to the Earl of Strafford, Vol. I, p. 208.

† Harl. MS. 7580.

Not only had the Bible to suffer these indignities of size and price, but the Prayer-book was once printed in an illegible and worn out type; on which the printer being complained of, he stoutly replied, that 'it was as good as the price afforded; and being a book which all persons ought to have by heart, it was no matter whether it was read or not, so that it was worn out in their hands.' The puritans seem not to have been so nice about the source of purity itself.

These hand-bibles of the sectarists, with their six thousand errata, like the false Duessa, covered their crafty deformity with a fair raiment; for when the great Selden, in the assembly of divines, delighted to confute them in their own learning, he would say, as Whitelock reports, when they had cited a text to prove their assertion, 'Perhaps in your little pocket-bible with gilt leaves,' which they would often pull out and read, 'the translation may be so, but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies this.'

While these transactions were occurring, it appears that the authentic translation of the Bible, such as we now have it, by the learned translators in James the First's time, was suffered to lie neglected. The copies of the original manuscript were in the possession of two of the king's printers, who, from cowardice, consent, and connivance, suppressed the publication; considering that a Bible full of errata, and often, probably, accommodated to the notions of certain sectarists, was more valuable than one authenticated by the hierarchy! Such was the state of the English Bible till 1660.*

The proverbial expression of *chapter and verse* seems peculiar to ourselves, and, I suspect, originated in the puritanic period, probably just before the civil wars under Charles the First, from the frequent use of appealing to the Bible on the most frivolous occasions, practised by those whom South calls 'those mighty men at *chapter and verse*.' With a sort of religious coquetry, they were vain of perpetually opening their gilt pocket Bibles; they perked them up with such self-sufficiency and perfect ignorance of the original, that the learned Selden found considerable amusement in going to their 'assembly of divines,' and puzzling or confuting them, as we have noticed. A ludicrous anecdote on one of these occasions is given by a contemporary, which shows how admirably that learned man amused himself with this 'assembly of divines!' They were discussing the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, with a perfect ignorance of sacred or of ancient geography; one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be only seven, for this strange reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market! Seldon observed, that 'possibly the fish in question was salted,' and silenced these acute disputants.

It would probably have greatly discomposed these 'chapter and verse' men, to have informed them that the Scriptures had neither chapter nor verse! It is by no means clear how the holy writings were anciently divided, and still less how quoted or referred to. The honour of the invention of the present arrangement of the Scriptures is ascribed to Robert Stephens, by his son, in the preface to his Concordance, a task which he performed during a journey on horseback from Paris to London, in 1551; and whether it was done as Yorick would in his Shandean manner lounging on his mule, or at his intermediate baits, he has received all possible thanks for this employment of his time. Two years afterwards he concluded with the Bible. But that the honour of every invention may be disputed, Sanctus Pagninus's Bible, printed at Lyons in 1527, seems to have led the way to these convenient divisions; Stephens however improved on Pagninus's mode of paragraphical marks and marginal verses; and our present 'chapter and verse,' more numerous and more commodiously numbered, were the project of this learned printer, to *recommend his edition of the Bible*; trade and learning were once combined! Whether in this arrangement any disturbance of the continuity of the text has followed, is a subject not fitted for my inquiry.

VIEW OF A PARTICULAR PERIOD OF THE STATE OF RELIGION IN OUR CIVIL WARS.

Looking over the manuscript diary of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, I was struck by a picture of the domestic religious life which at that period was prevalent among families. Sir Symonds was a sober antiquary, heated with no

* See the London Printers' Lamentation on the Press oppressed, Harl. Coll. III. 280.

fanaticism, yet I discovered in his Diary that he was a visionary in his constitution, macerating his body by private fasts, and spiritualizing in search of *secret signs*. These ascetic penances were afterwards succeeded in the nation, by an era of hypocritical sanctity; and we may trace this last stage of insanity and of immorality, closing with impiety. This would be a dreadful picture of religion, if for a moment we supposed that it were *religion*; that consolatory power which has its source in our feelings, and according to the derivation of its expressive term, *binds men together*. With us it was sectarism, whose origin and causes we shall not now touch on, which broke out into so many monstrous shapes, when every pretended reformer was guided by his own peculiar fancies: we have lived to prove that folly and wickedness are rarely obsolete.

The age of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who lived through the times of Charles the First, was religious; for the character of this monarch had all the seriousness and piety not found in the *bonhommie*, and careless indecorums of his father, whose manners of the Scottish court were moulded on the gaities of the French, from the ancient intercourse of the French and Scottish governments. But this religious age of Charles the First presents a strange contrast with the licentiousness which subsequently prevailed among the people; there seems to be a secret connexion between a religious and an irreligious period; the levity of popular feeling is driven to and fro by its reaction; when man has been once taught to contemn his mere humanity, his abstract fancies open a secret by-path to his presumed salvation; he wanders till he is lost—he trembles till he dotes in melancholy—he raves till Truth itself is no longer immutable. The transition to a very opposite state is equally rapid and vehement. Such is the history of man when his Religion is founded on misdirected feelings, and such too is the reaction so constantly operating in all human affairs.

The writer of this diary did not belong to those nonconformists who arranged themselves in hostility to the established religion and political government of our country. A private gentleman and a phlegmatic antiquary, Sir Symonds withal was a zealous Church-of England protestant. Yet amidst the mystical allusions of an age of religious controversies, we see these close in the scenes we are about to open, and find this quiet gentleman tormenting himself and his lady, by watching for 'certain *evident marks* and *signs of an assurance* for a better life;' with I know not how many distinct sorts of 'Graces.'

I give an extract from the manuscript diary.

'I spent this day chiefly in *private fasting*, prayer, and other religious exercises. This was the first time that I ever practised this duty, having always before declined it, by reason of the papists' superstitious abuses of it. I had partaken formerly of *public fasts*, but never knew the use and benefit of the same duty performed alone in secret, or with others of mine own family in private. In these particulars, I had my knowledge much enlarged by the religious converse I enjoyed at Albury-Lodge, for there also I shortly after entered upon *framing an evidence of marks and signs for my assurance of a better life*.

'I found much benefit of my *secret fasting*, from a learned discourse on fasting by Mr Henry Mason, and observed his rule, that Christians ought to sit sometimes apart for their ordinary humiliation and fasting, and so intend to continue the same course as long as my health will permit me. Yet did I vary the times and duration of my fasting. At first, before I had finished *the marks and signs of my assurance of a better life, which scrutiny and search cost me some three-score days of fasting*, I performed it some times twice in the space of five weeks, then once each month, or a little sooner or later, and then also I sometimes ended the duties of the day, and took some little food about three of the clock in the afternoon. But for divers years last past, I constantly abstained from all food the whole day. I fasted till supper-time, about six in the evening, and spent ordinarly about eight or nine hours in the performance of religious duties; one part of which was *prayer and confession of sins*, to which end I wrote down *a catalogue of all my known sins*, orderly. These were all sins of *infirmity*; for, through God's grace, I was so far from allowing myself in the practice and commission of any *actual* sin, as I durst not take upon me any *controversial sins*, as usury, carding, dicesing, mixt dancing, and the like, because I was in mine own judgment persuaded they were unlawful. Till I had finished my *assurance* first in English and afterwards in Latin, with a large and elaborate preface in Latin also to it; I spent a great part of the day at that work, &c.

'Saturday, December 1, 1627, I devoted my usual course of *secret feasting*, and drew divers *signs of my assurance of a better life*, from the *grace* of repentance, having before gone through the *graces* of knowledge, faith, hope, love, zeal, patience, humility, and joy; and drawing several marks from them on like days of humiliation for the greater part. My dear wife beginning also to draw *most certain signs* of her own future happiness after death from *several graces*.

'January 19, 1628.—Saturday I spent in secret humiliation and fastings, and finished *my whole assurance to a better life*, consisting of three score and four signs, or marks drawn from *several graces*. I made some small alterations in those signs afterwards; and when I turned them into the Latin tongue, I enriched the margent with further *proofs and authorities*. I found much comfort and reposedness of spirit from them, which shows the devilish sophisms of the papists, anabaptists, and pseudo-Lutherans, and profane atheistical men, who say that *assurance* brings forth presumption, and a careless wicked life. True when men pretend to the end, and not use the means.

'My wife joined with me in a private day of *fasting* and drew *several signs and marks by my help and assistance, for her assurance to a better life*.'

This was an era of religious diaries, particularly among the non-conformists; but they were, as we see, used by others. Of the Countess of Warwick, who died in 1678, we are told, that 'She kept a diary, and took counsels with two persons, whom she called her *soul's friends*.' She called prayers *heart's ease*, for, such she found them. 'Her own lord, knowing her *hours of prayers*, once conveyed a goodly minister into *a secret place* within hearing, who, being a man very able to judge, much admired her humble fervency; for in praying she prayed; but when she did not with an audible voice, her sighs and groans might be heard at a good distance from the closet.' We are not suprised to discover this practice of religious diaries among the more puritanic sort; what they were we may gather from this description of one. Mr John Janeway 'kept a diary, in which he wrote down *every evening* what the *frame of his spirit* had been *all that day*: he took notice what *incomes* he had, what *profit* he received in his spiritual traffic; what *returns* came from that far country; what *answers* of prayer, what deadness and flatness of spirit,' *&c.* And so we find of Mr. John Carter, that 'He kept a *day-book* and *cast up his accounts* with God every day.'* To such wordly notions had they humiliated the spirit of religion; and this style, and this mode of religion, has long been continued among us, even among men of superior acquisitions; as witness the 'Spiritual Diary and Soliloques' of a learned physician within our own times, Dr. Rutty, which is a great curiosity of the kind.

Such was the domestic state of many well meaning families they were rejecting with the utmost abhorrence every resemblance to what they called the idolatry of Rome, while, in fact, the gloom of the monastic cell was seething over the houses of these melancholy puritans. Private fasts were more than ever practised; and a lady said to be eminent for her genius and learning, who outlived this era, declared that she had nearly lost her life through a prevalent notion that *no fat person could get to Heaven*; and thus spoiled and wasted her body through excessive fastings. A quaker, to prove the text that 'Man shall not live *by bread alone*, but by the word of God,' persisted in refusing his meals. The literal text proved for him a dead letter, and this practical commentator died by a metaphor. This quaker, however was not the only victim to the letter of the text; for the famous Origen, by interpreting in too literal a way the 12th verse of the 19th of St Matthew, which alludes to those persons who become eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven with his own hands armed himself, against himself, as is sufficiently known. '*Retournons a nos moutons!*' The parliament afterwards had both periodical and occasional fasts; and Charles the First opposed 'the hypocritical fast of every Wednesday in the month by appointing one for the second Friday:' the two unhap-

* The Lives of sundry eminent Persons in this later Age; by Samuel Clarke. Fo 1683. A rare volume, with curious portraits.

py parties, who were hungering and thirsting for each other's blood, were fasting in spite one against the other!

Without inquiring into the causes, even if we thought that we could ascertain them, of that frightful dissolution of religion which so long prevailed in our country, and of which the very corruption it has left behind still breeds in monstrous shapes, it will be sufficient to observe, that the destruction of the monarchy and the ecclesiastical order was a moral earthquake, overturning all minds, and opening all changes. A theological logomachy was substituted by the sullen and proud ascetics who ascended into power. These, without wearying themselves, wearied all others, and triumphed over each other by their mutual obscurity. The two great giants in this theological war were the famous Richard Baxter and Dr Owen. They both wrote a library of books; but the endless controversy between them was the extraordinary and incomprehensible subject, whether the death of Christ was *solutio ejusdem*, or only *tantundem*; that is, whether it was a payment of the very thing, which by law we ought to have paid, or of something held by God to be equivalent. Such was the point on which this debate between Owen and Baxter, lasted without end.

Yet these metaphysical absurdities were harmless, compared to what was passing among the more hot fanatics, who were for acting the wild fancies which their melancholy brains engendered; men, who from the places into which they had thrust themselves, might now be called 'the higher orders of society!' These two parties alike sent forth an evil spirit to walk among the multitude.—Every one would become his own law-maker, and even his own prophet; the meanest aspired to give his name to his sect. All things were to be put into motion according to the St. Vitus's dance of the last new saint. 'Away with the Law! which cuts off a man's legs and then bids him walk!' cried one from his pulpit. 'Let believers sin as fast as they will, they have a fountain open to wash them,' declared another teacher. We had the *Brownists*, from Robert Brown, the *Vanents*, from Sir Harry Vane, then we sink down to Mr Traske, Mr Wilkinson, Mr Robinson, and H. N., or Henry Nicholas, of the Family of Love, besides Mrs Hutchinson, and the Grindletonian family, who preferred 'motions to motives,' and conveniently assumed, that 'their spirit is not to be tried by the Scripture, but the Scripture by their spirit.' Edwards, the author of 'Gangræna,' the adversary of Milton, whose work may still be preserved for its curiosity, though immortalized by the scourge of genius, has furnished a list of about two hundred of such sects in these times. A divine of the Church of England observed to a great secretary, 'You talk of the idolatry of Rome; but each of you, whenever you have made and set up a calf, will dance about it.'

This confusion of religions, if, indeed, these pretended modes of faith could be classed among religions, disturbed the consciences of good men, who read themselves in and out of their vacillating creed. It made, at last, even one of the puritans themselves, who had formerly complained that they had not enjoyed sufficient freedom under the bishops, cry out against 'this cursed intolerable intoleration.' And the fact is, that when the presbyterians had fixed themselves into the government, they published several treatises against toleration! The parallel between these wild notions of reform, and those of another character, run closely together. About this time well-meaning persons, who were neither enthusiasts from the ambition of founding sects, nor of covering their immorality by their impiety, were infected with the *religiosa insania*. One case may stand for many. A Mr Greswold, a gentleman of Warwickshire, whom a Brownist had by degrees enticed from his parish church, was afterwards persuaded to return to it—but he returned with a troubled mind, and lost in the prevalent theological contests. A horror of his future existence shut him out, as it were, from his present one: retiring into his own house, with his children, he ceased to communicate with the living world. He had his food put in at the window; and when his children lay sick, he admitted no one for their relief. His house, at length, was forced open; and they found two children dead, and the father confined to his bed. He had mangled his bible, and cut out the titles, contents, and every thing but the very text itself; for it seems that he thought that every thing human was sinful, and he conceived that the titles of the books and the contents of the chapters, were to be cut out of the sacred Scriptures, as having been composed by men.*

More terrible it was when the insanity, which had hitherto been more confined to the better classes, burst forth among the common people. Were we to dwell minutely on this period, we should start from the picture with horror: we might, perhaps, console ourselves with a disbelief of its truth; but the drug though bitter in the mouth we must sometimes digest. To observe the extent to which the populace can proceed, disfranchised of law and religion, will always leave a memorable recollection.

What occurred in the French revolution had happened here—an age of impiety! Society itself seemed dissolved, for every tie of private affection and of public duty was unloosened. Even nature was strangely violated! From the first opposition to the decorous ceremonies of the national church, by the simple puritans, the next stage was that of ridicule, and the last of obloquy. They began by calling the surplice a linen rag on the back; baptism a Christ-cross on a baby's face; and the organ was likened to the bellow, the grunt, and the barking of the respective animals. They actually baptized horses in churches at the fonts; and the jest of that day was, that the Reformation was now a thorough one in England, since our horses went to church.† St Paul's cathedral was turned into a market, and the aisles, the communion table, and the altar, served for the foulest purposes. The liberty which every one now assumed of delivering his own opinions led to acts so execrable, that I can find no parallel for them except in the mad times of the French Revolution. Some maintained that there existed no distinction between moral good and moral evil; and that every man's actions were prompted by the Creator. Prostitution was professed as a religious act; a glazier was declared to be a prophet, and the woman he cohabited with was said to be ready to lie in of the Messiah. A man married his father's wife. Murders of the most extraordinary nature were occurring; one woman crucified her mother, another in imitation of Abraham sacrificed her child; we hear, too, of parricides. Amidst the slaughters of civil wars, spoil and blood had accustomed the people to contemplate the most horrible scenes. One mad-man of the many, we find drinking a health on his knees, in the midst of a town, 'to the devil! that it might be said that his family should not be extinct without doing some infamous act.' A Scotchman, one Alexander Agnew, commonly called 'Jock of broad Scotland,' whom one cannot call an atheist, for he does not seem to deny the existence of the Creator, nor a future state, had a shrewdness of local humour in his strange notions. Omitting some offensive things, others as strange may exhibit the state to which the reaction of a hypocritical system of religion had driven the common people. Jock of broad Scotland said he was nothing in God's common, for God had given him nothing; he was no more obliged to God than to the devil, for God was very greedy. Neither God nor the devil gave the fruits of the ground; the wives of the country gave him his meat. When asked wherein he believed, he answered, 'He believed in white meal, water, and salt. Christ was not God, for he came into the world after it was made, and died as other men.' He declared that 'he did not know whether God or the devil had the greatest power, but he thought the devil was the greatest. When I die, let God and the devil strive for my soul, and let him that is strongest take it.' He no doubt had been taught by the presbytery to mock religious rites; and when desired to give God thanks for his meat, he said, 'Take a sackful of prayers to the mill and grind them, and take your breakfast of them.' To others he said, 'I will give you a two-pence, to pray until a boll of meal, and one stone of butter, fall from heaven through the house rigging to you.' When bread and cheese were laid on the ground

* The Hypocrite discovered and cured, by Sam. Torshall, 4to, 1644.

† There is a pamphlet which records a strange fact. 'News from Powles: or the new Reformation of the Army, with a true Relation of a Colt that was foaled in the Cathedral Church of St Paul, in London, and how it was publiquely baptized, and the name (because a bald Colt) was called Baal-Rex' 1649.' The water they sprinkled from the soldier's helmet on this occasion is described. The same occurred elsewhere. See Foulis's History of the Plots, &c, of our pretended Saints. These men who baptized horses and pigs in the name of the Trinity, sang Psalms when they marched. One cannot easily comprehend the nature of fanaticism, except when we learn that they refused to pay rents!

by him, he said, 'If I leave this, I will long cry to God before he give it me again.' To others he said, 'Take a bannock, and break it in two, and lay down one half thereof, and you will long pray to God before he put the other half to it again!' He seems to have been an anti-trinitarian. He said he received every thing from nature, which had ever reigned and ever would. He would not conform to any religious system, nor name the three Persons—'At all these things I have long shaken my cap,' he said. Jock of broad Scotland seems to have been one of those who imagine that God should have furnished them with bannocks ready baked.

The extravagant fervour then working in the minds of the people is marked by the story told by Clement Walker of the soldier who entered a church with a lantern and a candle burning in it, and in the other hand four candles not lighted. He said he came to deliver his message from God, and show it by these types of candles. Driven into the churchyard, and the wind blowing strong, he could not kindle his candles, and the new prophet was awkwardly compelled to conclude his five documents, abolishing the Sabbath, tithes, ministers, magistrates, and, at last, the Bible itself, without putting out each candle, as he could not kindle them; observing, however, each time—'And here I should put out the first light, but the wind is so high that I cannot kindle it.'

A perfect scene of the effects which this state of irreligious society produced among the lower orders, I am enabled to give from the manuscript life of John Shaw, vicar of Rotheram, with a little tediousness, but with infinite *naiveté*, what happened to himself. This honest divine was puritanically inclined, but there can be no exaggeration in these unvarnished facts. He tells a remarkable story of the state of religious knowledge in Lancashire, at a place called Cartmel: some of the people appeared desirous of religious instruction, declaring that they were without any minister, and had entirely neglected every religious rite, and therefore pressed him to quit his situation at Lymm for a short period. He may now tell his own story.

'I found a very large spacious church, scarce any seats in it; a people very ignorant, and yet willing to learn; so as I had frequently some thousands of hearers. I catechised in season and out of season. The churches were so thronged at nine in the morning, that I had much ado to get to the pulpit. One day an old man about sixty, sensible enough in other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, coming to me on some business, I told him that he belonged to my care and charge, and I desired to be informed in his knowledge of religion. I asked him how many Gods there were? He said he knew not. I informed him, asked again how he thought to be saved? He answered he could not tell. Yet thought that was a harder question than the other. I told him that the way to salvation was by Jesus Christ, God-man, who as he was man shed his blood for us on the cross, &c. Oh, sir, said he, I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendall, called Corpus-Christ's play, where there was a man on a tree and blood run down, &c. And afterwards he professed he could not remember that he ever heard of salvation by Jesus, but in that play.'

The scenes passing in the metropolis, as well as in the country, are opened to us in one of the chronicaling poems of George Withers. Our sensible Rhimer wrote in November 1652, 'a Dark Lanthorne' on the present subject.

After noticing that God, to mortify us, had sent preachers from 'the shop-board and the plough,'

——Such as we seem justly to contemn,
As making truths abhorred, which come from them:

he seems, however, inclined to think, that these self-taught 'Teachers and Prophets' in their darkness might hold a certain light within them.

——Children, fools,
Women and madmen, we do often meet
Preaching, and threatening judgment in the street,
Yea by strange actions, postures, tones, and cries
Themselves they offer to our ears and eyes
As signs unto this nation.—
They act as men in ecstasies have done—
Striving their cloudy visions to declare,
Till they have lost the notions which they had,
And want but few degrees of being mad.

Such is the picture of the folly and of the wickedness, which after having been preceded by the piety of a religious age, were succeeded by a dominion of hypocritical sanctity, and then closed in all the horrors of immorality and impiety. The parliament at length issued one of their ordinances for 'punishing blasphemous and execrable opinions,' and this was enforced with greater power than the slighted proclamations of James and Charles; but the curious wording is a comment on our present subject. The preamble notices that 'men and women had lately discovered *monstrous opinions*, even such as tended to *the dissolution of human society, and have abused, and turned into licentiousness, the liberty given in matters of religion.*' It punishes any person not distempered in his brains, who shall maintain any mere creature to be God; or that all acts of unrighteousness are not forbidden in the Scriptures; or that God approves of them; or that there is no real difference betweed moral good and evil,' &c.

To this disordered state was the public mind reduced, for this proclamation was only describing what was passing among the people! The view of this subject embraces more than one point, which I leave for the meditation of the politician, as well as of the religionist.

BUCKINGHAM'S POLITICAL COQUETRY WITH THE PURITANS.

Buckingham, observes Hume, 'in order to fortify himself against the resentment of James'—on the conduct of the duke in the Spanish match, when James was latterly hearing every day Buckingham against Bristol, and Bristol against Buckingham—'had affected popularity, and entered into the cabals of the puritans; but afterwards, being secure of the confidence of Charles, he had since abandoned this party; and on that account was the more exposed to their hatred and resentment.'

The political coquetry of a minister coalescing with an opposition party, when he was on the point of being disgraced, would doubtless open an involved scene of intrigue; and what one exacted, and the other was content to yield, towards the mutual accommodation, might add one more example to the large chapter of political infirmity. Both workmen attempting to convert each other into tools, by first trying their respective malleability on the anvil, are liable to be disconcerted by even a slight accident, whenever that proves to perfect conviction, how little they can depend on each other, and that each party comes to cheat, and not to be cheated!

This piece of secret history is in part recoverable from good authority. The two great actors were the Duke of Buckingham and Dr Preston, the master of Emmanuel College, and the head of the puritan party.

Dr Preston was an eminent character, who from his youth was not without ambition. His scholastic learning, the subtilty of his genius, and his more elegant accomplishments, had attracted the notice of James, at whose table he was perhaps more than once honoured as a guest; a suspicion of his puritanic principles was perhaps the only obstacle to his court preferment; yet Preston unquestionably designed to play a political part. He retained the favour of James by the king's hope of withdrawing the doctor from the opposition party; and commanded the favour of Buckingham by the fears of that minister; when to employ the quaint style of Hacket, the duke foresaw that 'he might come to be tried in the furnace of the next sessions of parliament, and he had need to make the refiners his friends:' most of these 'refiners' were the puritanic or opposition party. Appointed one of the chaplains of Prince Charles, Dr Preston had the advantage of being in frequent attendance; and as Hacket tells us, 'this politic man felt the pulse of the court, and wanted not the intelligence of all dark mysteries through the Scotch in his highness's bed-chamber.' A close communication took place between the duke and Preston, who, as Hacket describes, was 'a good crow to smell carrion.' He obtained an easy admission to the duke's closet at least thrice a week, and in their notable conferences Buckingham appears to have communicated to his confidential friends. Preston, intent on carrying all his points, skilfully commenced with the smaller ones. He winded the duke circuitously,—he worked at him subterraneously. This wary politician was too sagacious to propose what he had at heart—the extirpation of the hierarchy! The thunder of James's voice, 'no bish-

op! no king!" in the conference at Hampton-Court, still echoed in the ear of the puritan. He assured the duke that the love of the people was his only anchor, which could only be secured by the most popular measures. A new sort of reformation was easy to execute. Cathedrals and collegiate churches maintained by vast wealth, and the lands of the chapter, only fed 'fat, lazy, and unprofitable drones.' The dissolution of the foundations of deans and chapters would open an ample source to pay the king's debts, and scatter the streams of patronage. 'You would then become the darling of the commonwealth;' I give the words as I find them in Hacket. 'If a crum stick in the throat of any considerable man that attempts an opposition, it will be easy to wash it down with manors, woods, royalties, tythes, &c.' It would be furnishing the wants of a number of gentlemen, and he quoted a Greek proverb, 'that when a great oak falls, every neighbour may scuffle for a faggot.'

Dr Preston was willing to perform the part which Knox had acted in Scotland! He might have been certain of a party to maintain this national violation of property; for he who calls out 'Plunder!" will ever find a gang. These acts of national injustice, so much desired by revolutionists, are never beneficial to the people; they never partake of the spoliation, and the whole terminates in the gratification of private rapacity.

It was not, however, easy to obtain such perpetual access to the minister, and at the same time escape from the watchful. Archbishop Williams, the lord keeper, got sufficient hints from the king; and in a tedious conference with the duke, he wished to convince him that Preston had only offered him 'flittten milk, out of which he should churn nothing!' The duke was, however, smitten by the new project and made a remarkable answer: 'You lose yourself in generalities: make it out to me in particular, if you can, that the motion you pick at will find repulse, and be baffled in the house of commons. I know not how you bishops may struggle, but I am much deluded if a great part of the knights and burgesses would not be glad to see this alteration.' We are told on this, that Archbishop Williams took out a list of the members of the house of commons, and convinced the minister that an overwhelming majority would oppose this projected revolution, and that in consequence the duke gave it up.

But this anterior decision of the duke may be doubtful, since Preston still retained the high favour of the minister, after the death of James. When James died at Theobalds, where Dr Preston happened to be in attendance, he had the honour of returning to town in the new king's coach with the Duke of Buckingham. The doctor's servile adulation of the minister gave even great offence to to the over-zealous puritans. That he was at length discarded is certain; but this was owing not to any deficient subserviency on the side of our politician, but to one of those unlucky circumstances which have often put an end to temporary political connexions, by enabling one party to discover what the other thinks of him.

I draw this curious fact from a manuscript narrative in the hand-writing of the learned William Wotton. When the puritanic party foolishly became jealous of the man who seemed to be working at root and branch for their purposes, they addressed a letter to Preston, remonstrating with him for his servile attachment to the minister; on which he confidentially returned an answer, assuring them that he was as fully convinced of the vileness and profligacy of the Duke of Buckingham's character as any man could be, but that there was no way to come at him but by the lowest flattery, and that it was necessary for the glory of God, that such instruments should be made use of as could be had: and for that reason, and that alone, he showed that respect to the reigning favourite, and not for any real honour that he had for him. This letter proved fatal; some officious hand conveyed it to the duke! When Preston came as usual, the duke took his opportunity of asking him what he had ever done to disoblige him, that he should describe him in such black characters to his own party? Preston, m amazement denied the fact, and poured forth professions of honour and gratitude. The duke showed him his own letter. Dr Preston instantaneously felt a political apoplexy: the labours of some years were lost in a single morning. The baffled politician was turned out of Wallingford House, never more to see the enraged minister! And from that moment Buckingham wholly abandoned the Puritans, and cultivated the friendship of Laud. This happened soon after James the First's death. Wotton adds, 'This story I heard from one who was extremely well versed in the secret history of the time.'*

SIR EDWARD COKE'S EXCEPTIONS AGAINST THE HIGH SHERIFF'S OATH.

A curious fact will show the revolutionary nature of human events, and the necessity of correcting our ancient statutes, which so frequently hold out punishments and penalties for objects which have long ceased to be criminal; as well as for persons against whom it would be barbarous to allow some unrepealed statute to operate.

When a political stratagem was practised by Charles the First to keep certain members out of the house of commons, by pricking them down as sheriffs in their different counties, among them was the celebrated Sir Edward Coke whom the government had made High Sheriff for Bucks. It was necessary, perhaps, to be a learned and practised lawyer to discover the means he took, in the height of his resentment to elude the insult. This great lawyer, who himself, perhaps, had often administered the oath to the sheriffs, which had, century after century, been usual for them to take, to the surprise of all persons, drew up Exceptions against the Sheriff's oath, declaring that no one could take it. Coke sent his Exceptions to the attorney-general, who by an immediate order in council, submitted them to 'all the judges of England.' Our legal luminary had condescended only to some ingenious cavilling in three of his exceptions; but the fourth was of a nature which could not be overcome. All the judges of England assented, and declared, that there was one part of this ancient oath which was perfectly irreligious, and must ever hereafter be left out! This article was, 'That you shall do all your pain and diligence to destroy and make to cease all manner of heresies, commonly called *Lollaries*, within your bailiwick, &c.'† The Lollards were the most ancient of protestants, and had practised Luther's sentiments—it was, in fact condemning the established religion of the country! An order was issued from Hampton-Court, for the abrogation of this part of the oath; and at present all high sheriffs owe this obligation to the resentment of Sir Edward Coke, for having been pricked down as Sheriff of Bucks, to be kept out of parliament! The merit of having the oath changed, *instanter*, he was allowed; but he was not excused taking it, after it was accommodated to the conscientious and lynx-eyed detection of our enraged lawyer.

SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES I, AND HIS FIRST PARLIAMENTS.

The reign of Charles the First, succeeded by the commonwealth of England, forms a period unparalleled by any preceding one in the annals of mankind. It was for the English nation the great result of all former attempts to ascertain and to secure the just freedom of the subject. The prerogative of the sovereign, and the rights of the people, were often imagined to be mutual encroachments; and were long involved in contradiction, in an age of unsettled opinions and disputed principles. At length the conflicting parties of monarchy and democracy, in the weakness of their passions, discovered how much each required the other for its protector. This age offers the finest speculations in human nature, it opens a protracted scene of glory and of infamy; all that elevates, and all that humiliates our kind, wrestling together, and expiring in a career of glorious deeds, of revolting crimes, and even of ludicrous infirmities!

The French Revolution is the commentary of the English; and a commentary at times more important than the text which it elucidates. It has thrown a freshness over the antiquity of our own history; and, on returning to it, we seem to possess the feelings, and to be agitated by the interests, of contemporaries. The circumstances and the persons which so many imagine had passed away, have been reproduced under our own eyes. In other histories we except the knowledge of the characters and the incidents on the evidence of the historian; but here we may take them from our own conviction, since to extinct

* Wotton delivered this memorandum to the literary antiquary, Thomas Baker; and Kennet transcribed it in his Manuscript Collections. Landsowne MSS, No. 932—68. The life of Dr Preston, in Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary, may be consulted with advantage

† Rushworth's Historical Collections Vol. I, 199.

names and to past events, we can apply the reality which we ourselves have witnessed.

Charles the First had scarcely ascended the throne, ere he discovered, that in his new parliament he was married to a sullen bride; the youthful monarch, with the impatience of a lover, warm with hope and glory, was ungraciously repulsed even in the first favours! The prediction of his father remained, like the hand-writing on the wall; but, seated on the throne, Hope was more congenial to youth than Prophecy.

As soon as Charles the First could assemble a parliament, he addressed them with an earnestness, in which the simplicity of words and thoughts strongly contrasted with the oratorical harangues of the late monarch. It cannot be alleged against Charles the First, that he preceded the parliament in the war of words. He courted their affections; and even in his manner of reception, amidst the dignity of the regal office, studiously showed his exterior respect by the marked solemnity of their first meeting. As yet uncrowned, on the day on which he first addressed the Lords and Commons, he wore his crown, and veiled it at the opening, and on the close of his speech; a circumstance to which the parliament had not been accustomed. Another ceremony gave still greater solemnity to the meeting; the king would not enter into business till they had united in prayer. He commanded the doors to be closed, and a bishop to perform the office. The suddenness of this unexpected command disconcerted the catholic lords, of whom the less rigid knelt, and the moderate stood: there was one startled papist who did nothing but cross himself!*

The speech may be found in Rushworth; the friendly tone must be shown here.

'I hope that you do remember that you were pleased to employ me to advise my father to break off the treaties (with Spain.) I came into this business willingly and freely, like a young man, and consequently rashly, but it was by your interest—your engagement. I pray you remember, that this being my *first action*, and begun by *your advice and entreaty*, what a great dishonour it were to you and me that it should fail for that assistance you are able to give me!'

This effusion excited no sympathy in the house. They voted not a seventh part of the expenditure necessary to proceed with a war, into which, as a popular measure, they themselves had forced the king.

At Oxford the king again reminded them that he was engaged in a war 'from their desires and advice.' He expresses his disappointment at their insufficient grant, 'far short to set forth the navy now preparing.' The speech preserves the same simplicity.

Still no echo of kindness responded in the house. It was, however, asserted, in a vague and quibbling manner, that 'though a former parliament did engage the king in a war, yet (if things were managed by a contrary design, and the treasure misemployed) *this parliament is not bound by another parliament*:' and they added a cruel mockery, that 'the king should help the cause of the Palatinate with *his own money*! this foolish war, which James and Charles had so long bore their reproaches for having avoided as hopeless, but which the puritanic party as well as others, had continually urged as necessary for the maintenance of the protestant cause in Europe.

Still no supplies! but protestations of duty, and petitions about grievances, which it had been difficult to specify. In their 'Declaration' they style his Majesty 'Our dear and dread sovereign,' and themselves 'his poor Commons:' but they concede no point—they offer no aid! The king was not yet disposed to quarrel, though he had in vain pressed for despatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy; again reminding them that 'it was the *first request* that he ever made unto them!' On the pretence of the plague at Oxford, Charles prorogued parliament, with a promise to reassemble in the winter.

There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to vibrate with the distresses of a youthful monarch, perplexed by a war which they themselves had raised. But others of a more republican complexion, rejected '*Necessity*, as a dangerous counsellor, which would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. If the king was in danger and necessity, those ought to answer for it who have put both king and kingdom into this peril: and if the state of things would not admit a redress of grievances, there cannot be so much *necessity for money*.'

* From a manuscript letter of the times.

The first parliament abandoned the king!

Charles now had no other means to despatch the army and fleet, in a bad season, but by borrowing money on privy seals: these were letters, where the loan exacted was as small as the style was humble. They specified, that 'this loan, without inconvenience to any, is only intended for the service of the public. Such private helps for public services, which cannot be deferred,' the king's premisses had been often resorted to; but this 'being the *first time* that we have required any thing in this kind, we require but *that sum which few men would deny a friend*.' As far as I can discover, the highest sum assessed from great personages was twenty pounds! The king was willing to suffer any mortification, even that of a charitable solicitation, rather than endure the obdurate insults of parliament! All donations were received, from ten pounds to five shillings: this was the mockery of an alms-basket! Yet, with contributions and savings so trivial, and exacted with such a warm appeal to their feelings, was the king to send out a fleet with ten thousand men—to take Cadiz!

This expedition, like so many similar attempts from the days of Charles the First to those of the great Lord Chatham, and to our own—concluded by a nullity! Charles, disappointed in this predatory attempt, in despair, called his *second* parliament—as he says, 'In the midst of his necessity—and to learn from them how he was to frame his course and councils?'

The Commons, as duteously as ever, profess that 'No king was ever dearer to his people; and that they really intend to assist his majesty in such a way, as may make him safe at home, and feared abroad'—but it was to be on condition, that he would be graciously pleased to accept 'the information and advice of parliament in discovering the causes of the great evils, and redress their grievances.' The king accepted this 'as a satisfactory answer;' but Charles comprehended their drift—'You specially aim at the Duke of Buckingham; what he hath done to change your minds I wot not.' The style of the king now first betrays angered feelings; the secret cause of the uncomplying conduct of the Commons was hatred of the favourite, but the king saw that they designed to control the executive government, and he could ascribe their antipathy to Buckingham but to the capriciousness of popular favour; for not long ago he had heard Buckingham hailed as 'their saviour.' In the zeal and firmness of his affections, Charles always considered that he himself was aimed at, in the person of his confident, his companion, and his minister!

Some of 'the bold speakers,' as the heads of the opposition are frequently designated in the manuscript letters, had now risen into notice. Sir John Elliot, Dr Turner, Sir Dudley Digges, Mr Clement Coke, poured themselves forth in a vehement, not to say seditious style, with invectives more daring than had ever before thundered in the House of Commons! The king now told them, 'I come to show your errors, and, as I may call it, *unparliamentary proceedings of parliament*.' The lord keeper then assured them that 'when the irregular humours of *some particular persons* were settled, the king would hear and answer all just grievances: but the king would have them also to know, that he was equally jealous to the contempt of his royal rights, which his majesty would not suffer to be violated by any pretended course of parliamentary liberty. The king considered the parliament as his council; but there was a difference between councilling and controlling, and between liberty and the abuse of liberty.' He finished, by noticing their extraordinary proceedings in their impeachment of Buckingham. The king, resuming his speech, remarkably reproached the parliament.

'Now that you have all things according to your wishes, and that *I am so far engaged that you think there is no retreat, now you begin to set the dice, and make your own game*. But I pray you be not deceived; it is not a parliamentary way, nor is it a way to deal with a king. Mr Clement Coke told you, "It was better to be eaten up by a foreign enemy than to be destroyed at home!" Indeed, I think it more honour for a king to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy than *to be despised by his own subjects*.'

The king concluded by asserting his privilege, to call or to forbid parliaments.

The style of 'the bold speakers' appeared at least as early as in April; I trace their spirit in letters of the times, which furnish facts and expressions that do not appear in our printed documents.

Among the earliest of our patriots, and finally the great victim of his exertions, was Sir John Elliot, vice-admiral, of Devonshire. He, in a tone which 'rolled back to Jove his own bolts,' and startled even the writer, who was himself biassed to the popular party, 'made a resolute, I doubt whether a timely, speech.' He adds, Elliot asserted that 'They came not thither either to do what the king should command them, nor to abstain when he forbade them; they came to continue constant, and to maintain their privileges. They would not give their posterity a cause to curse them for losing their privileges by restraint, which their forefathers had left them.'*

On the eighth of May, the impeachment of the duke was opened by Sir Dudley Digges, who compared the duke to a meteor exhaled out of putrid matter. He was followed by Glanville, Selden, and others. On this day the duke sat out-facing his accusers and out-braving their accusations, which the more highly exasperated the house. On the following day the duke was absent, when the epilogue to this mighty piece was elaborately delivered by Sir John Elliot, with a force of declamation, and a boldness of personal allusion, which have not been surpassed in the invectives of modern Junius.

Elliot, after expatiating on the favourite's ambition in procuring and getting into his hands the greatest offices of strength and power in the kingdom, and the means by which he had obtained them, drew a picture of 'the inward character of the duke's mind.' The duke's plurality of offices reminded him 'of a chimerical beast called by the ancients *Stellionatus*, so blurred, so spotted, so full of foul lines, that they knew not what to make of it! In setting up himself he hath set upon the kingdom's revenues, the fountain of supply, and the nerves of the land—He intercepts, consumes, and exhausts the revenues of the crown; and, by emptying the veins the blood should run in, he hath cast the kingdom into a high consumption.'—He descends to criminate the duke's magnificent tastes; he who had something of a congenial nature for Elliot was a man of fine literature. 'Infinite sums of money, and mass of land exceeding the value of money, and contributions, in parliament have been heaped upon him; and how have they been employed? Upon costly furniture, sumptuous feasting, and magnificent building, *the visible evidence of the express exhausting of the state*!'

Elliot eloquently closes—

'Your lordships have an *idea* of the man, what he is in himself, what in his affections! You have seen his power, and some, I fear have felt it. You have known his practice and have heard the effects. Being such, what is he in reference to king and state; how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the king, he must be styled the canker in his treasure; in reference to the state, the moth of all goodness. I can hardly find him a parallel; but none were so like him as Sejanus, who is described by Tacitus, *Audax, sui obtegens, in alios criminator, juxta adulator et superbus*. Sejanus's pride was so excessive, as Tacitus saith, that, he neglected all councils, mixed his business and service with the prince, seeming to confound their actions, and was often styled *Imperatoris laborum socius*. Doth not this man the like? Ask England, Scotland and Ireland—and they will tell you! How lately and how often hath this man commixed his actions in discourses with actions of the king's! My Lords! I have done—you see the man!'

The parallel of the duke with Sejanus electrified the use; and, as we shall see, touched Charles on a convulsive nerve.

The king's conduct on this speech was the beginning of his troubles, and the first of his more open attempts to crush the popular party. In the House of Lords the king defended the duke, and informed them, 'I have thought fit to take order for the *punishing some insolent speeches*, lately spoken.' I find a piece of secret history enclosed in a letter, with a solemn injunction that it might be burnt. 'The king this morning complained of Sir John Elliot for comparing the duke to *Sejanus*, in which he said, implicitly he must intend *me* for *Tiberius*!' On that day the prologue and the epilogue orators, Sir Dudley Digges, who had opened the impeachment against the duke, and Sir John Elliot, who had closed it, were called out of the house by two messengers, who showed their warrants for committing them to the Tower.†

On this memorable day a philosophical politician might have presciently marked the seed-plots of events, which not many years afterwards were apparent to all men. The passions of kings are often expatiated; but, in the present anti-monarchical period, the passions of parliaments are not imaginable! The democratic party in our constitution, from the meanest of motives, from their egotism, their vanity, and their audacity, hate kings; they would have an abstract being, a chimerical sovereign on the throne—like a statue, the mere ornament of the place it fills,—and insensible, like a statue, to the invectives they would heap on its pedestal!

The commons, with a fierce spirit of reaction for the king's punishing some insolent speeches,' at once sent up to the lords for the commitment of the duke!' But when they learnt the fate of the patriots, they instantaneously broke up! In the afternoon they assembled in Westminster-hall, to interchange their private sentiments on the fate of the two imprisoned members, in sadness and indignation.

The following day the commons met in their own house. When the speaker reminded them of the usual business, they all cried out, 'Sit down! sit down!' They would touch on no business till they were 'righted in their liberties!'* An open committee of the whole house was formed, and no member suffered to quit the house; but either they were at a loss how to commence this solemn conference, or expressed their indignation by a sullen silence. To sooth and subdue 'the bold speakers' was the unfortunate attempt of the vice-chamberlain, Sir Dudley Carleton, who had long been one of our foreign ambassadors; and who, having witnessed the despotic governments on the continent, imagined that there was no deficiency of liberty at home. 'I find,' said the vice-chamberlain, 'by the great silence in this house, that it is a fit time to be heard, if you will grant me the patience.' Alluding to one of the king's messages, where it was hinted that, if there was 'no correspondency between him and the parliament, he should be forced *to use new counsels*,' 'I pray you consider what these new counsels are and may be: I fear to declare those I conceive!' However, Sir Dudley plainly hinted at them, when he went on observing, that 'when monarchs began to know their own strength, and saw the turbulent spirit of their *parliaments*, they had overthrown them in all Europe, except here only with us.' Our old ambassador drew an amusing picture of the effects of despotic governments in that of France—'If you knew the subjects in foreign countries as well as myself, to see them look, not like our nation, with store of flesh on their backs, but like so many ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet, so that they cannot eat meat, or wear good clothes, but they must pay the king for it; this is a misery beyond expression, and that which we are yet free from!' A long residence abroad had deprived Sir Dudley Carleton of any sympathy with the high tone of freedom, and the proud jealousy of their privileges, which, though yet unascertained, undefined, and still often contested, was breaking forth among the commons of England. It was fated that the celestial spirit of our national freedom should not descend among us in the form of the mystical dove!

Hume observes on this speech, that 'these imprudent suggestions rather gave warning than struck terror.' It was evident that the event which implied 'new counsels,' meant what subsequently was practised—the king governing without a parliament! As for 'the ghosts who wore wooden shoes,' to which the house was congratulated that they had not *yet* been reduced, they would infer that it was the more necessary to provide against the possibility of so strange an occurrence! Hume truly observes, 'The king reaped no further benefit from this attempt than to exasperate the house still further.' Some words, which the duke persisted in asserting had dropped from Digges, were explained away, Digges, declaring that they had not been

* Sloane MSS. 4177. Letter 317.

† Our printed historical documents, Kennett, Frankland, &c, are confused in their details, and facts seem misplaced for want of dates. They all equally copy Rushworth, the only source of our history of this period. Even Hume is involved in the obscurity. The king's speech was on the eleventh of May. As Rushworth has not furnished dates, it would seem that the two orators had been sent to the Tower before the king's speech to the lords.

* Frankland, an inveterate royalist, in copying Rushworth, inserts 'their pretended liberties;' exactly the style of catholic writers when they mention protestantism, by 'la religion prétendue reformée.' All party writers use the same style!

used by him; and it seems probable that he was suffered to eat his words. Elliot was made of 'sterner stuff;' he abated not a jot of whatever he had spoken of 'that man,' as he affected to call Buckingham.

The commons whatever might be their patriotism, seem at first to have been chiefly moved by a personal hatred of the favourite; and their real charges against him amounted to little more than pretences and aggravations. The king, whose personal affections were always strong, considered his friend innocent; and there was a warm, romantic feature in the character of the youthful monarch, which scorned to sacrifice his faithful companion to his own interests, and to immolate the minister to the clamours of the commons. Subsequently, when the king did this in the memorable case of the guiltless Strafford, it was the only circumstance which weighed on his mind at the hour of his own sacrifice! Sir Robert Cotton told a friend, on the day on which the king went down to the House of Lords, and committed the two patriots, that 'he had of late been often sent for to the king and duke, and that the king's affection towards him was very admirable and no whit lessened. Certainly, he added, 'the king will never yield to the duke's fall, being a young man, resolute, magnanimous, and tenderly and firmly affectionate where he takes.'* This authentic character of Charles the First by that intelligent and learned man, to whom the nation owes the treasures of its antiquities, is remarkable. Sir Robert Cotton, though holding no rank at court, and in no respect of the duke's party, was often consulted by the king, and much in his secrets. How the king valued the judgment of this acute and able adviser, acting on it in direct contradiction and to the mortification of the favourite, I shall probably have occasion to show.

The commons did not decline in the subtile spirit with which they had begun; they covertly aimed at once to subjugate the sovereign, and to expel the minister! A remonstrance was prepared against the levying of tonnage and poundage, which constituted half of the crown revenues; and a petition, 'equivalent to a command,' for removing Buckingham from his majesty's person and councils.† The remonstrance is wrought up with a high spirit of invective against 'the unbridled ambition of the duke,' whom they class, 'among those vipers and pests to their king and commonwealth, as so expressly styled by your most royal father.' They request that 'he would be pleased to remove this person from access to his sacred presence, and that he would not balance this one man with all these things, and with the affairs of the Christian world.'

The king hastily dissolved this *second* parliament; and when the lords petitioned for its continuance, he warmly and angrily exclaimed, 'Not a moment longer!' It was dissolved in June, 1626.

The patriots abandoned their sovereign to his fate, and retreated home sullen, indignant, and ready to conspire among themselves for the assumption of their disputed or their defrauded liberties. They industriously dispersed their remonstrance, and the king replied by a declaration; but an attack is always more vigorous than a defence. The declaration is spiritless, and evidently composed under suppressed feelings, which, perhaps, knew not how to shape themselves. The 'Remonstrance' was commanded every where to be burnt; and the effect which it produced on the people we shall shortly witness.

The king was left amidst the most pressing exigencies. At the dissolution of the first parliament, he had been compelled to practise a humiliating economy. Hume has alluded to the numerous wants of the young monarch; but he certainly was not acquainted with the king's extreme necessities. His coronation seemed rather private than a public ceremony. To save the expenses of the procession from the Tower through the city to Whitehall, that customary pomp was omitted; and the reason alleged was 'to save the charges for more noble undertakings;' that is, for means to carry on the Spanish war without supplies! But now the most extraordinary changes appeared at court. The king mortgaged his lands in Cornwall to the aldermen and companies of London. A rumour spread that the small pension list must be revoked; and the royal distress was carried so far, that all the tables at court were laid down, and the courtiers put on board wages! I have seen a letter which gives an account of 'the funereal supper at Whitehall, whereat twenty-three tables were buried, being from henceforth converted to board-wages;' and there I learn, that 'since this dissolving of house-keeping, his majesty is but sleaderly attended.' Another writer who describes himself to be only a looker-on, regrets, that while the men of the law spent ten thousand pounds on a single masque, they did not rather make the king rich; and adds, 'I see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the crown poor!' This strange poverty of the court of Charles seems to have escaped the notice of our general historians. Charles was now to victual his fleet with the savings of the board wages! for this 'surplusage' was taken into account!

The fatal descent on the Isle of Rhé sent home Buckingham discomfited, and spread dismay through the nation. The best blood had been shed from the wanton bravery of an unskilful and romantic commander, who, forced to retreat, would march, but not fly, and was the very last man to quit the ground which he could not occupy. In the eagerness of his hopes, Buckingham had once dropped, as I learn, that 'before Midsummer he should be more honoured and beloved of the commons than ever was the Earl of Essex:' and thus he rocked his own and his master's imagination in cradling fancies. This volatile hero, who had felt the capriciousness of popularity, thought that it was as easily regained as it was easily lost; and that a chivalric adventure would return to him that favour which at this moment might have been denied to all the wisdom, the policy, and the arts of an experienced statesman.

The king was now involved in more intricate and desperate measures; and the nation was thrown into a state of agitation, of which the page of popular history yields but a faint impression.

The spirit of insurrection was stalking forth in the metropolis and in the country. The scenes which I am about to describe occurred at the close of 1626: an inattentive reader might easily mistake them for the revolutionary scenes of 1640. It was an unarmed rebellion.

An army and a navy had returned unpaid, and sore with defeat. The town was scoured by mutinous seamen and soldiers, roving even into the palace of the sovereign. Soldiers without pay form a society without laws. A band of captains rushed into the duke's apartment as he sat at dinner; and when reminded by the duke of a late proclamation, forbidding all soldiers coming to court in troops, on pain of hanging, they replied, that 'Whole companies were ready to be hanged with them! that the king might do as he pleased with their lives; for that their reputation was lost, and their honour forfeited, for want of their salary to pay their debts.' When a petition was once presented, and it was inquired who was the composer of it? a vast body tremendously shouted, 'All! all!' A multitude, composed of seamen, met at Tower-hill, and set a lad on a scaffold, who, with an 'O yes!' proclaimed that King Charles had promised their pay, or the duke had been on the scaffold himself!' These, at least were the grievances more apparent to the sovereign than those vague ones so perpetually repeated by his unfaithful commons. But what remained to be done? It was only a choice of difficulties between the disorder and the remedy. At the moment, the duke got up what he called 'The council of the sea;' was punctual at the first meeting, and appointed three days in a week to sit—but broke his appointment the second day—they found him always otherwise engaged; and 'the council of the sea' turned out to be one of those shadowy expedients which only lasts while it acts on the imagination. It is said that thirty thousand pounds would have quieted these disorganized troops; but the exchequer could not supply so mean a sum. Buckingham, in despair, and profuse of life, was planning a fresh expedition for the siege of Rochelle; a new army was required. He swore, 'If there was money in the kingdom it should be had!'

Now began that series of contrivances and artifices and persecutions to levy money. Forced loans, or pretended free-gifts, kindled a resisting spirit. It was urged by the court party, that the sums required were, in fact, much less in amount than the usual grants of subsidies, but the cry, in return for 'a subsidy,' was always 'A Parliament!' Many were heavily fined for declaring, that 'They knew no law, besides that of Parliament, to compel men to give away their own goods.' The king ordered, that those who would not subscribe to the loans should not

* Manuscript letter.

† Rushworth, I. 400. Hume VI, 221, who enters widely into the views and feelings of Charles

be forced; but it seems there were orders in council to specify those householders' names who would not subscribe; and it further appears, that those who would not pay in purse should in person. Those who were pressed were sent to the *depot;* but either the soldiers would not receive these good citizens, or they found easy means to return. Every mode which the government invented seems to have been easily frustrated, either by the intrepidity of the parties themselves, or by that general understanding which enabled the people to play into one another's hands. When the common council had consented that an imposition should be laid, the citizens called the Guild-hall the *Yield-all!* And whenever they levied a distress, in consequence of refusals to pay it, nothing was to be found but 'Old ends, such as nobody cared for.' Or if a severer officer seized on commodities, it was in vain to offer penny-worths where no customer was to be had. A wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a cheesemonger, was summoned to appear before the privy council, and required to lend the king two hundred pounds, or else to go himself to the army, and serve it with cheese. It was not supposed that a merchant, so aged and wealthy, would submit to resume his former mean trade; but the old man, in the spirit of the times, preferred the hard alternative, and balked the new project of finance, by shipping himself with his cheese. At Hicks's Hall the duke and the Earl of Dorset sat to receive the loans; but the duke threatened, and the earl affected to treat with levity, men who came before them, with all the suppressed feelings of popular indignation. The Earl of Dorset asking a fellow, who pleaded inability to lend money, of what trade he was, and being answered 'a tailor,' said: 'Put down your name for such a sum; one snip will make amends for all!' The tailor quoted scripture abundantly, and shook the bench with laughter or with rage by his anathemas, till he was put fast into a messenger's hands. This was one Ball, renowned through the parish of St Clements; and not only a tailor, but a prophet. Twenty years after tailors and prophets employed messengers themselves!*

These are instances drawn from the inferior classes of society; but the same spirit actuated the country gentlemen: one instance represents many. George Catesby, of Northamptonshire, being committed to prison as a loan-recusant, alleged, among other reasons for his non-compliance, that 'he considered that this loan might become a precedent; and that every precedent, he was told by the lord president, was a flower of the prerogative.' The lord president, told him that 'he lied!' Catesby shook his head, observing, 'I come not here to contend with your lordship, but to suffer!' Lord Suffolk then interposing, entreated the lord president would not too far urge his kinsman, Mr Catesby. This country gentleman waived any kindness he might owe to kindred, declaring, that 'he would remain master of his own purse.' The prisons were crowded with these loan-recusants, as well as with those who had sinned in the freedom of their opinions. The country gentlemen insured their popularity by their committals; and many stout resisters of the loans were returned in the following parliament against their own wishes.† The friends of these knights and country gentlemen flocked to their prisons; and when they petitioned for more liberty and air during the summer, it was policy to grant their request. But it was also policy that they should not reside in their own counties; this relaxation was only granted to those who, living in the south, consented to sojourn in the north; while the dwellers in the north were to be lodged in the south!

In the country the disturbed scenes assumed even a more alarming appearance than in London. They not only would not provide money, but when money was offered by government, the men refused to serve; a conscription was not then known: and it became a question, long debated in the privy council, whether those who would not accept press-money should not be tried by martial law. I preserve in the note a curious piece of secret information.* The great novelty and symptom of the times was the scattering of letters. Sealed letters, addressed to the leading men of the country, were found hanging on bushes; anonymous letters were dropt in shops and streets, which gave notice, that the day was fast approaching, when 'Such a work was to be wrought in England, as never was the like, which will be for our good.' Addresses multiplied 'To all true-hearted Englishmen!' A groom detected in spreading such seditious papers, and brought into the inexorable star-chamber, was fined three thousand pounds! The leniency of the punishment was rather regretted by two bishops; if it was ever carried into execution, the unhappy man must have remained a groom who never after crossed a horse!

There is one difficult duty of an historian, which is too often passed over by the party writer; it is to pause whenever he feels himself warming with the passions of the multitude, or becoming the blind apologist of arbitrary power. An historian must transform himself into the characters which he is representing, and throw himself back into the times which he is opening; possessing himself of their feelings and tracing their actions, he may then at least hope to discover truths which may equally interest the honourable men of all parties.

This reflection has occurred from the very difficulty into which I am now brought. Shall we at once condemn the king for these arbitrary measures? It is, however, very possible that they were never in his contemplation! Involved in inextricable difficulties, according to his feelings, he was betrayed by parliament; and he scorned to barter their favour by that vulgar traffic of treachery—the immolation of the single victim who had long attached his personal affections; a man at least as much envied as hated! That hard lesson had not yet been inculcated on a British sovereign, that his bosom must be a blank for all private affection; and had that lesson been taught, the character of Charles was destitute of all aptitude for it. To reign without a refractory parliament, and to find among the people themselves subjects more loyal than their representatives, was an experiment—and a fatal one! Under Charles, the liberty of the subject, when the necessities of the state pressed on the sovereign, was matter of discussion, disputed as often as assumed; the divines were proclaiming as rebellious those who refused their contributions to avoid the government;* and the law-sages al-

* The Radicals of that day differed from ours in the means, though not in the end. They at least referred to their Bible, and rather more than was required; but superstition is as mad as atheism! Many of the puritans confused their brains with the study of the Revelations; believing Prince Henry to be prefigured in the Apocalypse; some prophesied that he should overthrow 'the beast.' Ball our tailor, was this very prophet; and was so honest as to believe in his own prophecy. Osborn tells, that Ball put out money on adventure; *i. e.* to receive it back, double or treble, when King James should be elected pope! So that though he had no money for a loan, he had to spare for a prophecy.

This Ball has been confounded with a more ancient radical, Ball a priest, and a principal mover in Wat Tyler's insurrection. Our Ball must have been very notorious, for Jonson has noticed his 'admired discourses.' Mr Gifford, without any knowledge of my account of this tailor-prophet, by his active sagacity has rightly indicated him.—See Jonson's Works, vol. V, p. 241.

† It is curious to observe, that the Westminster elections, in the fourth year of Charles's reign, were exactly of the same turbulent character as those which we witness in our days. The duke had counted by his interest to bring in Sir Robert Pye. The contest was severe, but accompanied by some of those ludicrous electioneering scenes, which still amuse the mob. Whenever Sir Robert Pye's party cried—'A Pye! a Pye! a Pye!' the adverse party would cry—'A pudding! a pudding! a pudding!' and others—'A lie! a lie! a lie!'—This Westminster election of nearly two hundred years ago, ended as we have seen some others; they rejected all who had urged the payment of the loans; and passing by such men as Sir Robert Cotton, and their last representative they fixed on a brewer and a grocer for the two members for Westminster.'

* Extract from a manuscript letter.—'On Friday last I hear but as a secret, that it was debated at the council table, whether our Essex-men, who refused to take press-money, should not be punished by martial-law, and hanged up on the next tree to their dwellings, for an example of terror to others. My lord keeper, who had been long silent, when in conclusion, it came to his course to speak, told the lords, that as far as he understood the law, none were liable to martial law, but martial men. If these had taken press-money, and afterwards run from their colours, they might then be punished in that manner; but yet they were no soldiers, and refused to be Secondly, he thought a subsidy, new by law, could not be pressed against his will for a foreign service; it being supposed in law, the service of his purse excused that of his person, unless his own country were in danger; and he appealed to my lord treasurer, and my lord president, whether it was not so, who both assented it was so, though some of them faintly, as unwilling to have been urged to such an answer. So it is thought that proposition is dashed; and it will be tried what may be done in the Star-Chamber against these refractories'

legal precedents for raising supplies in the manner which Charles had adopted. Selden, whose learned industry was as vast as the amplitude of his mind, had to seek for the freedom of the subject in the dust of the records of the Tower—and the omnipotence of parliaments, if any human assembly may be invested with such supernatural greatness, had not yet awakened the hoar antiquity of popular liberty.

A general spirit of insurrection, rather than insurrection itself, had suddenly raised some strange appearances through the kingdom. 'The remonstrance' of parliament had unquestionably quickened the feelings of the people: but yet the lovers of peace and the reverencers of royalty were not a few: money and men were procured to send out the army and the fleet. More concealed causes may be suspected to have been at work. Many of the heads of the opposition were pursuing some secret machinations: about this time I find many mysterious stories—indications of secret societies—and other evidences of the intrigues of the popular party.

Little matters, sometimes more important than they appear, are suitable to our minute sort of history. In November, 1626, a rumour spread that the king was to be visited by an ambassador from 'the President of the Society of the Rosy-cross.' He was indeed an heteroclite ambassador, for he is described 'as a youth with never a hair on his face;' in fact, a child who was to conceal the mysterious personage which he was for a moment to represent. He appointed Sunday afternoon to come to court, attended by thirteen coaches. He was to proffer to his majesty, provided the king accepted his advice, three millions to put into his coffers; and by his secret councils he was to unfold matters of moment and secrecy. A Latin letter was delivered to 'David Ramsay of the clock' to hand over to the king; a copy of it has been preserved in a letter of the times; but it is so unmeaning, that it could have had no effect on the king, who, however, declared that he would not admit him to an audience, and that if he could tell where 'the President of the Rosy-cross,' was to be found, unless he made good his offer, he would hang him at the court-gates. This served the town and country for talk till the appointed Sunday had passed over, and no ambassador was visible! Some considered this as the plotting of crazy brains, but others imagined it to be an attempt to speak with the king in private, on matters respecting the duke. There was also discovered, by letters received from Rome, 'a whole parliament of Jesuits sitting, in 'a fair-hanged vault' in Clerkenwell: Sir John Cooke would have alarmed the parliament, that on St Joseph's day these were to have occupied their places; ministers are supposed sometimes to have conspirators for 'the nonce;' Sir Dudley Digges, in the opposition, as usual, would not believe in any such political necromancers; but such a party were discovered; Cooke would have insinuated that the French ambassador had persuaded Louis, that the divisions between Charles and his people had been raised by his ingenuity, and was rewarded for the intelligence; this is not unlikely. After all the parliament of Jesuits might have been a secret college of the order; for, among other things seized on, was a considerable library.

When the parliament was sitting, a sealed letter was thrown under the door, with this superscription, *Cursed be the man that finds this letter, and delivers it not to the House of Commons.* The serjeant at arms delivered it to the speaker, who would not open it till the House had chosen a committee of twelve members to inform them whether it was fit to be read. Sir Edward Cooke, after having read two or three lines, stopped, and, according to my authority, 'durst read no further, but immediately sealing it, the committee thought fit to send it to the king, who they say, on reading it through, cast it into the fire and sent the House of Commons thanks for their wisdom in not publishing it, and for the discretion of the committee in so far tendering his honour, as not to read it out, when they once perceived that it touched his majesty.*

Others besides the freedom of speech, introduced another form, 'A speech without doors,' which was distributed to to the members of the House. It is in all respects a remarkable one, occupying ten folio pages in the first volume of Rushworth.

Some in office appear to have employed extraordinary proceedings of a similar nature. An intercepted letter written from the Arch-duchess to the King of Spain was delivered by Sir H. Martyn at the council-board on New-year's day, who found it in some papers relating to the navy. The duke immediately said he would show it to the king; and, accompanied by several lords, went into his majesty's closet. The letter was written in French; it advised the Spanish court to make a sudden war with England, for several reasons; his Majesty's want of skill to govern of himself; the weakness of his council in not daring to acquaint him with the truth; want of money; disunion of the subjects' hearts from their prince, &c. The king only observed, that the writer forgot that the Arch-duchess writes to the King of Spain in Spanish, and sends her letters overland.

I have to add an important fact. I find certain evidence that the heads of the opposition were busily active in thwarting the measures of government. Dr Samuel Turner, the member for Shrewsbury, called on Sir John Cage, and desired to speak to him privately; his errand was to entreat him to resist the loan, and to use his power with others to obtain this purpose. The following information comes from Sir John Cage himself. Dr Turner 'being desired to stay, he would not a minute, but instantly took horse, saying he had more places to go to, and time pressed; *that there was a company of them had divided themselves into all parts, every one having had a quarter assigned to him, to perform this service for the commonwealth.*' This was written in November, 1626. This unquestionably amounts to a secret confederacy watching out of parliament as well as in; and those strange appearances of popular defection exhibited in the country, which I have described, were in great part the consequences of the machinations and active intrigues of the popular party.†

The king was not disposed to try a *third* parliament. The favourite, perhaps to regain that popular favour which his greatness had lost him, is said in private letters to have been twice on his knees to intercede for a new one. The elections however foreboded no good; and a letter-writer

* A member of the House, in James the First's time called this race of divines 'Spaniels to the court and wolves to the people.'—Dr Mainwaring, Dr Sibthorpe, and Dean Bargrave were seeking for ancient precedents to maintain absolute monarchy, and to inculcate passive obedience. Bargrave had this passage in his sermon: 'It was the speech of a man renowned for wisdom in our age, that if he were commanded to put forth to sea in a ship that had neither mast nor tackling, he would do it:' and being asked what wisdom that were, replied, 'The wisdom must be in him that hath power to command, not in him that conscience binds to obey.' Sibthorpe, after he published his sermon, immediately had his house burnt down. Dr Mainwaring, says a manuscript letter-writer, 'sent the other day to a friend of mine, to help him to all the ancient precedents he could find, to strengthen his opinion (for absolute monarchy,) who answered him he could help him in nothing but only to hang him, and that if he lived till a parliament, or &c, he should be sure of a halter.' Mainwaring afterwards submitted to parliament; but after the dissolution got to a free pardon. The panic of popery was a great evil. The divines, under Laud, appeared to approach to catholicism; but it was probably only a project of reconciliation between the two churches, which Elizabeth, James, and Charles equally wished. Mr Cosins, a letter-writer, censures for 'superstition' in this bitter style: 'Mr Cosins has impudently made three editions of his prayer book, and one which he gives away in private, different from the published ones. An audacious fellow, whom my Lord of Durham greatly admireth. I doubt if he be a sound protestant: he was so blind at even-song on Candlemas-day, that he could not see to read prayers in the minster with less than three hundred and forty candles, whereof sixty he caused to be placed about the high-altar; besides he caused the picture of our Saviour, supported by two angels, to be set in the choir. The committee is very hot against him, and no matter if they trounce him' This was Cosins who survived the revolution, and, returning with Charles the Second was raised to the see of Durham; the charitable institutions he has left are most munificent.

* I deliver this fact as I find it in a private letter; but it is noticed in the Journal of the House of Commons, 23 Junii, 4°. Caroli Regis. 'Sir Edward Coke reported that they find that, enclosed in the letter, to be unfit for any subjects' ear to hear. Read but one line and a half of it, and could not endure to read more of it. It was ordered to be sealed and delivered into the king's hands by eight members, and to acquaint his majesty with the place and time of finding it; particularly that upon the reading of one line and a half at most, they would read no more, but sealed it up, and brought it to the House.

† I have since discovered, by a manuscript letter, that this Dr Turner was held in contempt by the King: that he was ridiculed at court which he haunted, for his want of veracity, in a word, that he was a disappointed courtier'

connected with the court, in giving an account of them, prophetically declared, 'we are without question undone!'

The king's speech opens with the spirit which he himself felt, but which he could not communicate.

'The times are for action; wherefore, for example's sake, I mean not to spend much time in words!—If you, which God forbid, should not do your duties in contributing what the state at this time needs, I must, in discharge of my conscience, *use those other means* which God hath put into my hands, to save that, which the follies of some particular men may otherwise hazard to lose.' He added, with the loftiness of ideal majesty—'Take not this as a threatening, for I scorn to threaten any but my equals; but as an admonition from him, that both out of nature and duty, hath most care of your preservations and prosperities:' and in a more friendly tone he requested them, 'To remember a thing to the end that we may forget it. You may imagine that I come here with a doubt of success, remembering the distractions of the last meeting; but I assure you that I shall very easily forget and forgive what is past.'—

A most crowded house now met, composed of the wealthiest men; for a lord, who probably considered that property was the true balance of power, estimated that they were able to buy the upper house, his majesty only excepted! The aristocracy of wealth had already began to be felt. Some ill omens of the parliament appeared. Sir Robert Philips moved for a general fast: 'we had one for the plague which it pleased God to deliver us from, and we have now so many plagues of the commonwealth about his majesty's person, that we have need of such an act of humiliation.' Sir Edward Coke held it most necessary, 'because there are, I fear, some devils that will not be cast out but by fasting and prayer.'

Many of the speeches in 'this great council of the kingdom' are as admirable pieces of composition as exist in the language. Even the court-party were moderate, extenuating rather than pleading for the late necessities. But the evil spirit of party, however veiled, was walking amidst them all. A letter-writer represents the natural state of feelings: 'Some of the parliament talk desperately; while others, of as high a course to enforce money, if they yield not!' Such is the perpetual action and re-action of public opinion; when one side will give too little, the other is sure to desire too much!

The parliament granted subsidies—Sir John Cooke having brought up the report to the king, Charles expressed great satisfaction, and declared that he felt now more happy than any of his predecessors. Inquiring of Sir John by how many voices he had carried it? Cooke replied, But by one!—at which his majesty seemed appalled, and asked how many were against him? Cooke answered 'None! the unanimity of the House made all but *one voice!*' at which his majesty wept!* If Charles shed tears, or as Cooke himself expresses it, in his report to the house, 'was much affected,' the emotion was profound: for on all sudden emergencies Charles displayed an almost unparalleled command over the exterior violence of his feelings.

The favourite himself sympathized with the tender joy of his royal master; and, before the king, voluntarily offered himself as a peace-sacrifice. In his speech at the council table, he entreats the king that he who had the honour to be his majesty's favourite, might now give up that title to them.—A warm genuine feeling probably prompted these words.

'To open my heart, please to pardon me a word more; I must confess I have long lived in pain, sleep hath given me no rest, favours and fortunes no content; such have been my secret sorrows, to be thought the man of separation, and that divided the king from his people, and them from him; but I hope it shall appear they were some mistaken minds that would have made me the evil spirit that walketh between a good master and a loyal people.'*

Buckingham added, that for the good of his country he was willing to sacrifice his honours; and since his plurality of offices had been so strongly excepted against, that he was content to give up the master of the horse to Marquess Hamilton, and the warden of the Cinque Ports to the Earl of Carlisle; and was willing that the parliament should appoint another admiral for all services at sea.

It is as certain as human evidence can authenticate, that on the king's side all was grateful affection; and that on Buckingham's there was a most earnest desire to win the favours of parliament; and what are stronger than all human evidence, those unerring principles in human nature itself, which are the secret springs of the heart, were working in the breasts of the king and his minister; for neither were tyrannical. The king undoubtedly sighed to meet parliament with the love which he had at first professed; he declared, that 'he should now rejoice to meet with his people often.' Charles had no innate tyranny in his constitutional character; and Buckingham at times was susceptible of misery amidst his greatness, as I have elsewhere shown.* It could not have been imagined that the luckless favourite, on the present occasion, should have served as a pretext to set again in motion the chaos of evil! Can any candid mind suppose, that the king or the duke meditated the slightest insult on the patriotic party, or would in the least have disturbed the apparent reconciliation! Yet it so happened! Secretary Cooke, at the close of his report of the king's acceptance of the subsidies, mentioned that the duke had fervently beseeched the king to grant the house all their desires! Perhaps the mention of the duke's name was designed to ingratiate him into their toleration.

Sir John Elliot caught fire at the very name of the duke, and vehemently checked the secretary for having dared to introduce it; declaring, that 'they knew of no other distinction but of king and subjects. By intermingling a subject's speech with the king's message, he seemed to derogate from the honour and majesty of a king. Nor would it become any subject to bear himself in such a fashion, as if no grace ought to descend from the king to the people, nor any loyalty ascend from the people to the king, but through him only.'

This speech was received by many with acclamations; some cried out, 'Well spoken, Sir John Elliot!'† It marks the heated state of the political atmosphere, where even the lightest coruscation of a hated name made it burst into flames!

I have often suspected that Sir John Elliot, by his vehement personality, must have borne a personal antipathy to Buckingham. I have never been enabled to ascertain the fact; but I find that he has left in manuscript a collection of satires, or 'Verses, being chiefly invectives against the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he bore a bitter and most inveterate enmity.' Could we sometimes discover the motives of those who first head political revolutions, we should find how greatly personal hatreds have actuated them in deeds which have come down to us in the form of patriotism, and how often the revolutionary spirit disguises its private passions by its public conduct.‡

But the supplies, which had raised tears from the fervent gratitude of Charles, though voted, were yet with-

* This circumstance is mentioned in a manuscript letter; what Cooke declared to the House is in Rushworth, vol. I, p. 625.

† I refer the critical student of our history to the duke's speech at the council-table as it appears in Rushworth, I, 525: but what I add respecting his personal sacrifices is from manuscript letters Sloane MSS, 4177. Letter 490, &c.

* Curiosities of Literature, First Series.

† I find this speech, and an account of its reception, in manuscript letters; the fragment in Rushworth contains no part of it. I, 526. Sloane MSS, 4177. Letter 490, &c

‡ Modern history would afford more instances than perhaps some of us suspect. I cannot pass over an illustration of my principle, which I shall take from two very notorious politicians —Wat Tyler, and Sir William Walworth!

Wat, when in servitude, had been beaten by his master, Richard Lions, a great merchant of wines, and a sheriff of London. This chastisement, working on an evil disposition, appears never to have been forgiven; and when this Radical assumed his short-lived dominion, he had his old master beheaded, and his head carried behind him on the point of a spear! So Grafton tells us, to the eternal obloquy of this arch-jacobin, who 'was a crafty fellow, and of an excellent wit, but wanting grace.' I would not sully the glory of the patriotic blow which ended the rebellion with the rebel; yet there are secrets in history! Sir William Walworth, 'the ever-famous mayor of London,' as Stowe designates him, has left the immortality of his name to one of our suburbs; but when I discovered in Stowe's survey that Walworth was the landlord of the stews on the Bank-side, which he farmed out to the Dutch vrows, and which Watt had pulled down, I am inclined to suspect that private feeling first knocked down the saucy ribald, and then thrust him through and through with his dagger. and that there was as much of personal vengeance as patriotism, which crushed the demolisher of so much valuable property!

held. They resolved that grievances and supplies go hand in hand. The commons entered deeply into constitutional points of the highest magnitude. The curious erudition of Selden and Coke was combined with the ardour of patriots who merit no inferior celebrity, though, not having consecrated their names by their laborious literature, we only discover them in the obscure annals of parliament. To our history, composed by writers of different principles, I refer the reader for the arguments of lawyers, and the spirit of the commons. My secret history is only its supplement.

The king's prerogative, and the subject's liberty, were points hard to distinguish, and were established but by contest. Sometimes the king imagined that 'the house pressed not upon the abuses of power, but only upon power itself.' Sometimes the commons doubted whether they had any thing of their own to give; while their property and their persons seemed equally insecure. Despotism seemed to stand on one side, and Faction on the other—Liberty trembled!

The conference of the commons before the lords, on the freedom and person of the subject, was admirably conducted by Selden and by Coke. When the king's attorney affected to slight the learned arguments and precedents, pretending to consider them as mutilated out of the records, and as proving rather against the commons than for them; Sir Edward Coke rose, affirming to the house, upon his skill in the law, that 'it lay not under Mr Attorney's cap to answer any one of their arguments.' Selden declared that he had written out all the records from the Tower, the Exchequer, and the King's Bench, with his own hand; and 'would engage his head, Mr Attorney should not find in all these archives a single precedent omitted.' Mr Littleton said, that he had examined every one *syllabatim*, and whoever said they were mutilated spoke false! Of so ambiguous and delicate a nature was then the liberty of the subject, that it seems they considered it to depend on precedents!

A startling message, on the 12th of April, was sent by the king, for despatch of business. The house, struck with astonishment, desired to have it repeated. They remained sad and silent. No one cared to open the debate. A whimsical politician, Sir Francis Nethersole,* suddenly started up, entreating leave to tell his last night's dream. Some laughing at him, he observed, that 'kingdoms had been saved by dreams!' Allowed to proceed, he said, 'he saw two good pastures; a flock of sheep was in the one, and a bell-wether alone in the other; a great ditch was between them, and a narrow bridge over the ditch.'

He was interrupted by the Speaker, who told him that it stood not with the gravity of the house to listen to dreams; but the house was inclined to hear him out.

'The sheep would sometimes go over to the bell-wether, or the bell-wether to the sheep. Once both met on the narrow bridge, and the question was who should go back, since both could not go on without danger. One sheep gave counsel that the sheep on the bridge should lie on their bellies, and let the bell-wether go over their backs. The application of this dilemma he left to the house.'† It must be confessed that the bearing of the point was more ambiguous than some of the important ones that formed the subjects of fierce contention. *Davus sum, non Œdipus!* It is probable that this fantastical politician did not vote with the opposition; for Elliott, Wentworth, and Coke, protested against the interpretation of dreams in the house!

When the attorney-general moved that the liberties of the subject might be moderated, to reconcile the differences between themselves and the sovereign, Sir Edward Coke observed, that 'the true mother would never consent to the dividing of her child.' On this, Buckingham swore that Coke intimated that the king, his master, was the prostitute of the state. Coke protested against the misinterpretation. The dream of Nethersole, and the metaphor of Coke, were alike dangerous in parliamentary discussion. In a manuscript letter it is said that the House of Commons sat four days without speaking or doing any thing. On the first of May, Secretary Cooke delivered a message, asking, whether they would rely upon the *king's word?* This question was followed by a long silence. Several speeches are reported in the letters of the times, which are not in Rushworth. Sir Nathaniel Rich observed, that 'confident as he was of the royal word, what did any indefinite word ascertain?' Pym said, 'We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England; what need we then take his word?' He proposed to move 'Whether we should take the king's word or no.' This was resisted by Secretary Cooke; 'What would they say in foreign parts, if the people of England would not trust their king?' He desired the house to call Pym to order; on which Pym replied, 'Truly, Mr Speaker, I am just of the same opinion I was; viz, that the king's oath was as powerful as his word.' Sir John Elliot moved that it be put to the question, 'because they that would have it, do urge us to that point.' Sir Edward Coke on this occasion made a memorable speech, of which the following passage is not given in Rushworth.

'We sit now in parliament, and therefore must take his *majesty's word no otherwise than in a parliamentary way;* that is, of a matter agreed on by both houses—his majesty sitting on his throne in his robes, with his crown on his head, and sceptre in his hand, and in full parliament; and his royal assent being entered upon record, *in perpetuam rei memoriam.* This was *the royal word of a king in parliament,* and not a word delivered in a chamber, and out of the mouth of a secretary at the second hand; therefore I motion, that the House of Commons, *more majorum,* should draw a petition, *de droict,* to his majesty; which, being confirmed by both houses, and assented unto by his majesty, will be as firm an act as any. Not that I distrust the king, but that I cannot take his trust but in a parliamentary way.'*

In this speech of Sir Edward Coke we find the first mention, in the legal style, of the ever-memorable 'Petition of Right,' which two days after was finished. The reader must pursue its history among the writers of opposite parties.

On Tuesday, June 5, a royal message announced, that on the 11th the present sessions would close. This utterly disconcerted the commons. Religious men considered it as a judicial visitation for the sins of the people; others raged with suppressed feelings; they counted up all the disasters which had of late occurred, all which, were charged to one man: they knew not, at a moment so urgent, when all their liberties seemed at stake, whether the commons should fly to the lords, or to the king. Sir John Elliot said, that as they intended to furnish his majesty with money, it was proper that he should give them time to supply him with counsel: he was renewing his old attacks on the duke, when he was suddenly interrupted by the speaker, who, starting from the chair, declared, that he was commanded not to suffer him to proceed; Elliot sat down in sullen silence. On Wednesday Sir Edward Coke broke the ice of debate. 'That man,' said he of the duke, 'is the grievance of grievances! As for going to the lords,' he added 'that is not *via regia;* our liberties are impeached—it is our concern!'

On Thursday the vehement cry of Coke against Buckingham was followed up; as, says a letter-writer, when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with a full cry. A sudden message from the king absolutely forbade them to asperse any of his majesty's ministers, otherwise his majesty would instantly dissolve them.

This fell like a thunderbolt; it struck terror and alarm, and at the instant, the House of Commons was changed into a scene of tragical melancholy! All the opposite passions of human nature—all the national evils which were one day to burst on the country, seemed, on a sudden, concentrated in this single spot; Some were seen weeping, some were expostulating, and some, in awful prophecy, were contemplating the future ruin of the kingdom; while others, of more ardent daring, were reproaching the timid, quieting the terrified, and infusing resolution into the despairing. Many attempted to speak, but were so strongly affected that their very utterrance failed them. The venerable Coke, overcome by his feelings when he rose to speak, found his learned eloquence falter on his tongue; he sat down, and tears were seen on his aged

* I have formed my idea of Sir Francis Nethersole from some strange incidents in his political conduct, which I have read in some contemporary letters. He was, however, a man of some eminence, had been Orator for the University of Cambridge, Agent for James I, with the Princess of the Union in Germany, and also Secretary to the Queen of Bohemia. He founded and endowed a Free-school at Polesworth in Warwickshire.

† Manuscript letter.

* These speeches are entirely drawn from manuscript letters. Coke's may be substantially found in Rushworth, but without a single expression as here given.

cheeks. The name of the public enemy of the kingdom was repeated, till the speaker, with tears covering his face, declared he could no longer witness such a spectacle of wo in the commons of England, and requested leave of absence for half an hour. The speaker hastened to the king, to inform him of the state of the house. They were preparing a vote against the duke, for being an arch-traitor and arch-enemy to king and kingdom, and were busied on their 'Remonstrance,' when the speaker, on his return, delivered his majesty's message, that they should adjourn till the next day.

This was an awful interval of time; many trembled for the issue of the next morning: one letter-writer calls it, 'that black and doleful Thursday!' and another, writing before the house met, observes, 'What we shall expect this morning, God of heaven knows; we shall meet timely.'*

Charles probably had been greatly affected by the report of the speaker, on the extraordinary state into which the whole house had been thrown; for on Friday the royal message imported, that the king had never any intention of 'barring them from their right, but only to avoid scandal, that his ministers should not be accused for their counsel to him; and still he boped that all christendom might notice a sweet parting between him and his people.' This message quieted the house, but did not suspend their preparations for a 'Remonstrance,' which they had begun on the day they were threatened with a dissolution.

On Saturday, while they were still occupied on the 'Remonstrance,' unexpectedly, at four o'clock, the king came to parliament, and the commons were called up. Charles spontaneously came to reconcile himself to parliament. The king now gave his second answer to the 'Petition of Right.' He said, 'My maxim is, that the people's liberties strengthen the king's prerogative; and the king's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties. Read your petition, and you shall have an answer that I am sure will please you.'† They desired to have the ancient form of their ancestors, 'Soit droit fait come il est desyré,' and not as the king had before given it, with any observation on it. Charles now granted this; declaring that his second answer to the petition in nowise differed from his first; 'but you now see how ready I have shown myself to satisfy your demands; I have done my part; wherefore, if this parliament have not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours,—I am free from it!'

Popular gratitude is, at least, as vociferous as it is sudden. Both houses returned the king acclamations of joy; every one seemed to exult at the happy change which a few days had effected in the fate of the kingdom. Every where the bells rung, bonfires were kindled, an universal holiday was kept through the town, and spread to the country: but an ominous circumstance has been registered by a letter-writer; the common people, who had caught the contagious happiness, imagined that all this public joy was occasioned by the king's consenting to commit the duke to the Tower!

Charles has been censured, even by Hume, for his 'evasions and delays,' in granting his assent to the 'Petition of Right;' but now, either the parliament had conquered the royal unwillingness, or the king was zealously inclined on reconciliation. Yet the joy of the commons did not outlast the bonfires in the streets; they resumed their debates as if they had never before touched on the subjects; they did not account for the feelings of the man whom they addressed as the sovereign. They sent up a 'Remonstrance' against the duke,‡ and introduced his mother into it, as a patroness of Popery. Charles declared, that after having granted the famous 'Petition,' he had not expected such a return as this 'Remonstrance.' 'How acceptable it is,' he afterwards said, 'every man may judge; no wise man can justify it.' After the reading of the Remonstrance, the duke fell on his knees, desiring to answer for himself; but Charles no way relaxed in showing his personal favour.§

The duke was often charged with actions and with expressions of which, unquestionably, he was not always guilty; and we can more fairly decide on some points, relating to Charles and the favourite, for we have a clearer notion of them than his contemporaries. The active spirits in the commons were resolved to hunt down the game to the death; for they now struck at, as the king calls it, 'one of the chief maintenances of my crown,' in tonnage and poundage, the levying of which, they now declared, was a violation of the liberties of the people. This subject again involved legal discussions, and another 'Remonstrance.' They were in the act of reading it, when the king suddenly came down to the house, sent for the speaker, and prorogued the parliament. 'I am forced to end this session,' said Charles, 'some few hours before I meant, being not willing to receive any more Remonstrances, to which I must give a harsh answer.' There was at least, as much of sorrow as of anger, in this closing speech.

Buckingham once more was to offer his life for the honour of his master—and to court popularity! It is well known with what exterior fortitude Charles received the news of the duke's assassination; this imperturbable majesty of his mind—insensibility it was not—never deserted him on many similar occasions. There was no indecision—no feebleness in his conduct; and that extraordinary event was not suffered to delay the expedition. The king's personal industry astonished all the men in office. One writes, that the king had done more in six weeks than in the duke's time had been done in six months. The death of Buckingham caused no change; the king left every man to his own charge, but took the general direction into his own hands.* In private, Charles deeply mourned the loss of Buckingham; he gave no encouragement to his enemies: the king called him 'his martyr,' and declared, 'the world was greatly mistaken in him; for it was thought that the favourite had ruled his majesty, but it was far otherwise; for that the duke had been to him a faithful and an obedient servant.'† Such were the feelings and ideas of the unfortunate Charles the First, which it is necessary to become acquainted with to judge of; few have possessed the leisure or the disposition to perform this historical duty, involved, as it is, in the history of our passions. If ever the man shall be viewed, as well as the monarch, the private history of Charles the First will form one of the most pathetic of biographies.‡

All the Foreign expeditions of Charles the First, were alike disastrous; the vast genius of Richelieu, at its meridian, had paled our ineffectual star! The dreadful surrender of Rochelle had sent back our army and navy baffled and disgraced; and Buckingham had timely perished, to be saved from having one more reproach, one more political crime, attached to his name. Such failures did not improve the temper of the times; but the most brilliant victory would not have changed the fate of Charles, nor allayed the fiery spirits in the commons, who, as Charles said, 'not satisfied in hearing complainers, had erected themselves into inquisitors after complaints.'

Parliament met. The king's speech was conciliatory. He acknowledged that the exaction of the duties of the customs was not a right which he derived from his hereditary prerogative, but one which he enjoyed as the gift of his people. These duties as yet had not indeed been formally confirmed by parliament, but they had never been refused to the sovereign. The king closed with a fervent ejaculation, that the session, begun with confidence, might end with a mutual good understanding.

The shade of Buckingham was no longer cast between Charles the First and the commons. And yet we find that 'their dread and dear sovereign' was not allowed any repose on the throne.

A new demon of national discord, Religion, in a metaphysical garb, reared its distracted head. This evil spirit had been raised by the conduct of the court divines, whose political sermons, with their attempts to return to the more solemn ceremonies of the Romish church, alarmed some tender consciences; it served as a masked battery for the patriotic party to change their ground at will, without slackening their fire. When the king urged for the duties of his customs, he found that he was addressing a committee sitting for religion. Sir John Elliot threw out a singular expression. Alluding to some of the bishops, whom he called 'masters of ceremonies,' he confessed that some

* This last letter is printed in Rushworth, Vol. I, p. 609.
† The king's answer is in Rushworth, Vol I, p. 613.
‡ This eloquent state paper is in Rushworth, Vol. I, p. 619.
§ This interview is taken from manuscript letters.

* Manuscript Letters; Lord Dorset to the Earl of Carlisle. Sloane MSS, 4178. Letter 519.
† Manuscript Letter.
‡ I have given the 'Secret History of Charles the First, and his Queen,' where I have traced the firmness and independence of his character, in the fifth volume of the seventh edition of the first series of this work, or in the third of the eighth. In the same volumes will be found as much of the Secret History of the Duke of Buckingham' as I have been enabled to acquire.

ceremonies were commendable, such as 'that we should stand up at the repetition of the creed, to testify the resolution of our hearts to defend the religion we profess, and in some churches they did not only stand upright, but *with their swords drawn*.' His speech was a spark that fell into a well-laid train; scarcely can we conceive the enthusiastic temper of the House of Commons, at that moment, when, after some debate, they entered into a *vow* to preserve 'the articles of religion established by parliament, in the *thirteenth year of our late Queen Elizabeth!*' and this *vow* was immediately followed up by a petition to the king for *a fast* for the increasing miseries of the reformed churches abroad. Parliaments are liable to have their passions! Some of these enthusiasts were struck by a panic, not perhaps warranted by the danger of 'Jesuits and Arminians.' The king answered them in good humour; observing, however, on the state of the reformed abroad, 'that fighting would do them more good than fasting.' He granted them their fast, but they would now grant no return; for now they presented 'a Declaration' to the king, that tonnage and poundage must give precedency to religion! The king's answer still betrays no ill temper. He confessed that he did not think that 'religion was in so much danger as they affirmed.' He reminds them of tonnage and poundage; 'I do not so much desire it out of greediness of the thing, as out of a desire to put an end to those questions that arise between me and some of my subjects.

Never had the king been more moderate in his claims, or more tender in his style; and never had the commons been more fierce, and never, in truth, so utterly inexorable! Often kings are tyrannical, and sometimes are parliaments. a body corporate, with the infection of passion, may perform acts of injustice equally with the individual who abuses the power with which he is invested. It was insisted that Charles should give up the receivers of the customs who were denounced as capital enemies to the king and kingdom, while those who submitted to the duties were declared guilty as accessories. When Sir John Elliot was pouring forth invectives against some courtiers—however they may have merited the blast of his eloquence—he was sometimes interrupted and sometimes cheered, for the stinging personalities. The timid speaker refusing to put the question, suffered a severe reprimand from Selden: 'If you will not put it, we must sit still, and thus we shall never be able to do any thing!' The house adjourned in great heat; the dark prognostic of their next meeting, which Sir Symonds D'Ewes has marked in his diary as 'the most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England that happened for five hundred years!'

On this fatal day,* the speaker still refusing to put the question, and announcing the king's command for an adjournment, Sir John Elliot stood up! The speaker attempted to leave the chair, but two members, who had placed themselves on each side forcibly kept him down—Elliot, who had prepared 'a short Declaration,' flung down a paper on the floor, crying out that it might be read! His party vociferated for the reading—others that it should not. A sudden tumult broke out; Coriton, a fervent patriot, struck another member, and many laid their hands on their swords.† 'Shall we,' said one, 'be sent home as we were last sessions, turned off like scattered sheep?' The weeping, trembling speaker, still persisting in what he held to be his duty, was dragged to and fro by opposite parties; but neither he nor the clerk would read the paper, though the speaker was bitterly reproached by his kinsman, Sir Peter Hayman, 'as the disgrace of his country, and a blot to a noble family. Elliot, finding the house so strongly divided, undauntedly snatching up the paper, said, 'I shall then express that by my tongue which this paper should have done.' Denzil Holles assumed the character of speaker, putting the question: it was returned by the acclamations of the party. The doors were locked, and the keys laid on the table. The king sent for the sergeant and mace, but the messenger could obtain no admittance—the usher of the black-rod met no more regard. The king then ordered out his guard—in the meanwhile the protest was completed—the door was flung open, the rush of the members was so impetuous that the crowd carried away among them the sergeant and the usher, in the confusion and riot. Many of the members were struck by horror amidst this conflict, it was a sad image of the future! Several of the patriots were committed to the tower. The king on dissolving this parliament which was the last, till the memorable 'Long Parliament,' gives us, at least, his idea of it. 'It is far from me to judge all the house alike guilty, for there are there as dutiful subjects as any in the world; it being but some few vipers among them that did cast this mist of undutifulness over most of their eyes.'*

Thus have I traced, step by step, the secret history of Charles the First and his early parliaments. I have entered into their feelings, while I have supplied new facts, to make every thing as present and as true as my faithful diligence could repeat the tale. It was necessary that I should sometimes judge of the first race of our patriots as some of their contemporaries did; but it was impossible to avoid correcting these notions by the more enlarged views of their posterity. This is the privilege of an historian and the philosophy of his art. There is no apology for the king, nor no declamation for the subject. Were we only to decide by the final results of this great conflict, of which what we have here narrated is but the faint beginning, we should confess that Sir John Elliot and his party were the first fathers of our political existence; and we should not withhold from them the inexpressible gratitude of a nation's freedom! But human infirmity mortifies us in the noblest pursuits of man; and we must be taught this penitential and chastising wisdom. The story of our patriots is involved: Charles appears to have been lowering those high notions of his prerogative, which were not peculiar to him, and was throwing himself on the bosom of his people. The severe and unrelenting conduct of Sir John Elliot, his prompt eloquence and bold invective, well fitted him for the leader of a party. He was the loadstone, drawing together the looser particles of iron. Never sparing in the Monarch, the errors of the Man, never relinquishing his royal prey, which he had fastened on, Elliot, with Dr Turner and some others, contributed to make Charles disgusted with all parliaments. Without any dangerous concessions, there was more than one moment when they might have reconciled the sovereign to themselves, and not have driven him to the fatal resource of attempting to reign without a parliament!

THE RUMP.

Text and commentary! The French revolution abounds with wonderful 'explanatory notes' on the English. It has cleared up many obscure passages—and in the political history of Man, both pages must be read together.

The opprobrious and ludicrous nickname of The Rump, stigmatized a faction which played the same part in the English Revolution as the 'Montagne' of the Jacobins did in the French. It has been imagined that our English Jacobins were impelled by a principle different from that of their modern rivals; but the madness of avowed atheism, and the frenzy of hypocritical sanctity, in the circle of crimes meet at the same point. Their history forms one of those useful parallels where, with truth unerring as mathematical demonstration, we discover the identity of human nature. Similarity of situation, and certain principles, producing similar personages and similar events, finally settle in the same results. The Rump, as long as human nature exists, can be nothing but the Rump, however it may be thrown uppermost.

The origin of this political by-name has often been inquired into; and it is somewhat curious, that though all parties consent to reprobate it, each assigns for it a different allusion. In the history of political factions there is always a mixture of the ludicrous with the tragic; but, except their modern brothers, no faction, like the present, ever excited such a combination of extreme contempt and extreme horror.

Among the rival parties in 1659, the loyalists and the presbyterians acted, as we may suppose the Tories and

* Monday, 21 of March, 1629.

† It was imagined out of doors that swords had been drawn; for a Welsh page running in great haste, when he heard the noise, to the door, cried out, 'I pray you let hur in! let hur in to give hur master his sword!'—Manuscript letter

* At the time many undoubtedly considered that it was a mere faction in the house Sir Symonds D'Ewes was certainly no politician—but, unquestionably, his ideas were not peculiar to himself. Of the last third parliament he delivers the opinion in his Diary. 'I cannot deem but the greater part of the house were morally honest men; but these were the least guilty of the fatal breach, being only misled by some other Machiavellian politics, who seemed zealous for the liberty of the commonwealth, and by that means, in the moving of their outward freedom, drew the votes of those good men to their side.'

the Whigs would in the same predicament; a secret reconciliation had taken place, to bury in oblivion their former jealousies, that they might unite to rid themselves from that tyranny of tyrannies, a hydra-headed government; or, as Hume observes, that 'all efforts should be used for the overthrow of the Rump; so they called the parliament, in allusion to that part of the animal body.' The sarcasm of the allusion seemed obvious to our polished historian; yet, looking more narrowly for its origin, we shall find how indistinct were the notions of this nick-name among those who lived nearer the times. Evelyn says, that 'the Rump Parliament was so called, as retaining some few rotten members of the other.' Roger Coke describes it thus: 'You must now be content with a piece of the Commons called "The Rump."' And Carte calls the Rump 'the carcass of a House,' and seems not precisely aware of the contemptuous allusion. But how do 'rotten members,' and 'a carcass,' agree with the notion of 'a Rump?' Recently the editor of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson has conveyed a novel origin. 'The number of the members of the Long Parliament having been by seclusion, death, &c, very much reduced,'—a remarkable, &c, this! by which our editor seems adroitly to throw a veil over the forcible transportation by the Rumpers of two hundred members at one swoop,—'the remainder was compared to the *rump of a fowl which was left*, all the rest being eaten.' Our editor even considers this to be 'a coarse emblem;' yet 'the rump of a fowl' could hardly offend even a lady's delicacy! Our editor, probably, was somewhat anxious not to degrade *too lowly* the anti-monarchical party, designated by this opprobrious term. Perhaps it is pardonable in Mrs Macaulay, an historical lady, and a 'Rumper,' for she calls 'the Levellers' 'a brave and virtuous party,' to have passed over in *her* history any mention of the offensive term at all, as well as the ridiculous catastrophe which they underwent in the political revolution, which however we must beg leave not to pass by.

This party-coinage has been ascribed to Clement Walker, their bitter antagonist; who, having sacrificed no inconsiderable fortune to the cause of what he considered constitutional liberty, was one of the violently ejected members of the Long Parliament, and perished in prison, a victim to honest unbending principles. His 'History of Independency' is a rich legacy bequeathed to posterity, of all their great misdoings, and their petty villanies, and, above all, of their secret history: one likes to know of what blocks the idols of the people are sometimes carved out.

Clement Walker notices 'the votes and acts of this *fag end;* this Rump of a Parliament, with corrupt maggots in it.'* This hideous, but descriptive image of 'The Rump,' had, however, got forward before; for the collector of 'the Rump Songs' tells us, 'If you ask who named it *Rump*, know 'twas so styled in an honest sheet of prayer, called "The Bloody Rump," written *before the trial* of our late sovereign; but the word obtained not *universal notice*, till it flew from the mouth of Major-General Brown, at a public assembly in the days of Richard Cromwell.' Thus it happens that a stinging nick-name has been frequently applied to render a faction eternally odious; and the chance expression of a wit, when adopted on some public occasion, circulates among a whole people. The present nick-name originated in derision on the expulsion of the majority of the Long Parliament, by the usurping minority. It probably slept; for who would have stirred it through the Protectorate? and finally awakened at 'Richard's restored, but fleeting, Rump,' to witness its own ridiculous extinction.

Our RUMP passed through three stages in its political progress. Preparatory to the trial of the sovereing, the antimonarchical party constituted the minority in 'the *Long* Parliament:' the very by name by which this parliament is recognized seemed a grievance to an impatient people, vacillating with chimerical projects of government, and now accustomed from a wild indefinite notion of political equality, 'to pull down all existing institutions. Such was temper of the times, that an act of the most violent injustice, openly performed, served only as the jest of the day, a jest which has passed into history. The forcible expulsion of two hundred of their brother members, by those who afterwards were saluted as 'The Rump,' was called 'Pride's Purge,' from the activity of a colonel of that name, a military adventurer, who was only the blind and brutal instrument of his party; for when he stood at the door of the commons, holding a paper with the names of the members, he did not personally know one! And his 'Purge' might have operated a quite opposite effect, administered by his own unskilful hand, had not Lord Grey of Groley, and the doorkeeper,—worthy dispersers of a British senate!—pointed out the obnoxious members, on whom our colonel laid his hand, and sent off by his men to be detained, if a bold member, or to be deterred from sitting in the house, if a frightened one. This colonel had been a dray-man; and the contemptible knot of the Commons, reduced to fifty or sixty confederates, which assembled after his 'Purge,' were called 'Col. Pride's Dray-horses!'

It was this Rump which voted the death of the sovereign, and abolished the regal office, and the house of peers—'as unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous!' 'Every office in parliament seemed 'dangerous' but that of the 'Custodes libertatis Angliæ,' the keepers of the liberties of England! or rather 'the gaolers!' 'The legislative half-quarter of the House of Commons!' indignantly exclaims Clement Walker—the 'Montagne' of the French revolutionists!

'The Red-coats,' as the military were nick-named, soon taught their masters, 'the Rumpers,' silence and obedience: the latter having raised one colossal man for their own purpose, were annihilated by him at a single blow. Cromwell, five years after, turned them out of their house, and put the keys into his pocket. Their last public appearance was in the fleeting days of Richard Cromwell, when the comi-tragedy of 'the Rump' concluded by a catastrophe as ludicrous as that of Tom Thumb's tragedy!

How such a faction used their instruments to gather in the common spoil, and how their instruments at length converted the hands which held them, into instruments themselves, appears in their history. When 'the Long Parliament' opposed the designs of Cromwell and Ireton, these chiefs cried up 'the liberty of the people,' and denied 'the authority of parliament:' but when they had effectuated their famous 'purge, and formed a house of commons of themselves, they abolished the House of Lords, crying up the supreme authority of the House of Commons, and crying down the liberty of the people. Such is the history of political factions, as well as of statesmen! Charles the Fifth alternately made use of the pope's authority to subdue the rising spirit of the protestants of Germany, or raised an army of protestants to imprison the the pope! who branded his German allies by the novel and odious name of Lutherans. A chain of similar facts may be framed out of modern historv

The 'Rump,' as they were called by every one but their own party, became a whetstone for the wits to sharpen themselves on; and we have two large collections of 'Rump Songs,' curious chronicles of popular feeling! Without this evidence we should not have been so well informed respecting the phases of this portentious phenomenon. 'The Rump' was celebrated in verse, till at length it became 'the Rump of a Rump of a Rump!' as Foulis traces them to their dwindled and grotesque appearance. It is pourtrayed by a wit of the times—

'The Rump's an old story, if well understood,
'Tis a thing dressed up in a parliament's hood,
And like it—but the tail stands where the head shou'd:
'Twould make a man scratch where he does not itch!
They say 'tis good luck when a body rises
With the Rump upwards; but he that advises
To live in that posture is none of the wisest.

Cromwell's hunting them out of the house by military force is alluded to—

'Our politic doctors do us teach,
That a blood-sucking red coat's as good as a leech
To relieve the head, if applied to the breach.'

In the opening scene of the Restoration, Mrs Hutchinson, an honest republican, paints with dismay a scene otherwise very ludicrous. 'When the town of Nottingham, as almost all the rest of the island, began to grow mad, and declared themselves in their desires of the king;' or, as another of the opposite party writes, 'When the soldiery, who had hitherto made *clubs trumps*, resolved now to turn up the *king of hearts* in their affections,' the rabble in town and country vied with each other in burning the 'Rump;' and the literal emblem was hung by chains on gallowses, with a bonfire underneath, while the cries of 'Let us burn the Rump! Let us roast the Rump!' were echoed every where. The suddenness of this universal change, which was said to have maddened the wise, and to have sobered the mad, must be ascribed to the joy at escaping from the yoke of a military despotism; perhaps, too, it marked the rapid transition of hope to a res-

* History of Independency, Part II, p. 32.

toration which might be supposed to have implanted gratitude even in a royal breast! The feelings of the people expected to find an echo from the throne.

'The Rump,' besides their general resemblance to the French anarchists, had also some minuter features of ugliness, which Englishmen have often exulted have not marked an English revolution—sanguinary proscriptions! We had thought that we had no revolutionary tribunals! no Septembrisers! no Noyades! no moveable guillotines awaiting for carts loaded with human victims! no infuriated republican urging, in a committee of public safety, the necessity of a salutary massacre!

But if it be true that the same motives and the same principles were at work in both nations, and that the like characters were performing in England the parts which they did afterwards in France, by an argument *a priori* we might be sure that the same revolting crimes and chimerical projects were alike suggested at London as at Paris. Human nature even in transactions which appear unparalleled, will be found to preserve a regularity of resemblance not always suspected.

The first great tragic act was closely copied by the French; and if the popular page of our history appears unstained by their revolutionary axe, this depended only on a slight accident; for it became a question of 'yea' and 'nay!' and was only carried in the negative by *two voices* in the council! It was debated among 'the bloody Rump,' as it was hideously designated, 'whether to massacre and put to the sword *all the king's party*!'* Cromwell himself listened to the suggestion; and it was only put down by the coolness of political calculation—the dread that the massacre would be *too general!* one of the Rump not obtaining the blessedness of a massacre, still clung to the happiness of an immolation; and many petitions were presented, that '*two or three principal gentlemen* of the royal party in EACH COUNTY might be sacrificed to justice, whereby the land might be saved from *blood-guiltiness*!' Sir Author Haslerigg, whose 'passionate fondness of liberty' has been commended,† was one of the committee of safety in 1647—I too, would commend 'a passionate lover of liberty,' whenever I do not discover that this lover is much more intent on the dower than on the bride. Haslerigg, 'an absurd bold man,' as Clarendon at a single stroke, reveals his character, was resolved not to be troubled with king or bishop, or with any power in the state superior to 'the Rump's.' We may safely suspect the patriot who can cool his vehemence in spoliation. Haslerigg would have no bishops, but this was not from any want of reverence for church-lands, for he heaped for himself such wealth as to have been nick-named 'the bishop of Durham!' He is here noticed for a political crime different from that of plunder. When, in 1647, this venerable radical found the parliament resisting his views, he declared, that 'Some heads must fly off!' adding, 'the parliament cannot save England; we must look another way;'—threatening, what afterwards was done, to bring in the army! It was this 'passionate lover of liberty' who, when Dorislaus, the parliamentary agent, was assassinated by some Scotchmen in Holland, moved in the house, that 'Six royalists of the best quality' should be immediately executed! When some northern counties petitioned the Commons for relief against a famine in the land, our Maratist observed, that 'this *want of food* would best defend those counties from Scottish invasion!'‡ The slaughter of Drogheda by Cromwell, and his frightening all London by what Walker calls 'a butchery of apprentices,' when he cried out to his soldiers, to kill man, woman, and child, and fire the city!'§ may be placed among those crimes which are committed to open a reign of terror—but Hugh Peter's solemn thanksgiving to Heaven that 'none were spared!' was the true expression of the true feeling of these political demoniacs. Cromwell was cruel from politics, others from constitution. Some were willing to be cruel without 'blood-guiltiness.' One Alexander Rigby, a radical lawyer, twice moved in the Long Parliament, that those *lords and gentlemen* who were 'malignants,' should be *sold as slaves to the Dey of Algiers*, or sent off to the new plantations in the West Indies. He had all things prepared; for it is added that he had contracted with two merchants to ship them off.* There was a most bloody-minded 'maker of washing-balls,' as one John Durant is described, appointed a lecturer by the House of Commons, who always left out of the Lord's prayer, 'As we forgive them that trespass against us,' and substituted, 'Lord, since thou hast now drawn out thy sword, let it not be sheathed again till it be glutted in the blood of the malignants.' I find too many enormities of this kind. 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently, and keepeth back his sword from blood!' was the cry of the wretch, who, when a celebrated actor and royalist sued for quarter, gave no other reply than that of 'fitting the action to the word.' Their treatment of the Irish may possibly be admired by a true Machiavelist: 'they permitted forty thousand of the Irish to enlist in the service of the kings of Spain and France—in other words, they expelled them at once, which, considering that our Rumpers affected such an abhorrence of tyranny, may be considered as an act of mercy! satisfying themselves only with dividing the forfeited lands of the aforesaid forty thousand among their own party by lot and other means. An universal confiscation, after all, is a bloodless massacre. They used the Scotch soldiers, after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, a little differently—but equally efficaciously—for they sold their Scotch prisoners for slaves to the American planters.†

The Robespierres and the Marats were as extraordinary beings, and in some respects the Frenchmen were working on a more enlarged scheme. These discovered, that 'the generation which had witnessed the preceding one would always regret it; and for the security of the Revolution, it was necessary that every person who was thirty years old in 1788 should perish on the scaffold!' The anarchists were intent on reducing the French people to eight millions, and on destroying the great cities of France.‡

Such monstrous persons and events are not credible—but this is no proof that they have not occurred.—Many incredible things will happen!

Another disorganizing feature in the English *Rumpers* was also observed in the *Sans-culottes*—their hatred of literature and the arts. Hebert was one day directing his satellites towards the *bibliotheque nationale*, to put an end to all that human knowledge collected for centuries on centuries—in one day! alleging of course some good reason. This hero was only diverted from the enterprise by being persuaded to postpone it for a day or two, when luckily the guillotine intervened: the same circumstance occurred here. The burning of the records in the Tower was certainly proposed; a speech of Selden's, which I cannot immediately turn to, put a stop to these incendiaries. It was debated in the Rump parliament, when Cromwell was general, whether they should *dissolve the universities?* They concluded that no university was necessary; that there were no ancient examples of such education, and that scholars in other countries did study at *their own cost and charges*, and therefore they looked on them as unnecessary, and thought them fitting *to be taken away for the public use!*—How these venerable asylums escaped from being sold with the king's pictures, as stone and timber, and why their rich endowments were not shared among such inveterate ignorance and remorseless spoliation, might claim some inquiry.

The Abbé Morellet, a great political economist, imagined that the source of all the crimes of the French Revolution was their violation of the sacred rights of property. The perpetual invectives of the *Sans-culottes* of France *against proprietors and against property* proceeded from demoralized beings, who formed panegyrics on all crimes; crimes, to explain whose revolutionary terms, a new dictionary was required. But even these anarchists, in their mad expressions against property, and in their

* Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II, p. 130. Confirmed by Barwick in his Life, p. 163.

† The Rev. Mark Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell, I. 405.

‡ Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II, 172.

§ Walker, Part I, 160.

* Mercurius Rusticus, XII. 115. Barwick's Life, p. 42.

† I am indebted to my friend Mr Hamper of Deritend House, Birmingham, for the following account drawn from Sir William Dugdale's interleaved Pocket-book for 1646.—'Aug. 17. The Scotch army, under the command of Duke Hamilton, defeated at Preston in Lancashire. 24th. The Moorlanders rose upon the Scots and stript some of them. The Scotch prisoners miserably used; exposed to eat cabbage-leaves in Ridgley (Staffordshire) and carrot-tops in Coleshill, (Warwickshire.) The soldiers who guarded them sold the victuals which were brought in for them from the country.'

‡ Desoloard's Histoire Philosophique de la Revolution de France, IV, 5.

wildest notions of their 'egalité,' have not gone beyond the daring of our own 'Rumpers!'

Of those revolutionary journals of the parliament of 1649, which in spirit so strongly resemble the diurnal or hebdomadal effusions of the redoubtable French Hebert, Marat, and others of that stamp, one of the most remarkable is 'The Moderate, impartially communicating martial affairs to the *kingdom* of England;' the monarchical title our commonwealth-men had not yet had time enough to obliterate from their colloquial style. This writer called himself in his barbarous English, *The Moderate!* It would be hard to conceive the meanness and illiteracy to which the English language was reduced under the pens of the rabble-writers of these days, had we not witnessed in the present time a parallel to their compositions. 'The Moderate!' was a little assumed on the principle on which Marat denominated himself 'l'ami du peuple.' It is curious, that the most ferocious politicians usually assert their moderation. Robespierre, in his justification, declares 'm'a souvent accusé de *Moderantisme*.' The same actors, playing the same parts, may be always paralleled in their language and their deeds. This 'Moderate' steadily pursued one great principle—the overthrow of all Property. Assuming that *property* was the original cause of *sin!* an exhortation to the people for this purpose is the subject of the present paper:* the illustration of his principle is as striking as the principle itself.

It is an apology for, or rather a defence of robbery! Some moss-troopers had been condemned to be hanged, for practising their venerable custom of gratuitously supplying themselves from the flocks and herds of their weaker neighbours: our 'Moderate' ingeniously discovers, that the loss of these men's lives is to be attributed to nothing but *property*. They are necessitated to offend the laws, in order to obtain a livelihood!

On this he descants; and the extract is a political curiosity, in the French style! '*Property* is the original cause of any *sin* between party and party as to civil transactions. And since the *tyrant* is taken off, and the government altered *in nomine*, so ought it really to redound to the good of the people *in specie*; which though they cannot expect it in a few years, by reason of *the multiplicity of the gentry in authority*, command, &c, who drive on all designs for support of the old government, and consequently their own interest and the *people's slavery*, yet they doubt not, but *in time* the people will herein discern their own blindness and folly.'

In September, he advanced with more depth of thought. '*Wars* have even been clothed with the most gracious pretences—viz., reformation of religion, the laws of the land, the liberty of the subject, &c; though the effects thereof have proved most destructive to every nation; making the sword, and not *the people*, the original of all authorities for many hundred years together, taking away *each man's birthright*, and *settling upon a few* a cursed propriety; the ground of all civil offences, and the greatest cause of most sins against the heavenly Deity. *This tyranny and oppression* running through the veins of many of our predecessors, and being too long maintained by the sword upon a royal foundation, at last became so customary, as *to the vulgar it seemed most natural*—the only reason why the *people* of this time are so *ignorant of their birth-right*, their only freedom,' &c.

'The birth-right' of citoyen *Egalité* to *a cursed propriety settled on a few*,' was not even among the French jacobins, urged with more amazing force. Had things proceeded according to our 'Moderate's' plan, 'the people's slavery' had been something worse. In a short time the nation would have had more proprietors than property. We have a curious list of the spoliations of those members of the House of Commons, who, after their famous *self-denying ordinances*, appropriated among themselves sums of money, offices, and lands, for services 'done or to be done.'

The most innocent of this new government of 'the Majesty of the People,' were those whose talents had been limited by Nature to peddle and purloin; puny mechanics, who had suddenly dropped their needles, their hammers, and their lasts, and slunk out from behind their shop-counters; those who had never aspired beyond the constable of their parish, were now seated in the council of state; where, as Milton describes them, 'they fell to huckster the commonwealth:' there they met a more rabid race of obscure lawyers, and discontented men of family, of blasted reputations; adventurers, who were to command the militia and navy of England,—governors of the three kingdoms! whose votes and ordinances resounded with nothing else but new impositions, new taxes, excises, yearly, monthly, weekly sequestrations, compositions, and universal robbery!

Baxter vents one deep groan of indignation, and presciently announces one future consequence of *Reform!* 'In all this appeared the severity of God, the mutability of worldly things, and the fruits of error, pride, and selfishness, *to be charged hereafter upon reformation and religion*.' As a statesman, the sagacity of this honest prophet was narrowed by the horizon of his religious views; for he ascribes the whole as 'prepared by Satan to the injury of the protestant cause, and the advantage of the papists!' But dropping his particular application to the devil and the papists, honest Richard Baxter is perfectly right in his general principle concerning 'Rumpers,'—'Sans-culottes,'—and 'Radicals.'

* The Moderate, from Tuesday, July 31, to August 7, 1649.

LIFE AND HABITS OF A LITERARY ANTIQUARY—OLDYS AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

Such a picture may be furnished by some unexpected materials which my inquiries have obtained of Oldys. This is a sort of personage little known to the wits, who write more than they read, and to their volatile votaries, who only read what the wits write. It is time to vindicate the honours of the few whose laborious days enrich the stores of national literature, not by the duplicates but the supplements of knowledge. A literary antiquary is that idler whose life is passed in a perpetual *voyage autour de ma chambre*; fervent in sagacious diligence, instinct with the enthusiasm of curious inquiry, critical as well as erudite; he has to arbitrate between contending opinions, to resolve the doubtful, to clear up the obscure, and to grasp at the remote; so busied with other times, and so interested for other persons than those about him, that he becomes the inhabitant of the visionary world of books. He counts only his days by his acquisitions, and may be said by his original discoveries to be the creator of facts; often exciting the gratitude of the literary world, while the very name of the benefactor has not always descended with the inestimable labours.

Such is the man whom we often find, leaving, when he dies, his favourite volumes only an incomplete project! and few of this class of literary men have escaped the fate reserved for most of their brothers. Voluminous works have been usually left unfinished by the death of the authors; and it is with them as with the planting of trees, of which Johnson has forcibly observed, 'There is a frightful interval between the seed and timber.' And he admirably remarks, what I cannot forbear applying to the labours I am now to describe; 'He that calculates the growth of trees has the remembrance of the shortness of life driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself; and when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down.' The days of the patriotic Count Mazzuchelli were freely given to his national literature; and six invaluable folios attest the gigantic force of his immense erudition; yet these only carry us through the letters A and B: and though Mazzuchelli had finished for the press other volumes, the torpor of his descendants has defrauded Europe of her claims. The Abbé Goujet, who had designed a classified history of his national literature, in the eighteen volumes we possess, could only conclude that of the translators and commence that of the poets; two other volumes in manuscript have perished. That great enterprise of the Benedictines, the 'Histoire Litteraire de la France,' now consists of twelve large quartos, and the industry of its successive writers have only been able to carry it to the twelfth century. David Clement designed the most extensive bibliography which had ever appeared; but the diligent life of the writer could only proceed as far as H. The alphabetical order, which so many writers of this class have adopted, has proved a mortifying memento of human life! Tiraboschi was so fortunate as to complete his great national history of Italian literature. But, unhappily for us, Thomas Warton, after feeling his way through the darker ages of our poetry, in planning the map of the beautiful land, of which he had only a Pisgah-sight, expired amidst his volumes. The most precious portion of Warton's history is but the fragment of a fragment.

Oldys, among this brotherhood, has met perhaps with a harder fate; his published works, and the numerous ones to which he contributed, are now highly appreciated by the lovers of books; but the larger portion of his literary labours have met with the sad fortune of dispersed, and probably of wasted manuscripts. Oldys's manuscripts, or O. M. as they are sometimes designated, are constantly referred to by every distinguished writer on our literary history. I believe that not one of them could have given us any positive account of the manuscripts themselves! They have indeed long served as the solitary sources of information—but like the well at the way-side, too many have drawn their waters in silence.

Oldys is chiefly known by the caricature of the facetious Grose, a great humorist, both with pencil and with pen: it is in a posthumous scrap-book, where Grose deposited his odds and ends, and where there is perhaps not a single story which is not satirical. Our lively antiquary, who cared more for rusty armour than for rusty volumes, would turn over these flams and quips to some confidential friend, to enjoy together a secret laugh at their literary intimates. His eager executor, who happened to be his book-seller, served up the poignant hash to the public as 'Grose's Olio!' The delineation of Oldys is sufficiently overcharged for 'the nonce.' One prevalent infirmity of honest Oldys, his love of companionship over too social a glass, sends him down to posterity in a grotesque attitude; and Mr Alexander Chalmers, who has given us the fullest account of Oldys, has inflicted on him something like a sermon, on 'a state of intoxication.'

Alas!—Oldys was an outcast of fortune, and the utter simplicity of his heart was guileless as a child's—ever open to the designing. The noble spirit of the Duke of Norfolk once rescued the long-lost historian of Rawleigh from the confinement of the Fleet, where he had existed probably forgotten by the world for six years. It was by an act of grace that the duke safely placed Oldys in the Herald's College as Norroy King of Arms.* But Oldys, like all shy and retired men, had contracted peculiar habits and close attachments for a few; both these he could indulge at no distance. He liked his old associates in the purlieus of the Fleet, whom he facetiously dignified as 'his Rulers,' and there, as I have heard, with the grotesque whim of a herald, established 'The Dragon Club.' Companionship yields the poor man unpurchased pleasures. Oldys, busied every morning among the departed wits and the learned of our country, reflected some image from them of their wit and learning to his companions: a secret history as yet untold, and ancient wit, which, cleared of the rust, seemed to him brilliant as the modern!

It is hard, however, for a literary antiquary to be caricatured, and for a herald to be ridiculed about an 'unseemly reeling, with the coronet of the Princess Caroline, which looked unsteady on the cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren.' A circumstance which could never have occurred at the burial of a prince or a princess, as the coronet is carried by Clarencieux, and not by Norroy. Oldys's deep potations of ale, however, give me an opportunity of bestowing on him the honour of being the author of a popular Anacreontic song. Mr Taylor informs me that 'Oldys always asserted that he was the author of the well known song—

'Busy, curious, thirsty fly!'

* Mr John Taylor, the son of Oldys's intimate friend, has furnished me with this interesting anecdote. 'Oldys, as my father informed me, was many years in quiet obscurity in the Fleet-prison, but at last was spirited up to make his situation known to the Duke of Norfolk of that time, who received Oldys's letter while he was at dinner with some friends. The duke immediately communicated the contents to the company, observing that he had long been anxious to know what had become of an old, though an humble friend, and was happy by that letter to find that he was alive. He then called for his gentleman (a kind of humble friend whom noblemen used to retain under that name in those days,) and desired him to go immediately to the Fleet, to take money for the immediate need of Oldys, to procure an account of his debts and discharge them. Oldys was, soon after, either by the duke's gift or interest, appointed Norroy King at Arms; and I remember that his official regalia came into my father's hands at his death.'

In the Life of Oldys, by Mr A. Chalmers, the date of this promotion is not found. My accomplished friend the Rev J. Dallaway has obligingly examined the records of the college, by which it appears that Oldys had been Norfolk herald extraordinary, but not belonging to the college, was appointed per saltum Norroy King of Arms by patent, May 8th, 1753.

and as he was a rigid lover of truth, I doubt not that he wrote it.' My own researches confirm it; I have traced this popular song through a dozen of collections since the year 1740, the first in which I find it. In the later collections an original inscription has been dropped, which the accurate Ritson has restored, without, however, being able to discover the writer. In 1740 it is said to have been 'Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a *fly* drinking out of his *cup of ale*;'—the accustomed potion of poor Oldys!*

Grose, however, though a great joker on the peculiarities of Oldys, was far from insensible to the extraordinary acquisitions of the man. 'His knowledge of English books has hardly been exceeded.' Grose too was struck by the delicacy of honour, and the unswerving veracity which so strongly characterised Oldys, of which he gives a remarkable instance. We are concerned in ascertaining the moral integrity of the writer, whose main business is with history.

At a time when our literary history, excepting in the solitary labour of Anthony Wood, was a forest, with neither road nor pathway, Oldys fortunately placed in the library of the Earl of Oxford, yielded up his entire days to researches concerning the books and the men of the preceding age. His labours were then valueless, their very nature not yet ascertained, and when he opened the treasures of our ancient lore, in 'The British Librarian,' it was closed for want of public encouragement. Our writers then struggling to create an age of genius of their own, forgot that they had had any progenitors; or while they were acquiring new modes of excellence, that they were losing others, to which their posterity or the national genius might return. To know, and to admire only, the literature and the tastes of our own age, is a species of elegant barbarism.† Spenser was considered nearly as obsolete as Chaucer; Milton was veiled by oblivion, and Shakespeare's dramas were so imperfectly known, that in looking over the play-bills of 1711, and much later, I find that whenever it chanced that they were acted, they were always announced to have been written by Shakspeare.' Massinger was unknown; and Jonson, though called 'immortal' in the old play-bills, lay entombed in his two folios. The poetical era of Elizabeth, the eloquent age of James the First, and the age of wit of Charles the Second, were blanks in our literary history. Bysshe compiling an art of Poetry, in 1718, passed by in his collections '*Spenser and the poets of his age*, because their language is now become so obsolete, that most readers of our age have no ear for them, and therefore *Shakespeare* himself is so *rarely cited* in my collection.' The *best* English poets were considered to be the *modern*; a taste which is always obstinate!

All this was nothing to Oldys; his literary curiosity anticipated by half a century the fervour of the present day. This energetic direction of all his thoughts was sustained by that life of discovery, which in literary researches is starting novelties among old and unremembered things contemplating some ancient tract as precious as a manuscript, or revelling in the volume of a poet, whose passport of fame was yet delayed in its way; or disinterring

* The beautiful simplicity of this Anacreontic has met the unusual fate of entirely losing its character, by an additional and incongruous stanza in the modern editions, by a gentleman who has put into practice the unallowable liberty of altering the poetical and dramatic compositions of acknowledged genius to his own notion of what he deems 'morality;' but in works of genius whatever is dull ceases to be moral. 'The Fly' of Oldys may stand by 'The Fly' of Gray for melancholy tenderness of thought; it consisted only of these two stanzas:

1

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up;
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

2

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

† We have been taught to enjoy the two ages of Genius and of Taste. The literary public are deeply indebted to the editorial care, the taste and the enthusiasm of Mr Singer, for exquisite reprints of some valuable writers.

the treasure of some secluded manuscript, whence he drew a virgin extract; or raising up a sort of domestic intimacy with the eminent in arms, in politics, and in literature, in this visionary life, life itself with Oldys was insensibly gliding away—its cares almost unfelt!

The life of a literary antiquary partakes of the nature of those who, having no concerns of their own, busy themselves with those of others. Oldys lived in the back-ages of England; he had crept among the dark passages of Time, till, like an old gentleman-usher, he seemed to be reporting the secret history of the courts which he had lived in. He had been charmed among their masques and revels, had eyed with astonishment their cumbrous magnificence, when knights and ladies carried on their mantles and their cloth of gold ten thousand pounds' worth of ropes of pearls, and buttons of diamonds; or, descending to the gay court of the second Charles, he tattled merry tales, as in that of the first he had painfully watched, like a patriot or a loyalist, a distempered era. He had lived so constantly with these people of another age, and had so deeply interested himself in their affairs, and so loved the wit and the learning which are often bright under the rust of antiquity, that his own uncourtly style is embrowned with the tint of a century old. But it was this taste and curiosity which alone could have produced the extraordinary volume of Sir Walter Rawleigh's life; a work richly inlaid with the most curious facts and the juxta-position of the most remote knowledge; to judge by its fulness of narrative, it would seem rather to have been the work of a contemporary.*

It was an advantage in this primeval era of literary curiosity, that those volumes which are now not even to be found in our national library, where certainly they are perpetually wanted, and which are now so excessively appreciated, were exposed on stalls, through the reigns of Anne and the two Georges.† Oldys encountered no competitor, cased in the invulnerable mail of his purse, to dispute his possession of the rarest volume. On the other hand, our early collector did not possess our advantages; he could not fly for instant aid to a 'Biographia Britannica,' he had no history of our poetry, nor even of our drama. Oldys could tread in no man's path, for every soil about him was unbroken ground. He had to create every thing for his purposes. We gather fruit from our trees which others have planted, and too often we but 'pluck and eat.'

Nulla dies sine linea was his sole hope while he was accumulating masses of notes; and as Oldys never used his pen from the weak passion of scribbling, but from the urgency of preserving some substantial knowledge, or planning some future inquiry, he amassed nothing but what he wished to remember. Even the minuter pleasures of settling a date, or classifying a title-page, were enjoyments to his incessant pen. Every thing was acquisition. This never-ending business of research appears to have absorbed his powers, and sometimes to have dulled his conceptions. No one more aptly exercised the *tact* of discovery; he knew where to feel in the dark: but he was not of the race—that race indeed had not yet appeared among us—who could melt into their Corinthian brass, the mingled treasures of Research, Imagination and Philosophy!

We may be curious to inquire where our literary antiquary deposited the discoveries and curiosities which he was so incessantly acquiring. They were dispersed on many a fly-leaf in occasional memorandum-books; in ample marginal notes on his authors—they were sometimes thrown into what he calls his 'parchment budgets' or 'Bags of Biography—of Botany—of Obituary,—of 'Books relative to London' and other titles and bags, which he was every day filling. Sometimes his collections seem to have been intended for a series of volumes, for he refers to 'My first Volume of Tables of the eminent Persons celebrated by English Poets,—to another of 'Poetical Characteristics.' Among those manuscripts which I have seen, I find one mentioned, apparently of a wide circuit, under the reference of 'My biographical Institutions. Part third; containing a Catalogue of all the English Lives, with historical and critical Observations on them. 'But will our curious or our whimsical collectors of the present day endure, without impatience, the loss of a quarto manuscript, which bears this rich condiment for its title—' Of London Libraries; with Anecdotes of Collectors of Books; Remarks on Booksellers; and on the first Publishers of Catalogues?' Oldys left ample annotations on 'Fuller's Worthies,' and 'Winstanley's Lives of the Poets,' and on 'Langbaine's Dramatic Poets.' The late Mr Boswell showed me a *Fuller* in the Malone collection, with Steevens's transcription of *Oldy's notes*, which Malone purchased for 43*l* at Steevens's sale; but where is the original copy of Oldys? The 'Winstanley,' I think, also reposes in the same collection. The 'Langbaine' is far famed, and is preserved in the British Museum, the gift of Dr Birch; it has been considered so precious, that several of our eminent writers have cheerfully passed through the labour of a minute transcription of its numberless notes. In the history of the fate and fortune of books, that of Oldys' *Langbaine* is too curious to omit. Oldys may tell his own story, which I find in the Museum copy, p. 339, and which copy appears to be a *second* attempt; for of the *first* Langbaine we have this account:

'When I left London, in 1724, to reside in *Yorkshire*, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, among many other books, goods, *&c*, a copy of this Langbaine, in which I had wrote several notes and references to further knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London, 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed; and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. T. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my Langbaine of a bookseller who was a great collector of plays and poetical books this must have been of service to him, and he has kept it so carefully from my sight, that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing in, the Notes I had collected in that.'*

This *first* Langbaine, with additions by Coxeter, was bought, at the sale of his books, by Theophilus Cibber: on the strength of these notes, he prefixed his name to the first collection of the 'Lives of our Poets,' which appeared in weekly numbers, and now form five volumes, written chiefly by Shiels, an amanuensis of Dr Johnson. Shiels has been recently castigated by Mr Gifford.

These literary jobbers nowhere distinguish Coxeter's and Oldys's curious matter from their own. Such was the fate of the *first* copy of Langbaine, with *Oldys's notes*; but the *second* is more important. At an auction of some of Oldys's books and manuscripts, of which I have seen a printed catalogue, Dr. Birch purchased this invaluable copy for three shillings and sixpence.† Such was the value attached to these original researches concerning our poets, and of which,

* Gibbon once meditated a life of Rawleigh, and for that purpose began some researches in that 'memorable era of our English annals' After reading Oldys's, he relinquished his design, from a conviction that 'he could add nothing new to the subject, except the uncertain merit of style and sentiment.'

† It is greatly to be lamented that the British Museum is extremely deficient in our National Literature.

* At the Bodleian library, I learn by a letter with which I am favoured by the Rev Dr Bliss, that there is an interleaved 'Gildon's Lives and Characters of the Dramatic Poets,' with corrections, which once belonged to Coxeter, who appears to have intended a new edition. Whether Coxeter transcribed into his Gildon the notes of Oldys's first Langbaine, is worth inquiry. Coxeter's conduct, though he had purchased Oldys's first Langbaine, was that of an ungenerous miser, who will quarrel with a brother, rather than share in any acquisition he can get into his own hands. To Coxeter we also owe much; he suggested Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and the first tolerable edition of Massinger.

There is a remarkable word in Oldys's note above. He could not have been employed in Lord Oxford's library, as Mr Chalmers conjectures, about 1726; for here he mentions that he was in Yorkshire from 1724 to 1730. This period is a remarkable blank in Oldys's life. If he really went to Yorkshire, he departed in sudden haste, for he left all his books at his lodgings; and six years of rustication must have been an intolerable state for a lover of old books. It has sometimes occurred to me, that for Yorkshire we must understand the Fleet. There we know he was; but the circumstance perhaps was so hateful to record, that he preferred to veil it, while writing, for the second time, his Notes on Langbaine; he confesses on his return to his lodgings, that he found that he had lost every thing which he had left there.

† This copy was lent by Dr Birch to the late bishop of Dromore, who with his own hand carefully transcribed the notes into an interleaved copy of Langbaine, divided into four volumes, which, as I am informed, narrowly escaped the flames, and was injured by the water, at a fire at Northumberland-House. His lordship, when he went to Ireland left this copy with Mr Nichols, for the use of the projected editions of the Tatler, the Spectator, and the Guardian, with notes and illustrations; of which I think the Tatler only has appeared, and to which his lordship contributed some valuable communications.

to obtain only a transcript, very large sums have since been cheerfully given. The Museum copy of Langbaine, is in Oldys's hand-writing, not interleaved, but overflowing with notes, written in a very small hand about the margins, and inserted between the lines: nor may the transcriber pass negligently even its corners, otherwise he is here assured that he will lose some useful date, or the hint of some curious reference. The enthusiasm and diligence of Oldys, in undertaking a repetition of his first lost labour, proved to be infinitely greater than the sense of his unrequited labours. Such is the history of the escapes, the changes, and the fate of a volume, which forms the groundwork of the most curious information concerning our elder poets, and to which we must still frequently refer.

In this variety of literary arrangements, which we must consider as single works in a progressive state, or as portions of one great work on our modern literary history, it may, perhaps, be justly suspected that Oldys in the delight of perpetual acquisition, impeded the happier labour of unity of design, and completeness of purpose. He was not a Tiraboschi—nor even a Niceron! He was sometimes chilled by neglect, and by 'vanity and vexation of spirit,' else we should not now have to count over a barren list of manuscript works; masses of literary history, of which the existence is even doubtful.

In Kippis's Biographia Britannica, we find frequent references to O. M. Oldys's manuscripts. Mr. John Taylor, the son of the friend and executor of Oldys, has greatly obliged me with all his recollections of this man of letters; whose pursuits, however, were in no manner analogous to his, and whom he could only have known in youth. By him I learn, that on the death of Oldys, Dr Kippis, editor Biographia Britannica, looked over these manuscripts at Mr. Taylor's house. He had been directed to this discovery by the late Bishop of Dromore, whose active zeal was very remarkable in every enterprise to enlarge our literary history. Kippis was one who, in some degree, might have estimated their literary value; but, employed by commercial men, and negotiating with persons who neither comprehended their nature, or affixed any value to them, the editor of the Biographia found Oldys's manuscripts an easy purchase for his employer, the late Mr. Cadell; and the twenty guineas, perhaps, served to bury their writer! Mr. Taylor says, 'The manuscripts of Oldys were not so many as might be expected from so indefatigable a writer. They consisted chiefly of short extracts from books, and minutes of dates, and were *thought worth purchasing* by the doctor. I remember the manuscripts well; though Oldys was not the author, but rather recorder.' Such is the statement and the opinion of a writer, whose effusions are of a gayer sort. But the researches of Oldys must not be estimated by this standard: with him a single line was the result of many a day of research, and a leaf of scattered hints would supply more *original knowledge* than some octavos, fashioned out by the hasty gilders and varnishers of modern literature. These *discoveries* occupy small space to the eye; but large works are composed out of them. This very lot of Oldys's manuscripts was, indeed, so considerable to the judgment of Kippis, that he has described them as '*a large and useful body of biographical materials, left by Mr. Oldys.*' Were these the 'Biographical Institutes' Oldys refers to among his manuscripts? 'The late Mr. Malone,' continues Mr. Taylor, 'told me that he had seen *all Oldys's manuscripts;* so I presume they are in the hands of Cadell and Davies; Have they met with the fate of sucked oranges?—and how much of Malone may we owe to Oldys?

This information enabled me to trace the manuscripts of Oldys to Dr. Kippis; but it cast me among the booksellers, who do not value manuscripts which no one can print. I discovered, by the late Mr. Davies, that the direction of that hapless work in our literary history, with its whole treasure of manuscripts, had been consigned, by Mr. Cadell, to the late George Robinson: and that the successor of Dr. Kippis had been the late Dr. George Gregory. Again I repeat, the history of voluminous works is a melancholy office; every one concerned with them no longer can be found! The esteemed relic of Doctor Gregory, with a friendly promptitude, gratified my anxious inquiries, and informed me, that 'She perfectly recollects a mass of papers, such as I described, being returned, on the death of Dr. Gregory, to the house of Wilkie and Robinson, in the early part of the year 1809.' I applied to this house, who, after some time, referred me to Mr. John Robinson, the representative of his late father, and with whom all the papers of the former partnership were deposited. But Mr. John Robinson has terminated my inquiries, by his civility in promising to comply with them, and his pertinacity in not doing so. He may have injured his own interest in not trading with my curiosity.* It was fortunate for the nation, that George Vertue's mass of manuscripts escaped the fate of Oldys's; had the possessor proved as indolent, Horace Walpole would not have been the writer of his most valuable work, and we should have lost the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' of which Vertue had collected the materials.

Of a life consumed in such literary activity we should have known more had the *Diaries* of Oldys escaped destruction. 'One habit of my father's old friend, William Oldys,' says Mr Taylor, 'was that of keeping a diary, and recording in it every day all the events that occurred, and all his engagements, and the employment of his time. I have seen piles of these books, but know not what became of them.' The existence of such *diaries* is confirmed by a sale catalogue of Thomas Davies, the literary bookseller, who sold many of the books and *some manuscripts of Oldys*, which appears to have been dispersed in various libraries. I find Lot '3627, Mr Oldys's Diary, containing several observations relating to books, characters &c;' a single volume, which appears to have separated from the 'piles' which Mr Taylor once witnessed. The literary diary of Oldys would have exhibited the mode of his pursuits, and the results of his discoveries. One of these volumes I have fortunately discovered, and a singularity in this writer's feelings throws a new interest over such diurnal records. Oldys was apt to give utterance with his pen to his most secret emotions. Querulous or indignant, his honest simplicity confided to the paper before him such extemporaneous soliloquies, and I have found him hiding in the very corners of his manuscripts his 'secret sorrows.'

A few of these slight memorials of his feelings will exhibit a sort of *Silhouette* likeness traced by his own hand, when at times the pensive man seems to have contemplated his own shadow. Oldys would throw down in verses, whose humility or quaintness indicates their origin, or by some pithy adage, or apt quotation, or recording anecdote, his self-advice, or his self-regrets!

Oppressed by a sense of tasks so unprofitable to himself, while his days were often passed in trouble and in prison; he breathes a self-reproach in one of these profound reflections of melancholy which so often startle the man of study, who truly discovers that life is too limited to acquire real knowledge, with the ambition of dispensing it to the world.

> 'I say, who too long in these cobwebs lurks,
> Is always whetting tools, but never works.'

In one of the corners of his note-books I find this curious but sad reflection:—

> 'Alas! this is but the apron of a fig-leaf—but the curtain of a cobweb.'

Sometimes he seems to have anticipated the fate of that obscure diligence, which was pursuing discoveries reserved for others to use.

> 'He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.'

> 'Fond treasurer of these stores, behold thy fate
> In Psalm the thirty-ninth, 6, 7, and 8.'

Sometimes he checks the eager ardour of his pen, and reminds himself of its repose, in Latin, Italian, and English.

> —— Non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.
> Assai presto si fa quel che si fa bene.
> 'Some respite best recovers what we need,
> Discreetly halting gives the journey speed.'

There was a thoughtless kindness in honest Oldys; and his simplicity of character, as I have observed, was practised on by the artful or the ungenerous. We regret to

* I know that not only this lot of Oldys's manuscript, but a great quantity of original contributions of whole lives, intended for the Biographia Britannica, must lie together, unless they have been destroyed as waste-paper. These biographical and literary curiosities were often supplied by the families or friends of eminent persons. Some may, perhaps have been reclaimed by their owners. I am informed there was among them an interesting collection of the correspondence of Locke; and I could mention several lives which were prepared.

find the following entry concerning the famous collector, James West.

'I gave above threescore letters of Dr Davenant to his son, who was envoy at Frankfort in 1703 to 1708, to Mr James West,* with one hundred and fifty more, about Christmas, 1746: but the same fate they found as grain that is sowed in barren ground.'

Such is the plaintive record by which Oldys relieved himself of a groan! We may smile at the simplicity of the following narrative, where poor Oldys received manuscripts in lieu of money!

'Old Counsellor Fane, of Colchester, who, *in forma pauperis*, deceived me of a good sum of money which he owed me, and not long after set up his chariot, gave me a parcel of manuscripts, and promised me others, which he never gave me, nor any thing else, besides a barrel of oysters, and a manuscript copy of Randolph's poems, an original, as he said, with many additions, being devolved to him as the author's relation.'

There was no end to his aids and contributions to every author or bookseller who applied to him; yet he had reason to complain of both while they were using his invaluable, but not valued, knowledge. Here is one of these diurnal entries:

'I lent the tragical lives and deaths of the famous pirates, Ward and Dansiker, 4to, London, 1612, by Robt. Daborn, alias Dabourne, to Mr T. Lediard, when he was writing his naval History, and he never returned it. See Howel's Letters of them.'

In another, when his friend T. Hayward was collecting, for his 'British Muse,' the most exquisite common-places of our old English dramatists, a compilation which must not be confounded with ordinary ones, Oldys not only assisted in the labour, but drew up a curious introduction, with a knowledge and love of the subject which none but himself possessed. But so little were these researches then understood, that we find Oldys, in a moment of vexatious recollection, and in a corner of one of the margins of his Langbaine, accidentally preserving an extraordinary circumstance attending this curious dissertation. Oldys having completed this elaborate introduction, 'the penurious publisher insisted on leaving out one third part, which happened to be the best matter in it, because he would have it contracted into *one sheet!*' Poor Oldys never could forget the fate of this elaborate Dissertation on all the Collections of English poetry; I am confident that I have seen some volume which was formerly Oldys's, and afterwards Thomas Warton's, in the possession of my intelligent friend Mr Douce, in the fly-leaf of which Oldys has expressed himself in these words:—'In my historical and critical review of all the collections of this kind, it would have made a sheet and a half or two sheets; but they for sordid gain, and to save a little expense in print and paper, got Mr John Campbell *to cross it and cramp it, and play the devil with it, till they squeezed it into less compass than a sheet.*' This is a loss which we may never recover. The curious book-knowledge of this singular man of letters, those stores of which he was the fond treasurer, as he says with such tenderness for his pursuits, were always ready to be cast into the forms of a dissertation or an introduction; and when Morgan published his Collection of rare Tracts, the friendly hand of Oldys furnished 'A Dissertation upon Pamphlets, in a Letter to a Nobleman:' probably the Earl of Oxford, a great literary curiosity; and in the Harleian Collection he has given a *Catalogue Raisonnee* of six hundred. When Mrs Cooper attempted 'The Muse's Library,' the first essay which influenced the national taste to return to our deserted poets in our most poetical age, it was Oldys who only could have enabled this lady to perform that task so well. When Curl, the publisher, to help out one of his hasty compilations, a 'History of the Stage,' repaired, like all the world, to Oldys, whose kindness could not resist the importunity of this busy publisher, he gave him a life of Nell Gwyn; while at the same moment Oldys could not avoid noticing, in one of his usual entries, an intended work on the stage, which we seem never to have had, *Dick Leveridge's History of the Stage and Actors in his own Time*, for these forty or fifty years past, as he told me he had composed, is likely to prove, whenever it shall appear, a more perfect work.' I might proceed with many similar gratuitous contributions with which he assisted his contemporaries. Oldys should have been constituted the reader for the nation. His *comptes rendus* of books and manuscripts are still held precious; but his useful and curious talent had sought the public patronage in vain! From one of his 'Diaries,' which had escaped destruction, I transcribe some interesting passages *ad verbum*.

The reader is here presented with a minute picture of those invisible occupations which pass in the study of a man of letters. There are those who may be surprised, as well as amused, in discovering how all the business, even to the very disappointments and pleasures of active life, can be transferred to the silent chamber of a recluse student; but there are others who will not read without emotion to the secret thoughts of him, who, loving literature with its purest passion, scarcely repines at being defrauded of his just fame, and leaves his stores for the after-age of his more gifted heirs. Thus we open one of Oldys's literary days:

'I was informed this day by Mr Tho. Odell's daughter, that her father, who was deputy-inspector and licenser of the plays, died 24 May, 1749, at his house in Chappel-street, Westminster, aged 58 years. He was writing a history of the characters he had observed, and conferences he had had with many eminent persons he knew in his time. He was a great observator of every thing curious in the conversations of his acquaintance, and his own conversation was a living chronicle of the remarkable intrigues, adventures, sayings, stories, writings, &c, of many of the quality, poets and other authors, players, booksellers, &c, who flourished especially in the present century. Had been a popular man at elections, and sometime master of the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, but latterly was forced to live reserved and retired by reason of his debts. He published two or three dramatic pieces, one was the Patron, on the story of Lord Romney.

'Q. of his da. to restore me Eustace Budgell's papers, and to get a sight of her father's.

'Have got the one, and seen the other.

'July 31.—Was at Mrs Odell's; she returned me Mr Budgell's papers. Saw some of her husband's papers, mostly poems in the favour of the ministry, and against Mr. Pope. One of them, printed by the late Sir Robert Walpole's encouragemnet, who gave him ten guineas for writing, and as much for the expense of printing it; but through his advice it was never published, because it might hurt his interest with Lord Chesterfield, and some other noblemen, who favoured Mr Pope for his fine genius. The tract I liked best of his writings was the history of his play-house in Goodman's Fields. (Remember that which was published against that play-house, which I have entered in my London Catalogue. Letter to Sir Ric. Brocas, lord mayor, &c, 8vo. 1730.)

Saw nothing of the history of his conversations with ingenious men; his characters, tales, jests, and intrigues of them, of which no man was better furnished with them. She thinks she has some papers of these, and promises to look them out, and also to inquire after Mr Griffin of the lord chamberlain's office, that I may get a search made about *Spencer*.'

So intent was Oldys on these literary researches, that we see, by the last words of this entry, how in hunting after one sort of game, his undivided zeal kept its eye on another. One of his favourite subjects was realizing of original discoveries respecting Spenser and Shakespeare; of whom, perhaps, to our shame, as it is to our vexation, it may be said that two of our master-poets are those of whom we know the least! Oldys once flattered himself that he should be able to have given the world a life of Shakespeare. Mr John Taylor informs me, that 'Oldys had contracted to supply ten years of the life of Shakespeare *unknown to the biographers*, with one Walker, a bookseller in the Strand; and as Oldys did not live to fulfil the engagement, my father was obliged to return to Walker twenty guineas which he had advanced on the work.' *That interesting narrative is now hopeless for us.* Yet, by the solemn contract into which Oldys had entered, and from his strict integrity, it might induce one to suspect that he had made positive discoveries which are now irrecoverable.

We may observe the manner of his anxious inquiries about *Spenser*.

* This collection, and probably the other letters, have come down to us, no doubt, with the manuscripts of this collector, purchased for the British Museum. The correspondence of Dr Davenant, the political writer, with his son, the envoy, turns on one perpetual topic, his sons and his own advancement in the state.

'Ask Sir Peter Thompson if it were improper to try if Lord Effingham Howard would procure the pedigrees in the Heralds' office, to be seen for Edward Spenser's parentage or family? or how he was related to Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire? to three of whose daughters, who all married nobility, Spenser dedicates three of his poems.

'Of Mr Vertue, to examine Stowe's memorandum-book. Look more carefully for the year when Spenser's monument was raised, or between which years the entry stands —1623 and 1626.

'Sir Clement Cottrell's book about Spenser.

'Capt' Power, to know if he has heard from Capt. Spenser about my letter of inquiries relating to Edward Spenser.

'Of Whiston, to examine if my remarks on Spenser are complete as to the press.—Yes.

'Remember when I see Mr W. Thomson, to inquire whether he has printed in any of his works any character of our old poets than those of Spenser and Shakespeare;* and to get the liberty of a visit at Kentish Town, to see his *Collection of Robert Green's Works*, in about *four large volumes in quarto*. He commonly published a pamphlet every term, as his acquaintance Tom Nash informs us.'

Two or three other memoranda may excite a smile at his peculiar habits of study, and unceasing vigilance to draw from original sources of information.

'*Dryden's dream* at Lord Exeter's, at Burleigh, while he was translating Virgil, as Signior Verrio, then painting there, related it to the Yorkshire painter, of whom I had it, lies in *the parchment book in quarto*, designed for his life.'

At a subsequent period Oldys inserts, 'Now entered therein.' Malone quotes this very memorandum, which he discovered in *Oldys' Langbaine*, to show that Dryden had some confidence in Oneirocriticism, and supposed that future events were sometimes prognosticated by dreams. Malone adds, 'Where either the *loose* prophetic *leaf*, or the *parchment book* now is, I know not.'†

Unquestionably we have incurred a great loss of Oldys's collection for Dryden's life, which were very extensive; such a mass of literary history cannot have perished unless by accident; and I suspect that many of *Oldys's manuscripts* are in the possession of individuals who are not acquainted with his hand-writing, which may be easily verified.

'To search the old papers in one of my large deal boxes for Dryden's letter of thanks to my father, for some communication relating to Plutarch, while they and others were publishing a translation of Plutarch's Lives, in five volumes, 8vo, 1683. It is copied in *the yellow book for Dryden's Life*, in which there are about 150 transcriptions in prose and verse, relating to the life, character, and writings of Mr. Dryden.'—In England's Remembrancer extracted out of my *obit.* (obituary) into my remarks on him in the *poetical bag?*'

'My extracts in the *parchment budget* about Denham's seat and family in Surrey.'

'My *white vellum pocket-book*, bordered with gold, for the extracts from "Groans of Great Britain" about Butler.'

'See my account of the great yews in Tankersley's park while Sir R. Fanshaw was prisoner in the lodge there; especially Talbot's yew, which a man on horseback might turn about in, in my *botanical budget*.'

'This Donald Lupton I have mentioned in my *catalogue* of all the books and pamphlets relative to London in folio, begun anno 1740, and which I have now, 1746, entered between 300 and 400 articles, besides remarks, &c. Now, in June, 1748, between 400 and 500 articles. Now, in October, 1750, six hundred and thirty-six.'‡

There remains to be told an anecdote, which shows the Pope greatly regarded our literary antiquary. 'Oldys,' says my friend, 'was one of the librarians of the Earl of Oxford, and he used to tell a story of the credit which he obtained as a scholar, by setting Pope right in a Latin quotation, which he made at the earl's table. He did not, however, as I remember, boast of having been admitted as a guest at the table, but as happening to be in the room.' Why might not Oldys, however, have been seated, at least, below the salt! It would do no honour to either party to suppose that Oldys stood among the menials. The truth is, there appears to have existed a confidential intercourse between Pope and Oldys; and of this I shall give a remarkable proof. In those fragments of Oldys preserved as 'additional anecdotes of Shakespeare,' in Steevens' and Malone's editions, Oldys mentions a story of Davenant, which he adds, 'Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table!' And further relates a conversation which passed between them. Nor is this all; for in Oldys's Langbaine he put down this memorandum in the article of *Shakespeare*—'Remember what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use out of Cowley's preface.' Malone appears to have discovered this observation of Cowley's, which is curious enough and very ungrateful to that commentator's ideas; it is 'to prune and lop away the old withered branches' in the new editions of Shakespeare and other ancient poets! 'Pope adopted,' says Malone, 'this very unwarrantable idea; Oldys was the person who suggested to Pope the singular course he pursued in his edition of Shakespeare.' Without touching on the felicity or the danger of this new system of republishing Shakespeare, one may say that if many passages were struck out, Shakespeare would not be injured, for many of them were never composed by that great bard! There not only existed a literary intimacy between Oldys and Pope, but our poet adopting his suggestions on so important an occasion, evinces how highly he esteemed his judgment; and unquestionably Pope had often been delighted by Oldys with the history of his predecessors, and the curiosities of English poetry.

I have now introduced the reader to Oldys sitting amidst his 'poetical bags,' his 'parchment biographical budgets,' his 'catalogues,' and his 'diaries,' often venting a solitary groan, or active in some fresh inquiry. Such is the *Silhouette* of this prodigy of literary curiosity!

The very existence of Oldys's manuscripts continues to be of an ambiguous nature, referred to, quoted, and transcribed, we can but seldom turn to the originals. These masses of curious knowledge, dispersed or lost, have enriched an after-race, who have often picked up the spoil and claimed the victory, but it was Oldys who had fought the battle!

Oldys affords one more example how life is often closed amidst discoveries and acquisitions. The literary antiquary, when he has attempted to embody his multiplied inquiries, and to finish his scattered designs, has found that the *labor absque labore*, 'the labour void of labour,' as the inscription on the library of Florence finely describes the researches of literature, has dissolved his days in the voluptuousness of his curiosity; and that too often, like the hunter in the heat of the chase, while he disdained the prey which lay before him, he was still stretching onwards to catch the fugitive!

Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.

At the close of every century, in this growing world of books, may an Oldys be the reader for the nation! Should he be endowed with a philosophical spirit, and combine the genius of his own times with that of the preceding, he will hold in his hand the chain of human thoughts, and, like another Bayle, become the historian of the human mind!

*William Thompson, the poet of 'Sickness,' and other poems; a warm lover of elder bards, and no vulgar imitator of Spenser. He was the reviver of Bishop Hall's Satires, in 1753, by an edition which had been more fortunate if conducted by his friend Oldys, for the text is unfaithful, though the edition followed was one borrowed from Lord Oxford's library, probably by the aid of Oldys.

† Malone's Life of Dryden, p 420.

‡ This is one of Oldys's manuscripts; a thick folio of titles, which has been made to do its duty, with small thanks from those who did not care to praise the service which they derived from it. It passed from Dr Berkenhout to George Steevens, who lent it to Gough. It was sold for five guineas. The useful work of ten years of attention given to it! The antiquary Gough alludes to it with his usual discernment. 'Among these titles of books and pamphlets about London are many purely historical, and many of too low a kind to rank under the head of topography and history.' Thus the design of Oldys in forming this elaborate collection, is condemned by trying it by the limited object of the topographer's view. This catalogue remains a disideratum, were it printed entire as collected by Oldys, not merely for the topography of the metropolis, but for its relation to its manners, domestic annals, events, and persons connected with its history.

END OF THE SECOND SERIES.

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THE

LITERARY CHARACTER,

ILLUSTRATED

BY THE

HISTORY OF MEN OF GENIUS,

DRAWN FROM THEIR OWN FEELINGS AND CONFESSIONS.

PREFACE.

I Published, in 1795, "an Essay on the Literary Character;" to my own habitual and inherent defects, were superadded those of my youth; the crude production was, however, not ill received, for the edition disappeared; and the subject was found to be more interesting than the writer.

During the long interval which has elapsed since the first publication, the little volume was often recalled to my recollection, by several, and by some who have since obtained celebrity; they imagined that their attachment to literary pursuits had been strengthened even by so weak an effort. An extraordinary circumstance has occurred with these opinions;—a copy which has accidentally fallen into my hands, formerly belonged to the great poetical genius of our times; and the singular fact that it was twice read by him in two subsequent years, at Athens, in 1810 and 1811, instantly convinced me that the volume deserved my attention. I tell this fact assuredly, not from any little vanity which it may appear to betray for the truth is, were I not as liberal and as candid in respect to my own productions, as I hope I am to others, I could not have been gratified by the present circumstance; for the marginal notes of the noble writer convey no flattery—but amidst their pungency and sometimes their truth, the circumstance that a man of genius could, and did read, this slight effusion at two different periods of his life, was a sufficient authority, at least for an author, to return it once more to the anvil; more knowledge, and more maturity of thought, I may hope, will now fill up the rude sketch of my youth; its radical defects, those which are inherent in every author, it were unwise for me to hope to remove by suspending the work to a more remote period.

It may be thought that men of genius only should write on men of genius; as if it were necessary that the physician should be infected with the disease of his patient. He is only an observer, like Sydenham who confined himself to vigilant observation, and the continued experience of tracing the progress of actual cases (and in his department, but not in mine) in the operation of actual remedies. He beautifully says—"Whoever describes a violet exactly as to its colour, taste, smell, form, and other properties, will find the description agree in most particulars with all the violets in the universe."

Nor do I presume to be any thing more than the historian of genius; whose humble office is only to tell the virtues and the infirmities of his

neroes. It is the fashion of the present day to raise up dazzling theories of genius; to reason *a priori;* to promulgate abstract paradoxes; to treat with levity the man of genius, because he is *only* a man of genius. I have sought for facts, and have often drawn results unsuspected by myself, I have looked into literary history for the literary character. I have always had in my mind an observation of Lord Bolingbroke: "Abstract, or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often till they are explained by examples; when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority; we yield to fact when we resist speculation." This will be truth long after the encyclopedic geniuses of the present age, who write on all subjects, and with most spirit on those they know least about, shall have passed away; and time shall extricate truth from the deadly embrace of sophistry.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER, &c.

CHAPTER I.

ON LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Since the discovery of that art which multiplies at will the productions of the human intellect, and spreads them over the universe in the consequent formation of libraries, a class or order of men has arisen, who appear throughout Europe to have derived a generic title in that of literary characters; a denomination which, however vague, defines the pursuits of the individual, and serves, at times, to separate him from other professions.

Formed by the same habits, and influenced by the same motives, notwithstanding the difference of talents and tempers, the opposition of times and places, they have always preserved among themselves the most striking family resemblance. The literary character, from the objects in which it concerns itself, is of a more independent and permanent nature than those which are perpetually modified by the change of manners, and are more distinctly national. Could we describe the medical, the commercial, or the legal character of other ages, this portrait of antiquity would be like a perished picture; the subject itself would have altered its position in the revolutions of society. It is not so with the literary character. The passion for study; the delight in books; the desire of solitude and celebrity; the obstructions of life; the nature of their habits and pursuits; the triumphs and the disappointments of literary glory; all these are as truly described by Cicero and the younger Pliny, as by Petrarch and Erasmus, and as they have been by Hume and Gibbon. The passion for collecting together the treasures of literature and the miracles of art, was as insatiable a thirst in Atticus as in the French Peiresc, and in our Cracherodes and Townleys. We trace the feelings of our literary contemporaries in all ages, and every people who have deserved to rank among polished nations. Such were those literary characters who have stamped the images of their minds on their works, and that other race, who preserve the circulation of this intellectual coinage;

——————Gold of the Dead,
Which Time does still disperse, but not devour.
D'Avenant's Gondibert, c. v. s. 38.

These literary characters now constitute an important body, diffused over enlightened Europe, connected by the secret links of congenial pursuits, and combining often insensibly to themselves in the same common labours. At London, at Paris, and even at Madrid, these men feel the same thirst, which is allayed at the same fountains; the same authors are read, and the same opinions are formed.

Contemporains de tous les hommes,
Et citoyens de tous les lieux.
De la Mothe.

Thus an invisible brotherhood is existing among us, and those who stand connected with it are not always sensible of this kindred alliance. Once the world was made uneasy by rumours of the existence of a society, founded by that extraordinary German, Rosicrucius, designed for the search of truth and the reformation of the sciences. Its statutes were yet but partially promulgated but many a great principle in morals, many a result of science in the concentrated form of an axiom; and every excellent work which suited the views of the author to preserve anonymous, were mysteriously traced to the president of the Rosicrucians, and not only the society became celebrated, but abused. Descartes, when in Germany, gave himself much trouble to track out the society, that he might consult the great searcher after Truth, but in vain! It did not occur to the young reformer of science in this visionary pursuit, that every philosophical inquirer was a brother, and that the extraordinary and mysterious personage, was indeed himself! for a genius of the first order is always the founder of a society, and, wherever he may be, the brotherhood will delight to acknowledge their master.

These Literary Characters are partially described by Johnson, not without a melancholy colouring. 'To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.' But eminent Genius accomplishes a more ample design. He belongs to the world as much as to a nation; even the great writer himself, at that moment, was not conscious that he was devoting his days to cast the minds o his own contemporaries, and of the next age, in the mighty mould of his own, for he was of that order of men whose individual genius often becomes that of a people. A prouder conception rose in the majestic mind of Milton, of 'that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose *published labours* advance the good of mankind.'

Literature has in all ages, encountered adversaries from causes sufficiently obvious; but other pursuits have been rarely liable to discover enemies among their own votaries. Yet many literary men openly, or insidiously, would lower the Literary character, are eager to confuse the ranks in the republic of letters, wanting the virtue which knows to pay its tribute to Cæsar: while they maliciously confer the character of author on that "Ten Thousand," whose recent list is not so much a muster roll of heroes, as a table of population.*

We may allow the political economist to suppose that an author is the manufacturer of a certain ware for "a very paltry recompense," as their seer Adam Smith has calculated. It is useless to talk to people who have nothing but millions in their imagination, and whose choicest works of art are spinning jennies; whose principle of 'labour' would have all men alike die in harness; or, in their carpentry of human nature, would convert them into wheels and screws, to work the perplexed movements of that ideal machinery called 'capital'—these may reasonably doubt of 'the utility' of this 'unproductive' race. Their heated heads and temperate hearts may satisfy themselves that 'that unprosperous race of men, called men of letters,' in a system of political economy, must necessarily occupy their present state in society, much as formerly when 'a scholar and a beggar seem to have been terms very nearly synonimous.'† But whenever the political economists shall feel,—a calculation of time which who would dare to furnish them with?—that the happiness and prosperity of a people include something more permanent and more evident than 'the wealth of a nation,' they may form another notion of the literary character.

A more formidable class of ingenious men who derived their reputation and even their fortune in life from their literary character, yet are cold and heartless to the inter-

* See a recent biographical account of ten thousand authors.
† Wealth of Nations, v. I, p. 182

ests of literature—men who have reached their summit and reject the ladder: for those who have once placed themselves high, feel a sudden abhorrence of climbing. These have risen through the gradations of politics into office, and in that busy world view every thing in a cloud of passions and politics;—they who once commanded us by their eloquence would now drive us by the single force of despotism; like Adrian VI, who obtaining the Pontificate as the reward of his studies, yet possessed of the Tiara, persecuted students; he dreaded, say the Italians, lest his brothers might shake the Pontificate itself. It fares worse with authors when minds of this cast become the arbiters of the public opinion; when the literary character is first systematically degraded and then sported with, as elephants are made to dance on hot iron; or the bird plucked of its living feathers is exhibited as a new sort of creature to invite the passengers! Whatever such critics may plead to mortify the vanity of authors, at least it requires as much to give effect to their own polished effrontery. Lower the high self-reverence, the lofty conception of Genius, and you deprive it of the consciousness of its powers with the delightfulness of its character: in the blow you give the musical instrument, the invisible soul of its tone is for ever lost.

A lighter class reduce literature to a mere curious amusement; a great work is likened to a skilful game of billiards, or a piece of music finely executed—and curious researches, to charade making and Chinese puzzles. An author with them is an idler who will not be idle, amusing, or fatiguing others, who are completely so. We have been told that a great genius should not therefore 'ever allow himself to be sensible to his own celebrity, nor deem his pursuits of much consequence however important or successful.' Catholic doctrine to mortify an author into a saint; Lent all the year, and self-flagellation every day! This new principle, which no man in his senses would contend with, had been useful to Buffon and Gibbon, to Voltaire and Pope,—who assuredly were too 'sensible to their celebrity, and deemed their pursuits of much consequence,' particularly when 'important and successful.' But this point may be adjusted when we come to examine the importance of an author, and the privilege he may possess of a little anticipating the public, in his self-praise.

Such are the domestic treasons of the literary character against literature—'et tu, Brute?'—but a hero of literature falls not though struck at; he outlives his assassins—and might address them in that language of poetry and tenderness with which a Mexican king reproached his traitorous counsellors: "You were the feathers of my wings, and the eyelids of my eyes."

Every class of men in society have their peculiar sorrows and enjoyments, as they have their habits and their characteristics. In the history of men of genius, we may often open the secret story of their minds; they have, above others, the privilege of communicating their own feelings, and it is their talent to interest us, whether with their pen they talk of themselves, or paint others.

In the history of men of genius let us not neglect those who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of the fine arts; with them genius is alike insulated in their studies; they pass through the same permanent discipline. The histories of literature and art have parallel epochs; and certain artists resemble certain authors. Hence Milton, Michael Angelo, and Handel! One principle unites the intellectual arts, for in one principle they originate, and thus it has happened that the same habits and feelings, and the same fortunes have accompanied men who have sometimes, unhappily, imagined that their pursuits were not analogous. In the 'world of ear and eye,' the poet, the painter, and the musician are kindled by the same inspiration. Thus all is Art and all are artists! This approximation of men apparently of opposite pursuits is so natural, that when Gesner, in his inspiring letter on landscape-painting, recommends to the young painter a constant study of poetry and literature, the impatient artist is made to exclaim, 'Must we combine with so many other studies those which belong to literary men? Must we read as well as paint?' 'It is useless to reply to this question,' says Gesner, 'for some important truths must be instinctively felt, perhaps the fundamental ones in the arts.' A truly imaginative artist, whose enthusiasm was never absent when he meditated on the art he loved, Barry, thus vehemently broke forth—'Go home from the Academy; light up your lamps, and exercise yourselves in the creative part of your art, with Homer, with Livy; and all the great characters, ancient and modern, for your companions and counsellors.'

Every life of a man of genius, composed by himself, presents us with the experimental philosophy of the mind. By living with their brothers, and contemplating on their masters, they will judge from consciousness less erroneously than from discussion; and in forming comparative views and parallel situations, they will discover certain habits and feelings, and find these reflected in themselves

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH OF GENIUS.

Genius, that creative part of art which individualises the artist, belonging to him and to no other,—is it an inherent faculty in the constitutional dispositions of the individual, or can it be formed by the patient acquisitions of art?

Many sources of genius have indeed been laid open to us, but if these may sometimes call it forth, have they ever supplied its wants? Could Spenser have struck out a poet in Cowley, Richardson a painter in Reynolds, and Descartes a metaphysician in Mallebranche, had they not borne that vital germ of nature, which, when endowed with its force, is always developing itself to a particular character of genius? The accidents related of these men have occurred to a thousand, who have run the same career; but how does it happen, that the multitude remain a multitude, and the man of genius arrives alone at the goal?

The equality of minds in their native state is as monstrous a paradox, or a term as equivocal in metaphysics, as the equality of men in the political state. Both come from the French school in evil times; and ought, therefore, as Job said, 'to be eschewed.' Nor can we trust to Johnson's definition of genius, 'as a mind of general powers *accidentally* determined by some particular direction,' as this rejects any native aptitude, while we must infer on this principle that the reasoning Locke, without an ear or an eye, could have been the musical and fairy Spenser.

The automatic theory of Reynolds stirs the puppet artist by the wires of pertinacious labour. But industry without genius is tethered; it has stimulated many drudges in art, while it has left us without a Corregio or a Raphael.

Akenside in that fine poem which is itself a history of genius, in tracing its source, first sang,

> From heaven my strains begin, from heaven descends
> The flame of genius to the *human breast*.

but in the final revision of that poem he left many years after, the bard has vindicated the solitary and independent origin of genius by the mysterious epithet *the chosen breast*. The veteran poet was perhaps lessened by the vicissitudes of his own poetical life, and those of some of his brothers.

But while genius remains still wrapt up in its mysterious bud, may we not trace its history in its votaries? Let us compare although we may not always decide. If nature in some of her great operations has kept her last secrets, and even Newton, in the result of his reasonings, has religiously abstained from penetrating into her occult connections, is it nothing to be her historian although we cannot be her legislator?

Can we trace in the faint lines of childhood, an unsteady outline of the man? in the temperament of genius may we not reasonably look for certain indications, or prognostics announcing the permanent character? Will not great sensibility be borne with its susceptible organization; the deep retired character cling to its musings; and the unalterable being of intrepidity and fortitude, full of confidence, be commanding even in his sports, a daring leader among his equals.

The virtuous and contemplative Boyle imagined that he had discovered in childhood that disposition of mind which indicated an instinctive ingenuousness; an incident which he relates, evinced as he thought, that even then he preferred aggravating his fault, rather than consent to suppress any part of the truth, an effort which had been unnatural to his mind. His fanciful, yet striking illustration may open our inquiry. 'This trivial passage'—the little story alluded to—'I have mentioned now, not that I think that in itself it deserves a relation, but because as the sun is seen best at his rising and his setting, so men's native dispositions are clearliest perceived whilst they are children, and when they are dying. These little sudden actions are the greatest discoverers of men's true humours.'

That the dispositions of genius in early life presage its future character, was long the feeling of antiquity. Isocrates, after much previous observation of those who attended his lectures, would advise one to engage in political studies, exhorted another to compose history, elected some to be poets, and some to adopt his own profession. He thought that nature had some concern in forming a man of genius; and he tried to guess at her secret by detecting the first energetic inclination of the mind. This principle guided the Jesuits.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to request he would make his son a knight—'It is a great thing thou askest,' said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or his son? The old man's answer is remarkable—'Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fall to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for any thing that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight.' The king commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; they were all shapen much like the poor man; but Tor was not like none of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him.' This simple tale is the history of genius—the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to labour, but active enough in performing knightly exercises; and dreaming on chivalry amidst a herd of cows.

A man of genius is thus dropt among the people, and has first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men deprived of that feeble ductility which adapts itself to the common destination. Parents are too often the victims of the decided propensity of a son to a Virgil or an Euclid; and the first step into life of a man of genius is disobedience and grief. Lilly, our famous astrologer, has described the frequent situation of such a youth, like the cowherd's son who would be a knight. Lilly proposed to his father that he should try his fortune in the metropolis, where he expected that his learning and his talents would prove serviceable to him; the father, quite incapable of discovering the latent genius of his son in his studious dispositions, very willingly consented to get rid of him, for, as Lilly proceeds, 'I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was *good for nothing*,'—words which the fathers of so many men of genius have repeated.

In reading the memoirs of a man of genius we often reprobate the domestic persecutions of those who opposed his inclinations. No poet but is moved with indignation at the recollection of the Port Royal Society thrice burning the romance which Racine at length got by heart; no geometrician but bitterly inveighs against the father of Pascal for not suffering him to study Euclid, which he at length understood without studying. The father of Petrarch in a barbarous rage burnt the poetical library of his son amidst the shrieks, the groans, and the tears of the youth. Yet this neither converted Petrarch into a sober lawyer, nor deprived him of the Roman laurel. The uncle of Alfieri for more than twenty years suppressed the poetical character of this noble bard; he was a poet without knowing to write a verse, and Nature, like a hard creditor, exacted with redoubled interest, all the genius which the uncle had so long kept from her. Such are the men whose inherent impulse no human opposition, and even no adverse education, can deter from being great men.

Let us, however, be just to the parents of a man of genius; they have another association of ideas concerning him than we; we see a great man, they a disobedient child; we track him through his glory, they are wearied by the sullen resistance of his character. The career of genius is rarely that of fortune or happiness; and the father, who may himself be not insensible to glory, dreads lest his son be found among that obscure multitude, that populace of mean artists, who must expire at the barriers of mediocrity.

The contemplative race, even in their first steps towards nature, are receiving that secret instruction which no master can impart. The boy of genius flies to some favourite haunt to which his fancy has often given a name; he populates his solitude; he takes all shapes in it, he finds all places in it; he converses silently with all about him—he is a hermit, a lover, a hero. The fragrance and blush of the morning; the still hush of the evening; the mountain, the valley, and the stream; all nature opening to him, he sits brooding over his first dim images, in that train of thought we call reverie, with a restlessness of delight, for he is only the being of sensation, and has not yet learnt to think; then comes that tenderness of spirit, that first shade of thought colouring every scene, and deepening every feeling; this temperament has been often mistaken for melancholy. One truly inspired, unfolds the secret story—

> 'Indowed with all that nature can bestow,
> The child of fancy oft in silence bends
> O'er the mixt treasures of his pregnant breast
> With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
> To frame he knows not what excelling things,
> And win he knows not what sublime reward
> Of praise and wonder'—

This delight in reverie has been finely described by Boyle: 'When the intermission of my studies allowed me leisure for recreation,' says Boyle, 'I would very often steal away from all company and spend four or five hours alone in the fields and think at random, making my delighted imagination the busy scene where some romance or other was daily acted.' This circumstance alarmed his friends, who imagined that he was overcome with melancholy.*

It is remarkable that this love of repose and musing is retained throughout life. A man of fine genius is rarely enamoured of common amusements or of robust exercises; and he is usually unadroit where dexterity of hand or eye, or trivial elegancies, are required. This characteristic of genius was discovered by Horace in that Ode which school boys often versify. Beattie has expressly told us of his Minstrel—

> 'The exploit, of strength, dexterity, or speed
> To him nor vanity, nor joy could bring.'

Alfieri said he could never be taught by a French dancing-master, whose Art made him at once shudder and laugh. If we reflect that as it is now practised it seems the art of giving affectation to a puppet, and that this puppet is a man, we can enter into this mixed sensation of degradation and ridicule. Horace, by his own confession, was a very awkward rider; and the poetical rider could not always secure a seat on his mule; Metastasio humorously complains of his gun; the poetical sportsman could only frighten the hares and partridges; the truth was, as an elder poet sings,

> 'Instead of hounds that make the wooded hills
> Talk in a hundred voices to the rills;
> I like the pleasing cadence of a line
> Struck by the concert of the sacred Nine.'
>
> *Browne's Brit. Past.* B. ii, Song 4.

And we discover the true 'humour' of the indolent contemplative race in their great representatives Virgil and Horace. When they accompanied Mecænas into the country, while the minister amused himself at tennis, the two bards reposed on a vernal bank amidst the freshness of the shade. The younger Pliny, who was so perfect a literary character, was charmed by the Roman mode of hunting, or rather fowling by nets, which admitted him to sit a whole day with his tablets and stylus, that, says he, 'should I return with empty nets my tablets may at least be full.' Thomson was the hero of his own Castle of Indolence.

The youth of genius will be apt to retire from the active sports of his mates. Beattie paints himself in his own Minstrel,

* An unhappy young man who recently forfeited his life to the laws for forgery appears to have given promises of genius,—He had thrown himself for two years into the studious retirement of a foreign university. Before his execution he sketched an imperfect auto-biography, and the following passage is descriptive of young genius:

'About this time I became uncommonly reserved, withdrawing by degrees from the pastimes of my associates, and was frequently observed to retire to some solitary place alone.—Ruined castles, bearing the vestiges of ancient broils, and the impairing hand of time,—cascades thundering through the echoing groves,—rocks and precipices,—the beautiful as well as the sublime traits of nature—formed a spacious field for contemplation many a happy hour. From these inspiring objects, contemplation would lead me to the great Author of nature. Often have I dropped on my knees, and poured out the estacies of my soul to the God who inspired them.'

† Hor. Od. Lib. iv. O. 3.

'Concourse and noise, and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped.'

Bossuet would not join his young companions, and flew to his solitary task, while the classical boys avenged his flight by applying to him from Virgil the *bos suetus aratro*, the ox daily toiling in the plough. The young painters, to ridicule the persevering labours of Domenichino in his youth, honoured him by the same title of 'the great ox;' and Passeri, in his delightful biography of his own contemporary artists, has happily expressed the still labours of his concealed genius, *sua taciturna lentezza*, his silent slowness. The learned Huet has given an amusing detail of the inventive persecutions of his school-mates, to divert him from his obstinate love of study. 'At length,' says he, 'in order to indulge my own taste, I would rise with the sun, while they were buried in sleep, and hide myself in the woods that I might read and study in quiet,' but they beat the bushes and started in his burrow, the future man of erudition. Sir William Jones was rarely a partaker in the active sports of Harrow; it was said of Gray that he was never a boy, and the unhappy Chatterton and Burns were remarkably serious boys. Milton has preserved for us, in solemn numbers, his school-life—

'When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good, myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things—

Par. Reg.

If the youth of genius is apt to retire from the ordinary sports of his mates, he often substitutes others, the reflections of those favourite studies which are haunting his young imagination; the amusements of such an idler have often been fanciful. Ariosto, while yet a school-boy, composed a sort of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and had it represented by his brothers and sisters. Pope seems to have indicated his passion for Homer in those rough scenes which he drew up from Ogilby's version; and when Sir William Jones at Harrow divided the fields according to a map of Greece, and portioned out to each school-fellow a dominion, and further, when wanting a copy of the Tempest to act from, he supplied it from his memory, we must confess that the boy Jones was reflecting in his amusements the cast of mind he displayed in his after life, and that felicity of memory and taste so prevalent in his literary character. Florian's earliest years were passed in shooting birds all day and reading every evening an old translation of the Iliad; whenever he got a bird remarkable for its size or its plumage, he personified it by one of the names of his heroes, and raising a funeral pyre consumed the body; collecting the ashes in an urn, he presented them to his grandfather, with a narrative of his Patroclus or Sarpedon. We seem here to detect, reflected in his boyish sports, the pleasing genius of the author of Numa Pompilius, Gonsalvo of Cordova and William Tell.

It is perhaps a criterion of talent when a youth is distinguished by his equals; at that moment of life with no flattery on the one side, and no artifice on the other, all emotion and no reflection, the boy who has obtained a predominance has acquired this merely by native powers. The boyhood of Nelson was characterized by events congenial to those of his after-days; and his father understood his character when he declared that "in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the top of the tree." Some puerile anecdotes which Franklin remembered of himself, in association with his after-life, betray the invention, and the firm intrepidity, of his character; and even perhaps the carelessness of the means to obtain his purpose. In boyhood he was a sort of adventurer; and since his father would not consent to a sea-life, he made the river near him represent the ocean; he lived on the water, and was the daring Columbus of a school-boy's boat. A part where he and his mates stood to angle, in time became a quagmire. In the course of one day the infant projector thought of a wharf for them to stand on, and raised with a heap of stones deposited there for the building of a house. But he preferred his wharf to another's house; his contrivances to aid his puny labourers, with his resolution not to quit the great work till it was effected, seem to strike out to us the decision and invention of his future character. But the qualities which attract the companions of a school-boy may not be those which are essential to fine genius. The captain or leader of his school-mates has a claim on our attention, but it is the sequestered boy who may chance to be the artist, or the literary character.

Is there then a period in youth which yields decisive marks of the character of genius? The natures of men are as various as their fortunes. Some, like diamonds, must wait to receive their splendour from the slow touches of the polisher, while others, resembling pearls, appear at once born with their beautiful lustre.

Among the inauspicious circumstances is the feebleness of the first attempts; and we must not decide on the talents of a young man by his first works. Dryden and Swift might have been deterred from authorship, had their earliest pieces decided their fate. Racine's earliest composition, which we know of by some fragments his son had preserved, to show their remarkable contrast with his writings, abound with those points and conceits which afterwards he abhorred; the tender author of Andromache could not have been discovered while exhausting himself in his wanderings from nature, in running after conceits as absurd and surprising as the worst parts of Cowley. Gibbon betrayed none of the force and magnitude of his powers in his "Essay on Literature," or his attempted History of Switzerland. Johnson's cadenced prose is not recognizable in the humble simplicity of his earliest years. Many authors have begun unsuccessfully the walk they afterwards excelled in. Raphael, when he first drew his meagre forms under Perugino, had not yet conceived one line of that ideal beauty, which one day he of all men could alone execute.

Even the manhood of genius may pass by unobserved by his companions, and may, like Æneas, be hidden in a cloud amidst his associates. The celebrated Fabius Maximus in his boyhood was called in derision "the little sheep," from the meekness and gravity of his disposition. His sedateness and taciturnity, his indifference to juvenile amusements, his slowness and difficulty in learning, and his ready submission to his equals, induced them to consider him as one irrecoverably stupid. That greatness of mind, unalterable courage, and invincible character Fabius afterwards displayed, they then imagined had lain concealed in the apparent contrary qualities. The boy of genius may indeed seem slow and dull even to the phlegmatic, for thoughtful and observing dispositions conceal themselves in timorous silent characters, who have not yet learnt their strength; nor can that assiduous love, which cannot tear itself away from the secret instruction it is perpetually imbibing, be easily distinguished from that pertinacity which goes on with the mere plodder. We often hear from the early companions of a man of genius that at school, he had appeared heavy and unpromising. Rousseau imagined that the childhood of some men is accompanied by that seeming and deceitful dulness, which is the sign of a profound genius; and Roger Ascham has placed among "the best natures for learning, the sad-natured and hard-witted child," that is, the thoughtful or the melancholic, and the slow. Domenichino was at first heavy and unpromising, and Passeri expresses his surprise at the accounts he received of the early life of this great artist. "It is difficult to believe," he says, "what many assert, that from the beginning this great painter had a ruggedness about him, which entirely incapacitated him from learning his profession, and they have heard from himself that he quite despaired of success. Yet I cannot comprehend how such vivacious talents, with a mind so finely organized, and accompanied with such favourable dispositions for the art, would show such signs of utter incapacity; I rather think that is a mistake in the proper knowledge of genius, which some imagine indicates itself most decisively by its sudden vehemence, showing itself like lightning, and like lightning passing away." A parallel case we find in Goldsmith, who passed through an unpromising youth; he declared that he was never attached to the belles-lettres till he was thirty, that poetry had no peculiar charms for him till that age, and indeed to his latest hour he was surprizing his friends by productions which they had imagined he was incapable of composing. Hume was considered, for his sobriety and assiduity, as competent to become a steady merchant; of Johnson it was said that he would never offend in conversation, as of Boileau that he had no great understanding, but would speak ill of no one. Farquhar at college was a heavy

companion, and afterwards, combined, with great knowledge of the world, a light airy talent. Even a discerning parent or master has entirely failed to develope the genius of the youth, who has afterwards ranked among eminent men; and we ought as little to infer from early unfavourable appearances as from inequality of talent. The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising; and during the three years Barrow passed at the Charter-house, he was remarkable only for the utter negligence of his studies and his person. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary female, pronounced early, that he was the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. Bodmer, at the head of the literery class in Switzerland, who had so frequently discovered and animated the literary youths of his country, could never detect the latent genius of Gesner; after a repeated examination of the young man, he put his parents in despair with the hopeless award that a mind of so ordinary a cast must confine itself to mere writing and accompts.

Thus it happens that the first years of life do not always include those of genius, and the education of the youth may not be the education of his genius. In all these cases nature had dropt the seeds in the soil, but even a happy disposition must be concealed amidst adverse circumstances. It has happened to some men of genius during a long period of their lives, that an unsettled impulse, without having discovered the objects of its aptitude, a thirst and fever in the temperament of too sentient a being which cannot find the occupation to which it can only attach itself, has sunk into a melancholy and querulous spirit, weary with the burden of existence; but the mstant the latent talent had declared itself, his first work, the eager offspring of desire and love, has astonished the world at once with the birth and the maturity of genius.

Abundant facts exhibit genius unequivocally discovering itself in the juvenile age connecting these facts with the subsequent life—and in general, perhaps a master-mind exhibits precocity. 'Whatever a young man at first applies himself to, is commonly his delight afterwards.' This remark was made by Hartley, who has related an anecdote of the infancy of his genius, which indicated the man. He declared to his daughter that the intention of writing a book upon the nature of man was conceived in his mind when he was a very little boy—when swinging backwards and forwards upon a gate, not more than nine or ten years old; he was then meditating upon the nature of his own mind, how man was made, and for what future end—such was the true origin, in a boy of ten years old, of his celebrated book on the 'frame, the duty, and the expectation of man.' The constitutional propensity has declared itself in painters and poets, who were such before they understood the nature of colours and the arts of verse. The vehement passion of Peiresc for knowledge, according to accounts Gassendi had received from old men who had known him a child, broke out as soon as he had been taught his alphabet; his delight was to be handling books and papers, and his perpetual inquiries after their contents obliged them to invent something to quiet the child's insatiable curiosity, who was offended if told he had not the capacity to understand them. He did not study like ordinary scholars, and would read neither Justin nor Ovid without a perpetual consultation of other authors, such was his early love of research! At ten years of age his taste for the studies of antiquity was kindled at the sight of some ancient coin dug up in his neighbourhood; and then that passion 'began to burn like fire in a forest,' as Gassendi most happily describes the fervour and the amplitude of his mind. We have Boccaccio's own words for a proof of his early natural tendency to tale-writing, in a passage of his genealogy of the Gods: 'Before seven years of age, when as yet I had met with no stories, was without a master and hardly knew my letters, I had a natural talent for fiction, and produced some little tales.' Thus the Decamerone was appearing much earlier than we suppose. So Ariosto, as soon as he obtained some knowledge of languages, delighted himself in translating French and Spanish romances; was he not sowing plentifully the seeds of his Orlando Furioso? Lope de Vega declares that he was a poet from the cradle, beginning to make verses before he could write them, for he bribed his school-mates with a morsel of his breakfast to write down the lines he composed in the early morning. Descartes, while yet a boy, was so marked out by habits of deep meditation, that he went among his companions by the title of the philosopher, always questioning, and settling cause and effect. It happened that he was twenty-five years of age before he left the army, but the propensity for meditation had been early formed, and the noble enterprize of reforming philosophy never ceased to inspire his solitary thoughts. Descartes was a man born only for meditation—and he has himself given a very interesting account of the pursuits which occupied his youth, and of the progress of his genius; of that secret struggle he so long held with himself, wandering in concealment over the world, for more than twenty years, and, as he says of himself, like the statuary, labouring to draw out a Minerva from the marble block. Michael Angelo, as yet a child, wherever he went, busied himself in drawing; and when his noble parents, hurt that a man of genius was disturbing the line of their ancestry, forced him to relinquish the pencil, the infant artist flew to the chissel: art was in his soul and in his hands. Velasquez, the Spanish painter, at his school tasks, filled them with sketches and drawings, and as some write their names on their books, his were known by the specimens of his genius. The painter Lanfranco was originally the page of a marquis, who observing that he was perpetually scrawling figures on cards, or with charcoal on the walls, asked the boy whether he would apply to the art he seemed to love? The boy trembled, fearing to have incurred his master's anger; but when encouraged to decide, he did not hesitate: placed under one of the Carraccios, his rapid progress in the art testified how much Lanfranco had suffered by suppressing his natural aptitude. When we find the boy Nanteuil, his parents being averse to their son's practising drawing, hiding himself in a tree to pursue the delightful exercise of his pencil; that Handel, intended for a doctor of the civil laws, and whom no parental discouragement could deprive of his enthusiasm for the musical science, for ever touching harpsichords, and having secretly conveyed a musical instrument to a retired apartment, sitting through the night awakening his harmonious spirit; and when we view Ferguson the child of a peasant, acquiring the art of reading without any one suspecting it, by listening to his father teaching his brother; making a wooden watch without the slightest knowledge of mechanism, and while a shepherd, like an ancient Chaldean, studying the phenomena of the heavens and making a celestial globe, as he had made a wooden watch, can we hesitate to believe that in such minds, there was a resistless and mysterious propensity, growing up with the temperaments of these artists? Ferguson was a shepherd-lad on a plain, placed entirely out of the chance of imitation; or of the influence of casual excitement; or any other of those sources of genius so frequently assigned for its production. The case of Opie is similar.

Yet these cases are not more striking than one related of the Abbé La Caille, who ranked among the first astronomers of the age. La Caille was the son of the parish clerk of a village; at the age of ten years his father sent him every evening to ring the church bell, but the boy always returned home late. His father was angry and beat him, and still the boy returned an hour after he had rung the bell. The father, suspecting something mysterious in his conduct, one evening watched him. He saw his son ascend the steeple, ring the bell as usual, and remain there during an hour. When the unlucky boy descended, he trembled like one caught in the fact, and on his knees confessed that the pleasure he took in watching the stars from the steeple was the real cause of detaining him from home. As the father was not born to be an astronomer, like the son, he flogged the boy severely. The youth was found weeping in the streets, by a man of science, who, when he discovered in a boy of ten years of age, a passion for contemplating the stars at night, and who had discovered an observatory in a steeple, in spite of such ill-treatment, he decided that the seal of nature had impressed itself on the genius of that boy.—Relieving the parent from the son and the son from the parent, he assisted the young La Caille in his passionate pursuit, and the event perfectly justified the prediction. Let others tell us why children feel a predisposition for the studies of astronomy, or natural history, or any similar pursuit. We know that youths have found themselves in parallel situations with Ferguson and La Caille, without experiencing their energies.

The case of Clairon, the great French tragic actress, deserves attention: she seems to have been an actress before she saw a theatre. This female, designed to be a sublime

actress, was of the lowest extraction; the daughter of a violent and illiterate woman, who with blows and menaces was driving about the child all day to manual labour. 'I know not,' says Clairon, 'whence I derived my disgust, but I could not bear the idea to be a mere workman, or to remain inactive in a corner.' In her eleventh year, being locked up in a room, as a punishment, with the windows fastened, she climbed upon a chair to look about her. A new object instantly absorbed her attention; in the house opposite she observed a celebrated actress amidst her family, her daughter was performing her dancing lesson; the girl Clairon, the future Melpomene, was struck by the influence of this graceful and affectionate scene. 'All my little being collected itself into my eyes; I lost not a single motion; as soon as the lesson ended all the family applauded and the mother embraced the daughter. That difference of her fate and mine filled me with profound grief, my tears hindered me from seeing any longer, and when the palpitations of my heart allowed me to reascend the chair, all had disappeared.' This was a discovery; from that moment she knew no rest; she rejoiced when she could get her mother to confine her in that room, the happy girl was a divinity to the unhappy one, whose susceptible genius imitated her in every gesture and motion; and Clairon soon showed the effect of her ardent studies, far she betrayed all the graces she had taught herself, in the common intercourse of life; she charmed her friends and even softened her barbarous mother; in a word, she was an actress without knowing what an actress was.

In this case of the use of genius, are we to conclude that the accidental view of a young actress practising her studies, imparted the character of the great tragic actress Clairon? Could a mere chance occurrence have given birth to those faculties which produced a sublime tragedian? In all arts there are talents which may be acquired by imitation and reflection; and thus far may genius be educated, but there are others which are entirely the result of native sensibility, which often secretly torment the possessor, and which may even be lost for the want of development; a state of languor from which many have not recovered. Clairon, before she saw the young actress, and having yet no conception of a theatre, never having entered one, had in her soul that latent faculty which creates a genius of her cast. 'Had I not felt like Dido,' she once exclaimed, 'I could not have thus personified her!'

Some of these facts, we conceive, afford decisive evidence of that instinct in genius, that constitutional propensity in the mind, sometimes called organization, which has inflamed such a war of words by its equivocal term and the ambiguity of its nature; it exists independent of education, and where it is wanting, education can never confer it. Of its mysterious influence we may be ignorant; the effect is more apparent than the cause. It is, however, always working in the character of the chosen mind. In the history of genius, there are unquestionably many secondary causes of considerable influence in developing or even crushing the germ—these have been of late often detected, and sometimes carried even to a ridiculous extreme; but among them none seem more remarkable than the first studies and the first habits.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST STUDIES.

The first studies form an epoch in the history of genius, and unquestionably have sensibly influenced its productions. Often have the first impressions stamped a character on the mind adapted to receive one, as often the first step into life has determined its walk. To ourselves, this is a distant period lost in the horizon of our own recollection, and so unobserved by others, that it passes away in neglect.

Many of those peculiarities of men of genius which are not fortunate, and some which have hardened the character in its mould, may be traced to this period. Physicians tell us that there is a certain point in youth at which the constitution is formed, and on which the sanity of life revolves; the character of genius experiences a similar dangerous period. Early bad tastes, early particular habits, early defective instructions, all the egotistical pride of an untamed intellect, are those evil spirits which will dog Genius, to its grave. An early attachment to the works of Sir Thomas Browne produced in Johnson an excessive admiration of that latinised English, which violated the native graces of the language. The first studies of Rembrandt affected his after-labours; that peculiarity of shadow which marks all his pictures originated in the circumstance of his father's mill receiving light from an aperture at the top, which habituated that artist afterwards to view all objects as if seen in that magical light. When Pope was a child, he found in his mother's closet a small library of mystical devotion; but it was not suspected till the fact was discovered, that the effusions of love and religion poured forth in his Eloisa were derived from the seraphic raptures of those erotic mystics, who to the last retained a place in his library among the classical bards of antiquity. The accidental perusal of Quintus Curtius first made Boyle "in love with other than pedantic books, and conjured up in him," as he expresses it, "an unsatisfied appetite of knowledge; so that he thought he owed more to Quintus Curtius than did Alexander." From the perusal of Rycaut's folio of Turkish history in childhood, the noble and impassioned bard of our times retained those indelible impressions, which gave life and motion to the "Giaour," the "Corsair," and "Alp." A voyage to the country produced the scenery. Rycaut only communicated the impulse to a mind susceptible of the poetical character; and without this Turkish history we should still have had our poet.

The influence of first studies, in the formation of the character of genius, is a moral phenomenon, which has not sufficiently attracted our notice. Dr. Franklin acquaints us that when young and wanting books, he accidentally found De Foe's "Essay on Projects," from which work impressions were derived which afterwards influenced some of the principal events of his life. Rousseau, in early youth, full of his Plutarch, while he was also devouring the trash of romances, could only conceive human nature in the colossal forms, or be affected by the infirm sensibility of an imagination mastering all his faculties; thinking like a Roman and feeling like a Sybarite. The same circumstance happened to Catharine Macauley, who herself has told us how she owed the bent of her character to the early reading of the Roman historians; but combining Roman admiration with English faction, she violated truth in her English characters, and exaggerated romance in the Roman. But the permanent effect of a solitary bias in the youth of genius, impelling the whole current of his after-life, is strikingly displayed in the remarkable character of Archdeacon Blackburne, the author of the famous "Confessional," and the curious "Memoirs of Hollis," written with such a republican fierceness.

I had long considered the character of our archdeacon as a *lusus politico et theologico*. Having subscribed to the Articles and enjoying the archdeaconry, he was writing against subscription and the whole hierarchy, with a spirit so irascible and caustic, as if, like Prynne and Bastwick, the archdeacon had already lost both his ears; while his antipathy to monarchy might have done honour to a Roundhead of the Rota Club. The secret of these volcanic explosions was only revealed in a letter accidentally preserved. In the youth of our spirited archdeacon, when fox-hunting was his deepest study, it happened at the house of a relation, that on some rainy day, among other garret lumber, he fell on some worm eaten volumes which had once been the careful collections of his great grandfather, an Oliverian justice. 'These,' says he, 'I conveyed to my lodging-room, and there became acquainted with the manners and principles of many excellent old puritans, and then laid the foundation of my own.' Thus is the enigma solved! Archdeacon Blackburne, in his seclusion in Yorkshire amidst the Oliverian justice's library, shows that we are in want of a Cervantes, but not of a Quixote, and Yorkshire might yet be as renowned a county as La Mancha; for political romances, it is presumed, may be as fertile of ridicule as any of the folios of chivalry.

Such is the influence through life of those first unobserved impressions on the character of genius, which every author has not recorded.

Education, however indispensable in a cultivated age, produces nothing on the side of genius, and where education ends often genius begins. Gray was asked if he recollected when he first felt the strong predilection to poetry; he replied, that "he believed it was when he began to read Virgil for his own amusement, and not in school hours as a task." Such is the force of self-education in genius, that the celebrated physiologist, John Hunter, who

was entirely self-educated, evinced such penetration in his anatomical discoveries, that his sensible biographer observes,—"he has brought into notice passages from writers he was unable to read, and which had been overlooked by profound scholars."*

That the education of genius must be its own work, we may appeal to every one of the family; it is not always fortunate, for many die amidst a waste of talents and the wrecks of their mind.

Many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star.
Beattie.

An unfavourable position in society is an usual obstruction in the course of this self-education; and a man of genius, through half his life, has held a contest with a bad, or with no education. There is a race of the late-taught, who, with a capacity of leading in the first rank, are mortified to discover themselves only on a level with their contemporaries. Winkleman, who passed his youth in obscure misery as a village schoolmaster, paints feelings which strikingly contrast with his avocations. "I formerly filled the office of a schoolmaster with the greatest punctuality, and I taught the A, B, C, to children with filthy heads; at the moment, I was aspiring after the knowledge of the beautiful, and meditating, low to myself, on the similes of Homer; then I said to myself, as I still say, 'Peace, my soul, thy strength shall surmount thy cares.'" The obstructions of so unhappy a self-education essentially injured his ardent genius; and his secret sorrow was long, at this want of early patronage and these discordant habits of life. 'I am unfortunatley one of those whom the Greeks named ωψιμαθεις; *sero sapientes*, the late-learned, for I have appeared too late in the world and in Italy. To have done something, it was necessary that I should have had an education analogous to my pursuits, and this at your age.' This class of the late learned, which Winkleman notices, is a useful distinction; it is so with a sister-art: one of the greatest musicians of our country assures me, that the ear is as latent with many; there are the late-learned even in the musical world. Budæus declared he was both 'self-taught and late-taught.'

The self-educated are marked by strong peculiarities. If their minds are rich in acquisition, they often want taste and the art of communication; their knowledge, like corn heaped in a granary, for want of ventilation and stirring, perishes in its own masses. They may abound with talent in all shapes, but rarely in its place, and they have to dread a plethora of genius, and a delirium of wit. They sometimes improve amazingly; their source turbid and obscure, works itself clear at last, and the stream runs and even sparkles. Those men at first were pushed on by their native energy; at length, they obtain the secret to conduct their genius, which before had conducted them. Sometimes the greater portion of their lives is passed before they can throw themselves out of that world of mediocrity to which they had been confined; their first work has not announced genius, and their last is stamped with it. Men are long judged by their first work: it takes a long while after they have surpassed themselves before it is discovered. This race of the self-educated are apt to consider some of their own insulated feelings those of all; their prejudices are often invincible, and their tastes unsure and capricious: glorying in their strength, while they are betraying their weaknesses, yet mighty even in that enthusiasm which is only disciplined by its own fierce habits. Bunyan is the Spenser of the people. The fire burned towards heaven, although the altar was rude and rustic.

Barry, the painter, has left behind him works not to be turned over by the connoisseur by rote, nor the artist who dares not be just and will not suffer even the infirmities of genius to be buried in its grave. That enthusiast, with a temper of mind resembling Rousseau's, the same creature of imagination, consumed by the same passions, with the same fine intellect disordered, and the same fortitude of soul, found his self-taught pen, like his pencil, betray his genius. A vehement enthusiasm breaks through his ill-composed works, throwing the sparks of his bold and rich conceptions, so philosophical and magnificent, into the soul of the youth of genius. When in his character of professor, he delivered his lectures at the academy, he never ceased speaking but his auditors rose in a tumult, while their hands returned to him the proud feelings he adored. The self-educated and gifted man, once listening to the children of genius, whom he had created about him, exclaimed, 'Go it, go it, my boys! they did so at Athens.' Thus high could he throw up his native mud into the very heaven of his invention!

But even the pages of Barry are the aliment of young genius: before we can discern the beautiful, must we not be endowed with the susceptibility of love? Must not the disposition be formed before even the object appears? The uneducated Barry is the higher priest of enthusiasm than the educated Reynolds. I have witnessed the young artist of genius glow and start over the reveries of Barry, but pause and meditate, and inquire over the mature elegance of Reynolds; in the one, he caught the passion for beauty, and in the other, he discovered the beautiful: with the one he was warm and restless, and with the other calm and satisfied.

Of the difficulties overcome in the self-education of genius, we have a remarkable instance in the character of Moses Mendelsohn, on whom literary Germany has bestowed the honourable title of the Jewish Socrates.* Such were the apparent invincible obstructions which barred out Mendelsohn from the world of literature and philosophy, that, in the history of men of genius, it is something like taking in the history of man, the savage of Aveyron from his woods,—who, destitute of a human language, should at length create a model of eloquence; without a faculty of conceiving a figure, should be capable to add to the demonstrations of Euclid; and without a complex idea and with few sensations, should at length, in the sublimest strain of metaphysics, open to the world a new view of the immortality of the soul!

Mendelsohn, the son of a poor rabbin, in a village in Germany, received an education completely rabbinical, and its nature must be comprehended, or the term of education would be misunderstood. The Israelites in Poland and Germany live, with all the restrictions of their ceremonial law, in an insulated state, and are not always instructed in the language of the country of their birth. They employ for their common intercourse a barbarous or *patois* Hebrew, while the sole studies of the young rabbins are strictly confined to the Talmud, of which the fundamental principle, like the Sonna of the Turks, is a pious rejection of every species of uninspired learning. This ancient jealous spirit, which walls in the understanding and the faith of man, was shutting out what the imitative Catholics afterwards called heresy. It is, then, these numerous folios of the Talmud which the true Hebraic student contemplates through all the seasons of life, as the Patuecos in their low valley imagine their surrounding mountains to be the confines of the universe.

Of such a nature was the plan of Mendelsohn's first studies; but even in his boyhood this conflict of study occasioned an agitation of his spirits, which affected his life ever after; rejecting the Talmudical dreamers he caught a nobler spirit from the celebrated Maimonides; and his native sagacity was already clearing up the darkness around. An enemy not less hostile to the enlargement of mind than voluminous legends, presented itself in the indigence of his father, who was now compelled to send away the youth on foot to Berlin to find labour and bread.

At Berlin he becomes an amanuensis to another poor rabbin, who could only still initiate him into the theology, the jurisprudence and scholastic philosophy of his people. Thus he was no farther advanced in that philosophy of the mind in which he was one day to be the rival of Plato and Locke, nor in that knowledge of literature of which he was to be among the first polished critics of Germany.

Some unexpected event occurs which gives the first great impulse to the mind of genius. Mendelsohn received this from the first companion of his misery and his studies, a man of congenial, but maturer powers. He was a Polish Jew, expelled from the communion of the Orthodox, and the calumniated student was now a vagrant, with

* Life of John Hunter, by Dr Adams, p. 50, where the case is curiously illustrated.

* I composed the life of Mendelsohn so far back as in 1778, for a periodical publication, whence our late biographers have drawn their notices; a juvenile production, which happened to excite the attention of the late Barry, then not personally known to me, and he has given all the immortality his poetical pencil could bestow on this man of genius, by immediately placing in his elysium of genius, Moses Mendelsohn shaking hands with Addison, who wrote on the truth of the Christian religion, and near Locke, the English master of Mendelsohn's mind.

more sensibility than fortitude. But this vagrant was a philosopher, a poet, a naturalist and a mathematician. Mendelsohn, at a distant day, never alluded to him without tears. Thrown together into the same situation, they approached each other by the same sympathies, and communicating in the only language which Mendelsohn knew, the Polander voluntarily undertook his literary education.

Then was seen one of the most extraordinary spectacles in the history of modern literature. Two houseless Hebrew youths might be discovered, in the moonlight streets of Berlin, sitting in retired corners, or on the steps of some porch, the one instructing the other, with an Euclid in his hand; but what is more extraordinary, it was a Hebrew version, composed by himself, for one who knew no other language. Who could then have imagined that the future Plato of Germany was sitting on those steps!

The Polander, whose deep melancholy had settled on his heart, died—yet he had not lived in vain, since the electric spark that lighted up the soul of Mendelsohn had fallen from his own.

Mendelsohn was now left alone; his mind teeming with its chaos, and still master of no other language than that barren idiom which was incapable of expressing the ideas he was meditating on. He had scarcely made a step into the philosophy of his age, and the genius of Mendelsohn had probably been lost to Germany, had not the singularity of his studies and the cast of his mind been detected by the sagacity of Dr Kisch. The aid of this physician was momentous; for he devoted several hours every day to the instruction of a poor youth, whose strong capacity he had the discernment to perceive, and the generous temper to aid. Mendelsohn was soon enabled to read Locke in a Latin version, but with such extreme pain, that, compelled to search for every word, and to arrange their Latin order, and at the same time to combine metaphysical ideas, it was observed that he did not so much translate, as guess by the force of meditation.

This prodigious effort of his intellect retarded his progress, but invigorated his habit, as the racer, by running against the hill, at length courses with facility.

A succeeding effort was to master the living languages, and chiefly the English, that he might read his favourite Locke in his own idiom. Thus a great genius for metaphysics and languages was forming itself by itself.

It is curious to detect, in the character of genius, the effects of local and moral influences. There resulted from Mendelsohn's early situation, certain defects in his intellectual character, derived from his poverty, his Jewish education, and his numerous impediments in literature. Inheriting but one language, too obsolete and naked to serve the purposes of modern philosophy, he perhaps overvalued his new acquisitions, and in his delight of knowing many languages, he with difficulty escaped from remaining a mere philologist; while in his philosophy, having adopted the prevailing principles of Wolf and Baumgarten, his genius was long without the courage or the skill to emancipate itself from their rusty chains. It was more than a step which had brought him into their circle, but a step was yet wanted to escape from it.

At length the mind of Mendelsohn enlarged in literary intercourse; he became a great and original thinker in many beautiful speculations in moral and critical philosophy; while he had gradually been creating a style which the critics of Germany have declared was their first luminous model of precision and elegance. Thus a Hebrew vagrant, first perplexed in the voluminous labyrinth of Judicial learning, in his middle age oppressed by indigence and malady, and in his mature life wrestling with that commercial station whence he derived his humble independence, became one of the masterwriters in the literature of his country. The history of the mind of Mendelsohn is one of the noblest pictures of the self-education of genius.

Friends who are so valuable in our youth, are usually prejudicial in the youth of genius. Peculiar and unfortunate in this state, which is put in danger from what in every other it derives security. The greater part of the multitude of authors and artists originate in the ignorant admiration of their early friends; while the real genius has often been disconcerted and thrown into despair, by the ill-judgments of his domestic circle. The productions of taste are more unfortunate than those which depend on a chain of reasoning, or the detail of facts; these are more palpable to the common judgments of men; but taste is of such rarity, that a long life may be passed by some without once obtaining a familiar acquaintance with a mind so cultivated by knowledge, so tried by experience, and so practised by converse with the literary world that its prophetic feeling anticipates the public opinion. When a young writer's first essay is shown, some, through mere inability of censure, see nothing but beauties; others, with equal imbecility, can see none; and others, out of pure malice, see nothing but faults. 'I was soon disgusted,' says Gibbon, 'with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends some will praise for politeness, and some will criticise for vanity.' Had several of our first writers set their fortunes on the cast of their friends' opinions, we might have lost some precious compositions. The friends of Thomson discovered nothing but faults in his early productions, one of which happened to be his noblest, the 'Winter;' they just could discern that these abounded with luxuriances, without being aware that they were the luxuriances of a poet. He had created a new school in art—and appealed from his circle to the public. From a manuscript letter of our poet's, written when employed on his 'Summer,' I transcribe his sentiments on his former literary friends in Scotland—he is writing to Mallet:* 'Far from defending these two lines, I damn them to the lowest depth of the poetical Tophet, prepared of old, for Mitchell, Morrice, Rook, Cook, Beckingham, and a long &c. Wherever I have evidence, or think I have evidence, which is the same thing, I'll be as obstinate as all the mules in Persia.' This poet, of warm affections, so irritably felt the perverse criticisms of his learned friends, that they were to share alike, nothing less than a damnation to a poetical hell. One of these 'blasts' broke out in a vindictive epigram on Mitchell, whom he describes with a 'blasted eye;' but this critic having one literally, the poet, to avoid a personal reflection, could only consent to make the blemish more active:

> 'Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell! why
> Appears one beauty to thy blasting eye?'

He again calls him 'the planet-blasted Mitchell.' Of another of these critical friends he speaks with more sedateness, but with a strong conviction that the critic, a very sensible man, had no sympathy with his poet. 'Aikman's reflections on my writings are very good, but he does not in them regard the turn of my genius enough; should I alter my way I would write poorly. I must choose what appears to me the most significant epithet, or I cannot, with any heart, proceed.' The 'Mirror,' when published in Edinburgh, was 'fastidiously' received, as all 'home-productions' are; but London avenged the cause of the author. When Swift introduced Parnel to Lord Bollingbroke, and to the world, he observes, in his Journal, 'it is pleasant to see one who hardly passed for any thing in Ireland, make his way here with a little friendly forwarding.' There is nothing more trying to the judgment of the friends of a young man of genius, than the invention of a new manner; without a standard to appeal to, without bladders to swim, the ordinary critic sinks into irretrievable distress; but usually pronounces against novelty. When Reynolds returned from Italy, warm with all the excellence of his art, says Mr Northcote, and painted a portrait, his old master, Hudson, viewing it, and perceiving no trace of his own manner, exclaimed that he did not paint so well as when he left England; while another, who conceived no higher excellence than Kneller, treated with signal contempt the future Raphael of England.

If it be dangerous for a young writer to resign himself to the opinions of his friends, he also incurs some peril in passing them with inattention. What an embarrassment! He wants a Quintilian. One great means to obtain such an invaluable critic, is the cultivation of his own judgment, in a round of meditation and reading; let him at once supply the marble and be himself the sculptor: let the great authors of the world be his gospels, and the best critics their expounders; from the one he will draw inspiration, and from the others he will supply those tardy discoveries in art, which he who solely depends on his own experience may obtain too late in life. Those who do not read criticism will not even merit to be criticised. The more extensive an author's knowledge of what has been done, the greater will be his powers in knowing what to do. Let him preserve his juvenile compositions,—whatever these may be, they are the spontaneous growth, and, like the plants of the Alps, not always found in other soils; they are his virgin fancies; by contemplating them, he may detect some of his predominant habits,—resume an

* In Mr Murray's collection of autographical letters.

old manner more happily,—invent novelty from an old subject he had so rudely designed,—and often may steal from himself something so fine that, when thrown into his most finished compositions, it may seem a happiness rather than art. A young writer in the progress of his studies, should often recollect a fanciful simile of Dryden.—

> 'As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
> On the rich bed again the warm turf lay;
> Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
> And know it will be Gold another day.'

Ingenious youth! if, in a constant perusal of the master-writers, you see your own sentiments anticipated, and in the tumult of your mind as it comes in contact with theirs, new ones arise; if in meditating on the Confessions of Rousseau, or on those of every man of genius, for they have all their confessions, you recollect that you have experienced the same sensations from the same circumstances, and that you have encountered the same difficulties and overcome them by the same means, then let not your courage be lost in your admiration,—but listen to that 'still small voice' in your heart, which cries with Correggio and with Montesquieu, 'Ed io anche son Pittore!'*

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE IRRITABILITY OF GENIUS.

The modes of life of a man of genius, often tinctured by eccentricity and enthusiasm, are in an eternal conflict with the monotonous and imitative habits of society, as society is carried on in a great metropolis,—where men are necessarily alike, and in perpetual intercourse, shaping themselves to one another.

The occupations, the amusements, and the ardour of the man of genius, are discordant with the artificial habits of life; in the vortexes of business or the world of pleasure, crowds of human beings are only treading in one another's steps; the pleasures and the sorrows of this active multitude are not his, while his are not obvious to them: Genius in society is therefore often in a state of suffering. Professional characters, who are themselves so often literary, yielding to their predominant interests, conform to that assumed urbanity which levels them with ordinary minds; but the man of genius cannot leave himself behind in the cabinet he quits; the train of his thoughts is not stopt at will, and in the range of conversation the habits of his mind will prevail; an excited imagination, a high toned feeling, a wandering reverie, a restlessness of temper, are perpetually carrying him out of the processional line of the mere conversationists. He is, like all solitary beings, much too sentient, and prepares for defence even at a random touch. His emotions are rapid, his generalizing views take things only in masses, while he treats with levity some useful prejudices; he interrogates, he doubts, he is caustic; in a word, he thinks he converses, while he is at his studies. Sometimes, apparently a complacent listener, we are mortified by detecting the absent man; now he appears humbled and spiritless, ruminating over some failure which probably may be only known to himself, and now haughty and hardy for a triumph he has obtained, which yet remains as secret to the world. He is sometimes insolent, and sometimes querulous. He is stung by jealousy; or he writhes in aversion; his eyes kindle, and his teeth gnash; a fever shakes his spirit; a fever which has sometimes generated a disease, and has even produced a slight perturbation of the faculties.†

Once we were nearly receiving from the hand of genius itself, the most curious sketches of the temper, the irascible humours, the delicacy of soul even to its shadowiness, from the warm *sbozzos* of Burns when he began a diary of the heart,—a narrative of characters and events, and a chronology of his emotions. It was natural for such a creature of sensation and passion to project such a regular task; but quite impossible to get through it. The paper-book that he conceived would have recorded all these things, therefore turns out but a very imperfect document. Even that little it was not thought proper to give entire. Yet there we view a warm original mind, when he first stept into the polished circles of society, discovering that he could no longer 'pour out his bosom, his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or, from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence.' This was the first lesson he learnt at Edinburgh, and it was as a substitute for such a human being, that he bought a paper-book to keep under lock and key; a security at least equal, says he, 'to the bosom of any friend whatever.' Let the man of genius pause over the fragments of this 'paper-book;' it will instruct as much as any open confession of a criminal at the moment he is to suffer. No man was more afflicted with that miserable pride, the infirmity of men of imagination, which exacts from its best friends a perpetual reverence and acknowledgment of its powers. Our Poet, with all his gratitude and veneration for 'the noble Glencairn,' was 'wounded to the soul' because his Lordship showed 'so much attention, engrossing attention, to the only blockhead at table; the whole company consisted of his Lordship, Dunderpate, and myself.' This Dunderpate, who dined with Lord Glencairn, might have been of more importance to the world than even a poet; one of the best and most useful men in it. Burns was equally offended with another of his patrons, and a literary brother, Dr. Blair. At the moment, he too appeared to be neglecting the irritable Poet—'for the mere carcass of greatness—or when his eye measured the difference of their point of elevation; I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion,' (he might have added, except a good deal of contempt,) 'what do I care for him or his pomp either?' —'Dr. Blair's vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance,' adds Burns, at the moment that the solitary haughtiness of his own genius had entirely escaped his self-observation. Such are the chimeras of passion infesting the distempered imagination of irritable genius!

Such therefore are censured for great irritability of disposition; and that happy equality of temper so prevalent among mere men of letters,* and which is conveniently acquired by men of the world, has been usually refused to great mental powers, or to vivacious dispositions; authors or artists. The man of wit becomes petulant, and the profound thinker, morose.

When Rousseau once retired to a village, he had to endure its conversation; for this purpose he was compelled to invent an expedient to get rid of his uneasy sensations. 'Alone,' says Rousseau, 'I have never known ennui, even when perfectly unoccupied; my imagination, filling the void, was sufficient to busy me. It is only the inactive chit-chat of the room, when every one is seated face to face, and only moving their tongues, which I never could support. There to be a fixture, nailed with one hand on the other, to settle the state of the weather, or watch the flies about one, or what is worse, to be handying compliments, this to me is not bearable.' He hit on the expedient of making lace-strings, carrying his working cushion in his visits, to keep the peace with the country gossips.

Is the occupation of making a great name less anxious and precarious than that of making a great fortune? the progress of a man's capital is unequivocal to him, but that of the fame of an author, or an artist, is for the greater part of their lives of an ambiguous nature. They find it in one place, and they lose it in another. We may often smile at the local gradations of genius; the esteem in which an author is held here, and the contempt he encounters there; here the learned man is condemned as a heavy drone, and there the man of wit annoys the unwitty listener.

And are not the anxieties, of even the most successful, renewed at every work? often quitted in despair, often returned to with rapture; the same agitation of the spirits, the same poignant delight, the same weariness, the same dissatisfaction, the same querulous languishment after excellence. Is the man of genius a discoverer? the discovery is contested, or it is not comprehended for ten years after, or during his whole life; even men of science are as

* This noble consciousness with which the Italian painter gave utterance to his strong feelings on viewing a celebrated picture by one of his rivals, is applied by Montesquieu to himself at the close of the preface to his great work.

† I have given a history of Literary Quarrels from personal motives, in Quarrels of Authors, vol. iii, p. 285. There we find how many controversies, in which the public get involved, have sprung from some sudden squabble, some neglect of petty civility, some unlucky epithet, or some casual observation dropped without much consideration, which mortified or enraged an author. See further symptoms of this disease, at the close of the chapter on 'Self-praise,' in the present work.

* The class of Literary Characters whom I would distinguish as Men of Letters, are described under that title in this volume.

children before him. There is a curious letter in Sir Thomas Bodley's Remains to Lord Bacon, then Sir Francis, where he remonstrates with Bacon on his *new mode of philosophizing*. It seems the fate of all originality of thinking to be immediately opposed; no contemporary seems equal to its comprehension. Bacon was not at all understood at home in his own day; his celebrity was confined to his History of Henry VII, and to his Essays. In some unpublished letters I find Sir Edward Coke writing very miserable, but very bitter verses, on a copy of the Instauratio presented to him by Bacon, and even James I, declaring that, like God's power, 'it passeth beyond all understanding.' When Kepler published his work on Comets, the first rational one, it was condemned even by the learned themselves as extravagant. We see the learned Selden signing his recantation; and long afterwards the propriety of his argument on Tithes fully allowed; the aged Galileo on his knees, with his hand on the Gospels, abjuring, as absurdities, errors, and heresies, the philosophical truths he had ascertained. Harvey, in his eightieth year, did not live to witness his great discovery established. Adam Smith was reproached by the economists for having borrowed his system from them, as if the mind of genius does not borrow little parts to create its own vast views. The great Sydenham, by the independence and force of his genius, so highly provoked the malignant emu'at'on of his rivals, that they conspired to have him banished out of the College as 'guilty of medicinal heresy.' Such is the fate of men of genius, who advance a century beyond their contemporaries!

Is our man of genius a learned author? Erudition is a thirst which its fountains have never satiated. What volumes remain to open! What manuscript but makes his heart palpitate! There is no measure, no term in researches, which every new fact may alter, and a date may dissolve. Truth! thou fascinating, but severe mistress! thy adorers are often broken down in thy servitude, performing a thousand unregarded task-works;* or now winding thee through thy labyrinth, with a single thread often unravelling, and now feeling their way in darkness, doubtful if it be thyself they are touching. The man of erudition, after his elaborate work, is exposed to the fatal omissions of wearied vigilance, or the accidental knowledge of some inferior mind, and always to the taste, whatever it chance to be, of the public.

The favourite work of Newton was his Chronology, which he wrote over fifteen times; but desisted from its publication during his life-time, from the ill usage he had received, of which he gave several instances to Pearce, the Bishop of Rochester. The same occurred to Sir John Marsham, who found himself accused as not being friendly to revelation. When the learned Pocock published a specimen of his translation of Abulpharagius, an Arabian historian, in 1649, it excited great interest, but when he published his complete version, in 1663, it met with no encouragement; in the course of those thirteen years, the genius of the times had changed; oriental studies were no longer in request. Thevenot then could not find a book-seller in London or at Amsterdam to print his Abulfeda, nor another, learned in Arabian lore, his history of Saladine.

* Look on a striking picture of these thousand task-works, coloured by his literary pangs, of Le Grand D'Aussy, the literary antiquary, who could never finish his very curious work, on 'The History of the private life of the French.'

'Endowed with a courage at all proofs, with health, which till then was unaltered, and with excess of labour has greatly changed, I devoted myself to write the lives of the learned, of the sixteenth century. Renouncing all kinds of pleasure, working ten to twelve hours a day, extracting, ceaselessly copying; after this sad life, I now wished to draw breath, turn over what I had amassed, and arrange it. I found myself possessed of many thousands of bulletins, of which the longest did not exceed many lines. At the sight of this frightful chaos, from which I was to form a regular history, I must confess that I shuddered; I felt myself for some time in a stupor and depression of spirits; and now actually that I have finished this work, I cannot endure the recollection of that moment of alarm, without a feeling of involuntary terror. What a business is this, good God, of a compiler! in truth it is too much condemned; it merits some regard. At length I regained courage. I returned to my researches: I have completed my plan, though every day I was forced to add, to correct, to change my facts as well as my ideas: six times has my hand recopied my work, and however fatiguing this may be, it certainly is not that portion of my task which has cost me most.'

The reputation of a writer of taste is subjected to more difficulties than any other. Every day we observe, of a work of genius, that those parts which have all the raciness of the soil, and as such are most liked by its admirers, are the most criticised. Modest critics shelter themselves under that general amnesty too freely granted, that tastes are allowed to differ; but we should approximate much nearer to the truth if we say that but few of mankind are capable of relishing the beautiful, with that enlarged taste, which comprehends all the forms of feeling which genius may assume; forms which may even at times be associated with defects. Would our author delight with the style of taste, of imagination, of passion? a path opens strewed with roses, but his feet bleed on their invisible thorns. A man of genius composes in a state of intellectual emotion, and the magic of his style consists of the movements of the soul, but the art of conducting these movements is separate from the feeling which inspires them. The idea in the mind is not always to be found under the pen. The artist's conception often breathes not in his pencil. He toils, and repeatedly toils, to throw into our minds that sympathy with which we hang over the illusion of his pages, and become himself. A great author is a great artist; if the hand cannot leave the picture, how much beauty will he undo! yet still he is lingering, still strengthening the weak, still subduing the daring, still searching for that single idea which awakens so many in others, while often, as it once happened, the dash of despair hangs the foam on the horse's nostrils. The art of composition is of such slow attainment, that a man of genius, late in life, may discover how its secret conceals itself in the habit. When Fox meditated on a history which should last with the language, he met his evil genius in this new province: the rapidity and the fire of his elocution were extinguished by a pen unconsecrated by long and previous study; he saw that he could not class with the great historians of every great people; he complained, while he mourned over the fragment of genius, which, after such zealous preparation, he dared not complete! Rousseau has glowingly described the ceaseless inquietude by which he obtained the seductive eloquence of his style, and has said that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. His existing manuscripts display more erasures than Pope's, and show his eagerness to set down his first thoughts, and his art to raise them to the impassioned style of his imagination. The memoir of Gibbon was composed seven or nine times, and after all, was left unfinished. Burns's anxiety in finishing his poems was great; 'all my poetry,' says he, 'is the effect of easy composition, but of laborious correction.'

Pope, when employed on the Iliad, found it not only occupy his thoughts by day, but haunting his dreams by night, and once wished himself hanged, to get rid of Homer: and that he experienced often such literary agonies, witness his description of the depressions and elevations of genius,

> Who pants for glory, finds but short repose,
> A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows!"

Thus must the days of a great author be passed in labours as unremitting and exhausting as those of the artizan. The world are not always aware, that to some, meditation, composition, and even conversation, may inflict pains undetected by the eye and the tenderness of friendship. Whenever Rousseau passed a morning in company, he tells us it was observed that in the evening he was dissatisfied and distressed; and John Hunter, in a mixed company, found conversation fatigued, instead of amusing him. Hawksworth, in the second paper of the Adventurer, has composed, from his own feelings, an eloquent comparative estimate of intellectual and corporeal labour; it may console the humble mechanic.

The anxious uncertainty of an author for his compositions resembles that of a lover when he has written to a mistress, not yet decided on his claims: he repents his labour, for he thinks he has written too much, while he is mortified at recollecting that he had omitted some things which he imagines would have secured the object of his wishes. Madame de Stael, who has often entered into feelings familiar to a literary and political family, in a parellel between ambition with genius, has distinguished them in this, that while 'ambition *perseveres* in the desire of acquiring power, genius *flags* of itself. Genius in the midst of society is a pain, an internal fever which would

require to be treated as a real disease, if the records of glory did not soften the sufferings it produces.'

These moments of anxiety often darken the brightest hours of genius. Racine had extreme sensibility; the pain inflicted by a severe criticism outweighed all the applause he received. He seems to have felt, what he was often reproached with, that his Greeks, his Jews, and his Turks were all inmates of Versailles. He had two critics, who, like our Dennis with Pope and Addison, regularly dogged his pieces as they appeared. Corneille's objections he would attribute to jealousy—at his burlesqued pieces at the Italian theatre, he would smile outwardly, though sick at heart,—but his son informs us, that a stroke of raillery from his witty friend Chapelle, whose pleasantry scarcely concealed its bitterness, sunk more deeply into his heart than the burlesques at the Italian theatre, the protest of Corneille, and the iteration of the two Dennises. The life of Tasso abounds with pictures of a complete exhaustion of this kind; his contradictory critics had perplexed him with the most intricate literary discussions, and probably occasioned a mental alienation. We find in one of his letters that he repents the composition of his great poem, for although his own taste approved of that marvellous, which still forms the nobler part of its creation, yet he confesses that his critics have decided that the history of his hero Godfrey required another species of conduct. 'Hence,' cries the unhappy bard, 'doubts vex me; but for the past and what is done, I know of no remedy'; and he longs to precipitate the publication that 'he may be delivered from misery and agony.' He solemnly swears that 'did not the circumstances of my situation compel me, I would not print it, even perhaps during my life, I so much doubt of its success.' Such was that painful state of fear and doubt, experienced by the author of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' when he gave it to the world; a state of suspense, among the children of imagination, of which none are more liable to participate in, than the too sensitive artist. At Florence may still be viewed the many works begun and abandoned by the genius of Michael Angelo; they are preserved inviolate; 'so sacred is the terror of Michael Angelo's genius!' exclaims Forsyth. Yet these works are not always to be considered as failures of the chisel; they appear rather to have been rejected by coming short of the artist's first conceptions. An interesting domestic story has been preserved of Gesner, who so zealously devoted his graver and his pencil to the arts, but his sensibility was ever struggling after that ideal excellence he could not attain; often he sunk into fits of melancholy, and gentle as he was, the tenderness of his wife and friends could not sooth his distempered feelings; it was necessary to abandon him to his own thoughts, till after a long abstinence from his neglected works, in a lucid moment, some accident occasioned him to return to them. In one of these hypochondria of genius, after a long interval of despair, one morning at breakfast with his wife, his eye fixed on one of his pictures; it was a group of fauns with young shepherds dancing at the entrance of a cavern shaded with vines; his eye appeared at length to glisten; and a sudden return to good humour broke out in this lively apostrophe, 'Ah! see those playful children, they always dance!' This was the moment of gaiety and inspiration, and he flew to his forsaken easel.

La Harpe, an author by profession, observes, that as it has been shown, that there are some maladies peculiar to artists,—there are also sorrows which are peculiar to them, and which the world can neither pity nor soften, because they do not enter into their experience. The querulous language of so many men of genius has been sometimes attributed to causes very different from the real ones,—the most fortunate live to see their talents contested and their best works decried. An author with certain critics seems much in the situation of Benedict, when he exclaimed—'Hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam!' Assuredly many an author has sunk into his grave without the consciousness of having obtained that fame for which he had in vain sacrificed an arduous life. The too feeling Smollet has left this testimony to posterity. 'Had some of those, who are pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingeniously what I had to expect in the capacity of an *author*, I should in all probability, have spared myself the *incredible labour* and *chagrin* I have since undergone.' And Smollet was a popular writer! Pope's solemn declaration in the preface to his collected works comes by no means short of Smollet's avowal. Hume's philosophical indifference could often suppress that irritability which Pope and Smollet fully indulged. But were the feelings of Hume more obtuse, or did his temper, gentle as it was constitutionally, bear, with a saintly patience, the mortifications his literary life so long endured? After recomposing two of his works, which incurred the same neglect in their altered form, he raised the most sanguine hopes of his history,—but he tells us, 'miserable was my disappointment!' The reasoning Hume once proposed changing his name and his country! and although he never deigned to reply to his opponents, yet they haunted him; and an eye-witness has thus described the irritated author discovering in conversation his suppressed resentment—'His forcible mode of expression, the brilliant quick movements of his eyes, and the gestures of his body,'—these betrayed the pangs of contempt, or of aversion! Erasmus once resolved to abandon for ever his favourite literary pursuits; 'if this,' he exclaimed, alluding to his adversaries, 'if this be the fruits of all my youthful labours!'—

Parties confederate against a man of genius, as happened to Corneille, to D'Avenant* and Milton, and a Pradon and a Settle carry away the meed of a Racine and a Dryden. It was to support the drooping spirit of his friend Racine on the opposition raised against Phædra, that Boileau addressed to him an epistle on the utility to be drawn from the jealousy of the envious. It was more to the world than to his country, that Lord Bacon appealed, by a frank and noble conception in his will,—'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next age.' The calm dignity of the historian De Thou, amidst the passions of his times, confidently expected that justice from posterity which his own age refused to his early and his late labour: that great man was, however, compelled, by his injured feelings, to compose a poem, under the name of another, to serve as his apology against the intolerant Court of Rome, and the factious politicians of France; it was a noble subterfuge to which a great genius was forced. The acquaintances of the poet Collins probably complained of his wayward humours and irritability; but how could they sympathize with the secret mortification of the poet for having failed in his Pastorals, imagining that they were composed on wrong principles; or with a secret agony of soul, burning with his own hands his unsold, but immortal Odes? Nor must we forget here the dignified complaint of the Rambler, with which he awfully closes his work, in appealing to posterity.

In its solitary occupations, genius contracts its peculiarities, and in that sensibility which accompanies it, that loftiness of spirit, those quick jealousies, those excessive affections and aversions, which view every thing, as it passes in its own ideal world, and rarely as it exists in the mediocrity of reality. This irritability of genius is a malady which has raged even among philosophers: we must not, therefore, be surprised at the poetical temperament. They have abandoned their country, they have changed their name, they have punished themselves with exile in the rage of their disorder. Descartes sought in vain, even in his secreted life, a refuge for his genius; he thought himself persecuted in France, he thought himself calumniated among strangers, and he went and died in Sweden; and little did that man of genius think, that his countrymen, would beg to have his ashes restored to them. Hume once proposed to change his name and country, and I believe did. The great poetical genius of our times has openly alienated himself from the land of his brothers; he becomes immortal in the language of a people whom he would contemn; he accepts with ingratitude the fame he loves more than life, and he is only truly great who on that spot of earth, whose genius, when he is no more, will contemplate on his shade in anger and in sorrow.

Thus, the state of authorship is not friendly to equality of temper; and in those various humours incidental to it, when authors are often affected deeply, while the cause escapes all perception of sympathy, at those moments the lightest injury to the feelings, which at another time would make no impression, may produce even fury in the warm temper, or the corroding chagrin of a self wounded spirit. These are moments which claim the tenderness of friendship, animated by a high esteem for the intellectual excellence of this man of genius,—not the general intercourse

* See 'Quarrels of Authors,' Vol. ii, on the confederacy of several wits against D'Avenant, a great genius.

of society,—not the insensibility of the dull, nor the levity of the volatile.

Men of genius are often reverenced only where they are known by their writings; intellectual beings in the romance of life,—in its history, they are men! Erasmus compared them to the great figures in tapestry-work, which lose their effect when not seen at a distance. Their foibles and their infirmities are obvious to their associates, often only capable of discerning these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPIRIT OF LITERATURE AND THE SPIRIT OF SOCIETY.

When a general intercourse in society prevails, the age of great genius has passed; and equality of talents rages among a multitude of authors and artists; they have extended the superfices of genius, but have lost the intensity; the contest is more furious, but victory is more rare. The founders of National Literature and Art pursued their insulated studies in the full independence of their mind and the developement of their inventive faculty. The master-spirits who create an epoch, the inventors, lived at periods when they inherited nothing from their predecessors; in seclusion they stood apart, the solitary lights of their age.

At length, when a people have emerged to glory, and a silent revolution has obtained, by a more uniform light of knowledge coming from all sides, the genius of society becomes greater than the genius of the individual: hence, the character of genius itself becomes subordinate. A conversation age succeeds a studious one, and the family of genius are no longer recluses.

The man of genius is now trammelled with the artificial and mechanical forms of life; and in too close an intercourse with society, the loneliness and raciness of thinking is modified away in its seductive conventions. An excessive indulgence in the pleasures of social life constitutes the great interests of a luxurious and opulent age.

It may be a question whether the literary man and the artist are not immolating their genius to society, when, with the mockery of Proteus, they lose their own by all forms, in the shadowiness of assumed talent. But a path of roses, where all the senses are flattered, is now opened to win an Epictetus from his hut. The morning lounge, the luxurious dinner, and the evening party are the regulated dissipations of hours which true genius knows are always too short for Art, and too rare for its inspirations: and hence so many of our contemporaries, whose card-racks are crowded, have produced only flashy fragments, —efforts, and not works. It is seduction, and not reward, which mere fashionable society offers the man of true genius, for he must be distinguished from those men of the world, who have assumed the literary character, for purposes very distinct from literary ones. In this society, the man of genius shall cease to interest, whatever be his talent; he will be sought for with enthusiasm, but he cannot escape from his certain fate,—that of becoming tiresome to his pretended admirers. The confidential confession of Racine to his son is remarkable. 'Do not think that I am sought after by the great for my dramas; Corneille composes nobler verses than mine, but no one notices him, and he only pleases by the mouth of the actors. I never allude to my works when with men of the world, but I amuse them about matters they like to hear. My talent with them consists not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have'—Racine treated the Great, like the children of society; Corneille would not compromise for the tribute he exacted; and consoled himself when, at his entrance into the theatre, the audience usually rose to salute him.

Has not the fate of our reigning literary favourites been uniform? Their mayoralty hardly exceeds the year. They are pushed aside to put in their place another, who in his turn must descend. Such is the history of the literary character encountering the perpetual difficulty of appearing what he really is not, while he sacrifices to a few, in a certain corner of the metropolis, who have long fantastically called themselves 'The Word,' that more dignified celebrity which makes an author's name more familiar than his person. To one who appeared astonished at the extensive celebrity of Buffon, the modern Pliny replied, 'I have passed fifty years at my desk.' And has not one, the most sublime of the race, sung—

> ——che seggendo in piuma
> In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre;
> Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma
> Cotel vestigio in terra di se lascia
> Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.
>
> *Dante, Inferno*, c. xxiv.*

Another, who had great experience of the world and of literature,† observes, that literary men (and artists) seek an intercourse with the great from a refinement of self-love; they are perpetually wanting a confirmation of their own talents in the opinions of others, (for their rivals are, at all times, very cruelly and very adroitly diminishing their reputation;) for this purpose, they require judges sufficiently enlightened to appreciate their talents, but who do not exercise too penetrating a judgment. Now this is exactly the state of the generality of the great, (or persons of fashion,) who cultivate taste and literature; these have only time to acquire that degree of light which is just sufficient to set at ease the fears of these claimants of genius. Their eager vanity is more voracious than delicate, and is willing to accept an incense less durable than ambrosia.

The habitudes of genius, before it lost its freshness in this society, are the mould in which the character is cast; and these, in spite of all the disguise of the man, hereafter make him a distinct being from the man of society. There is something solitary in deep feelings; and the amusers who can only dazzle and surprise, will never spread that contagious energy only springing from the fullness of the heart. Let the man of genius then dread to level himself to that mediocrity of feeling and talent required in every-day society, lest he become one of themselves. Ridicule is the shadowy scourge of society, and the terror of the man of genius; Ridicule surrounds him with her chimeras, like the shadowy monsters which opposed Æneas, too impalpable to be grasped, while the airy nothings triumph, unwounded by a weapon. Æneas was told to pass the grinning monsters unnoticed, and they would then be as harmless, as they were unreal.

Study, Meditation, and Enthusiasm,—this is the progress of genius, and these cannot be the habits of him who lingers till he can only live among polished crowds. If he bears about him the consciousness of genius, he will be still acting under their influences. And perhaps there never was one of this class of men who had not either first entirely formed himself in solitude, or amidst society is perpetually breaking out to seek for himself. Wilkes, who, when no longer touched by the fervours of literary and patriotic glory, grovelled into a domestic voluptuary, observed with some surprise of the great Earl of Chatham, that he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth, to his great pursuit of eloquence; and the Earl himself acknowledged an artifice he practised in his intercourse with society, for he said, when he was young he always came late into company, and left it early. Vittorio Alfieri, and a brother-spirit in our own noble poet, were rarely seen amidst the brilliant circle in which they were born; the workings of their imagination were perpetually emancipating them, and one deep loneliness of feeling proudly insulated them among the unimpassioned triflers of their rank. They preserved unbroken the unity of their character, in constantly escaping from the processional *spectacle* of society, by frequent intervals of retirement. It is no trivial observation of another noble writer, Lord Shaftesbury, that 'it may happen that a person may be so much the worse author, for being the finer gentleman.'

An extraordinary instance of this disagreement between the man of the world and the literary character, we find in a philosopher seated on a throne. The celebrated Julian stained the imperial purple with an author's ink; and when that Emperor resided among the Antiochians, his unalterable character shocked that volatile and luxurious race: he slighted the plaudits of their theatre, he abhorred their dancers and their horse-racers, he was abstinent even at a festival, and perpetually incorrupt, admonished this dissipated people of their impious abandonment of the laws of their country. They libelled the Emperor and petulantly lampooned his beard, which the philosopher carelessly wore, neither perfumed nor curled. Julian, scorning to inflict a sharper punishment, pointed at them his satire

* 'Not by reposing on pillows or under canopies, is Fame acquired, without which he, who consumes his life, leaves such an unregarded vestige on the earth of his being, as the smoke in the air or the foam on the wave.'

† D'Alembert la Société des Gens de Lettres et des Grands.

of 'the Misopogon, or the Antiochian; the Enemy of the Beard,' where amidst the irony and invective, the literary monarch bestows on himself many exquisite and individual touches. All that those persons of fashion alleged against the literary character, Julian unreservedly confesses—his undressed beard and his awkwardnesses, his obstinacy, his unsociable habits, his deficient tastes, &c, while he represents his good qualities as so many extravagancies. But, in this pleasantry of self-reprehension, he has not failed to show this light and corrupt people that he could not possibly resemble them. The unhappiness of too strict an education under a family tutor, who never suffered him to swerve from the one right way, with the unlucky circumstance of his master having inspired Julian with such a reverence for Plato and Socrates, Aristotle and Theophrastus, as to have made them his models: 'Whatever manners,' says the Emperor, 'I may have previously contracted, whether gentle or boorish, it is impossible for me now to alter or unlearn. Habit is said to be a second nature; to oppose it is irksome, but to counteract *the study of more than thirty years* is extremely difficult, especially when it has been imbibed with so much attention.'

And what if men of genius, relinquishing their habits, could do this violence to their nature, should we not lose the original for a factitious genius, and spoil one race without improving the other? If nature, and habit, that second nature which prevails even over the first, have created two beings distinctly different, what mode of existence shall ever assimilate them? Antipathies and sympathies, those still occult causes, however concealed, will break forth at an unguarded moment. The man of genius will be restive even in his trammelled paces. Clip the wings of an eagle and place him to roost among the domestic poultry; will he peck with them? will he chuck like them? At some unforeseen moment his pinions will overshadow and terrify his tiny associates, for 'the feathered king' will be still musing on the rock and the cloud.

Thus is it, as our literary Emperor discovered, that 'we cannot counteract the study of more than thirty years, when it has been imbibed with so much attention.' Men of genius are usually not practised in the minuter attentions; in those heartless courtesies, poor substitutes for generous feelings; they have rarely sacrificed to the unlaughing graces of Lord Chesterfield. Plato ingeniously compares Socrates to the gallipots of the Athenian apothecaries, which were painted on the exterior with the grotesque figures of apes and owls, but contained within a precious balm. The man of genius may exclaim amidst many a circle, as did Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute—'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city;' and with Corneille he may be allowed to smile at his own deficiencies, and even disdain to please in trivials, asserting that, 'wanting all these things, he was not the less Corneille.' With the great thinkers and students, their character is still more hopeless. Adam Smith could never free himself from the embarrassed manners of a recluse; he was often absent; and his grave and formal conversation made him seem distant and reserved, when, in fact, no man had warmer feelings for his intimates. Buffon's conversation was very indifferent—and the most eloquent writer was then coarse and careless; after each laborious day of study, he pleaded that conversation was to him only a relaxation. Rousseau gave no indication of his energetic style in conversation. A princess, desirous of seeing the great moralist Nicolle, experienced inconceivable disappointment, when the moral instructor, entering with the most perplexing bow imaginable, sank down silently on his chair; the interview promoted no conversation; and the retired student, whose elevated spirit might have endured martyrdom, sank with timidity in the unaccustomed honour of conversing with a princess, and having nothing to say. A lively Frenchman, in a very ingenious description of the distinct sorts of conversations of his numerous literary friends, among whom was Dr Franklin, energetically hits off that close observer and thinker, wary even in society; among these varieties of conversation he has noted down 'the silence of the celebrated Franklin.' When Lord Oxford desired to be introduced to the studious Thomas Baker, he very unaffectedly declined, in a letter I have seen, that honour, 'as a rash adventure he could not think of engaging in, not having fitted himself for any conversation, but with the dead.'

But this deficient agreeableness in a man of genius may be often connected with those qualities which conduce to the greatness of his public character. A vidid perception of truth on the sudden, bursts with an irruptive heat on the subdued tone of conversation; should he hesitate, that he may correct an equivocal expression, or grasp at a remote idea, he is in danger of sinking into pedantry or rising to genius. Even the tediousness he bestows on us, may swell out from the fulness of knowledge, or be hammered into a hard chain of reasoning; and how often is the cold tardiness of decision, the strict balancings of scepticism and candour! even obscurity may arise from the want of previous knowledge in the listener. But above all, what offends is that freedom of opinion, which a man of genius can no more divest himself of than of the features of his face; that intractable obstinacy which may be called resistance of character—a rock which checks the flowing stream of popular opinions, and divides them by the collision. Poor Burns could never account to himself why 'though when he had a mind he was pretty generally beloved, he could never get the art of commanding respect.' He imagined it was owing to his being deficient in what Sterne calls 'that understrapping virtue of descretion.' 'I am so apt,' he says, 'to a *lapsus linguæ*.'

It is remarkable that the conversationists have rarely proved themselves to be the abler writers. He whose fancy is susceptible of excitement, in the presence of his auditors, making the minds of men run with his own, seizing on the first impressions, and touching, as if he really felt them, the shadows and outlines of things—with a memory where all lies ready at hand, quickened by habitual associations, and varying with all those extemporary changes and fugitive colours, which melt away in the rainbow of conversation; that jargon, or vocabulary of fashion, those terms and phrases of the week perpetually to be learnt; that wit, which is only wit in one place, and for a certain time; such vivacity of animal spirits, which often exists separately from the more retired intellectual powers; all these can strike out wit by habit, and pour forth a stream of phrase that has sometimes been imagined to require only to be written down, to be read with the same delight it was heard; we have not all the while been sensible of the flutter of their ideas, the violence of their transitions, their vague notions, their doubtful assertions, and their meagre knowledge—a pen is the extinguisher of these luminaries. A curious contrast occurred between Buffon and his friend Montbelliard, who was associated in his great work; the one possessed the reverse qualities of the other. Montbelliard threw every charm of animation over his delightful conversation, but when he came to take his seat at the rival desk of Buffon, an immense interval separated them; his tongue distilled the music and the honey of the bee, but his pen seemed to be iron, as cold and as hard, while Buffon's was the soft pencil of the philosophical painter of nature. The characters of Cowly and Killegrew are an instance. Cowly was embarrassed in conversation, and had not quickness in argument or repartee; pensive elegance and refined combinations could not be struck at to catch fire; while with Killegrew the sparkling bubbles of his fancy rose and dropped; yet when this delightful conversationist wrote, the deception ceased. Denham, who knew them both, hit off the difference between them;—

> 'Had Cowly ne'er spoke; Killegrew ne'er writ,
> Combin'd in one, they had made a matchless wit.'

Thought and expression are only found easily when they lie on the surface; the operations of the intellect with some, are slow and deep. Hence it is that slow-minded men are not, as men of the world imagine, always the dullest. Nicolle said of a scintillant wit, 'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase.' Many a great wit has thought the wit which he never spoke, and many a great reasoner has perplexed his listeners. The conversation-powers of some resemble the show-glass of the fashionable trader; all his moderate capital is there spread out in the last novelties; the *magasin* within is neither rich nor rare. Chaucer was more facetious in his Tales, than in his conversation, for the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him, observing that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Tasso's conversation which his friend Manso has attempted to preserve to us, was neither gay nor brilliant; and Goldoni, in his drama of Torquato Tasso, has contrasted the poets writings and his conversation;—

> Ammiro il suo talento, gradisco i carmi suoi;
> Ma piacer non trovo a conversar con lui.

The sublime Dante was taciturn or satirical; Butler was sullen or biting; Descartes, whose habits had formed him for solitude and meditation, was silent. Addison and Moliere were only observers in society; and Dryden has very honestly told us, 'my conversation is slow and dull; my humour saturnine and reserved; in short I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company or make repartees.' It was ingeniously said of Vaucanson, that he was as much a machine as any he made. Hogarth and Swift, who looked on the circles of society with eyes of inspiration, were absent in company; but their grossness and asperity did not prevent the one from being the greatest of comic painters, nor the other as much a creator of manners in his way. Genius even in society is pursuing its own operations; but it would cease to be itself, in becoming another.

One peculiar trait in the conversations of men of genius, which has often injured them when the listeners were not intimately acquainted with the man, are certain sports of a vacant mind; a sudden impulse to throw out opinions, and take views of things in some humour of the moment. Extravagant paradoxes and false opinions are caught up by the humbler prosers; and the Philistines are thus enabled to triumph over the strong and gifted man, because in the hour of confidence and the abandonment of the mind, he laid his head in their lap and taught them how he might be shorn of his strength. Dr. Johnson appears often to have indulged this amusement in good and in ill humour. Even such a calm philosopher as Adam Smith, as well as such a child of imagination as Burns, were remarked for this ordinary habit of men of genius, which perhaps as often originates in a gentle feeling of contempt for their auditors, as from any other cause.

Not however that a man of genius does not utter many startling things in conversation which have been found admirable, when the public perused them. How widely the public often differ from the individual! a century's opinion may intervene between them. The fate of genius resembles that of the Athenian sculptor, who submitted his colossal Minerva to a private party; before the artist they trembled for his daring chisel, and behind him they calumniated. The man of genius smiled at the one, and forgave the other. The statue once fixed in a public place, and seen by the whole city, was the divinity. There is a certain distance at which opinions, as well as statues, must be viewed.

But enough of those defects of men of genius, which often attend their conversations. Must we then bow to authorial dignity, and kiss hands, because they are inked; and to the artist, who thinks us as nothing unless we are canvass under his hands? are there not men of genius, the grace of society? fortunate men! more blest than their brothers; but for this, they are not the more men of genius nor the others less. To bow many of the ordinary intimates of a superior genius, who complain of his defects, might one say, 'Do his productions not delight and sometimes surprise you?—You are silent—I beg your pardon; the *public* has informed you of a great name; you would not otherwise have perceived the precious talent of your neighbour. You know little of your friend but his *name*.' The personal familiarity of ordinary minds with a man of genius has often produced a ludicrous prejudice. A scotchman, to whom the name of Dr Robertson had travelled down, was curious to know who he was? 'Your neighbour!' but he could not persuade himself that the man whom he conversed with was the great historian of his country. Even a good man could not believe in the announcement of the Messiah, from the same sort of prejudice, 'Can there any thing good come out of Nazareth?' said Nathaniel.

Suffer a man of genius to be such as nature and habit have formed him, and he will then be the most interesting companion; then will you see nothing but his mighty mind when it opens itself on you. Barry was the most repulsive of men in his exterior, in the roughness of his language and the wildness of his looks; intermingling vulgar oaths, which, by some unlucky association of habit, he seemed to use as strong expletives and notes of admiration. His conversation has communicated even a horror to some: on one of these occasions, a pious lady, who had felt such intolerable uneasiness in his presence, did not however leave this man of genius that evening, without an impression that she had never heard so divine a man in her life. The conversation happening to turn on that principle of Benevolence which pervades Christianity and the meekness of the Founder, it gave Barry an opportunity of opening on the character of Jesus, with that copiousness of heart and mind, which once heard could never be forgotten. That artist had indeed long in his meditations an ideal head of Christ, which he was always talking to execute; 'It is here!' he would cry, striking his head. What baffled the invention, as we are told, of Leonardo da Vinci, who left his Christ headless, having exhausted his creative faculty among the apostles, Barry was still dreaming on; but this mysterious mixture of a human and celestial nature could only be conceived by his mind, and even the catholic enthusiasm of Barry was compelled to refrain from unveiling it to the eye,—but this unpainted picture was perpetually exciting this artist's emotions in conversation.

Few authors and artists but are eloquently instructive on that sort of knowledge or that department of art which has absorbed all their affections; their conversations affect the mind to a distant period of life. Who has forgotten what a man of genius has said at such moments? the man of genius becomes an exquisite instrument, when the hand of the performer knows to call forth the rich confluence of the sounds; and—

'The flying fingers touch into a voice.'

D'Avenant.

CHAPTER VI.

LITERARY SOLITUDE.

The literary character is reproached with an extreme passion for retirement, cultivating those insulating habits which are great interruptions, and even weakeners of domestic happiness, while in public life these often induce to a succession from its cares, thus eluding its active duties. Yet the vacancies of retired men are eagerly filled by so many unemployed men of the world more happily framed for its business. We do not hear these accusations raised against the painter who wears away his days at his easel, and the musician by the side of his instrument: and much less should we against the legal and the commercial character; yet all these are as much withdrawn from public and private life as the literary character; their desk is as insulating as the library. Yet is the man who is working for his individual interest more highly estimated than the retired student, whose disinterested pursuits are at least more profitable to the world than to himself. La Bruyere discovered the world's erroneous estimate of literary labour: 'There requires a better name to be bestowed on the leisure (the idleness he calls it) of the literary character, and that to meditate, to compose, to read and to be tranquil, should be called *working*.' But so invisible is the progress of intellectual pursuits, and so rarely are the objects palpable to the observers, that the literary character appears denied for his pursuits, what cannot be refused to every other. That unremitting application, that unbroken series of their thoughts, admired in every profession, is only complained of in that one whose professors with so much sincerity mourn over the shortness of life, which has often closed on them while sketching their works.

It is, however, only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed; there their first thoughts sprang, and there it will become them to find their last: for the solitude of old age—and old age must be often in solitude—will be found the happiest with the literary character. Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius; in all ages it has been called for—it has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed, but its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invocate. When genius languishes in an irksome solitude among crowds, that is the moment to fly into seclusion and meditation. There is a society in the deepest solitude; in all the men of genius of the past—

'First of your kind, Society divine!'

Thomson.

and in themselves; for there only they can indulge in the romances of their soul, and only in solitude can they occupy themselves in their dreams and their vigils, and, with the morning, fly without interruption to the labour they had reluctantly quitted. This desert of solitude, so vast and so dreary to the man of the world, to the man of genius opens the magical garden of Armida whose enchantments arose amidst solitude, while solitude was every where among those enchantments.

Whenever Michael Angelo was meditating on some great design, he closed himself up from the world. 'Why do you lead so solitary a life?' asked a friend. 'Art,' replied the sublime artist, 'Art is a jealous god; it requires the whole and entire man.'

We observe men of genius, in public situations, sighing for this solitude; amidst the impediments of the world, and their situation in it, they are doomed to view their intellectual banquet often rising before them, like some fairy delusion, never to taste it. They feel that finer existence in solitude. Lord Clarendon, whose life so happily combined the contemplative with the active powers of man, dwells on three periods of retirement which he enjoyed; he always took pleasure in relating the great tranquillity of spirit experienced during his solitude at Jersey, where for more than two years, employed on his History, he daily wrote 'one sheet of large paper with his own hand.' At the close of his life, his literary labours in his other retirements are detailed with a proud satisfaction. Each of his solitudes occasioned a new acquisition; this the Spanish, that the French, and a third the Italian literature. The public are not yet acquainted with the fertility of Lord Clarendon's literary labours. It was not vanity that induced Scipio to declare of solitude, that it had no loneliness to him, since he voluntarily retired amidst a glorious life to his Linternum. Cicero was uneasy amidst applauding Rome, and has distinguished his numerous works by the titles of his various villas. Aulus Gellius marked his solitude by his 'Attic Nights.' The 'Golden Grove' of Jeremy Taylor is the produce of his retreat at the Earl of Carberry's seat in Wales; and the 'Diversions of Purley' preserved a man of genius for posterity. Voltaire had talents, and perhaps a taste for society; but at one period of his life he passed five years in the most secret seclusion. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant circles of Paris for his books, his meditations, and his immortal work, and was ridiculed by the gay triflers he deserted. Harrington, to compose his Oceana, severed himself from the society of his friends. Descartes, inflamed by genius, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented quarter at Paris, and there he passes two years, unknown to his acquaintance. Adam Smith, after the publication of his first work, throws himself into a retirement that lasts ten years: even Hume rallies him for separating himself from the world; but by this means the great political inquirer satisfied the world by his great work. And thus it was with men of genius, long ere Petrarch withdrew to his Val chiusa.

The interruption of visiters by profession has been feelingly lamented by men of letters.—The mind, maturing its speculation, feels the unexpected conversation of cold ceremony, chilling as the blasts of March winds over the blossoms of the Spring. Those unhappy beings who wander from house to house, privileged by the charter of society to obstruct the knowledge they cannot impart, to tire because they are tired, or to seek amusement at the cost of others, belong to that class of society which have affixed no other value to time than that of getting rid of it; these are judges not the best qualified to comprehend the nature and evil of their depredations in the silent apartment of the studious. 'We are afraid,' said some of those visiters to Baxter, 'that we break in upon your time.'—'To be sure you do,' replied the disturbed and blunt scholar. Ursinus, to hint as gently as he could to his friends that he was avaricious of time contrived to place an inscription over the door of his study, which could not fail to fix their eye, intimating that whoever remained there must join in his labours. The amiable Melancthon incapable of a harsh expression, when he received these idle visits, only noted down the time he had expended, that he might reanimate his industry, and not lose a day. The literary character has been driven to the most inventive shifts to escape the irruption of a formidable party at a single rush, who enter without 'besieging or beseeching,' as Milton has it. The late elegant, poetical Mr Ellis, on one of these occasions, at his country-house, showed a literary friend, that when driven to the last, he usually made his escape by a leap out of the window. Brand Hollis endeavoured to hold out 'the idea of singularity as a shield; and the great Robert Boyle was compelled to advertise in a newspaper that he must decline visits on certain days, that he might have leisure to finish some of his works.*

But this solitude, at first a necessity, and then a pleasure, at length is not borne without repining. To tame the fervid wildness of youth to the strict regularities of study is a sacrifice performed by the votary; but even Milton appears to have felt this irksome period of life; for in the preface to Smectymnuus he says, 'It is but justice not to defraud of due esteem the *wearisome labours* and *studious watchings* wherein I have spent and *tired out* almost a whole youth.' Cowley, that enthusiast for seclusion, in his retirement calls himself 'the melancholy Cowley.' I have seen an original letter of this poet to Evelyn, where he expresses his eagerness to see Evelyn's Essay on Solitude; for a copy of which he had sent over the town, without obtaining one, being 'either all bought up, or burnt in the fire of London.' I am the more desirous, he says, because it is a subject in which I am most deeply interested. Thus Cowley was requiring a book to confirm his predilection, and we know he made the experiment, which did not prove a happy one. We find even Gibbon, with all his fame about him, anticipating the dread he entertained of solitude in advanced life. 'I feel, and shall continue to feel, that domestic solitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by study, and even by friendship, is a comfortless state, which will grow more painful as I descend in the vale of years.' And again—'Your visit has only served to remind me that man, however amused or occupied in his closet, was not made to live alone.'

Had the mistaken notions of Sprat not deprived us of Cowley's correspondence, we doubtless had viewed the sorrows of lonely genius touched by a tender pencil. But we have Shenstone, and Gray, and Swift. The heart of Shenstone bleeds in the dead oblivion of solitude. 'Now I am come from a visit, every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life I foresee I shall lead, I am angry and envious, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things, as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased, though it is a gloomy joy, with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, that he is forced to die in a rage, like a rat in a poisoned hole." Let the lover of solitude muse on its picture throughout the year, in this stanza by the same amiable, but suffering poet—

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day,
Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow,
Or, soothed by vernal airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow.

Swift's letters paint with terrifying colours a picture of solitude; and at length his despair closed with idiotism. Even the playful muse of Gresset throws a sombre querulousness over the solitude of men of genius—

Je les vois, Victimes du Génie,
Au foible prix d'un éclat passager
Vivre isolés, sans jouir de la vie!
Vingt ans d'Ennuis pour quelques jours de Gloire.

Such are the necessity, the pleasures, and the inconveniences of solitude! Were it a question, whether men of genius should blend with the masses of society, one might answer, in a style rather oracular, but intelligible to the initiated—Men of genius! live in solitude, and do not live in solitude!

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEDITATIONS OF GENIUS.

A continuity of attention, a patient quietness of mind, forms one of the characteristics of genius.

A work on the Art of Meditation has not yet been produced; it might prove of immense advantage to him who never happened to have more than one solitary idea. The pursuit of a single principle has produced a great work, and a loose hint has conducted to a new discovery. But while in every manual art, every great workman improves on his predecessor, of the art of the mind, notwithstanding the facility of practice and our incessant experience, millions are yet ignorant of the first rudiments; and men of genius themselves are rarely acquainted with the materials they are working on. Johnson has a curious observation on the mind itself,—he thinks it obtains a stationary point, from whence it can never advance, occurring before the middle of life. He says, 'when the powers of nature have attained their intended energy, they can be no more advanced. The shrub can never become a tree. Nothing then remains but *practice* and *experience*; and perhaps *why they do so little, may be worth inquiry*.'* The result

* This curious advertisement is preserved in Dr Birch's Life of Boyle, p. 272.

* I recommend the reader to turn to the whole passage, in Johnson's Letters to Mrs Thrale, Vol. I. p. 299.

of this inquiry would probably lay a broader foundation for this art of the mind than we have hitherto possessed. Ferguson has expressed himself with sublimity—'The lustre which man casts around him, like the flame of a meteor, shines only while his motion continues; the moments of rest and of obscurity are the same.' What is this art of meditation, but the power of withdrawing ourselves from the world, to view that world moving within ourselves, while we are in repose; as the artist by an optical instrument concentrates the boundless landscape around him, and patiently traces all nature in that small space.

Certain constituent principles of the mind itself, which the study of metaphysics has curiously discovered, offer many important regulations in this desirable art. We may even suspect, since men of genius in the present age have confided to us the secrets of their studies, that this art may be carried on by more obvious means, and even by mechanical contrivances, and practical habits. There is a government of our thoughts; and many secrets yet remain to be revealed in the art of the mind; but as yet they consist of insulated facts, from which, however, may hereafter be formed an experimental history. Many little habits may be contracted by genius, and may be observed in ourselves. A mind well organized may be regulated by a single contrivance: it is by a bit of lead that we are enabled to track the flight of time. The mind of genius can be made to take a particular disposition, or train of ideas. It is a remarkable circumstance in the studies of men of genius, that previous to composition they have often awakened their imagination by the imagination of their favourite masters. By touching a magnet they became a magnet. A circumstance has been recorded of Gray, by Mr Mathias, 'as worthy of all acceptation among the higher votaries of the divine art, when they are assured that Mr Gray never sate down to compose any poetry without previously, and for a considerable time, reading the works of Spenser.' But the circumstance was not unusual with Malherbe, Corneille, and Racine; and the most fervid verses of Homer, and the most tender of Euripides, were often repeated by Milton. Even antiquity exhibits the same exciting intercourse of the mind of genius. Cicero informs us how his eloquence caught inspiration from a constant study of the Latin and Grecian poetry; and it has been recorded of Pompey, who was great even in his youth, that he never undertook any considerable enterprise, without animating his genius by having read to him the character of Agamemnon in the first Iliad; although he acknowledged that the enthusiasm he caught came rather from the poet than the hero. When Bossuet had to compose a funeral oration, he was accustomed to retire for several days to his study, to ruminate over the pages of Homer; and when asked the reason of this habit, he exclaimed, in these lines,

——Magnam mihi mentem, animumque
Delius inspiret Vates——

It is on the same principle of pre-disposing the mind, that many have first generated their feelings in the symphonies of music. Alfieri, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music—a circumstance which has been recorded of others.

We are scarcely aware how we may govern our thoughts by means of our sensations. De Luc was subject to violent bursts of passion, but he calmed the interior tumult by the artifice of filling his mouth with sweets and comfits. When Goldoni found his sleep disturbed by the obtrusive ideas still floating from the studies of the day, he contrived to lull himself to rest by conning in his mind a vocabulary of the Venetian dialect, translating some word into Tuscan and French; which being a very uninteresting occupation, at the third or fourth version this recipe never failed. This was an act of withdrawing attention from the greater to the less emotion; where, as the interest weakened, the excitement ceased. Mendelsohn, whose feeble and too sensitive frame was often reduced to the last stage of suffering by intellectual exertion, when engaged in any point of difficulty, would in an instant contrive a perfect cessation from thinking, by mechanically going to the window, and counting the tiles upon the roof of his neighbour's house. Facts like these show how much art may be concerned in the management of the mind.

Some profound thinkers could not pursue the operations of their mind in the distraction of light and noise. Malebranche, Hobbes, Thomas, and others closed their curtains to concentrate their thoughts, as Milton says of the mind, 'in the spacious circuits of her musing.' The study of an author or an artist would be ill placed in the midst of a beautiful landscape; the Penseroso of Milton, 'hid from day's garish eye,' is the man of genius. A secluded and naked apartment, with nothing but a desk, a chair, and a single sheet of paper, was for fifty years the study of Buffon; the single ornament was a print of Newton placed before his eyes—nothing broke into the unity of his reveries.

The arts of memory have at all times excited the attention of the studious; they open a world of undivulged mysteries; every one seems to form some discovery of his own, but which rather excites his astonishment than enlarges his comprehension. When the late William Hutton, a man of an original cast of mind, as an experiment in memory, opened a book which he had divided into 365 columns, according to the days of the year, he resolved to try to recollect an anecdote, as insignificant and remote as he was able, rejecting all under ten years of age; and to his surprise, he filled those spaces for small reminiscences, within ten columns; but till this experiment had been made, he never conceived the extent of this faculty. When we reflect, that whatever we know, and whatever we feel, are the very smallest portions of all the knowledge and all the feelings we have been acquiring through life, how desirable would be that art, which should open again the scenes which have vanished, revive the emotions which other impressions have effaced, and enrich our thoughts, with thoughts not less precious; the man of genius who shall possess this art, will not satisfy himself with the knowledge of a few mornings and its transient emotions, writing on the moveable sand of present sensations, present feelings, which alter with the first breezes of public opinion. Memory is the foundation of genius; for this faculty, with men of genius, is associated with imagination and passion, it is a chronology not merely of events, but of emotions; hence they remember nothing that is not interesting to their feelings, while the ordinary mind, accurate on all events alike, is not impassioned on any. The incidents of the novelist, are often founded on the common ones of life; and the personages so admirably alive in his fictions, he only discovered among the crowd. The arts of memory will preserve all we wish; they form a saving bank of genius, to which it may have recourse, as a wealth which it can accumulate unperceivably amidst the ordinary expenditure. Locke taught us the first rudiments of this art, when he showed us how he stored his thoughts and his facts, by an artificial arrangement; and Addison, before he commenced his Spectators, had amassed three folios of materials; but the higher step will be the volume which shall give an account of a man to himself, where a single observation, a chronicled emotion, a hope or a project, on which the soul may still hang, like a clew of past knowledge in his hand, will restore to him all his lost studies; his evanescent existence again enters into his life, and he will contemplate on himself as an entire man: to preserve the past, is half of immortality.

The memorials of Gibbon and Priestly present us with the experience and the habits of the literary Character. 'What I have known,' says Dr Priestly, 'with respect to myself, has tended much to lessen both my admiration and my contempt of others. Could we have entered into the mind of Isaac Newton, and have traced all the steps by which he produced his great works, we might see nothing very extraordinary in the process. Our student, with an ingenious simplicity, opens to us that 'variety of mechanical expedients by which he secured and arranged his thoughts,' and that discipline of the mind, by a peculiar arrangement of his studies, for the day and for the year, in which he rivalled the calm and unalterable system pursued by Gibbon. Buffon and Voltaire employed the same manœuvres, and often only combined the knowledge they obtained, by humble methods. They knew what to ask for, and made use of an intelligent secretary; aware, as Lord Bacon has expressed it, that some Books 'may be read by deputy.' Buffon laid down an excellent rule to obtain originality, when he advised the writer, first to exhaust his own thoughts before he attempted to consult other writers. The advice of Lord Bacon, that we should pursue our studies, whether the mind is disposed or indisposed, is excellent; in the one case, we shall gain a great step, and in the other, we 'shall work out the knots and stands of the mind, and make the middle times the more pleasant.' John Hunter very happily illustrated the advantages, which every one derives from putting his thoughts in writing;

'it resembles,' said he 'a tradesman taking stock; without which, he never knows either what he possesses, or in what he is deficient.' Industry is the feature by which the ancients so frequently describe an eminent character; such phrases as '*incredibili industria; diligentia singulari*,' are usual. When we reflect on the magnitude of the labours of Cicero, Erasmus, Gesner, Baronius, Lord Bacon, Usher, and Bayle, we seem asleep at the base of these monuments of study, and scarcely awaken to admire. Such are the laborious instructions of mankind!

Nor let those other artists of the mind, who work in the airy looms of fancy and wit, imagine that they are weaving their webs, without the direction of a principle, and without a secret habit which they have acquired; there may be even an art, unperceived by themselves, in opening and pursuing a scene of pure invention, and even in the happiest turns of wit. One who had all the experience of such an artist, has employed the very terms we have used, of 'mechanical' and 'habitual.' 'Be assured,' says Goldsmith, 'that wit is in some measure mechanical; and that a man long habituated to catch at even its resemblance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance. By a long habit of writing, he acquires a justness of thinking, and a mastery of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.' Even in the sublime efforts of imagination, this art of meditation may be practised; and Alfieri has shown us, that in those energetic tragic dramas which were often produced in a state of enthusiasm, he pursued a regulated process. 'All my tragedies have been composed three times,' and he describes the three stages of conception, development, and versifying. 'After these three operations, I proceed like other authors, to polish, correct or amend.'

'All is habit in mankind, even virtue itself!' exclaimed Metastasio; and we may add, even the meditations of genius. Some of its boldest conceptions are indeed fortuitous, starting up and vanishing almost in the perception; like that giant form, sometimes seen amidst the glaciers, opposite the traveller, afar from him, moving as he moves, stopping as he stops, yet, in a moment lost and perhaps never more seen,—although but his own reflection! Often in the still obscurity of the night, the ideas, the studies, the whole history of the day is acted over again, and in these vivid reveries, we are converted into spectators. A great poetical contemporary of our country does not think that even his dreams should pass away unnoticed, and keeps, what he calls, a register of nocturnals. The historian De Thou was one of those great literary characters, who, all his life, was preparing to write the history which he wrote; omitting nothing, in his travels and his embassies, which went to the formation of a great man, De Thou has given a very curious account of his dreams. Such was his passion for study, and his ardent admiration of the great men whom he conversed with, that he often imagined in his sleep, that he was travelling in Italy, in Germany, and in England, where he saw and consulted the learned, and examined their curious libraries; he had all his life time these literary dreams, but more particularly when in his travels, he thus repeated the images of the day. If memory does not chain down these hurrying, fading children of the imagination, and

> 'Snatch the faithless fugitives to light,'
>
> *Pleasures of Memory.*

with the beams of the morning, the mind suddenly finds itself forsaken and solitary. Rousseau has uttered a complaint on this occasion: full of enthusiasm, he devoted to the subject of his thoughts, as was his custom, the long sleepless intervals of his nights, meditating in bed, with his eyes closed, he turned over his periods, in a tumult of ideas; but when he rose and had dressed, all was vanished, and when he sat down to his papers, he had nothing to write. Thus genius has its vespers, and its vigils, as well as its matins, which we have been so often told are the true hours of its inspiration—but every hour may be full of inspiration for him who knows to meditate. No man was more practised in this art of the mind, than Pope, and even the night was not an unregarded portion of his poetical existence.

Few works of magnitude presented themselves at once, in their extent and their associations to their authors; the man of genius perceives not more than two or three striking circumstances, unobserved by another; in revolving the subject, the whole mind is gradually agitated; it is a summer landscape, at the break of day, wrapt in mist, where the sun strikes on a single object, till the light and warmth increasing, all starts up in the noon-day of imagination. How beautifully this state of the mind, in the progress of composition, is described by Dryden, alluding to his work, 'when it was only a confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things, towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either to be chosen or rejected, by the judgment.' At that moment, he adds, 'I was in that eagerness of imagination, which, by over-pleasing fanciful men, flatters them into the danger of writing.'—Gibbon tells us of his history, 'at the onset, all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, &c. I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years.' Winckelman was long lost in composing his 'History of Art;' a hundred fruitless attempts were made, before he could discover a plan amidst the labyrinth. Slight conceptions kindle finished works: a lady asking for a few verses on rural topics, of the Abbé De Lille, his specimens pleased, and sketches heaped on sketches, produced 'Les Jardins.' In writing the 'Pleasures of Memory,' the poet at first proposed a simple description in a few lines, till conducted by meditation, the perfect composition of several years closed in that fine poem. And thus it happened with the Rape of the Lock, and many celebrated productions.

Were it possible to collect some thoughts of great thinkers, which were never written, we should discover vivid conceptions, and an originality they never dared to pursue in their works! Artists have this advantage over authors, that their virgin fancies, their chance felicities, which labour cannot afterwards produce, are constantly perpetuated; and these 'studies' as they are called, are as precious to posterity, as their more complete designs. We possess one remarkable evidence of these fortuitous thoughts of genius. Pope and Swift, being in the country together, observed, that if contemplative men were to notice 'the thoughts which suddenly present themselves to their minds, when walking in the fields &c. they might find many as well worth preserving, as some of their more deliberate reflections.' They made a trial, and agreed to write down such involuntary thoughts as occurred during their stay there; these furnished out the 'Thoughts' in Pope's and Swift's miscellanies.* Among Lord Bacon's Remains, we find a paper entitled '*sudden thoughts*, set down for profit.' At all hours, by the side of Voltaire's bed, or on his table, stood his pen and ink, with slips of paper. The margins of his books were covered with his 'sudden thoughts.' Cicero, in reading, constantly took notes and made comments; but we must recollect there is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking.

This art of meditation may be exercised at all hours and in all places; and men of genius in their walks, at table, and amidst assemblies, turning the eye of the mind inwards, can form an artificial solitude; retired amidst a crowd, and wise amidst distraction and folly. Some of the great actions of men of this habit of mind, were first meditated on, amidst the noise of a convivial party, or the music of a concert. The victory of Waterloo might have been organized in the ball room at Brussels, as Rodney at the table of Lord Sandwich, while the bottle was briskly circulating, was observed arranging bits of cork; his solitary amusement having excited an inquiry, he said that he was practising a plan how to annihilate an enemy's fleet; this afterwards proved to be that discovery of breaking the line, which the happy audacity of the hero executed. Thus Hogarth, with an eye always awake to the ridiculous, would catch a character on his thumb-nail; Leonardo da Vinci could detect in the stains of an old weather-beaten wall, the landscapes of nature, and Haydn carefully noted down in a pocket book, the passages and ideas which came to him in his walks, or amidst company.

To this habit of continuity of attention, tracing the first simple idea through its remoter consequences, Galileo and Newton owed many of their discoveries. It was one evening in the cathedral of Pisa, that Galileo observed the vibrations of a brass lustre pendent from the vaulted roof, which had been left swinging by one of the vergers; the habitual meditation of genius combined with an ordi-

* This anecdote is found in Ruffhead's life of Pope, evidently given by Warburton, as was every thing of personal knowledge in that tasteless volume of a mere lawyer writing the life of a poet.

nary accident a new idea of science, and hence, conceived the invention of measuring time by the medium of a pendulum. Who but a genius of this order, sitting in his orchard, and being struck by the fall of an apple, could have discovered a new quality in matter by the system of gravitation; or have imagined, while viewing boys blowing soap-bladders, the properties of light, and then anatomised a ray! It was the same principle which led Franklin when on board a ship, observing a partial stillness in the waves, when they threw down water which had been used for culinary purposes, to the discovery of the wonderful property in oil of calming the agitated ocean, and many a ship has been preserved in tempestuous weather, or a landing facilitated on a dangerous surf, by this simple meditation of genius.

In the stillness of meditation the mind of genius must be frequently thrown; it is a kind of darkness which hides from us all surrounding objects, even in the light of day. This is the first state of existence in genius.—In Cicero, on Old Age, we find Cato admiring that Caius Sulpitius Gallus, who when he sat down to write in the morning was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Socrates has remained a whole day in immoveable meditation, his eyes and countenance directed to one spot as if in the stillness of death. La Fontaine, when writing his comic tales, has been observed early in the morning and late in the evening, in the same recumbent posture under the same tree. This quiescent state is a sort of enthusiasm, and renders every thing that surrounds us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. Poggius has told us of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; and when once deeply engaged in reading he seemed to live only in his ideas. The poet went to view a public procession, and having entered a bookseller's shop, taking up a book he sunk into a reverie; on his return he declared that he had neither seen nor heard a single occurrence in public exhibition which had passed before him. It has been told of a modern astronomer, that one summer night when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments. 'It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before it is late.' He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it.

There is nothing incredible in the stories related of some who have experienced this entranced state, in a very extraordinary degree; that ecstacy in study, where the mind deliciously inebriated with the object it contemplates, feels nothing, from the excess of feeling, as a philosopher well describes it:—Archimedes, involved in the investigation of mathematical truth, and the painters Protogenes and Parmeggiano, found their senses locked up as it were in meditation, so as to be incapable of withdrawing themselves from their work even in the midst of the terrors and storming of the place by the enemy. Marino was so absorbed in the composition of his 'Adonis,' that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time before the pain grew stronger than the intellectual pleasure of his imagination. Thomas, an intense thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge, composing with a low voice, taking the same pinch of snuff for half an hour together, without being aware that it had long disappeared; when he quitted his apartment, after prolonging his studies there, a visible alteration was observed in his person, and the agitation of his recent thoughts was still traced in his air and manner. With what eloquent truth has Buffon described those reveries of the student, which compress his day, and mark the hours by the sensations of minutes. 'Invention,' he says, 'depends on patience; contemplate your subject long, it will gradually unfold till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius, the true hours for production and composition; hours so delightful that I have spent twelve or fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure.'

This eager delight of pursuing his study, and this impatience of interruption in the pursuit, are finely described by Milton in a letter to his friend Deodati.

'Such is the character of my mind, that no delay, none of the ordinary cessations (for rest or otherwise) no, I had nearly said, care or thinking of the very subject, can hold me back from being hurried on to the destined point, and from completing the great circuit as it were, of the study in which I am engaged.'*

Such is the picture of genius, viewed in the stillness of meditation, but there is yet a more excited state,—when, as if consciousness were mixing with its reveries, in the allusion of a scene, a person, a passion, the emotions of the soul affect even the organs of sense. It is experienced in the moments the man of genius is producing; these are the hours of inspiration, and this is the gentle enthusiasm of genius!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF GENIUS.

A state of mind occurs in the most active operations of genius, which the term *reverie* inadequately indicates; metaphysical distinctions but ill describe it, and popular language affords no terms for those faculties and feelings which escape the observation of the multitude who are not affected by the phenomenon.

The illusion of a drama, over persons of great sensibility, where all the senses are excited by a mixture of reality with imagination, is experienced by men of genius in their own vivified ideal world; real emotions are raised by fiction. In a scene, apparently passing in their presence, where the whole train of circumstances succeeds in all the continuity of nature, and a sort of real existences appear to rise up before them, they perceive themselves spectators or actors, feel their sympathies excited, and involuntarily use language and gestures, while the exterior organs of sense are visibly affected; not that they are spectators and actors, nor that the scene exists. In this equivocal state, the enthusiast of genius produces his master-pieces. This waking dream is distinct from reverie, where our thoughts wandering without connection, the faint impressions are so evanescent as to occur without even being recollected. Not so when one closely pursued act of meditation carries the enthusiast of genius beyond the precinct of actual existence, while this act of contemplation makes the thing contemplated. He is now the busy painter of a world which he himself only views; alone he hears, he sees, he touches, he laughs and weeps; his brows and lips, and his very limbs move. Poets and even painters, who as Lord Bacon describes witches, 'are imaginative,' have often involuntarily betrayed in the act of composition those gestures which accompany this enthusiasm. Quintilian has nobly compared them to the lashings of the lion's tail preparing to combat. Even actors of genius have accustomed themselves to walk on the stage for an hour before the curtain was drawn, to fill their minds with all the phantoms of the drama, to personify, to catch the passion, to speak to others, to do all that a man of genius would have viewed in the subject.

Aware of this peculiar faculty so prevalent in the more vivid exercise of genius, Lord Kaimes seems to have been the first who, in a work on criticism, attempted to name it *the ideal presence*, to distinguish it from the *real presence* of things; it has been called the representative faculty, the imaginative state, &c. Call it what we will, no term opens to us the invisible mode of its operations, or expresses its variable nature. Conscious of the existence of such a faculty, our critic perceived that the conception of it is by no means clear when described in words. Has not the difference of any actual thing and its image in a glass perplexed some philosophers? And it is well known how far the ideal philosophy has been carried. 'All are pictures, alike painted on the retina, or optical sensorium!' exclaimed the enthusiast Barry, who only saw pictures in nature and nature in pictures.

Cold and barren tempers without imagination, whose impressions of objects never rise beyond those of memory and reflection, which know only to compare, and not to excite, will smile at this equivocal state of the ideal presence; yet it is a real one to the enthusiast of genius, and it is his happiest and peculiar condition without this power no metaphysical aid, no art to be taught him, no mastery of talent shall avail him; unblest with it the votary shall find each sacrifice lying cold on the altar, for no accepting flame from heaven shall kindle it.

* Meum sic est ingenium, nulla ut mora, nulla quies, nulla ferme illius rei cura aut cogitatio distineat, quoad pervadam quo feror, et grandem aliquem studiorum meorum quasi periodum conficiam.

This enthusiasm indeed can only be discovered by men of genius themselves, yet when most under its influence, they can least perceive it, as the eye which sees all things cannot view itself; and to trace this invisible operation, this warmth on the nerve, were to search for the principle of life which found would cease to be life. There is, however, something of reality in this state of the ideal presence; for the most familiar instances show that the nerves of each external sense are put in motion by the idea of the object, as if the real object had been presented to it; the difference is only in the degree. Thus the exterior senses are more concerned in the ideal world than at first appears; we thrill at even the idea of any thing that makes us shudder, and only imagining it often produces a real pain. A curious consequence flows from this principle: Milton, lingering amidst the freshness of nature in Eden, felt all the delights of those elements with which he was creating; his nerves moved with the images which excited them. The fierce and wild Dante amidst the abysses of his Inferno, must have often been startled by its horrors, and often left his bitter and gloomy spirit in the stings he inflicted on the great criminal. The moving nerves then of the man of genius are a reality; he sees, he hears, he feels by each. How mysterious to us is the operation of this faculty: a Homer and a Richardson,* like Nature, open a volume large as life itself—embracing a circuit of human existence!

Can we doubt of the reality of this faculty, when the visible and outward frame of the man of genius bears witness to its presence? When Fielding said, 'I do not doubt but the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears,' he probably drew that discovery from an inverse feeling to his own. Fielding would have been gratified to have confirmed the observation by facts which never reached him. Metastasio, in writing the ninth scene of the second act of his Olympiad, found himself suddenly moved, shedding tears. The imagined sorrows inspired real tears; and they afterwards proved contagious. Had our poet not perpetuated his surprise by an interesting sonnet, the circumstance had passed away with the emotion, as many such have. Alfieri, the most energetic poet of modern times, having composed, without a pause, the whole of an act, noted in the margin—'Written under a paroxysm of enthusiasm, and while shedding a flood of tears.' The impressions which the frame experiences in this state, leave deeper traces behind them than those of reverie. The tremors of Dryden, after having written an ode, a circumstance accidentally preserved, were not unusual with him—for in the preface to his Tales, he tells us, that 'in translating Homer, he found greater pleasure than in Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pain; the continual agitation of the spirits must needs be a weakener to any constitution, especially in age, and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats.' We find Metastasio, like others of the brotherhood, susceptible of this state, complaining of his sufferings during the poetical astus. 'When I apply with attention, the nerves of my sensorium are put into a violent tumult; I grow as red as a drunkard, and am obliged to quit my work.' When Buffon was absorbed on a subject which presented great objections to his opinions, he felt his head burn, and saw his countenance flushed; and this was a warning for him to suspend his attention. Gray could never compose voluntarily; his genius resembled the armed apparition in Shakspeare's master tragedy. 'He would not be commanded,' as we are told by Mr Mathias. When he wished to compose the Installation Ode, for a considerable time he felt himself without the power to begin it: a friend calling on him, Gray flung open his door hastily, and in a hurried voice and tone exclaiming, in the first verse of that ode,

'Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground!'—

his friend started at the disordered appearance of the bard, whose orgasm had disturbed his very air and countenance, till he recovered himself. Listen to one labouring with all the magic of the spell. Madam Roland has thus powerfully described the ideal presence in her first readings of Telemachus and Tasso:—'My respiration rose, I felt a rapid fire colouring my face and my voice changing had betrayed my agitation. I was Eucharis for Telemachus, and Erminia for Tancred. However, during this perfect transformation, I did not yet think that I myself was any thing, for any one: the whole had no connection with myself. I sought for nothing around me; I was them; I saw only the objects which existed for them; it was a dream, without being awakened.' The effect which the study of Plutarch's illustrious men produced on the mighty mind of Alfieri, during a whole winter, while he lived as it were among the heroes of antiquity, he has himself told. Alfieri wept and raved with grief and indignation that he was born under a government which favoured no Roman heroes nor sages; as often as he was struck with the great actions of these great men, in his extreme agitation he rose from his seat like one possessed. The feeling of genius in Alfieri was suppressed for more than twenty years, by the discouragement of his uncle; but as the natural temperament cannot be crushed out of the soul of genius, he was a poet without writing a single verse; and as a great poet, the ideal presence at times became ungovernable and verging to madness. In traversing the wilds of Arragon, his emotions, he says, would certainly have given birth to poetry, could he have expressed himself in verse. It was a complete state of the imaginative existence, or this ideal presence; for he proceeded along the wilds of Arragon in a reverie, weeping and laughing by turns. He considered this as a folly, because it ended in nothing but in laughter and tears. He was not aware that he was then yielding to a demonstration, could he have judged of himself, that he possessed those dispositions of mind and energy of passion which form the poetical character.

Genius creates by a single conception; the statuary conceives the statue at once, which he afterwards executes by the slow process of art; and the architect contrives a whole palace in an instant. In a single principle, opening as it were on a sudden to genius, a great and new system of things is discovered. It has happened, sometimes, that this single conception rushing over the whole concentrated soul of genius, has agitated the frame convulsively; it comes like a whispered secret from Nature. When Mallebranche first took up Descartes's Treatise on Man, the germ of his own subsequent philosophic system, such was his intense feeling, that a violent palpitation of the heart, more than once, obliged him to lay down the volume. When the first idea of the Essay on the Arts and Sciences rushed on the mind of Rousseau, a feverish symptom in his nervous system approached to a slight delirium: stopping under an oak, he wrote with a pencil the Prosopopeia of Fabricius.—'I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation,' exclaimed Gibbon in his Memoirs.

This quick sensibility of genius has suppressed the voices of poets in reciting their most pathetic passages.—Thomson was so oppressed by a passage in Virgil or Milton, when he attempted to read, that 'his voice sunk in ill-articulated sounds from the bottom of his breast.' The tremulous figure of the ancient Sybil appears to have been viewed in that land of the Muses, by the energetic description of Paulus Jovius of the impetus and afflatus of one of the Italian improvisatori, some of whom, I have heard from one present at a similar exhibition, have not degenerated in poetic inspiration, nor in its corporeal excitement. 'His eyes fixed downwards, kindle, as he gives utterance to his effusions, the moist drops flow down his cheeks, the veins of his forehead swell, and wonderfully his learned ears as it were, abstracted and intent, moderate each impulse o. his flowing numbers.'*

This enthusiasm throws the man of genius into those reveries where, amidst Nature, while others are terrified at destruction, he can only view Nature herself. The mind of Pliny, to add one more chapter to his mighty scroll, sought her amidst the volcano in which he perished. Vernet was on board a ship in the midst of a raging tempest, and all hope was given up: the astonished captain beheld the artist of genius, his pencil in his hand, in calm enthusiasm, sketching the terrible world of waters—studying the wave that was rising to devour him.

There is a tender enthusiasm in the elevated studies of antiquity, in which the ideal presence or the imaginative existence is seen prevailing over the mind. It is finely said by Livy, that 'in contemplating antiquity, the mind

* Richardson assembles a family about him, writing down what they said, seeing their very manner of saying, living with them as often and as long as he wills—with such a personal unity, that an ingenious lawyer once told me that he required no stronger evidence of a fact in any court of law than a circumstantial scene in Richardson.

* The passage is curious.—'Canenti defixi exardent oculi, sudores manant, frontis venæ contumescunt, et quod mirum est erudites aures tanquam alienæ et intentæ omnem impetum profluentium numerorum exactissima ratione moderantur.'

itself becomes antique.' Amidst the monuments of great and departed nations, our imagination is touched by the grandeur of local impressions, and the vivid associations of the manners, the arts, and the individuals of a great people. Men of genius have roved amidst the awful ruins till the ideal presence has fondly built up the city anew, and have become Romans in the Rome of two thousand years past. Pomponius Lætus, who devoted his life to this study, was constantly seen wandering amidst the vestiges of this 'throne of the world:' there, in many a reverie, as his eye rested on the mutilated arch and the broken column, he stopped to muse, and dropt tears in the ideal presence of Rome and of the Romans. Another enthusiast of this class was Bosius, who sought beneath Rome for another Rome, in those catacombs built by the early Christians, for their asylum and their sepulchres. His work of 'Roma Sotterranea' is the production of a subterraneous life, passed in fervent and perilous labours. Taking with him a hermit's meal for the week, this new Pliny often descended into the bowels of the earth, by lamplight, clearing away the sand and ruins, till some tomb broke forth, or some inscription became legible: accompanied by some friend whom his enthusiasm had inspired with his own sympathy, here he dictated his notes, tracing the mouldering sculpture, and catching the fading picture. Thrown back into the primitive ages of Christianity, amidst the local impressions, the historian of the Christian catacombs collected the memorials of an age and of a race, which were hidden beneath the earth.

Werner, the mineralogist, celebrated for his lectures, by some accounts transmitted by his auditors, appears to have exercised this faculty. Werner often said that 'he always depended on the muse for inspiration.' His unwritten lecture was a reverie—till kindling in his progress, blending science and imagination in the grandeur of his conceptions, at times, as if he had gathered about him the very elements of Nature, his spirit seemed to be hovering over the waters and the strata.

It is this enthusiasm which inconceivably fills the mind of genius in all great and solemn operations: it is an agitation in calmness, and is required not only in the fine arts, but wherever a great and continued exertion of the soul must be employed. It was experienced by De Thou, the historian, when after his morning prayers he always added another to implore the Divinity to purify his heart from partiality and hatred, and to open his spirit in developing the truth, amidst the contending factions of his times; and by Haydn, when employed in his 'Creation,' earnestly addressing the Creator ere he struck his instrument. In moments like these, man becomes a perfect unity—one thought and one act, abstracted from all other thoughts and all other acts. It was felt by Gray in his loftiest excursions, and is perhaps the same power which impels the villager, when, to overcome his rivals in a contest for leaping, he retires back some steps, collects all exertion into his mind, and clears the eventful bound. One of our Admirals in the reign of Elizabeth, held as a maxim, that a height of passion, amounting to phrenzy, was necessary to qualify a man for that place; and Nelson, decorated by all his honours about him, on the day of battle, at the sight of those emblems of glory emulated himself. Thus enthusiasm was necessary and effective for his genius.

This enthusiasm, prolonged as it often has been by the operation of the imaginative existence becomes a state of perturbed feeling, and can only be distinguished from a disordered intellect by the power of volition, in a sound mind, of withdrawing from the ideal world into the world of sense. It is but a step which carries us from the wanderings of fancy into the aberrations of delirium.

'With curious art the brain too finely wrought
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind—
The greatest genius to this fate may bow.'

Churchill.

There may be an agony in thought which only deep thinkers experience. The terrible effects of metaphysical studies on Beattie, has been told by himself.—'Since the Essay on Truth was printed in quarto, I have never *dared* to read it over. I durst not even read the sheets to see whether there were any terrors in the print, and was obliged to get a friend to do that office for me. These studies came in time to have dreadful effects upon my nervous system; and I cannot read what I then wrote without some degree of horror, because it recalls to my mind the horrors that I have sometimes felt after passing a long evening in those severe studies.' Goldoni, after a rash exertion of writing sixteen plays in a year, confesses he paid the penalty of the folly; he flew to Genoa, leading a life of delicious vacuity; to pass the day without doing any thing, was all the enjoyment he was now capable of feeling. But long after he said, 'I felt at that time, and have ever since continued to feel, the consequence of that exhaustion of spirits I sustained in composing my sixteen comedies.' Boerhaave has related of himself, that having imprudently indulged in intense thought on a particular subject, he did not close his eyes for six weeks after: and Tissot, in his work on the health of men of letters, abounds in similar cases, where a complete stupor has affected the unhappy student for a period of six months.

Assuredly the finest geniuses could not always withdraw themselves from that intensely interesting train of ideas, which we have shown has not been removed from about them by even the violent stimuli of exterior objects; the scenical illusion,—the being of their passion,—the invisible existences repeatedly endowed by them with a vital force, have still hung before their eyes. It was in this state that Petrarch found himself in that minute narrative of a vision in which Laura appeared to him; and Tasso in the lofty conversations he held with a spirit that glided towards him on the beams of the sun: and thus, Malebranche listening to the voice of God within him; or Lord Herbert on his knees, in the stillness of the sky; or Paschal starting at times at an abyss opening by his side. Descartes, when young, and in a country seclusion, his brain exhausted with meditation, and his imagination heated to excess, heard a voice in the air which called him to pursue the search of truth; he never doubted the vision; and this dream in the delirium of genius charmed him even in his after-studies. Our Collins and Cowper were often thrown into that extraordinary state of mind, when the ideal presence converted them into visionaries; and their illusions were as strong as Swedenburgh's, who saw heaven on earth in the glittering streets of his New Jerusalem, and Cardan's, when he so carefully observed a number of little armed men at his feet; and Benvenuto Cellini, whose vivid imagination and glorious egotism so frequently contemplated 'a resplendent light hovering over his shadow.'

Yet what less than enthusiasm is the purchase price of high passion and invention? Perhaps never has there been a man of genius of this rare cast, who has not betrayed early in youth the ebullitions of the imagination in some outward action at that period, when the illusions of life are more real to them than its realities. A slight derangement of our accustomed habits, a little perturbation of the faculties, and a romantic tinge on the feelings, give no indifferent promise of genius; of that generous temper which knows nothing of the baseness of mankind, unsatisfied, and raging with a devouring eagerness for the aliment it has not yet found; to perfect some glorious design, to charm the world, or make it happier. Often we hear from the confessions of men of genius, of their having indulged in the puerile state the most noble, the most delightful, the most impossible projects; and if age ridicules the imaginative existence of its youth, he assured that it is the decline of its genius. That virtuous and tender enthusiast, Fenelon, in his early youth, troubled his friends with a classical and religious reverie. He was on the point of quitting them to restore the independence of Greece, in the character of a missionary, and to collect the relics of antiquity with the taste of a classical antiquary. The Peloponnesus opened to him the Church of Corinth, where St Paul preached, the Piræus where Socrates conversed; while the latent poet was to pluck laurels from Delphos, and rove amidst the amenities of Tempe. Such was the influence of the ideal presence! and barren will be his imagination, and luckless his fortune, who, claiming the honours of genius, has never been touched by such a temporary delirium.

To this enthusiasm, and to this alone, can we attribute the self-immolation of men of genius. Mighty and laborious works have been pursued, as a forlorn hope, at the certain destruction of the fortune of the individual. The fate of Castell's Lexicon,* of Bloch's magnificent work on

* Castell lost 12000*l.* by this great work; and gave away copies, while the rest rotted at home. He exhibits a curious picture of literary labour in his preface—'As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this mass—Molendino he calls them—that day seemed as it were a holiday in which I have not laboured so much as

Fishes, and other great and similar labours, attest the enthusiasm which accompanied their progress. They have sealed their works with their blood: they have silently borne the pangs of disease; they have barred themselves from the pursuits of fortune; they have torn themselves away from all they loved in life, patiently suffering these self-denials, to escape from those interruptions and impediments to their studies. Martyrs of literature and art, they behold in their solitude that halo of immortality over their studious heads, which is a reality to the visionary of glory. Milton would not desist from proceeding with one of his works, although warned by the physician of the certain loss of his sight; he declared he preferred his duty to his eyes, and doubtless his fame to his comfort. Anthony Wood, to preserve the lives of others, voluntarily resigned his own to cloistered studies; nor did the literary passion desert him in his last moments, when with his dying hands he still grasped his beloved papers, and his last mortal thoughts dwelt on his *Athenæ* Oxonienses.* Moreri, the founder of our great biographical collections, conceived the design with such enthusiasm, and found such voluptuousness in the labour, that he willingly withdrew from the popular celebrity he had acquired as a preacher, and the preferment which a minister of state, in whose house he resided, would have opened to his views. After the first edition of his Historical Dictionary, he had nothing so much at heart as its improvement. His unyielding application was converting labour into death; but collecting his last renovated vigour, with his dying hands he gave the volume to the world, though he did not live to witness even its publication. All objects in life appeared mean to him compared with that exalted delight of addressing to the literary men of his age, the history of their brothers. The same enthusiasm consumes the pupils of art devoured by their own ardour. The young and classical sculptor, who raised the statue of Charles II placed in the centre of the Royal Exchange, was in the midst of his work, advised by his medical friends to desist from marble; for the energy of his labour, with the strong excitement of his feelings, already had made fatal inroads in his constitution. But he was willing, he said to die at the foot of his statue. The statue was raised, and the young sculptor, with the shining eyes and hectic blush of consumption, beheld it there—returned home—and shortly was no more. Drouais, a pupil of David, the French painter, was a youth of fortune, but the solitary pleasure of his youth was his devotion to Raphael; he was at his studies at four in the morning till night; 'Painting or Nothing!' was the cry of this enthusiast of elegance; 'First fame, then amusement,' was another. His sensibility was as great as his enthusiasm: and he cut in pieces the picture for which David declared he would inevitably obtain the prize. 'I have had my reward in your approbation; but next year I shall feel more certain of deserving it,' was the reply of the young enthusiast. Afterwards he astonished Paris with his Marius—but while engaged on a subject which he could never quit, the principle of life itself was drying up in his veins. Henry Headly and Kirke White were the early victims of the enthusiasm of study; and are mourned for ever by the few who are organised like themselves.

> 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
> And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low;
> So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
> Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
> He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
> While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
> Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.'
>
> *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

Thus comes the shadow of death among those who are existing with more than life about them. Yet 'there is no celebrity for the artist,' said Gesner, 'if the love of his own heart does not become a vehement passion; if the hours he employs to cultivate it are not for him the most delicious ones of his life; if study becomes not his true existence and his first happiness; if the society of his brothers in art is not that which most pleases him; if even in the night-time the ideas of his art do not occupy his vigils or his dreams; if in the morning he flies not to his work with a sixteen or eighteen hours in these enlarging Lexicons and Polyglot Bibles.' Bloch expended all his fortune in his splendid work.

* See Calamities of Authors, Vol. I, p. 243.

new rapture. These are the marks of him who labours for true glory and posterity; but if he seek only to please the taste of his age, his works will not kindle the desires nor touch the hearts of those who love the arts and the artists.'

Unaccompanied by enthusiasm, genius will produce nothing but uninteresting works of art; not a work of art, resembling the dove of Archidas, which other artists beheld flying, but could not make another dove to meet it in the air. Enthusiasm is the secret spirit which hovers over the production of genius throwing the reader of a book, or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated. A great work always leaves us in a state of musing.

CHAPTER IX.

LITERARY JEALOUSY.

Jealousy, long declared to be the offspring of little minds, is not, however, restricted to them; it fiercely rages in the literary republic, among the Senate and the Order of Knights, as well as the people. In that curious self-description which Linnæus comprised in a single page, written with the precision of a naturalist, that great man discovered that his constitution was liable to be afflicted with jealousy. Literary jealousy seems often proportioned to the degree of genius; the shadowy and equivocal claims of literary honour is the real cause of this terrible fear; in cases where the object is more palpable and definite, and the pre-eminence is more universal, than intellectual excellence can be, jealousy will not so strongly affect the claimant for our admiration. The most beautiful woman, in the age of beauty, will be rarely jealous: seldom she encounters a rival; and while her claims exist, who can contend with a fine feature or a dissolving glance? But a man of genius has no other existence than in the opinion of the world; a divided empire would obscure him, a contested one might annihilate him.

The lives of authors and artists exhibit a most painful disease in that jealousy which is the perpetual fever of their existence. Why does Plato never mention Zenophon, and why does Zenophon inveigh against Plato, studiously collecting every little report which may detract from his fame? They wrote on the same subject! Why did Corneille, tottering on the grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advise the author never to write another? Why does Voltaire continually detract from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon? Why, when Boccaccio sent to Petrarch a copy of Dante, declaring that the work was like a first light which had illuminated his mind, did Petrarch coldly observe that he had not been anxious to inquire after it, having intended to compose in the vernacular idiom and not wishing to be considered as a plagiary; while he only allows Dante's superiority from having written in the vulgar idiom, which he did not think was an enviable, but an inferior merit. Thus frigidly Petrarch took the altitude of the solitary Ætna before him, in the 'Inferno,' while he shrunk into himself with the painful consciousness of the existence of another poet, who obscured his own solitary majesty. Why is Waller silent on the merits of Cowley, and why does he not give one verse to return the praise with which Dryden honoured him, while he is warm in panegyric on Beaumont and Fletcher, on Sandys, Ware, and D'Avenant? Because of some of these their species of composition was different from his own, and the rest he could not fear.

The moral feeling has often been found too weak to temper the malignancy of literary jealousy, and has led some men of genius to an incredible excess. A memorable and recent example offers in the history of the two brothers, Dr William, and John Hunter both great characters, fitted to be rivals, but Nature, it was imagined, in the tenderness of blood had placed a bar to rivalry. John, without any determined pursuit in his youth, was received by his brother at the height of his celebrity; the Doctor initiated him into his school; they performed their experiments together; and William Hunter was the first to announce to the world the great genius of his brother. After this close connection in all their studies and discoveries, Dr William Hunter published his magnificent work—the proud favourite of his heart, the assertor of his fame. Was it credible that the genius of the celebrated anatomist, which had been nursed under the wing of his brother, should turn on that wing to clip it? John Hun-

ter put in his claim to the chief discovery; it was answered by his brother. The Royal Society, to whom they appealed, concealed the documents of this unnatural feud. The blow was felt, and the jealousy of literary honour for ever separated the brothers, and the brothers of genius.*

In the jealousy of genius, however, there is a peculiar case, where the fever rages not in its malignancy, yet silently consumes. Even the man of genius of the gentlest temper dies under its slow wastings; and this infection may happen among dear friends, when a man of genius loses that self-opinion which animated his solitary labours and constituted his happiness—when he views himself at the height of his class, suddenly eclipsed by another great genius. It is then the morbid sensibility, acting on so delicate a frame, feels as if under the old witchcraft of tying the knot on the nuptial day,—the faculties are suddenly extinct by the very imagination. This is the jealousy not of hatred, but of despair. A curious case of this kind appears in the anecdote of the Spanish artist Castillo, a man distinguished by every amiable disposition; he was the great painter of Seville. When some of Morillo's paintings were shown to him, who seems to have been his nephew, he stood in meek astonishment before them, and when he recovered his voice, turning away, he exclaimed with a sigh, *Ya muerio Castillo!* Castillo is no more! Returning home the stricken genius relinquished his pencil, and pined away in hopelessness.

CHAPTER X.

WANT OF MUTUAL ESTEEM.

Among men of genius that want of mutual esteem, usually attributed to envy or jealousy, often originates in a deficiency of analogous ideas, or sympathy, in the parties. On this principle several curious phenomena in the history of genius may be explained.

Every man of genius has a manner of his own; a mode of thinking and a habit of style; and usually decides on a work as it approximates or varies from his own. When one great author depreciates another it has often no worse source than his own taste. The witty Cowey despised the natural Chaucer; the cold classical Boileau the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the refining Marivaux the familiar Moliere. Fielding ridiculed Richardson, whose manner so strongly contrasted with his own; and Richardson contemned Fielding and declared he would not last. Cumberland escaped a fit of unforgiveness, not living to read his own character by Bishop Watson, whose logical head tried the lighter elegancies of that polished man by his own nervous genius, destitute of whatever was beautiful in taste. There was no envy in the breast of Johnson when he advised Mrs Thrale not to purchase Gray's Letters as trifling and dull, no more than in Gray himself when he sunk the poetical character of Shenstone, his simplicity and purity of feeling, by an image of ludicrous contempt. The deficient sympathy in these men of genius, for modes of feeling opposite to their own, was the real cause of their opinions; and thus it happens that even superior genius is so often liable to be unjust and false in its decisions.

The same principle operates still more strikingly in the remarkable contempt of men of genius for those pursuits and the pursuers, which require talents quite distinct from their own, with a cast of mind thrown by nature into another mould. Hence we must not be surprised at the antipathies of Selden and Locke, of Longerue and Buffon, and this class of genius, against poetry and poets: while on the other side, these undervalue the pursuits of the antiquary, the naturalist, and the metaphysician, by their own favourite course of imagination. We can only understand in the degree we comprehend; and in both these cases the parties will be found quite deficient in those qualities of genius which constitute the excellence of the other. A professor of polite literature condemned the study of botany, as adapted to mediocrity of talent and only demanding patience; but Linnæus showed how a man of genius becomes a creator even in a science which seems to depend only on order and method. It will not be a question with some whether a man must be endowed with the energy and aptitude of genius, to excel in antiquarianism, in natural history, &c.; and that the prejudices raised against the claims of such to the honours of genius have probably arisen from the secluded nature of their pursuits, and the little knowledge the men of wit and imagination have of these persons, who live in a society of their own. On this subject a very curious circumstance has been revealed of Peiresc, whose enthusiasm for science was long felt throughout Europe; his name was known in every country, and his death was lamented in forty languages; yet was this great man unknown to several men of genius in his own country; Rochefoucault declared he had never heard of his name, and Malherbe wondered why his death created so universal a sensation. Thus we see the classes of literature, like the planets of Heaven, revolving like distinct worlds; and it would not be less absurd for the inhabitants of Venus to treat with contempt the powers and faculties of those of Jupiter, than it is for the men of wit and imagination, those of the men of knowledge and curiosity. They are incapable of exerting the peculiar qualities which give a real value to these pursuits, and therefore they must remain ignorant of their nature and their result.

It is not then always envy or jealousy which induces men of genius to undervalue each other; the want of sympathy will sufficiently account for their false judgments. Suppose Newton, Quinault, and Machiavel, accidentally meeting together, unknown to each other, would they not soon have desisted from the vain attempt of communicating their ideas? The philosopher had condemned the poet of the Graces as an intolerable trifler, and the author of the 'The Prince' as a dark political spy. Machiavel had conceived Newton to be a dreamer among the stars, and a mere almanack-maker among men; and the other a rhimer, nauseously *doucereux*. Quinault might have imagined he was seated between two madmen. Having annoyed each other for some time, they would have relieved their *ennui* by reciprocal contempt, and each have parted with a determination to avoid hereafter two disagreeable companions.*

CHAPTER XI.

SELF-PRAISE.

Vanity, egotism, a strong sense of their own sufficiency, form another accusation against men of genius; but the complexion of self-praise must alter with the occasion; for the simplicity of truth may appear vanity, and the consciousness of superiority seem envy—to Mediocrity. It is we who do nothing, who cannot even imagine any thing to be done, who are so much displeased with self-loading, self-love, self-independence, self-admiration, which with the men of genius are nothing but a modification of the passion of glory.

He who exults in himself is at least in earnest; but he who refuses to receive that praise in public for which he has devoted so much labour in his privacy, is not: he is compelled to suppress the very instinct of his nature; for while we censure no man for loving fame, but only for showing us how much he is possessed by the passion, we allow him to create the appetite, but we deny him the aliment. Our effeminate minds are the willing dupes of what is called the modesty of genius, or, as it has been termed, 'the polished reserve of modern times;' and this from the selfish principle that it serves at least to keep out of the company its painful pre-eminence. But this 'polished reserve,' like something as fashionable, the ladies' rouge, at first appearing with rather too much colour, will in the heat of an evening, be dying away till the true complexion comes out. We know well the numerous subterfuges of these modest men of genius, to extort that praise from their private circle which is thus openly denied them. Have they not been taken by surprise, enlarging their own panegyric, which might rival Pliny's on Trajan, for care and copiousness? or impudently veiling their naked beauty with the transparency of a third person? or never prefixing their name to the volume, which they would not easily forgive a friend to pass unnoticed.

The love of praise is instinctive in the nature of men of genius. Their praise is the foot on which the past rests, and the wheel on which the future rolls. The generous qualities and the virtues of a man of genius are really produced by the applause conferred on him. To him whom the world admires, the happiness of the world must be dear, said Madame De Stael. Like the North American Indian, (for the savage and the man of genius preserve the genuine feelings of Nature,) he would listen to his own

* See Dr Adam's interesting life of Mr John Hunter.

* See Helvetius, De l'Esprit.

name, when amidst his circle they chaunt their gods and their heroes. The honest savages laud the worthies among themselves, as well as their departed; and when an auditor hears his own name, he answers by a cry of pleasure and of pride. But pleasure and pride must raise no emotion in the breast of genius, amidst a polished circle: to bring himself down to them, he must start at a compliment, and turn away even from one of his own votaries.

But this, it seems, is not always the case with men of genius, since the accusation we are noticing has been so often reiterated. Take from some that supreme opinion of themselves, that pride of exultation, and you crush the germ of their excellence. Many vast designs must have perished in the conception, had not their authors breathed this vital air of self-delight, this energy of vanity, so operative in great undertakings. We have recently seen this principle in the literary character unfold itself in the life of the late Bishop of Landaff: whatever he did, he felt it was done as a master; whatever he wrote, it was as he once declared, the best work on the subject yet written. It was this feeling with which he emulated Cicero in retirement or in action. 'When I am dead, you will not soon meet with another John Hunter,' said the great anatomist, to one of his garrulous friends. An apology is formed for relating the fact, but the weakness is only in the apology. Corneille has given a very noble full-length of the sublime egotism which accompanied him through life:* and I doubt if we had any such author in the present day, whether he would dare to be so just to himself, and so hardy to the public. The self-praise of Buffon at least equalled his genius; and the inscription beneath his statue in the library of the Jardin des Plantes, which I was told was raised to him in his life time, exceeds all panegyrics;—it places him alone in Nature, as the first and the last interpreter of her works. He said of the great geniuses of modern times, that there were not more than five,—'Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and Myself.' It was in this spirit that he conceived and terminated his great works, that he sat in patient meditation at his desk for half a century, and that all Europe, even in a state of war, bowed to the modern Pliny.

Nor is the vanity of Buffon, and Voltaire, and Rousseau so purely national as some will suppose; for men of genius in all ages have expressed a consciousness of the internal force of genius. No one felt this self-exultation more potent than our Hobbes, who has indeed, in his controversy with Wallis, asserted that there may be nothing more just than self-commendation;* and De Thou, one of the most noble-minded, the most thinking, the most impartial of historians, in the Memoirs of his own life, composed in the third person, has surprised and somewhat puzzled the critics, by that frequent distribution of self-commendation which they knew not how to accord with the modesty and gravity with which he was so amply endowed. After his great and solemn labour, amidst the injustice of his persecutors, that great man had sufficient experience of his own merits to assert them. Kepler, amidst his great discoveries, looks down like a superior being on other men. Thus he breaks forth in glory and egotism: 'I dare insult mankind by confessing that I am he who has turned science to advantage. If I am pardoned, I shall rejoice; if blamed, I shall endure it. The die is cast; I have written this book, and whether it be read by posterity or by my contemporaries, is of no consequence; it may well wait for a reader during one century, when God himself during six thousand years has waited for an observer like myself.' He predicts that 'his discoveries would be verified in succeeding ages,' yet were Kepler now among us in familiar society, we should be invited to inspect a monster of inordinate vanity. But it was this solitary majesty; this lofty conception of their genius, which hovered over the sleepless pillow, and charmed the solitude, of Bacon, of Newton, and of Montesquieu; of Ben Jonson, of Milton, and Corneille; and of Michael Angelo. Such men of genius anticipate their contemporaries, and know they are creators, long before the tardy consent of the public;

'They see the laurel which entwines their bust,
They mark the pomp which consecrates their dust,
Shake off the dimness which obscures them now,
And feel the future glory bind their brow.'
Smedley's Prescience.

* See it versified in Curiosities of Literature.
† See Quarrels of Authors, Vol. III, p. 113.

To be admired, is the noble simplicity of the Ancients in expressing with ardour the consciousness of genius, and openly claiming that praise by which it was nourished. The ancients were not infected by our spurious effeminate modesty. Socrates, on the day of his trial, firmly commended himself: he told the various benefits he had conferred on his country. 'Instead of condemning me for imaginary crimes, you would do better, considering my poverty, to order me to be maintained out of the public treasury.' Epicurus, writing to a minister of state, declares—'If you desire glory, nothing can bestow it more than the letters I write to you:' and Seneca, in quoting these words, adds—'What Epicurus promised to his friend, that, my Lucilius, I promise you.' *Orna me!* was the constant cry of Cicero; and he desires the historian Lucceius to write separately the conspiracy of Cataline, and publish quickly, that while he yet lived, he might taste of the sweetness of his glory. Horace and Ovid were equally sensible to their immortality: but what modern poet would be tolerated with such an avowal? Yet Dryden honestly declares that it was better for him to own this failing of vanity, than the world to do it for him; and adds, 'For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? Why am I grown old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown.' Was not Cervantes very sensible to his own merits, when a rival started up; and did he not assert them too, when passing sentence on the bad books of the times, he distinguishes his own work by a handsome compliment? Nor was Butler less proud of his own merits; for he has done ample justice to his Hudibras, and traced out, with great self-delight, its variety of excellences. Richardson, the novelist, exhibits one of the most striking instances of what is called literary vanity—the delight of an author in his works; he has pointed out all the beauties of his three great works, in various manners.* He always taxed a visiter by one of his long letters. It was this intense self-delight, which produced his voluminous labours.

There are certain authors whose very existence seems to require a high conception of their own talents; and who must, as some animals appear to do, furnish the means of life out of their own substance. These men of genius open their career with peculiar tastes, or with a predilection for some great work; in a word, with many unpopular dispositions. Yet we see them magnanimous, though defeated, proceeding with the public feeling against them. At length we view them ranking with their rivals. Without having yielded up their peculiar tastes or their incorrigible viciousness, they have, however, heightened their individual excellences. No human opinion can change their self opinion; alive to the consciousness of their powers, their pursuits are placed above impediment, and their great views can suffer no contraction. These men of genius bear a charmed mail on their breast; 'hopeless, not heartless,' may be often the motto of their ensign; and if they do not always possess reputation, they still look for fame; for these do not necessarily accompany each other.

Acknowledge, too, that an author must be more sensible to his real merits, while he is unquestionably much less to his defects, than most of his readers; the author not only comprehends his merits better, because they have passed through a long process in his mind, but he is familiar with every part, while the reader has had but a vague notion of the whole. Why does the excellent work, by repetition, rise in interest? because in obtaining this gradual intimacy with an author, we appear to recover half the genius we had lost on a first perusal. The work of genius too is associated, in the mind of the author, with much more than it contains. Why are great men often found greater than the books they write? Ask the man of genius, if he has written all he wished he could have written? Has he satisfied himself, in this work for which you accuse his pride? The true supplement has not always accompanied the work itself. The mind of the reader has the limits of a mere recipient, while that of the author, even after his work, is teeming with creation. 'On many occasions, my soul seems to know more than it can say, and to be endowed with a mind by itself, far superior to the mind I really have,' said Marivaux, with equal truth and happiness.

* I have observed them in Curiosities of Literature, First Series.

With these explanations of what are called the vanity and egotism of genius, be it remembered, that the sense of their own sufficiency is assumed at their own risk; the great man who thinks greatly of himself, is not diminishing that greatness, in heaping fuel on his fire. With his unlucky brethren, such a feeling may end in the aberrations of harmless madness: as it happened with Percival Stockdale. He, who after a parallel between himself and Charles XII, of Sweden, concludes that 'some parts will be to *his* advantage, and some to *mine*,' but in regard to fame,—the main object between Stockdale and Charles XII.—Percival imagined that 'his own will not probably take its fixed and immoveable station, and shine with its expanded and permanent splendour till it consecrates his ashes, till it illumines his tomb.' After this, the reader, who may never have heard of the name of Percival Stockdale, must be told, that there exist his own 'Memoirs of his Life and Writings.'* The Memoirs of a scribbler are instructive to literary men; to correct, and to be corrected, should be their daily practice, that they may be taught not only to exult in themselves, but to fear themselves.

It is hard to refuse these men of genius that *aura vitalis*, of which they are so apt to be liberal to others. Are they not accused of the meanest adulations? When a young writer finds the notice of a person of some eminence, he has expressed himself in language which transcended that of mortality; a finer reason than reason itself, inspired it; the sensation has been expressed with all its fullness, by Milton,

'The debt immense of endless gratitude.'

Who ever pays an 'immense debt,' in small sums? Every man of genius has left such honourable traces of his private affections,—from Locke, whose dedication of his great work is more adulative than could be imagined, from a temperate philosopher to Churchill, whose warm eulogiums on his friends so beautifully contrast with the dark and evil passions of his satire. Even in advanced age, the man of genius dwells on the nutritious praise he caught in his youth from veteran genius; that seed sinks deep into a genial soil, roots there, and, like the aloe, will flower at the end of life. When Virgil was yet a youth, Cicero heard one of his eclogues, and exclaimed with his accustomed warmth,

Magna spes altera Romæ!

'The second great hope of Rome,' intending by the first either himself or Lucretius. The words of Cicero were the secret honey on which the imagination of Virgil fed for many a year; for in one of his latest productions, the twelfth book of the Æneid, he applies these very words to Ascanius; the voice of Cicero had hung forever in his ear.

Such then, is the extreme susceptibility of praise in men of genius, and not less their exuberant sensibility to censure; I have elsewhere shown how some have died of criticism. The Abbé Cassagne felt so acutely the severity of Boileau, that in the prime of life he fell melancholy, and died insane. I am informed that the poet, Scott of Amwell, could never recover from a ludicrous criticism, written by a physician, who never pretended to poetical taste. Some, like Racine, have died of a simple rebuke, and some have found an epigram, as one who fell a victim to one, said, 'fasten on their hearts, and have been thrown into a slow fever.' Pope has been seen writhing in anguish on his chair; and it is told of Montesquieu, that notwithstanding the greatness of his character, he was so much affected by the perpetual criticisms on his work on Laws, that they hastened his death. The morbid feelings of Hawkesworth closed in suicide. The self-love in genius is, perhaps, much more delicate than gross.

But alas, their vengeance as quickly kindled lasts as long! Genius is a dangerous gift of nature; with a keener relish for enjoyment, and with passions more effervescent, the same material forms a Cataline, and a Cromwell, or a Cicero and a Bacon. Plato, in his visionary man of genius, lays great stress on his possessing the most vehement passions, while he adds reason to restrain them. But it is imagination which torments even their inflammable senses; give to the same vehement passion a different direction, and it is glory or infamy.

'Si je n'étois Cæsar, j'aurois ete Brutus.'
Voltaire.

The imagination of genius is the breath of its life, which breeds its own disease. How are we to describe symptoms which come from one source, but show themselves in all forms? It is now an intermittent fever, now a silent delirium, an hysterical affection, and now a horrid hypochondriasm. Have we no other opiate to still the agony, no other cordial to send its warmth to the heart, than Plato's reason? Must men of genius, who so rarely pass through this slow curative method, remain with all their tortured and torturing passions about them, often self-disgusted, self-humiliated? The enmities of genius are often connected with their morbid imagination; these originate in casual slights, or in unguarded expressions, or in hasty opinions, or in a witty derision, or even in the obtruding goodness of tender admonition—The man of genius broods over the phantom that darkens his feelings, and sharpens his vindictive fangs, in a libel, called his memoirs, or in another public way, called a criticism. We are told that Comines the historian, when residing at the court of the Count de Charnlois afterwards Duke of Burgundy, one day returning from hunting, with inconsiderate jocularity sat down before the Count, ordering the Prince to pull off his boots; the Count would not affect greatness, and having executed his commission, in return for the princely amusement, the Count dashed the boot on Comines's nose, which bled; and from that time, he was mortified at the Count of Burgundy, by retaining the nick-name of *the booted head*. The blow rankled in the heart of the man of genius, and the Duke of Burgundy has come down to us in his memoirs, blackened by his vengeance. Many, unknown to their readers, like Comines, have had a booted head, but the secret poison is distilled on their lasting page. I have elsewhere fully written a tale of literary hatred, where is seen a man of genius, devoting a whole life in harrassing the industry or the genius which he himself could not attain, in the character of Gilbert Stuart.* The French Revolution, among its illustrations of the worst human passions exhibits one, in Collot d'Herbois; when this wretch was tossed up in the storm, to the summit of power, a monstrous imagination seized him; he projected raising the city of Lyons, and massacring its inhabitants. He had even the heart to commence, and to continue this conspiracy against human nature; the ostensible motive was royalism, but the secret one was literary vengeance! as wretched a poet and actor as a man, he had been hissed off the theatre in Lyons, and his dark remorseless genius resolved to repay that ignominy, by the blood of its citizens and the very walls of the city. Is there but one Collot d'Herbois in the universe? When the imagination of genius becomes its madness, even the worst of human beings is only a genus.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF GENIUS.

When the temper and the leisure of the literary character are alike broken, even his best works, the too faithful mirrors of his state of mind, will participate of its inequalities; and surely the incubations of genius in its delicate and shadowy combinations, are not less sensible in their operation than the composition of sonorous bodies, where, while the warm metal is settling in the mould, even an unusual vibration of the air, during the moment of fusion, will injure the tone.

Some of the conspicuous blemishes of several great compositions may be attributed to the domestic infelicities of their authors. The desultory life of Camoens is imagined to be perceptible in the deficient connection of his epic; and Milton's peculiar situation and divided family prevented those passages from being erased, which otherwise had not escaped from his revising hand—he felt himself in the situation of his Sampson Agonistes, whom he so pathetically describes, as

'His foes' derision, captive, poor and blind.'

Cervantes, through precipitate publication, fell into those slips of memory observable in his satirical romance. The careless rapid lines of Dryden are justly attributed to his distress, and he indeed pleads for his inequalities from his domestic circumstances. Johnson silently, but eagerly often corrected the Ramblers in their successive editions of which so many had been despatched in haste. The learned Greaves offered some excuses for his errors in his edition of Abulfeda, from 'his being five years encumbered with law-suits and diverted from his studies.' When

* I have sketched a character of Percival Stockdale, in Calamities of Authors, II, 313, it was taken ad vivum.

* See Calamities of Authors, II. 49

at length he returned to them, he expresses his surprise 'at the pains he had formerly undergone,' but of which he now felt himself 'unwilling, he knew not how, of again undergoing. Goldoni, when at the bar, abandoned his comic talent for several years: and having resumed it, his first comedy totally failed: 'My head,' says he, 'was occupied with my professional employment, I was uneasy in mind and in bad humour.'

The best years of Mengs's life were embittered by the misery and the harshness of his father, who himself a poor artist, and with poorer feelings, converted his home into a prison-house, forced his son into the slavery of stipulated task-work, while his bread and water were the only fruits of the fine arts; in this domestic persecution, from which he was at length obliged to fly, he contracted those morose and saturnine habits which for ever after shut up the ungenial Mengs in the dark solitude of his soul. It has been said of Alonso Cano, a celebrated Spanish painter, that he would have carried his art much higher had not the unceasing persecution of the inquisitors entirely deprived him of that tranquillity so necessary to the very existence of art. The poet Rousseau passed half his life in trouble, in anger, and in despair, from the severe persecution, or the justice, of his enemies, respecting an anonymous libel attributed to him; his temper was poisoned, and he poisoned. Ovid, in exile on the barren shores of Tomos, deserted by his genius, even in his copious *Tristia*, loses the luxuriance of his fancy. The reason which Rousseau alleges for the cynical spleen which so frequently breathes forth in his works, shows how the domestic character of the man of genius leaves itself behind in his productions. After describing the infelicity of his domestic affairs occasioned by the mother of Theresa, and Theresa herself, both women of the lowest order, he adds on this wretched marriage, 'these unexpected disagreeable events, in a state of my own choice, plunged me into literature, to give a new direction and diversion to my mind; and in all my first works, I scattered that bilious humour which had occasioned this very occupation.' Our author's character in his works was the very opposite one in which he appeared to these low people; they treated his simplicity as utter silliness; feeling his degradation among them, his personal timidity assumed a tone of boldness and originality in his writings, while a strong sense of shame heightened his causticity, contemning that urbanity he knew not to practise. His miserable subservience to these people was the real cause of his oppressed spirit calling out for some undefined freedom in society. Thus the real Rousseau, with all his disordered feelings, only appeared in his writings; the secrets of his heart were in his pen.

The home of the literary character should be the abode of repose and of silence. There must he look for the feasts of study, in progressive and alternate labours; a taste 'which,' says Gibbon, 'I would not exchange for the treasures of India.' Rousseau had always a work going on for rainy days and spare hours, such as his dictionary of music; a variety of works never tired; the single one only exhausted. Metastasio talks with delight of his variety, which resembled the fruits in the garden of Armida,

> E mentre spunta l'un, l'altro matura.
> While one matures, the other buds and blows.

Nor is it always fame, nor any lower motive, which may induce him to hold an indefatigable pen; another equally powerful exists, which must remain inexplicable to him who knows not to escape from the listlessness of life—the passion for literary occupation. He whose eye can only measure the space occupied by the voluminous labours of the elder Pliny, of a Mazzuchelli, a Muratori, a Montfaucon, and a Gough; all men who laboured from the love of labour, and can see nothing in that space but the industry which filled it, is like him who only views a city at a distance—the streets and the squares, and all the life and population within, he can never know. These literary characters projected these works as so many schemes to escape from uninteresting pursuits; and, in these folios, how many evils of life did they bury, while their happiness expanded with their volume. Aulus Gellius desired to live no longer, than he was able to retain the faculty of writing and observing. The literary character must grow as impassioned with his subject as Ælian with his History of Animals; 'wealth and honour I might have obtained at the courts of princes; but I preferred the delight of multiplying my knowledge. I am aware that the avaricious and the ambitious will accuse me of folly, but I have always found most pleasure in observing the nature of animals, studying their character, and writing their history.' Even with those who have acquired their celebrity, the love of literary labour is not diminished, a circumstance recorded by the younger Pliny of Livy; in a preface to one of his lost books, that historian had said that he had got sufficient glory by his former writings on the Roman history, and might now repose in silence; but his mind was so restless and so abhorrent of indolence, that it only felt its existence in literary exertion. Such are the minds who are without hope, if they are without occupation.

Amidst the repose and silence of study, delightful to the literary character, are the soothing interruptions of the voices of those whom he loves; these shall re-animate his languor, and moments of inspiration shall be caught in the emotions of affection, when a father or a friend, a wife, a daughter, or a sister, become the participators of his own tastes, the companions of his studies, and identify their happiness with his fame. If Horace was dear to his friends, he declares they owed him to his father,

> ——————purus et insons
> (Ut me collaudem) si vivo et carus amicis,
> Causa fuit Pater his.
>
> Lib. i. Sat. vi. v. 69.

> If pure and innocent, if dear (forgive
> These little praises) to my friends I live,
> My father was the cause.
>
> *Francis.*

This intelligent father, an obscure tax-gatherer, discovered the propensity of Horace's mind; for he removed the boy of genius from a rural seclusion to the metropolis, anxiously attending on him to his various masters. Vitruvius pours forth a grateful prayer to the memory of his parents, who had instilled into his soul a love for literary and philosophical subjects. The father of Gibbon urged him to literary distinction, and the dedication of the 'Essay on literature,' to that father, connected with his subsequent labour, shows the force of the excitement. The son of Buffon one day surprised his father by the sight of a column, which he had raised to the memory of his father's eloquent genius. 'It will do you honour,' observed the Gallic sage. And when that son in the revolution was led to the guillotine, he ascended in silence, so impressed with his father's fame, that he only told the people, 'I am the son of Buffon!' It was the mother of Burns who kindled his genius by delighting his childhood with the recitations of the old Scottish ballads, while to his father he attributed his cast of character; as Bishop Watson has recently traced to the affectionate influence of his mother, the religious feelings which he declares he had inherited from her. There is, what may be called, family genius; in the home of a man of genius he diffuses an electrical atmosphere; his own pre-eminence strikes out talents in all. Evelyn, in his beautiful retreat at Sayes Court, had inspired his family with that variety of tastes which he himself was spreading throughout the nation. His son translated Rapin's 'Gardens' which poem the father proudly preserved in his 'Sylva;' his lady, ever busied in his study, excelled in the arts her husband loved, and designed the frontispiece to his Lucretius; she was the cultivator of their celebrated garden, which served as 'an example,' of his great work on 'forest trees.' Cowley, who has commemorated Evelyn's love of books and gardens, has delightfully applied them to his lady, in whom, says the bard, Evelyn meets both pleasures;

> 'The fairest garden in her looks,
> And in her mind the wisest books.'

The house of Haller resembled a temple consecrated to science and the arts, for the votaries were his own family. The universal acquirements of Haller, were possessed in some degree by every one under his roof; and their studious delight in transcribing manuscripts, in consulting authors, in botanising, drawing and colouring the plants under his eye, formed occupations which made the daughters happy and the sons eminent. The painter Stella inspired his family to copy his fanciful inventions, and the playful graver of Claudine Stella, his niece, animated his 'Sports of Children.' The poems of the late Hurdis were printed by the hands of his sisters.

No event in literary history is more impressive than the fate of Quintillian; it was in the midst of his elaborate work, composed to form the literary character of a son, his great hope, that he experienced the most terrible affliction in the domestic life of genius—the death of his

wife, and one child after the other. It was a moral earthquake with a single survivor amidst the ruins. An awful burst of parental and literary affliction breaks forth in Quintullian's lamentation,—'my wealth, and my writings, the fruits of a long and painful life, must now be reserved only for strangers; all I possess is for aliens and no longer mine!' The husband, the father, and the man of genius, utter one cry of agony.

Deprived of these social consolations, we see Johnson call about him those whose calamities exiled them from society, and his roof lodges the blind, the lame and the poor; for the heart of genius must possess something human it can call its own to be kind to. Its elevated emotions, even in domestic life, would enlarge the moral vocabulary, like the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who has fixed in his language two significant words; one which served to explain the virtue most familiar to him—*bienfaisance*; and the irritable vanity magnifying its ephemeral fame the sage reduced to a mortifying diminutive—*la gloriole*.

It has often excited surprise that men of genius eminent in the world, are not more reverenced than other men in their domestic circle. The disparity between the public and the private esteem of the same man is often striking; in privacy the comic genius is not always cheerful, the sage is sometimes ridiculous, and the poet not delightful. The golden hour of invention must terminate like other hours, and when the man of genius returns to the cares, the duties, the vexations, and the amusements of life, his companions behold him as one of themselves—the creature of habits and infirmities. Men of genius, like the deities of Homer, are deities only in their 'Heaven of Invention:' mixing with mortals, they shed their blood like Venus, or bellow like Mars. Yet in the business of life the cultivators of science and the arts, with all their simplicity of feeling and generous openness about them, do not meet on equal terms with other men; their frequent abstractions calling off the mind to whatever enters into its favourite pursuits, render them greatly inferior to others in practical and immediate observation. A man of genius may know the whole map of the world of human nature; but, like the great geographer, may be apt to be lost in the wood, which any one in the neighbourhood knows better than him. 'The conversation of a poet,' says Goldsmith, 'is that of a man of sense, while his actions are those of a fool.' Genius, careless of the future, and absent in the present, avoids to mix too deeply in common life as its business; hence it becomes an easy victim to common fools and vulgar villains. 'I love my family's welfare, but I cannot be so foolish as to make myself the slave to the minute affairs of a house,' said Montesquieu. The story told of a man of learning is probably true, however ridiculous; deeply occupied in his library, one, rushing in, informed him that the house was on fire! 'Go to my wife—these matters belong to her!' pettishly replied the interrupted student. Bacon sat at one end of his table wrapt in many a reverie, while at the other the creatures about him were trafficking with his honour, and ruining his good name; 'I am better fitted for this,' said that great man once, holding out a book, 'than for the life I have of late led.' Buffon, who consumed his mornings in his old tower of Montbar, at the end of his garden, with all nature opening to him, formed all his ideas of what was passing before him by the arts of an active and pliant capuchin, and the comments of a perruquier on the scandalous chronicles; these he treated as children; but the children commanded the great man. Dr Young, whose satires give the very anatomy of human foibles, was entirely governed by his house-keeper; she thought and acted for him, which probably greatly assisted the 'Night Thoughts,' but his curate exposed the domestic economy of a man of genius by a satirical novel. Was not the hero Marlborough, at the moment he was the terror of France and the glory of Germany, held under the finger of his wife by the meanest passion of avarice?

But men of genius have too often been accused of imaginary crimes; their very eminence attracts the lie of calumny, a lie which tradition conveys beyond the possibility of refutation. Sometimes reproached for being undutiful sons, because they displeased their fathers in making an obscure name celebrated. The family of Descartes were insensible to the lustre his studies reflected on them; they lamented, as a blot in their escutcheon, that Descartes, who was born a gentleman, should become a philosopher. This elevated genius was even denied the satisfaction of embracing an unforgiving parent, while his dwarfish brother, with a mind diminutive as his person, ridiculed his philosophic relative, and turned to advantage his philosophic dispositions. They have been deemed disagreeable companions, because they felt the weariness of dullness, or the impertinence of intrusion; as bad husbands, when united to women, who without a kindred feeling had the mean sense, or the unnatural cruelty, to prey upon their infirmities. But is the magnet less a magnet, though the particles scattered about it, incapable of attraction, are unagitated by its occult quality?

Poverty is the endemial distemper of the commonwealth; but poverty is no term for 'ears polite.' Few can conceive a great character in a state of humble existence! That passion for wealth through all ranks, leaving the Hollanders aside, seems peculiar to the country where the 'Wealth of Nations' is made the first principle of its existence; and where the *cui bono?* is ever referred to a commercial result. This is not the chief object of life among the continental nations, where it seems properly restricted to the commercial class. Montesquieu, who was in England, observed that 'if he had been born here nothing could have consoled him on failing to accumulate a large fortune, but I do not lament the mediocrity of my circumstances in France.' This evil, for such it may be considered, has much increased here since Montesquieu's visit. It is useless to persuade some that there is a poverty, neither vulgar, nor terrifying, asking no favours, and on no terms receiving any—a poverty which annihilates its ideal evils, and becomes even a source of pride—a state which will confer independence, that first step to genius.

There have been men of genius who have even learnt to want. We see Rousseau rushing out of the hotel of the financier, selling his watch, copying music by the sheet, and by the mechanical industry of two hours, purchasing ten for genius. We may smile at the enthusiasm of young Barry, who finding himself too constant a haunter of tavern-company, imagined that his expenditure of time was occasioned by having money; to put an end to the conflict, he threw the little he possessed at once into the Liffey; but let us not forget that Barry, in the maturity of life, confidently began a labour of years, and one of the noblest inventions in his art, a great poem in a picture, with no other resource than what he found in secret labours through the night, by which he furnished the shops with those slight and saleable sketches which secured uninterrupted mornings for his genius. Spinosa, a name as celebrated and calumniated as Epicurus, lived in all sorts of abstinence, even of honours, of pensions, and of presents, which, however disguised by kindness, he would not accept, so fearful was this philosopher of a chain; lodging in a cottage, and, obtaining a livelihood by polishing optical glasses, and at his death his small accounts showed how he had subsisted on a few pence a day.

'Enjoy spare feast! a radish and an egg.'—*Cowper*.

Spinosa said he never had spent more than he earned, and certainly thought there was such a thing as superfluous earnings. Such are the men who have often smiled at the light regard of their neighbours in contrast with their growing celebrity; and who feel that eternal truth, which the wisest and the poorest of the Athenians has sent down to us, that 'not to want any thing is an attribute of the Divinity; but man approximates to this perfection by wanting little.'

There may be sufficient motives to induce the literary character to make a state of mediocrity his choice. If he loses his happiness, he mutilates his genius. Goldsmith, with the simplicity of his feelings and habits, in reviewing his life, tells us how he was always relapsing into his old propensity of comic writing; 'but the thought of this does not disturb me; for though in any other situation I might have been in easier circumstances, I should never have been so happy.' Bayle is a parent of the modern literary character; he pursued the same course, and early in life adopted the principle 'Neither to fear bad fortune, nor have any ardent desires for good.' He was acquainted with the passions only as their historian, and living only for literature, he sacrificed to it the two great acquisitions of human pursuits—fortune and a family; but in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Holland, in Flanders, at Geneva, he found a family of friends, and an accumulation of celebrity. A life of hard deprivations was long the life of Linnæus. Without a fortune, it never seemed to him necessary to acquire. Peregrinating on foot with a stylus, a magnifying glass, and a basket for plants, he shared with the peasant his rustic meal. Never was

glory acquired at a cheaper rate, says one of his eulogists. Satisfied with the least of the little, he only felt the necessity of completing his Floras; and the want of fortune did not deprive him of his glory, nor of that statue raised to him after death in the gardens of the University of Upsal; nor of that solemn eulogy delivered by a crowned head; nor of those medals which the king of Sweden, and the Swedes, struck, to commemorate the genius of the three kingdoms of Nature.

In substituting fortune for the object of his designs, the man of genius deprives himself of the inspirations of him who lives for himself; that is, for his Art. If he bends to the public taste, not daring to raise it to his own, he has not the choice of his subjects, which itself is a sort of invention. A task-worker ceases to think his own thoughts; the stipulated price and time are weighing on his pen or his pencil, while the hour-glass is dropping its hasty sands. If the man of genius would become something more than himself—if he would be wealthy and even luxurious, another fever torments him, besides the thirst of glory; such ardent desires create many fears, and a mind in fear is a mind in slavery. So inadequate, too, are the remunerations of literary works, that the one of the greatest skill and difficulty, and the longest labour, is not valued with that hasty spurious novelty for which the taste of the public is craving, from the strength of its disease, rather than its appetite. Rousseau observed that his musical opera, the work of five or six weeks, brought him as much money as he had received for his Emilius, which had cost him twenty years of meditation, and three years of composition. This single fact represents a hundred. In one of Shakespeare's sonnets he pathetically laments this compulsion of his necessities which forced him on the trade of pleasing the public; and he illustrates this degradation by a novel image. 'Chide Fortune,' cries the bard,—

'The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds;
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, LIKE THE DYER'S HAND.'

Such is the fate of that author, who, in his variety of task-works, blue, yellow, and red, lives without ever having shown his own natural complexion. We hear the eloquent truth from another who has shared in the bliss of composition, and the misery of its 'daily bread.' 'A single hour of composition won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the *trade of literature;* in the one case the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself, like a hart to the water-brooks; in the other it pursues its miserable way, panting and jaded with the dogs of hunger and necessity behind.'*

Genius undegraded and unexhausted, may, indeed, even in a garret, glow in its career; but it must be on the principle which induced Rousseau solemnly to renounce writing 'par metier.' This in the Journal des Scavans he once attempted, but found himself quite inadequate to 'the profession.'† In a garret, the author of the 'Studies of Nature' exultingly tells us that he arranged his work. 'It was in a little garret, in the new street of St Etienne du Mont, where I resided four years, in the midst of physical and domestic afflictions. But there I enjoyed the most exquisite pleasures of my life, amid profound solitude and an enchanting horizon. There I put the finishing hand to my 'Studies of Nature,' and there I published them.

It has been a question with some, more indeed abroad than at home, whether the art of instructing mankind by the press would not be less suspicious in its character, were it less interested in one of its motives? We have had some noble self-denials of this kind, and are not without them even in our country. Boileau almost censures Racine for having accepted money for one of his dramas, while he who was not rich, gave away his elaborate works to the public; and he seems desirous of raising the art of writing to a more disinterested profession than any other requiring no fees. Milton did not compose his immortal labour with any view of copyright; and Linnæus sold his works for a single ducat. The Abbé Mably, the author of many political and moral works, preserved the dignity of the literary character, for while he lived on little, he would accept only a few presentation copies from the booksellers. Since we have become a nation of book collectors, the principle seems changed; even the wealthy author becomes proud of the largest tribute paid to his genius, because this tribute is the evidence of the numbers who pay it; so that the property of a book represents to the literary candidate so many thousand voters in his favour.

The man of genius wrestling with heavy and oppressive fortune, who follows the avocations of an author as a precarious source of existence, should take as the model of the authorial life that of Dr Johnson; the dignity of the literary character was ever associated with his feelings; and the 'reverence thyself' was present to his mind even when doomed to be one of the *Helotæ* of literature, by Osborn, by Cave, or by Millar. Destitute of this ennobling principle, the author sinks into the tribe of those rabid adventurers of the pen who have masked the degraded form of the literary character under the title of 'authors by profession—the Guthries, the Ralphs, and the Amhursts.* 'There are worse evils, for the literary man,' says a modern author, who is himself the true model of the literary character,—'than neglect, poverty, imprisonment, and death. There are even more pitable objects than Chatterton himself with the poison of his lips.' 'I should die with hunger, were I at peace with the world,' exclaimed a corsair of literature,—and dashed his pen into that black flood before him of soot and gall.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATRIMONIAL STATE.

Matrimony has often been considered as a condition not well suited to the domestic life of genius; it is accompanied by too many embarrassments for the head and the heart It was an axiom with Fuessli, the Swiss artist, that the marriage state is incompatible with a high cultivation of the fine arts. Peiresc the great French collector, refused marriage, convinced that the cares of a family were too absorbing for the freedom necessary to literary pursuits, and a sacrifice of fortune incompatible with his great designs. Boyle, who would not suffer his studies to be interrupted by 'household affairs,' lived as a boarder with his sister Lady Ranelagh. Bayle, and Hobbes, and Hume, and Gibbon, and Adam Smith, decided for celibacy. Such has been the state of the great author whose sole occupation is combined with passion, and whose happiness is his fame—fame, which balances that of the heroes of the age, who have sometimes honoured themselves by acknowledging it.

This debate, for our present topic has sometimes warmed into one, in truth is ill adapted for controversy; the heart is more concerned in its issue than any espoused doctrine terminating in partial views. Look into the domestic annals of genius—observe the variety of positions into which the literary character is thrown in the nuptial state. Will cynicism always obtain his sullen triumph, and prudence be allowed to calculate away some of the richer feelings of our nature? Is it an axiom that literary characters must necessarily institute a new order of celibacy? One position we may assume, that the studies, and even the happiness of the pursuits of literary characters, are powerfully influenced by the domestic associate of their lives.

Men of genius rarely pass through the age of love without its passion: even their Delias and Amandas are often the shadows of some real object. According to Shakspeare's experience,

'Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs.'
Love's Labour Lost, Act IV. Scene 3.

Their imagination is perpetually colouring those pictures of domestic happiness they delight to dwell on. He who is no husband may sigh for that devoted tenderness which is at once bestowed and received; and tears may start in the eyes of him who can become a child among children, and is no father. These deprivations have usually been the concealed cause of the querulous and settled melancholy of the literary character. The real occasion of Shenstone's unhappiness was, that early in life he had been captivated by a young lady adapted to be both the muse and the wife of the poet. Her mild graces were soon touched by his plaintive love-songs and elegies. Their

* Quarterly Review, No. XVI, p. 538.

† Twice he repeated this resolution.—See his works, Vol. xxxi, p. 283. Vol. xxxii, p. 90.

* The reader will find an original letter by Guthrie to a Minister of State, in which this modern phrase was probably his own invention, with the principle unblushingly avowed. See 'Calamities of Authors,' vol. I, p. 5. Ralph farther opens mysteries, in an anonymous pamphlet of 'The Case of Authors by profession.' They were both pensioned.

sensibility was too mutual, and lasted for some years, till she died. It was in parting from her that he first sketched his 'Pastoral Ballad.' Shenstone had the fortitude to refuse marriage; his spirit could not endure that she should participate in that life of deprivations to which he was doomed, by an inconsiderate union with poetry and poverty. But he loved, and his heart was not locked up in the ice of celibacy. He says in a moment of humour, 'It is long since I have considered myself as *undone*. The world will not perhaps consider me in that light entirely till I have married my maid.' Thomson met a reciprocal passion in his Amanda, while the full tenderness of his heart was ever wasting itself like waters in a desert. As we have been made little acquainted with this part of the history of the poet of the Seasons, I give his own description of these deep feelings from a manuscript letter written to Mallet. 'To turn my eyes a softer way, to you know who—absence sighs it to me. What is my heart made of? a soft system of low nerves, too sensible for my quiet—capable of being very happy or very unhappy, I am afraid the last will prevail. Lay your hand upon a kindred heart, and despise me not. I know not what it is, but she dwells upon my thought in a mingled sentiment, which is the sweetest, the most intimately pleasing the soul can receive, and which I would wish never to want towards some dear object or another. To have always some secret darling idea to which one can still have recourse amidst the noise and nonsense of the world, and which never fails to touch us in the most exquisite manner, is an art of happiness that fortune cannot deprive us of. This may be called romantic; but whatever the cause is, the effect is really felt. Pray, when you write, tell me when you saw her, and with the pure eye of a friend, when you see her again, whisper that I am her most humble servant.' Even Pope was enamoured of 'a scornful lady; and as Johnson observed, 'polluted his will with female resentment.' Johnson himself, we are told by Miss Seward, who knew him, 'had always a metaphysical passion for one princess or other,—the rustic Lucy Porter, or the haughty Molly Aston, or the sublimated methodistic Hill Boothby; and lastly, the more charming Mrs Thrale.' Even in his advanced age, at the height of his celebrity, we hear his cries of lonely wretchedness. 'I want every comfort; my life is very solitary and very cheerless. Let me know that I have yet a friend—let us be kind to one another.' But the 'kindness' of distant friends is like the polar sun, too far removed to warm. A female is the only friend the solitary can have, because her friendship is never absent. Even those who have eluded individual tenderness, are tortured by an aching void in their feelings. The stoic Akenside, in his books of 'Odes,' has preserved the history of a life of genius in a series of his own feelings. One entitled, 'At Study,' closes with these memorable lines;

'Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame
And the old heroic lyre;
Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to lettered leisure known,
Or in social duty spent;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest,
Languishes for true content.'

If ever a man of letters lived in a state of energy and excitement which might raise him above the atmosphere of social love, it was assuredly the enthusiast, Thomas Hollis, who, solely devoted to literature and to republicanism, was occupied in furnishing Europe and America with editions of his favourite authors. He would not marry, lest marriage should interrupt the labours of his platonic politics. But his extraordinary memoirs, while they show an intrepid mind in a robust frame, bear witness to the self-tormentor who had trodden down the natural bonds of domestic life. Hence the deep 'dejection of his spirits;' those incessant cries, that he has no 'one to advise, assist, or cherish those magnanimous pursuits in him.' At length he retreated into the country, in utter hopelessness.

I go not into the country for attentions to agriculture as such, nor attentions of interest of any kind, which I have ever despised as such; but as a *used man*, to pass the remainder of a life in tolerable sanity and quiet, after having given up the flower of it, voluntarily, day, week, month, year after year successive to each other, to public service, and being no longer able to sustain, in *body or mind*, the labours that I have chosen to go through without falling speedily into *the greatest disorders*, and it might be *imbecility itself*. This is not colouring, but the exact plain truth,' and Gray's,

'Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets.'

Assuredly it would not be a question whether these literary characters should have married, had not Montaigne, when a widower, declared that 'he would not marry a second time, though it were wisdom itself;'—but the airy Gascon has not disclosed how far *Madame* was concerned in this anathema.

If the literary man unites himself to a woman whose taste and whose temper, are adverse to his pursuits, he must courageously prepare for a martyrdom. Should a female mathematician be united to a poet, it is probable that she would be left to her abstractions; to demonstrate to herself how many a specious diagram fails when brought into its mechanical operation; or while discovering the infinite varieties of a curve, may deduce her husband's. If she becomes as jealous of his books as other wives are of the mistresses of their husbands, she may act the virago even over his innocent papers. The wife of Bishop Cooper, while her husband was employed on his Lexicon, one day consigned the volume of many years to the flames; and obliged that scholar to begin a second siege of Troy in a second Lexicon. The wife of Whitelocke often destroyed his MSS and the marks of her nails have come down to posterity in the numerous *lacerations* still gaping in his 'Memorials.' The learned Sir Henry Saville, who devoted more than half his life, and near ten thousand pounds, to his magnificent edition of St Chrysostom, led a very uneasy life between that Saint and Lady Saville; what with her tenderness for him and her own want of amusement, Saint Chrysostom incurred more than one danger. One of those learned scholars who translated the Scriptures, kept a diary of his studies and his domestic calamities, for they both went on together; busied only among his books, his wife, from many causes, plunged him into debt; he was compelled to make the last sacrifice of a literary man, by disposing of his library. But now, he without books, and she worse and worse in temper, discontents were of fast growth between them. Our man of study, found his wife, like the remora, a little fish, sticking at the bottom of his ship impeding its progress. He desperately resolved to fly from the country and his wife. There is a cool entry in the diary, on a warm proceeding, one morning; wherein he expresses some curiosity to know the cause of his wife being out of temper! Simplicity of a patient scholar!* The present matrimonial case, however, terminated in unexpected happiness; the wife, after having forced her husband to be deprived of his library, to be daily chronicling her caprices, and finally, to take the serious resolution of abandoning his country, yet, living in good old times, religion and conscience united them again; and, as the connubial diarist ingeniously describes this second marriage of himself and his wife,—'made it be with them, as surgeons say it is with a fractured bone, if once well set, the stronger for a fracture.' A new consolation for domestic ruptures!

Observe the errors and infirmities of the greatest men of genius in their matrimonial connections. Milton carried nothing of the greatness of his mind, in the choice of his wives; his first wife was the object of sudden fancy. He left the metropolis, and unexpectedly returned a married man; united to a woman of such uncongenial dispositions, that the romp was frightened at the literary habits of the great poet, found his house solitary, beat his nephews, and ran away after a single month's residence! to this circumstance, we owe his famous treatise on Divorce, and a party, (by no means extinct,) who, having made as ill choices in their wives, were for divorcing, as fast as they had been for marrying, calling themselves *Miltonists*. When we find that Moliere, so skilful in human life, married a girl from his own troop, who made him experience

* The entry may amuse. Hodie, nescio qua intemperie uxorem meam agitavit, nam pecuniam usudatam projecit humi, ac sic irata discessit.—'This day, I know not the cause of the ill-temper of my wife; when I gave her money for daily expences, she flung it upon the ground and departed in passion.' For some, this Flemish picture must be too familiar to please, too minute a copy of vulgar life

all those bitter disgusts and ridiculous embarrassments which he himself played off at the Theatre; that Addison's fine taste in morals and in life, could suffer the ambition of a courtier to prevail with himself to seek a Countess, whom he describes under the stormy character of Oceana, who drove him contemptuously into solitude, and shortened his days; and, that Steele, warm and thoughtless, was united to a cold precise 'Miss Prue,' as he calls her, and from whom he never parted without bickerings; in all these cases we censure the great men, not their wives.* Rousseau has honestly confessed his error: he had united himself to a low illiterate woman—and when he retreated into solitude, he felt the weight which he carried with him. He laments that he had not educated his wife; 'In a docile age, I could have adorned her mind with talents and knowledge which would have more closely united us in retirement. We should not then have felt the intolerable tædium of a tete à tete; it is in solitude one feels the advantage of living with another who can think.' Thus Rousseau confesses the fatal error, and indicates the right principle.

But it seems not absolutely necessary for the domestic happiness of the literary character, that his wife should be a literary woman. The lady of Wieland was a very pleasing domestic person, who without reading her husband's works, knew he was a great poet. Wieland was apt to exercise his imagination in a sort of angry declamation and bitter amplifications; and the writer of this account in perfect German taste, assures us, 'that many of his felicities of diction were thus struck out at a heat:' during this frequent operation of his genius, the placable temper of Mrs Wieland overcame the orgasm of the German bard, merely by her admiration and her patience. When the burst was over, Wieland himself was so charmed by her docility, that he usually closed with giving up all his opinions. There is another sort of homely happiness, aptly described in the plain words of Bishop Newton: He found 'the study of sacred and classic authors ill agreed with butchers' and bakers' bills;' and when the prospect of a bishopric opened on him, 'more servants, more entertainments, a better table, &c.' it became necessary to look out for 'some clever sensible woman to be his wife, who would lay out his money to the best advantage, and be careful and tender of his health; a friend and companion at all hours, and who would be happier in staying at home than be perpetually gadding abroad.' Such are the wives, not adapted to be the votaries, but who may be the faithful companions through life, even of a man of genius.

That susceptibility, which is love in its most compliant forms, is a constitutional faculty in the female character, and hence its docility and enthusiasm has varied with the genius of different ages. When universities were opened to the sex, have they not acquired academic glory? Have not the wives of military men shared in the perils of the field, and as Anna Comnena, and our Mrs Hutchinson, become even their historians? In the age of love and sympathy the female receives an indelible character from her literary associate; his pursuits are even the objects of her thoughts; he sees his tastes reflected in his family, much less by himself, whose solitary labours often preclude him from forming them, than by that image of his own genius in his house—the mother of his children. Antiquity abounds with many inspiring examples of this cameleon reflection of the female character. Aspasia, from the arms of Pericles, borrowing his genius, could instruct the archons how to govern the republic; Portia, the wife of the republican Brutus, devouring the burning coals, showed a glorious suicide which Brutus had approved; while Paulina, the wife of Seneca, when the veins of that philosopher were commanded to be opened, voluntarily chose the same death; the philosopher commanded that her flowing blood should be stopped, but her pallid features ever after showed her still the wife of Seneca! The wife of Lucan is said to have transcribed and corrected the Pharsalia after the death of her husband; the tender mind of the wife had caught the energy of the bard by its intercourse; and when he was no more, she placed his bust on her bed, that she might never close her eyes without being soothed by his image. The picture of a literary wife of antiquity has descended to us, touched by the domestic pencil of a man of genius. It is the susceptible Calphurnia, the lady of the younger Pliny; 'her affection to me has given her a turn to books—her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured.' Could Mrs Hutchinson have written the life of her husband, had she not reflected from the patriot himself, all his devotedness to the country, had she not lent her whole soul to every event which concerned him? This female susceptibility was strong in the wife of Klopstock; our novelist Richardson, who could not read the Messiah in the original, was desirous of some account of the poem, and its progress. She writes to him that no one can inform him better than herself, for she knows the most of that which is not published, 'being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. Persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same; I with my little work, still, still,—only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion and all the sublimity of the subject—my husband reading me his young verses and suffering my criticisms.' Meta Mollers writes with enthusiasm, and in German English; but he is a pitiful critic who has only discovered the oddness of her language.

Gesner declared that whatever were his talents, the person who had most contributed to develope them was his wife. She is unknown to the public; but the history of the mind of such a woman can only be truly discovered in the 'Letters of Gesner and his Family.' While Gesner gave himself up entirely to his favourite arts, drawing, painting, etching, and composing poems, his wife would often reanimate a genius that was apt to despond in its attempts, and often exciting him to new productions, her certain and delicate taste was attentively consulted by the poet-painter—but she combined the most practical good sense with the most feeling imagination; this forms the rareness of the character—for this same woman, who united with her husband in the education of their children, to relieve him from the interruptions of common business, carried on alone the concerns of his house in *la librairie*. Her correspondence with her son, a young artist travelling for his studies, opens what an old poet comprehensively terms 'a gathered mind.' Imagine a woman attending the domestic economy, and the commercial details yet withdrawing out of this business of life into that of the more elevated pursuits of her husband, and the cares and counsels she bestowed on her son to form the artist and the man. To know this incomparable woman we must hear her. 'Consider your father's precepts as oracles of wisdom; they are the result of the experience he has collected, not only of life, but of that art which he has acquired simply by his own industry.' She would not have her son suffer his strong affection to herself to absorb all other sentiments. 'Had you remained at home, and been habituated under your mother's auspices to employments merely domestic, what advantage would you have acquired? I own we should have passed some delightful winter evenings together; but your love for the arts, and my ambition to see my sons as much distinguished for their talents as their virtues, would have been a constant source of regret at your passing your time in a manner so little worthy of you.' How profound is her observation on the strong but confined attachments of a youth of genius. 'I have frequently remarked, with some regret, the excessive attachment you indulge towards those who see and feel as you do yourself, and the total neglect with which you seem to treat every one else. I should reproach a man with such a fault who was destined to pass his life in a small and unvarying circle; but in an artist, who has a great object in view, and whose country is the whole world, this disposition seems to me likely to produce a great number of inconveniences—alas! my son, the life you have hitherto led in your father's house has been in fact a pastoral life, and not such a one as was necessary for the education of a man whose destiny summons him to the world.'—And when her son, after meditating on some of the most glorious productions of art, felt himself as he says, 'disheartened and cast down at the unattainable superiority of the artist, and that it was only by reflecting on the immense labour and continued efforts which such master pieces must have required, that I regained my courage and my ardour,' she observes, 'this passage, my dear son, is to me as precious as gold, and I send it to you again, because I wish you to impress it strongly on your mind. The remembrance of this may also be a useful preservative from too great confidence in your abilities, to which a warm imagination may sometimes be liable, or from the despondence you might

* See Curiosities of Literature, for various anecdotes of 'Literary Wives.'

occasionally feel from the contemplation of grand originals Continue, therefore, my dear son, to form a sound judgment and a pure taste from your own observations; your mind, while yet young and flexible, may receive whatever impressions you wish. Be careful that your abilities do not inspire in you too much confidence, lest it should happen to you as it has to many others, that they have never possessed any greater merit than that of having good abilities.' One more extract to preserve an incident which may touch the heart of genius. This extraordinary woman whose characteristic is that of strong sense with delicacy of feeling, would check her German sentimentality at the moment she was betraying those emotions in which the imagination is so powerfully mixed up with the associated feelings. Arriving at their cottage at Sihlwald, she proceeds—'On entering the parlour three small pictures, painted by you, met my eyes. I passed some time in contemplating them. It is now a year, thought I since I saw him trace these pleasing forms; he whistled and sang, and I saw them grow under his pencil; now he is far, far from us.—In short, I had the weakness to press my lips on one of these pictures. You well know, my dear son, that I am not much addicted to scenes of a sentimental turn; but to-day, while I considered your works, I could not restrain from this little impulse of maternal feelings. Do not, however, be apprehensive that the tender affection of a mother will ever lead me too far, or that I shall suffer my mind to be too powerfully impressed with the painful sensations to which your absence gives birth. My reason convinces me that it is for your welfare that you are now in a place where your abilities will have opportunities of unfolding, and where you can become great in your art.'

Such was the incomparable wife and mother of the Gesners!—Will it now be a question whether matrimony is incompatible with the cultivation of the arts? A wife who reanimates the drooping genius of her husband, and a mother who is inspired by the ambition of seeing her sons eminent, is she not the real being which the ancients only personified in their Muse?

CHAPTER XIV.

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

Among the virtues which literature inspires, is that of the most romantic friendship. The deliriumof love, and even its lighter caprices, are incompatible with the pursuits of the student; but to feel friendship like a passion, is necessary to the mind of genius, alternately elated and depressed, ever prodigal of feeling, and excursive in knowledge.

The qualities which constitute literary friendship, compared with those of men of the world, must render it as rare as true love itself, which it resembles in that intellectual tenderness of which both so deeply participate. Two atoms must meet out of the mass of nature, of such purity, that when they once adhere, they shall be as one, resisting the utmost force of separation. This literary friendship begins 'in the dews of their youth,' and may be said not to expire on their tomb. Engaged in similar studies, if one is found to excel, he shall find in the other the protector of his fame. In their familiar conversations, the memory of the one associates with the fancy of the other; and to such an intercourse, the world owes some of the finer effusions of genius, and some of those monuments of labour which required more than one giant hand.

In the poem Cowley composed on the death of his friend Harvey, this stanza opens a pleasing scene of two young literary friends engaged in their midnight studies.

'Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights
Till the Ladæan stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

Milton has not only given the exquisite Lycidas to the memory of one young friend, but his *Epitaphium Damonis* to another.

Now, mournfully cries the youthful genius, as versified by Langhorne,

'To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart,
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?'

The Sonnet of Gray on West, is another beautiful instance of that literary friendship of which we have several instances in our own days, from the school or the college; and which have rivalled in devoted affections any which these pages can record.

Such a friendship can never be the lot of men of the world, for it takes its source in the most elevated feelings; it springs up only in the freshness of nature, and is gathered in the golden age of human life. It is intellectual, and it loves solitude; for literary friendship has no convivial gaities and factious assemblies. The friendships of the men of society move on the principle of personal interest, or to relieve themselves from the listlessness of existence; but interest can easily separate the interested, and as weariness is contagious, the contact of the propagator is watched. Men of the world may look on each other with the same countenances, but not with the same hearts. Literary friendship is a sympathy, not of manners, but of feelings. In the common mart of life may be found intimacies which terminate in complaint and contempt; the more they know one another, the less is their mutual esteem; the feeble mind quarrels with one still more imbecile than himself; the dissolute riot with the dissolute, and while they despise their companions, they too have become despicable.

That perfect unity of feeling, that making of two individuals but one being is displayed in such memorable friendships as those of Beaumont and Fletcher; whose labours were so combined that no critic can detect the mingled production of either; and whose lives were so closely united, that no biographer can compose the memoirs of the one without running into the life of the other. Their days were as closely interwoven as their verses. Montaigne and Charron, in the eyes of posterity, are rivals, but such literary friendship knows no rivalry; such was Montaigne's affection for Charron, that he requested him by his will to bear the arms of the Montaignes; and Charron evinced his gratitude to the manes of his departed friend, by leaving his fortune to the sister of Montaigne. How pathetically Erasmus mourns over the death of his beloved Sir Thomas More—'*In Moro mihi videor extinctus*,'—'I seem to see myself extinct in More.'—It was a melancholy presage of his own death, which shortly after followed. The Doric sweetness and simplicity of old Isaac Walton, the angler, were reflected in a mind as clear and generous, when Charles Cotton continued the feelings, rather than the little work of Walton. Metastasio and Farinelli called each other *il Gemello*, the Twin; and both delighted to trace the resemblance of their lives and fates, and the perpetual alliance of the verse and the voice. Goguet, the author of 'The Origin of the Arts and Sciences,' bequeathed his MSS. and his books to his friend Fugere, with whom he had long united his affections and his studies, that his surviving friend might proceed with them; but the author had died of a slow and painful disorder, while Fugere had watched by the side of his dying friend, in silent despair; the sight of those MSS. and books was his death-stroke; half his soul which had once given them animation was parted from him, and a few weeks terminated his own days. When Loyd heard of the death of Churchill, he neither wished to survive him nor did. The Abbé de St Pierre gave an interesting proof of literary friendship for Varignon the geometrician; they were of congenial dispositions, and St Pierre, when he went to Paris, could not endure to part with Varignon, who was too poor to accompany him; and St Pierre was not rich. A certain income, however moderate, was necessary for the tranquil pursuits of geometry. St Pierre presented Varignon with a portion of his small income, accompanied by that delicacy of feeling which men of genius who know each other can best conceive: 'I do not give it you,' said St Pierre, 'as a salary, but an annuity, that thus you may be independent and quit me when you dislike me.' The same circumstance occurred between Akenside and Dyson, who, when the poet was in great danger of adding one more illustrious name to the Calamities of Authors, interposed between him and ill-fortune, by allowing him an annuity of three hundred a year, and when he found the fame of his literary friend attacked, although not in the habit of composition, Dyson published an able and a curious defence of Akenside's poetical and philosophical character. The name and character of Dyson have been suffered to die away, without a single tribute of even biographical sympathy: but as the record of literary glory, the patron's name should be inscribed by the side of the literary character; for the

public incurs an obligation whenever a man of genius is protected.

The statesman Fouquet, deserted by all others, witnessed La Fontaine hastening every literary man to the prison-gate; many have inscribed their works to their disgraced patron, in the hour

When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain,
They wait, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.

Such are the friendships of the great literary charactor! Their elevated minds have raised them into domestic heroes, whose deeds have been often only recorded on that fading register, the human heart.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITERARY AND PERSONAL CHARACTER.

Are the personal dispositions of an author discoverable in his writings as those of an artist are imagined to appear in his works, where Michael Angelo is always great and Raphael ever graceful?

Is the moralist a moral man? Is he malignant who publishes caustic satires? Is he a libertine who composes loose poems? And is he whose imagination delights in terror and in blood, the very monster he paints?

Many licentious writers have led chaste lives. La Mothe le Vayer wrote two works of a free nature; yet his was the unblemished life of a retired sage. Bayle is the too faithful compiler of impurities, but he resisted the corruption of the senses as much as Newton. La Fontaine wrote tales fertile in intrigues, yet the 'bon homme' has not left on record a single ingenious amour. Smollet's character is immaculate; yet he has described two scenes which offend even in the freedom of imagination. Cowley, who boasts with such gaiety of the versatility of his passion among so many mistresses, wanted even the confidence to address one. Thus, licentious writers may be very chaste men; for the imagination may be a volcano, while the heart is an Alp of ice.

Turn to the moralist—there we find Seneca, the disinterested usurer of seven millions, writing on moderate desires, on a table of gold. Sallust, who so eloquently declaims against the licentiousness of the age, was repeatedly accused in the Senate of public and habitual debaucheries; and when this inveigher against the spoilers of provinces attained to a remote government, Sallust pillaged like Verres. Lucian, when young, declaimed against the friendship of the great, as another name for servitude; but when his talents procured him a situation under the Emperor, he facetiously compared himself to those quacks, who themselves plagued with a perpetual cough, offer to sell an infallible remedy for one. Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, declares that no man ought to be punished for his religion; yet he became a fierce persecutor, racking and burning men when his own true faith here was at the ebb. At the moment the poet Rousseau was giving versions of the Psalms, full of unction, as our neighbours say, he was profaning the same pen with the most infamous of epigrams. We have heard of an erotic poet of our times composing sacred poetry, or night-hymns in church-yards. The pathetic genius of Sterne played about his head, but never reached his heart.

And thus with the personal dispositions of an author, which may be quite the reverse from those which appear in his writings. Johnson would not believe that Horace was a happy man, because his verses were cheerful, no more than he could think Pope so, because he is continually informing us of it. Young, who is constantly contemning preferment in his writings, was all his life pining after it: and while the sombrous author of the 'Night Thoughts' was composing them, he was as cheerful as any other man; he was as lively in conversation as he was gloomy in his writings: and when a lady expressed her surprise at his social converse, he replied—'There is much difference between writing and talking.' Molière, on the contrary, whose humour was so perfectly comic, and even ludicrous, was a very thoughtful and serious man, and perhaps even of a melancholy temper: his strongly-featured physiognomy exhibits the face of a great tragic, rather than of a great comic, poet. Could one have imagined that the brilliant wit, the luxuriant raillery, and the fine and deep sense of Paschal could have combined with the most opposite qualities—the hypochondriasm and bigotry of an ascetic? Rochefoucauld, says the eloquent Dugald Stewart, in private life was a conspicuous example of all those moral qualities of which he seemed to deny the existence, and exhibited in this respect a striking contrast to the Cardinal De Retz, who has presumed to censure him for his want of faith in the reality of virtue; and to which we must add, that De Retz was one of those pretended patriots without a single of those virtues for which he was the clamorous advocate of faction. When Valincour attributed the excessive tenderness in the tragedies of Racine to the poet's own impassioned character, the younger Racine amply showed that his father was by no means this slave of love; that his intercourse with a certain actress was occasioned by his pains to form her, who with a fine voice, and memory, and beauty, was incapable of comprehending the verses she recited, or accompanying them with any natural gesture. The tender Racine never wrote a single love poem, nor had a mistress; and his wife had never read his tragedies, for poetry was not her delight. Racine's motive for making love the constant source of action in his tragedies, was on the principle which has influenced so many poets, who usually conform to the prevalent taste of the times. In the court of a young monarch, it was necessary that heroes should be lovers; and since Corneille had so nobly run in one career, Racine could not have existed as a great poet, had he not rivalled him in an opposite one. The tender Racine was no lover; but he was a subtle and epigrammatic observer, before whom his convivial friends never cared to open their minds. It is not therefore surprising if we are often erroneous in the conception we form of the personal character of a distant author. Klopstock, the votary of Zion's muse, so astonished and warmed the sage Bodmer, that he invited the inspired bard to his house; but his visiter shocked the grave professor, when, instead of a poet rapt in silent meditation, a volatile youth leapt out of the chaise, who was an enthusiast for retirement only when writing verses. An artist whose pictures exhibit a series of scenes of domestic tenderness, awakening all the charities of private life, participated in them in no other way than on his canvass. Evelyn, who has written in favour of active life, loved and lived in retirement; while Sir George Mackenzie framed an eulogium on solitude, who had been continually in the bustle of business.

Thus an author and an artist may yield no certain indication of their personal character in their works. Inconstant men will write on constancy, and licentious minds may elevate themselves into poetry and piety. And were this not so, we should be unjust to some of the greatest geniuses, when the extraordinary sentiments they put into the mouths of their dramatic personages are maliciously applied to themselves. Euripides was accused of atheism, when he made a denier of the gods appear on the stage. Milton has been censured by Clarke for the impiety of Satan; and it was possible that an enemy of Shakspeare might have reproached him for his perfect delineation of the accomplished villain Iago; as it was said that Dr Moore was sometimes hurt in the opinions of some, by his horrid Zeluco. Crebillon complains of this.—'They charge me with all the iniquities of Atreus, and they consider me in some places as a wretch with whom it is unfit to associate; as if all which the mind invents must be derived from the heart.' This poet offers a striking instance of the little alliance existing between the literary and personal dispositions of an author. Crebillon, who exulted on his entrance into the French academy, that he had never tinged his pen with the gall of satire, delighted to strike on the most harrowing string of the tragic lyre. In his Atreus, the father drinks the blood of his son; in Rhadamistus, the son expires under the hand of the father; in Electra, the son assassinates the mother. A poet is a painter of the soul; but a great artist is not therefore a bad man.

Montaigne appears to have been sensible of this fact in the literary character. Of authors, he says, he likes to read their little anecdotes and private passions; and adds, 'Car j'ai une singulière curiosité de connoitre l'ame et les naifs jugemens de mes auteurs. Il faut bien juger leur suffisance, mais non pas leurs moeurs, ni eux, par cette montre de leurs écrits qu'ils étalent au théatre du monde.' Which may be thus translated—'For I have a singular curiosity to know the soul and simple opinions of my authors. We must judge of their ability, but not of their manners, nor of themselves, by that show of their writings which they display on the theatre of the world.' This is very just, and are we yet convinced, that the simplicity of

this old favourite of Europe, might not have been as much a theatrical gesture, as the sentimentality of Sterne?

We must not therefore consider that he who paints vice with energy is therefore vicious, lest we injure an honourable man; nor must we imagine that he who celebrates virtue is therefore virtuous, for we may then repose on a heart which knowing the right pursues the wrong.

These paradoxical appearances in the history of genius present a curious moral phenomenon. Much must be attributed to the plastic nature of the versatile faculty itself. Men of genius have often resisted the indulgence of one talent to exercise another with equal power; some, who have solely composed sermons, could have touched on the foibles of society with the spirit of Horace or Juvenal; Blackstone and Sir William Jones directed that genius to the austere studies of law and philology, which might have excelled in the poetical and historical character. So versatile is this faculty of genius, that its possessors are sometimes uncertain of the manner in which they shall treat their subject; whether to be grave or ludicrous? When Breboeuf, the French translator of the Pharsalia of Lucan, had completed the first book as it now appears, he at the same time composed a burlesque version, and sent both to the great arbiter of taste in that day, to decide which the poet should continue? The decision proved to be difficult. Are there not writers who can brew a tempest or fling a sunshine with all the vehemence of genius at their will? They adopt one principle, and all things shrink into the pigmy forms of ridicule; they change it, and all rise to startle us, with animated Colossusses. On this principle of the versatility of the faculty, a production of genius is a piece of art which wrought up to its full effect is merely the result of certain combinations of the mind, with a felicity of manner obtained by taste and habit.

Are we then to reduce the works of a man of genius to a mere sport of his talents; a game in which he is only the best player? Can he whose secret power raises so many emotions in our breasts, be without any in his own? A mere actor performing a part? Is he unfeeling when he is pathetic, indifferent when he is indignant? An alien to all the wisdom and virtue he inspires? No! were men of genius themselves to assert this, and it is said some incline to it, there is a more certain conviction, than their mistakes, in our own consciousness, which for ever assures us, that deep feelings and elevated thoughts must spring from their source.

In proving that the character of the man may be very opposite to that of his writing, we must recollect that the habits of life may be contrary to the habits of the mind. The influence of their studies over men of genius, is limited; out of the ideal world, man is reduced to be the active creature of sensation. An author, has in truth, two distinct characters; the literary, formed by the habits of his study; the personal, by the habits of situation. Gray, cold, effeminate and timid in his personal, was lofty and awful in his literary character; we see men of polished manners and bland affection, in grasping a pen, are thrusting a poignard; while others in domestic life, with the simplicity of children and the feebleness of nervous affections, can shake the senate or the bar with the vehemence of their eloquence and the intrepidity of their spirit.

And, however the personal character may contrast with that of their genius, still are the works themselves genuine, and exist in realities for us—and were so doubtless to themselves, in the act of composition. In the calm study, a beautiful imagination may convert him whose morals are corrupt, into an admirable moralist, awakening feelings which yet may be cold in the business of life; since we have shown that the phlegmatic can excite himself into wit, and the cheerful man delight in Night-thoughts. Sallust, the corrupt Sallust, might retain the most sublime conceptions of the virtues which were to save the Republic; and Sterne, whose heart was not so susceptible in ordinary occurrences, while he was gradually creating incident after incident, touching the emotions one after another, in the stories of Le Fevre and Maria, might have thrilled—like some of his readers.* Many have mourned over the wisdom or the virtue they contemplated, mortified at their own infirmities. Thus, though there may be no identity, between the book and the man, still for us, an author is ever an abstract being, and, as one of the Fathers said, 'a dead man may sin dead, leaving books that make others sin.' An author's wisdom or his folly does not die with him. The volume, not the author, is our companion, and is for us a real personage, performing before us whatever it inspires; 'he being dead, yet speaketh.' Such is the vitality of a book!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Among the more active members of the republic there is a class to whom may be appropriately assigned the title of Men of Letters.

The man of letters, whose habits and whose whole life so closely resemble those of an author, can only be distinguished by the simple circumstance, that the man of letters is not an author.

Yet he whose sole occupation through life is literature, who is always acquiring and never producing appears as ridiculous as the architect who never raised an edifice, or the statuary who refrains from sculpture. His pursuits are reproached with terminating in an epicurean selfishness, and amidst his incessant avocations he himself is considered as a particular sort of idler.

This race of literary characters, as they now exist, could not have appeared till the press had poured its affluence; in the degree that the nations of Europe became literary, was that philosophical curiosity kindled, which induced some to devote their fortunes and their days, and to experience some of the purest of human enjoyments, in preserving and familiarising themselves with 'the monuments of vanished minds,' that indestructible history of the genius of every people, through all its eras—and whatever men have thought and whatever men have done, were at length discovered to be found in Books.

Men of letters occupy an intermediate station between authors and readers; with more curiosity of knowledge and more multiplied tastes, and by those precious collections which they are forming during their lives, more completely furnished with the means than are possessed by the multitude who read, and the few who write.

The studies of an author are usually restricted to particular subjects; his tastes are tinctured by their colouring, and his mind is always shaping itself to them. An author's works form his solitary pride, and often mark the boundaries of his empire; while half his life wears away in the slow maturity of composition; and still the ambition of authorship torments its victim alike in disappointment or in possession.

But the solitude of the man of letters is soothed by the surrounding objects of his passion; he possesses them, and they possess him. His volumes in triple rows on their shelves; his portfolios, those moveable galleries of pictures and sketches; his rich *medaillier* of coins and gems, that library without books; some favourite sculptures and paintings on which his eye lingers as they catch a magical light; and some antiquities of all nations, here and there, about his house; these are his furniture! Every thing about him is so endeared to him by habit, and many higher associations, that even to quit his collections for a short time becomes a real suffering; he is one of the *lief-hebbers* of the Hollanders—a lover or fancier.* He lives where he will die; often his library and his chamber are contiguous, and this 'Parva, sed apta,' this contracted space, has

* Long after this was written, and while this volume was passing through the press, I discovered a new incident in the life of Sterne, which verifies my conjecture. By some unpublished letters of Sterne's in Mr Murray's Collection of Autographical Letters, it appears that early in life, he deeply fixed the affections of a young lady, during a period of five years, and for some cause I know not, he suddenly deserted her and married another. The young lady was too sensible of this act of treachery; she lost her senses and was confined in a private mad-house, where Sterne twice visited her. He has drawn and coloured the picture of her madness, which he himself had occasioned! This fact only adds to some which have so deeply injured the sentimental character of this author, and the whole spurious race of his wretched apes. His life was loose, and shandean. his principles unsettled, and it does not seem that our wit bore a single attraction of personal affection about him; for his death was characteristic of his life. Sterne died at his lodgings, with neither friend nor relative by his side; a hired nurse was the sole companion of the man whose wit found admirers in every street, but whose heart could not draw one by his death-bed

* The Dutch call every thing for which they have a passion lief-hebberge—things having their love; and as their feeling is much stronger than their delicacy, they apply the term to every thing, from poesy and picture to tulips and tobacco. Lief-hebbers are lovers or fanciers.

often marked the boundary of the existence of the opulent owner.

His invisible days flow on in this visionary world of literature and art; all the knowledge, and all the tastes, which genius has ever created are transplanted into his cabinet; there they flourish together in an atmosphere of their own. But tranquillity is essential to his existence; for though his occupations are interrupted without inconvenience, and resumed without effort, yet if the realities of life, with all their unquiet thoughts, are suffered to enter into his ideal world, they will be felt as if something were flung with violence among the trees where the birds are singing,—all would instantly disperse.

Such is that life of self-oblivion of the man of letters, for which so many have voluntarily relinquished a public station; or their rank in society; neglecting even fortune and health. Of the pleasures of the man of letters it may be said, they combine those opposite sources of enjoyment observed in the hunter and the angler. Of a great hunter it was said, that he did not live but hunted; and the man of letters, in his perpetual researches, feels the like heat, and the joy of discovery, in his own chase; while in the deep calm of his spirits, such is the sweetness of his uninterrupted hours, like those of the angler that one may say of him what Colonel Venables, an enthusiastic angler, declared of his favourite pursuit, 'many have cast off other recreations and embraced this; but I never knew any angler wholly cast off, though occasions might interrupt, their affections to their beloved recreation.'

But 'men of the world,' as they are so emphatically distinguished, imagine that a man so lifeless in 'the world' must be one of the dead in it, and, with mistaken wit, would inscribe over the sepulchre of his library, 'Here lies the body of our friend.' If the man of letters has voluntarily quitted their 'world,' at least he has past into another where he enjoys a sense of existence through a long succession of ages, and where Time, who destroys all things for others, for him only preserves and discovers. This world is best described by one who has lingered among its inspirations. 'We are wafted into other times and strange lands, connecting us by a sad but exalting relationship with the great events and great minds which have passed away. Our studies at once cherish and controul the imagination, by leading it over an unbounded range of the noblest scenes in the overawing company of departed wisdom and genius'*

If the man of letters is less dependent on others for the very perception of his own existence, his solitude is not that of a desert, but of the most cultivated humanity; for all there tends to keep alive those concentrated feelings which cannot be indulged with security, or even without ridicule, in general society. Like the Lucullus of Plutarch, he would not only live among the votaries of literature, but would live for them; he throws open his library, his gallery, and his cabinet, to all the Grecians. Such are the men who father neglected genius, or awaken its infancy by the perpetual legacy of the 'Prizes' of Literature and science; who project those benevolent institutions where they have poured out the philanthrophy of their hearts in that world which they appear to have forsaken. If Europe is literary, to whom does she owe this, more than to these men of letters? To their noble passion of amassing through life those magnificent collections, which often bear the names of their founders from the gratitude of a following age? Venice, Florence, and Copenhagen, Oxford and London, attest the existence of their labours. Our Bodleys and our Harleys, our Cottons and our Sloanes, our Cracherodes and our Townleys, were of this race! In the perpetuity of their own studies, they felt as if they were extending human longevity, by throwing an unbroken light of knowledge into the next age. Each of the public works, for such they become, was the project and the execution of a solitary man of letters during half a century; the generous enthusiasm which inspired their intrepid labours; the difficulties overcome; the voluntary privations of what the world calls its pleasures and its honours would form an interesting history not yet written; their due, yet undischarged.

Living more with books than with men, the man of letters is more tolerant of opinions than they are among themselves, nor are his views of human affairs contracted to the day, as those who in the heat and hurry of life can act only on expedients, and not on principles; who deem themselves politicians because they are not moralists; to whom the centuries behind have conveyed no results, and who cannot see how the present time is always full of the future; as Leibnitz has expressed a profound reflection. 'Every thing,' says the lively Burnet, 'must be brought to the nature of tinder or gunpowder, ready for a spark to set it on fire,' before they discover it. The man of letters is accused of a cold indifference to the interests which divide society. In truth, he knows their miserable beginnings and their certain terminations; he is therefore rarely observed as the head, or the rump, of a party.

Antiquity presents such a man of letters in Atticus, who retreated from a political to a literary life; had his letters accompanied those of Cicero they would have illustrated the ideal character of a man of letters. But the sage Atticus rejected a popular celebrity for a passion not less powerful yielding up his whole soul to study. Cicero, with all his devotion to literature, was still agitated by another kind of glory and the most perfect author in Rome imagined that he was enlarging his honours by the intrigues of the consulship. He has distinctly marked the character of the man of letters in the person of his friend Atticus, and has expressed his respect, although he could not content himself with its imitation. 'I know,' says this man of genius and ambition, 'I know the greatness and ingenuousness of your soul, nor have I found any difference between us, but in a different choice of life; a certain sort of ambition has led me earnestly to seek after honours, while other motives, by no means blameable, induced you to adopt an honourable leisure; *honestum otium*.'* These motives appear in the interesting memoirs of this man of letters—a contempt of political intrigues with a desire to escape from the bustle and splendour of Rome to the learned leisure of Athens; to dismiss a pompous train of slaves for the delight of assembling under his roof a literary society of readers and transcribers; and there having collected the portraits or busts of the illustrious men of his country, he caught their spirit and was influenced by their virtues or their genius, as he inscribed under them, in concise verses, the characters of their mind. Valuing wealth only for its use, a dignified economy enabled him to be profuse, and a moderate expenditure allowed him to be generous.

The result of this literary life was the strong affections of the Athenians; at the first opportunity, the absence of the man of letters offered, they raised a statue to him, conferring on our Pomponius the fond surname of Atticus. To have received a name from the voice of the city they inhabited, has happened to more than one man of letters. Pinelli, born a Neapolitan, but residing at Venice, among other peculiar honours received from the senate, was there distinguished by the affectionate title of 'the Venetian.'

Yet such a character as Atticus could not escape censure from 'men of the world;' they want the heart and the imagination to conceive something better than themselves. The happy indifference, perhaps the contempt, of our Atticus for rival factions, they have stigmatised as a cold neutrality, and a timid cowardly hypocrisy. Yet Atticus could not have been a mutual friend, had both not alike held the man of letters as a sacred being amidst their disguised ambition; and the urbanity of Atticus, while it balanced the fierceness of two heroes, Pompey and Cæsar, could even temper the rivalry of genius in the orators Hortensius and Cicero. A great man of our own country widely differed from the accusers of Atticus; Sir Matthew Hale lived in times distracted, and took the character of our man of letters for his model, adopting two principles in the conduct of Atticus; engaging with no party or public business, and affording a constant relief to the unfortunate of whatever party, he was thus preserved amidst the contests of times. Even Cicero himself, in his happier moments, in addressing his friend, exclaims—'I had much rather be sitting on your little bench under Aristotle's picture, than in the curule chairs of our great ones.' This wish was probably sincere, and reminds us of another great politician in his secession from public affairs, retreating to a literary life, when he appears suddenly to have discovered a new-found world. Fox's favourite line, which he often repeated, was,

'How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle.' *Cowper.*

If the personal interests of the man of letters are not too deeply involved in society, his individual prosperity however is never contrary to public happiness. Other

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXIII, p. 145.

* Ed Atticum, Lib. I. Ep. 17.

professions necessarily exist by the conflict and the calamities of the community; the politician is great by hatching an intrigue; the lawyer is counting his briefs; the physician his sick-list; the soldier is clamorous for war, and the merchant riots on the public calamity of high prices. But the man of letters only calls for peace and books, to unite himself with his brothers scattered over Europe; and his usefulness can only be felt, when, after a long interchange of destruction, men during short intervals, recovering their senses, discover that 'knowledge is power.'

Of those eminent men of letters, who were not authors, the history of Peiresc opens the most enlarged view of their activity. This moving picture of a literary life had been lost for us, had not Peiresc found in Gassendi a twin-spirit; so intimate was that biographer with the very thoughts; so closely united in the same pursuits, and so perpetual an observer of the remarkable man whom he has immortalized, that when employed on this elaborate resemblance of his friend, he was only painting himself with all the identifying strokes of self-love.

It was in the vast library of Pinelli, the founder of the most magnificent one in Europe, that Peiresc, then a youth, felt the remote hope of emulating the man of letters before his eyes. His life was not without preparation, not without fortunate coincidences, but there was a grandeur of design in the execution, which originated in the genius of the man himself.

The curious genius of Peiresc was marked by its precosity, as usually are strong passions in strong minds; this was the germ of all those studies which seemed mature in his youth. He resolved on a personal intercourse with the great literary characters of Europe; and his friend has thrown over these literary travels, that charm of detail by which we accompany Peiresc into the libraries of the learned; there with the historian opening new sources of history, or with the critic correcting manuscripts, and settling points of erudition; or by the opened cabinet of the antiquary, decyphering obscure inscriptions, and explaining medals; in the galleries of the curious in art, among their marbles, their pictures and their prints, he has often revealed to the artist some secret in his own art. In the museum of the naturalist, or among the plants of the botanist, there was no rarity of nature, and no work of art on which he had not to communicate; his mind toiled with that impatience of knowledge, that becomes a pain only in the cessation of rest. In England Peiresc was the associate of Camden and Selden, and had more than one interview with that friend to literary men, our calumniated James I; one may judge by these who were the men whom he first sought, and by whom he himself ever after was sought. Such indeed were immortal friendships! immortal they may be justly called, from the objects in which they concerned themselves, and from the permanent results of their combined studies.

Another peculiar greatness in this literary character was his enlarged devotion to literature for itself; he made his own universal curiosity the source of knowledge to other men; considering the studious as forming but one great family wherever they were, the national repositories of knowledge in Europe, for Peiresc, formed but one collection for the world. This man of letters had possessed himself of their contents, that he might have manuscripts collected, unedited pieces explored, extracts supplied, and even draughtsmen employed in remote parts of the world, to furnish views and plans, and to copy antiquities for the student, who in some distant retirement discovered that the literary treasures of the world were unfailingly opened to him by the secret devotion of this man of letters.

Carrying on the same grandeur in his views, Europe could not limit his inextinguishable curiosity; his universal mind busied itself in every part of the habitable globe. He kept up a noble traffic with all travellers, supplying them with philosophical instruments and recent inventions, by which he facilitated their discoveries, and secured their reception even in barbarous realms; in return he claimed, at his own cost, for he was 'born rather to give than to receive,' Says Gassendi, fresh importations of oriental literature, curious antiquities, or botanic rarities, and it was the curiosity of Peiresc which first embellished his own garden, and thence the gardens of Europe, with a rich variety of exotic flowers and fruits. Whenever he was presented with a medal, a vase, or a manuscript, he never slept over the gift till he had discovered what the donor delighted in; and a book, a picture, or a plant, when money could not be offered, fed their mutual passion and sustained the general cause of science.—The correspondence of Peiresc branched out to the farthest bounds of Ethiopia, connected both Americas, and had touched the newly discovered extremities of the universe, when this intrepid mind closed in a premature death.

I have drawn this imperfect view of Peiresc's character, that men of letters may be reminded of the capacities they possess. There still remains another peculiar feature. With all these vast views the fortune of Peiresc was not great; and when he sometimes endured the reproach of those whose sordidness was startled at this prodigality of mind, and the great objects which were the result, Peiresc replied that 'a small matter suffices for the natural wants of a literary man, whose true wealth consists in the monuments of arts, the treasures of his library, and the brotherly affections of the ingenious.' He was a French judge, but he supported the dignity more by his own character than by luxury or parade. He would not wear silk, and no tapestry hangings ornamented his apartments; but the walls were covered with the portraits of his literary friends: and in the unadorned simplicity of his study, his books, his papers, and his letters were scattered about him on the tables, the seats, and the floor. There, stealing from the world, he would sometimes admit to his spare supper his friend Gassendi, 'content,' says that amiable philosopher, 'to have me for his guest.'

Peiresc, like Pinelli, never published any work. Few days, indeed, passed without Peiresc writing a letter on the most curious inquiries; epistles which might be considered as so many little books, observes Gassendi.* These men of letters derived their pleasure, and perhaps their pride, from those vast strata of knowledge which their curiosity had heaped together in their mighty collections. They either were not endowed with that faculty of genius which strikes out aggregate views, or with the talent of composition which embellishes minute ones. This deficiency in the minds of such may be attributed to a thirst of learning, which the very means to allay can only inflame. From all sides they are gathering information; and that knowledge seems never perfect to which every day brings new acquisitions. With these men, to compose is to hesitate; and to revise is to be mortified by fresh doubts and unsupplied omissions. Peiresc was employed all his life in a history of Provence; and day after day he was adding to the splendid mass. But 'Peiresc,' observes Gassendi, 'could not mature the birth of his literary offspring, or lick it into any shape of elegant form; he was therefore content to take the midwife's part, by helping the happier labours of others.'

Such are the silent cultivators of knowledge, who are rarely authors, but who are often, however, contributing to the works of authors: without their secret labours, the public would not have possessed many valued works. That curious knowledge of books which, since Europe has become literary, is both the beginning and the result of knowledge; and literary history itself, which is the history of the age, of the nation and of the individual, one of the important consequences of these vast collections of books, has almost been created in our own times. These sources, which offer so much delightful instruction to the author and the artist, are separate studies from the cultivation of literature and the arts, and constitute more particularly the province of these men of letters.

The philosophical writer, who can adorn the page or history, is not always equal to form it. Robertson, after his successful history of Scotland, was long irresolute in his design, and so unpractised in researches of the sort he was desirous of attempting, that his admirers had nearly lost his popular productions, had not a fortunate introduction to Dr Birch enabled him to open the clasped books, and to drink of the sealed fountains. Robertson has confessed his inadequate knowledge and his overflowing gratitude, in letters which I have elsewhere printed. A suggestion by a man of letters has opened the career of

* The history of the letters of Peiresc is remarkable. He preserved copies of his entire correspondence; but it has been recorded that many of these epistles were consumed, to save fuel, by the obstinate avarice of a niece. This would not have been a solitary instance of eminent men leaving their collections to unworthy descendants. However, after the silence of more than a century, some of these letters have been recovered and may be found in some French journals of A. Millin. They descended from the gentleman who married this very niece, probably the remains of the collection. The letters answer to the description of Gassendi, full of curious knowledge and observation.

many an aspirant; a hint from Walsh conveyed a new conception of English poetry to one of its masters. The celebrated treatise of Grotius, on 'Peace and War,' was projected by Peiresc. It was said of Magliabechi, who knew all books and never wrote one, that by his diffusive communications he was in some respects concerned in all the great works of his times. Sir Robert Cotton greatly assisted Camden and Speed; and that hermit of literature, Baker of Cambridge, was still supplying with his invaluable researches, Burnet, Kennet, Hearne, of Middleton. Such is the concealed aid which these men of letters afford our authors, and which we may compare to those subterraneous streams, which flowing into spacious lakes, are still, unobserved, enlarging the waters which attract the public eye.

Such are these men of letters! but the last touches of their picture, given with all the delicacy and warmth of a self-painter, may come from the Count de Caylus, celebrated for his collections and for his generous patronage of artists.

'His glory is confined to the mere power which he has of being one day useful to letters and to the arts; for his whole life is employed in collecting materials of which learned men and artists make no use till after the death of him who amassed them. It affords him a very sensible pleasure to labour in hopes of being useful to those who pursue the same course of studies, while there are so great a number who die without discharging the debt which they incur to society.'

CHAPTER XVII.

LITERARY OLD AGE.

The old age of the literary character retains its enjoyments, and usually its powers, a happiness which accompanies no other. The old age of coquetry with extinct beauty; that of the used idler left without a sensation; that of a grasping Crœsus, who envies his heir; or that of the Machiavel who has no longer a voice in the cabinet, makes all these persons resemble unhappy spirits who cannot find their graves. But for the aged man of letters memory returns to her stories, and imagination is still on the wing, amidst fresh discoveries and new designs. The others fall like dry leaves, but he like ripe fruit, and is valued when no longer on the tree.

The intellectual faculties, the latest to decline, are often vigorous in the decrepitude of age. The curious mind is still striking out into new pursuits; and the mind of genius is still creating. ANCORA IMPARO!—'Yet I am learning!' Such was the concise inscription of an ingenious device of an old man placed in a child's go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it, which Michael Angelo applied to his own vast genius in his ninetieth year.*

Time, the great destroyer of other men's happiness, only enlarges the patrimony of literature to its possessor. A learned and highly intellectual friend once said to me, 'If I have acquired more knowledge these last four years than I had hitherto, I shall add materially to my stores in the next four years; and so at every subsequent period of my life, should I acquire only in the same proportion, the general mass of my knowledge will greatly accumulate. If we are not deprived by nature or misfortune, of the means to pursue this perpetual augmentation of knowledge, I do not see but we may be still fully occupied and deeply interested even to the last day of our earthly term.' In such pursuits, where life is rather wearing out, than rusting out, as Bishop Cumberland expressed it, death scarcely can take us by surprise: and much less by those continued menaces which shake the old age of men, of no intellectual pursuits, who are dying so many years.

Active enjoyments in the decline of life, then, constitute the happiness of literary men: the study of the arts and literature spread a sunshine in the winter of their days; and their own works may be as delightful to themselves, as roses plucked by the Norwegian amidst his snows; and they will discover that unregarded kindness of nature, who has given flowers that only open in the evening, and flower through the night-time. Necker offers a beautiful instance even of the influence of late studies in life; for he tells us, that 'the era of three-score and ten is an agreeable age for writing; your mind has not lost its vigour, and envy leaves you in peace.' The opening of one of La Mothe le Vayer's Treatises is striking: 'I should but ill return the favours God has granted me in the eightieth year of my age, should I allow myself to give way to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life;' and the old man proceeds with his 'observations, on the composition and reading of books.' The literary character has been fully occupied in the eightieth and ninetieth year of life. Isaac Walton still glowed while writing some of the most interesting biographies in his eighty-fifth year, and in his ninetieth enriched the poetical world with the first publication of a romantic tale by Chalkhill, 'the friend of Spenser.' Bodmer, beyond eighty, was occupied on Homer, and Wieland on Cicero's Letters.* But the delight of opening a new pursuit, or a new course of reading, imparts the vivacity and novelty of youth even to old age; the revolutions of modern chemistry kindled the curiosity of Dr Reid to his latest days; and a deservedly popular author, now advanced in life, at this moment, has discovered, in a class of reading to which he had never been accustomed, what will probably supply him with fresh furniture for his mind during life. Even the steps of time are retraced, and what has passed away again becomes ours; for in advanced life a return to our early studies refreshes and renovates the spirits; we open the poets who made us enthusiasts, and the philosophers who taught us to think, with a new source of feeling in our own experience. Adam Smith confessed his satisfaction at this pleasure to professor Dugald Stewart, while 'he was reperusing, with the enthusiasm of a student, the tragic poets of ancient Greece, and Sophocles and Euripides lay open on his table.'

> Dans ses veines toujours un jeune sang bouillone,
> Et Sophocle à cent ans peint encore Antigone.

The calm philosophic Hume found death only could interrupt the keen pleasure he was again receiving from Lucian, and which could inspire him at the moment with a humourous self-dialogue with Charon.

Not without a sense of exultation has the literary character felt his happiness, in the unbroken chain of his habits and his feelings. Hobbes exulted that he had outlived his enemies, and was still the same Hobbes; and to demonstrate the reality of this existence, published, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, his version of the Odyssey, and the following year, his Iliad. Of the happy results of literary habits in advanced life, the Count de Tressan, the elegant abridger of the old French romances, in his 'literary advice to his children,' has drawn a most pleasing picture. With a taste for study, which he found rather inconvenient in the moveable existence of a man of the world, and a military wanderer, he had however contrived to reserve an hour or two every day for literary pursuits; the men of science, with whom he had chiefly associated, appear to have turned his passion to observation and knowledge, rather than towards imagination and feeling; the combination formed a wreath for his grey hairs. When Count de Tressan retired from a brilliant to an affectionate circle, amidst his family, he pursued his literary tastes, with the vivacity of a young author inspired by the illusion of fame. At the age of seventy-five, with the imagination of a poet, he abridged, he translated, he recomposed his old Chivalric Romances, and his reanimated fancy struck fire in the veins of the old man. Among the first designs of his retirement was a singular philosophical legacy for his children; it was a view of the history and progress of the human mind—of its principles, its errors, and its advantages, as these were reflected in himself; in the dawnings of his taste, the secret inclinations of his mind, which the men of genius of the age with whom he associated had developed; in expatiating on their memory, he calls on his children to witness the happiness of study, in those pleasures which were soothing and adorning his old age. 'Without knowledge, without literature,' exclaims the venerable enthusiast, 'in whatever rank we are born, we can only resemble the vulgar.' To the Centenary Fontenelle the Count de Tressan was chiefly indebted for the happy life he derived from the cultivation of literature; and when this man of a hundred years died, Tressan, himself on the borders of the grave, would offer the last fruits of his mind in an eloge to his ancient master; it was the voice of the dying to the dead, a last moment of the

* This characteristic form closes the lectures of Mr Fuseli, who thus indirectly reminds us of the last words of Reynolds; and the graver of Blake, vital as the pencil of Fuseli, has raised the person of Michael Angelo with its admirable portrait, breathing inspiration

* See Curiosities of Literature on 'The progress of old age in new studies.'

love and sensibility of genius, which feeble life could not extinguish.

If the genius of Cicero, inspired by the love of literature, has thrown something delightful over this latest season of life, in his *de Senectute*; and if to have written on old age, in old age, is to have obtained a triumph over time,* the literary character, when he shall discover himself like a stranger in a new world, when all that he loved has not life, and all that lives has no love for old age; when he shall find himself grown obsolete, when his ear shall cease to listen, and nature has locked up the man entirely within himself, even then the votary of literature shall not feel the decline of life;—preserving the flame alive on the altar, and even at his last moments, in the act of sacrifice. Such was the fate, perhaps now told for the first time, of the great Lord Clarendon; it was in the midst of composition that his pen suddenly fell from his hand on the paper, he took it up again, and again it fell; deprived of the sense of touch, he found his hand without motion; the earl perceived himself struck by palsy—and thus was the life of the noble exile closed amidst the warmth of a literary work, unfinished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITERARY HONOURS.

Literature is an avenue to glory, ever open for those ingenuous men who are deprived of honours or of wealth. Like that illustrious Roman who owed nothing to his ancestors, *videtur ex se natus*, they seem self-born; and in the baptism of fame, they have given themselves their name. The sons of a sword-maker, a potter, and a tax-gatherer, were the greatest of Orators, the most majestic of poets, and the most graceful of the satirists of antiquity. The eloquent Massillon, the brilliant Flechier, Rousseau and Diderot; Johnson, Akenside, and Franklin, arose amidst the most humble avocations.

It is the prerogative of genius to elevate obscure men to the higher class of society; if the influence of wealth in the present day has been justly said to have created a new aristocracy of its own, and where they already begin to be jealous of their ranks, we may assert that genius creates a sort of intellectual nobility, which is conferred on some Literary Characters by the involuntary feelings of the public; and were men of genius to bear arms, they might consist not of imaginary things, of griffins and chimeras, but of deeds performed and of public works in existence. When Dondi raised the great astronomical clock at the University of Padua, which was long the admiration of Europe, it gave a name and nobility to its maker and all his descendants; there still lives a Marquis Dondi dal' Horologio. Sir Hugh Middleton, in memory of his vast enterprise, changed his former arms to bear three piles, by which instruments he had strengthened the works he had invented, when his genius poured forth the waters through our metropolis, distinguishing it from all others in the world. Should not Evelyn have inserted an oak-tree in his bearings? For our author's 'Sylva' occasioned the plantation of 'many millions of timber-trees,' and the present navy of Great Britain has been constructed with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted. If the public have borrowed the names of some Lords to grace a Sandwich and a Spenser, we may be allowed to raise into titles of literary nobility those distinctions which the public voice has attached to some authors; *Æschylus* Potter, *Athenian* Stuart, and *Anacreon* Moore.

This intellectual nobility is not chimerical; does it not separate a man from the crowd? Whenever the rightful possessor appears, will not the eyes of all spectators be fixed on him? I allude to scenes which I have witnessed. Will not even literary honours add a nobility to nobility? and teach the nation to esteem a name which might otherwise be hidden under its rank, and remain unknown? Our illustrious list of literary noblemen is far more glorious than the satirical "Catalogue of Noble Authors," drawn up by a polished and heartless cynic, who has pointed his brilliant shafts at all who were chivalrous in spirit, or appertained to the family of genius. One may presume on the existence of this intellectual nobility, from the extraordinary circumstance that the Great have actually felt a jealousy of the literary rank. But no rivality can exist in the solitary honour conferred on an author: an honour not derived from birth, nor creation, but from public opinion, and as inseparable from his name, as an essential quality is from its object; for the diamond will sparkle and the rose will be fragrant, otherwise, it is no diamond nor rose. The great may well condescend to be humble to Genius, since genius pays its homage in becoming proud of that humility. Cardinal Richelieu was mortified at the celebrity of the unbending Corneille; several noblemen were at Pope's indifference to their rank; and Magliabechi, the book-prodigy of his age, whom every literary stranger visited at Florence, assured Lord Raley, that the Duke of Tuscany had become jealous of the attention he was receiving from foreigners, as they usually went first to see Magliabechi before the Grand Duke. A confession by Montesquieu states, with open candour, a fact in his life, which confirms this jealousy of the Great with the Literary Character. 'On my entering into life, I was spoken of as a man of talents, and people of condition gave me a favourable reception; but when the success of my Persian Letters proved perhaps that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, *my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications.*' Montesquieu subjoins a reflection sufficiently humiliating for the mere nobleman: 'The Great, inwardly wounded with the glory of a celebrated name, seek to humble it. In general he only can patiently endure the fame of others, who deserves fame himself.' This sort of jealousy unquestionably prevailed in the late Lord Orford; a wit, a man of the world, and a man of rank, but while he considered literature as a mere amusement, he was mortified at not obtaining literary celebrity; he felt his authorial, always beneath his personal character; he broke with every literary man who looked up to him as their friend; and how he has delivered his feelings on Johnson, Goldsmith and Gray, whom unfortunately for him he personally knew, it fell to my lot to discover; I could add, but not diminish, what has been called the severity of that delineation.*

Who was the dignified character, Lord Chesterfield or Samuel Johnson, when the great author, proud of his labour, rejected his lordship's sneaking patronage? 'I value myself,' says Swift, 'upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.' Piron would not suffer the Literary Character to be lowered in his presence. Entering the apartment of a nobleman, who was conducting another peer to the stair's head, the latter stopped to make way for Piron. 'Pass on my lord,' said the noble master, 'pass, he is only a poet.' Piron replied, 'since our qualities are declared, I shall take my rank,' and placed himself before the lord. Nor is this pride, the true source of elevated character, refused to the great artist as well as the great author. Michael Angelo, invited by Julius II, to the Court of Rome, found that intrigue had indisposed his Holiness towards him, and more than once, the great artist was suffered to linger in attendance in the ante-chamber. One day the indignant man of genius exclaimed, 'tell his holiness, if he wants me, he must look for me elsewhere.' He flew back to his beloved Florence, to proceed with that celebrated cartoon, which afterwards became a favourite study with all artists. Thrice the Pope wrote for his return, and at length menaced the little state of Tuscany with war, if Michael Angelo prolonged his absence. He returned. The sublime artist knelt at the feet of the Father of the Church, turning aside his troubled countenance in silence: an intermeddling Bishop offered himself as a mediator, apologizing for our artist by observing, that 'of this proud humour are these painters made!' Julius turned to this pitiable mediator, and as Vasari tells used a switch on this occasion, observing, 'you speak injuriously of him, while I am silent. It is you who are ignorant.' Raising Michael Angelo, Julius II, embraced the man of genius. 'I can make lords of you every day, but I cannot create a Titian,' said the Emperor Charles V to his courtiers, who had become jealous of the hours, and the half-hours, which that monarch managed, that he might converse with the man of genius at his work. There is an elevated intercourse between Power and Genius; and if they are deficient in reciprocal esteem, neither are great. The intellectual nobility seems to have been asserted by De Harlay, a great French statesman, for when the academy was once not received with royal honours, he complained to the French monarch, observing, that when 'a man of letters was presented to Francis I, for the first time, the king

* Spurinna, or the Comforts of Old Age, by Sir Thomas Bernard.

* Calamities of Authors, Vol. I.

always advanced three steps from the throne to receive him.'

If ever the voice of individuals can recompense a life of literary labour it is in speaking a foreign accent—it sounds like the distant plaudit of posterity. The distance of space between the literary character and the inquirer in some respects represents the distance of time which separates the author from the next age. Fontenelle was never more gratified than when a Swede, arriving at the gates of Paris, inquired of the custom-house officers where Fontenelle resided, and expressed his indignation that not one of them had ever heard of his name. Hobbes expresses his proud delight that his portrait was sought after by foreigners and that the Great Duke of Tuscany made the philosopher the object of his first inquiries. Camden was not insensible to the visits of German noblemen, who were desirous of seeing the British Pliny; and Pocock, while he received no aid from patronage at home for his Oriental studies, never relaxed in those unrequited labours, from the warm personal testimonies of learned foreigners, who hastened to see and converse with this prodigy of eastern learning.

Yes! to the very presence of the man of genius will the world spontaneously pay their tribute of respect, of admiration, or of love; many a pilgrimage has he lived to receive, and many a crowd has followed his footsteps. There are days in the life of genius which repay its sufferings. Demosthenes confessed he was pleased when even a fish-woman of Athens pointed him out. Corneille had his particular seat in the theatre, and the audience would rise to salute him when he entered. At the presence of Raynal in the House of Commons, the speaker was requested to suspend the debate till that illustrious foreigner, who had written on the English parliament, was there placed and distinguished, to his honour. Spinosa, when he gained a humble livelihood by grinding optical glasses, at an obscure village in Holland, was visited by the first General in Europe, who, for the sake of this philosophical conference, suspended his march.

In all ages, and in all countries, has this feeling been created: nor is it a temporary ebullition, nor an individual honour; it comes out of the heart of man. In Spain, whatever was most beautiful in its kind was described by the name of the great Spanish bard; every thing excellent was called a Lope. Italy would furnish a volume of the public honours decreed to literary men, nor is that spirit extinct, though the national character has fallen by the chance of fortune; and Metastasio and Tiraboschi received what had been accorded to Petrarch and to Poggio. Germany, patriotic to its literary characters, is the land of the enthusiasm of genius. On the borders of the Linnet, in the public walk of Zurich, the monument of Gesner, erected by the votes of his fellow-citizens, attests their sensibility; and a solemn funeral honoured the remains of Klopstock, led by the senate of Hamburgh, with fifty thousand votaries, so penetrated by one universal sentiment, that this multitude preserved a mournful silence, and the interference of the police ceased to be necessary through the city at the solemn burial of the man of genius. Has even Holland proved insensible? The statue of Erasmus, in Rotterdam, still animates her young students, and offers a noble example to her neighbours of the influence even of the sight of the statue of a man of genius; nor must it be forgotten that the senate of Rotterdam declared of the emigrant Bayle, that 'such a man should not be considered as a foreigner.' In France, since Francis I created genius, and Louis XIV knew to be liberal to it, the impulse was communicated to the French people. There the statues of their illustrious men spread inspiration on the spots which living they would have haunted—in their theatres the great dramatists; in their Institute their illustrious authors; in their public edifices their other men of genius.* This is worthy of the country which privileged the family of La Fontaine to be for ever exempt, from taxes, and decreed that the productions of the mind, were not seizable, when the creditors of Crebillon would have attached the produce of his tragedies. These distinctive honours accorded to genius were in unison with their decree respecting the will of Bayle. It was the subject of a law-suit between the heir of the will, and the inheritor by blood. The latter contested that this great literary character, being a fugitive for religion and dying in a prohibited country, was without the power of disposing of his property, and that our author, when he resided in Holland, was civilly dead. In the parliament of Toulouse the judge decided that learned men are free in all countries; that he who had sought in a foreign land an asylum from his love of letters, was no fugitive; that it was unworthy of France to treat as a stranger a son in whom she gloried; and he protested against the notion of a civil death to such a man as Bayle, whose name was living throughout Europe.

Even the most common objects are consecrated when associated with the memory of the man of genius. We still seek for his tomb on the spot where it has vanished; the enthusiasts of genius still wander on the hills of Pausilippe, and muse on Virgil to retrace his landscapes of as Sir William Jones ascended Forest-hill, with the Allegro in his hand, and step by step, seemed in his fancy to have trodden in the foot-path of Milton; there is a grove at Magdalen College which retains the name of Addison's walk, where still the student will linger; and there is a cave at Macao, which is still visited by the Portuguese from a national feeling, where Camoens is said to have composed his Lusiad. When Petrarch was passing by his native town he was received with the honors of his fame; but when the heads of the town, unawares to Petrarch, conducted him to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the towns-people had risen to insist that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged; this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome. In the village of Certaldo is still shown the house of Boccaccio; and on a turret are seen the arms of the Medici, which they had sculptured there, with an inscription alluding to a small house and a name which filled the world. 'Foreigners,' says Anthony Wood of Milton, 'have, out of pure devotion, gone to Bread-street to see the house and chamber where he was born;' and at Paris the house which Voltaire inhabited, and at Ferney his study, are both preserved inviolate. Thus is the very apartment of a man of genius, the chair he studied in, the table he wrote on, contemplated with curiosity; the spot is full of local impressions. And all this happens from an unsatisfied desire to see and hear him whom we never can see nor hear; yet in a moment of illusion, if we listen to a traditional conversation, if we can revive one of his feelings, if we can catch but a dim image of his person, we reproduce this man of genius before us, on whose features we so often dwell. Even the rage of the military spirit has taught itself to respect the abode of genius; and Cæsar and Sylla, who never spared their own Roman blood, alike felt their spirit rebuked, and saved the literary city of Athens. The house of the man of genius has been spared amidst contending empires, from the days of Pindar to those of Buffon; and the recent letter of Prince Schwartzenberg to the Countess, for the preservation of the philosopher's chateau, is a memorial of this elevated feeling.*

And the meanest things, the very household stuff associated with the memory of the man of genius, become the objects of our affections. At a festival in honour of Thom-

* We cannot bury the Fame of our English worthies—that exists before us, independent of ourselves; but we bury the influence of their inspiring presence in those immortal memorials of genius easy to be read by all men, their statues and their busts, consigning them to spots seldom visited, and often too obscure to be viewed. Count Algarotti has ingeniously said 'L'argent que nous employons en tabatières et en pompons servoit aux anciens à célébrer la mémoire des grands hommes par des monumens dignes de passer à la postérité; et là ou l'on brule des feux de joie pour une victoire remportée, ils élevérent des arcs de triomphe de porphyre et de marbre.' May we not, for our honour, and for the advantage of our artists, predict better times for ourselves?

* In the grandeur of Milton's verse we perceive the feeling he associated with this literary honour.

'The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
Went to the ground————.' Sonnet VIII.

'To the Countess of Buffon, in Montbard.

'The Emperor, my Sovereign, having ordered me to provide for the security of all places dedicated to the sciences, and of such as recall the remembrance of men who have done honour to the age in which they lived, I have the honour to send to your ladyship a safeguard for your chateau of Montbard.

'The residence of the Historian of Nature must be sacred in the eyes of all the friends of science. It is a domain which belongs to all mankind.—I have the honour, &c.

'SCHWARTZENBERG.'

son the poet, the chair in which he composed part of his Seasons was produced, and appears to have communicated some of the raptures to which he was liable who had sat in that chair; Rabelais among his drollest inventions, could not have imagined that his old cloak would have been preserved in the University of Montpellier for future doctors to wear on the day they took their degree; nor could Shakspeare, that the mulberry tree which he planted would have been multiplied into relics. But in such instances the feeling is right with a wrong direction; and while the populace are exhausting their emotions on an old tree, and an old cloak, they are paying that involuntary tribute to genius which forms its pride, and will generate the race.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INFLUENCE OF AUTHORS.

Wherefore should not the literary character be associated in utility or glory with the other professional classes of society? These indeed press more immediately on the attention of men; they are stimulated by personal interests, and they are remunerated by honours; while the literary character, from its habits, is secluded; prodcing its usefulness in concealment, and often at a late period in life; not always too of immediate application, and often even unvalued by the passing generation.

It is curious to observe of the characters of the other classes in society, how each rises or falls in public esteem, according to the exigencies of the times. Ere we had swept from the seas all the fleets of our rivals, the naval hero was the popular character; while military, from the political panic occasioned by standing armies, was invariably lowered in public regard; the extraordinary change of circumstances, and the genius of one man, have entirely reversed the public feeling.*

The commercial character was long, even in this country, placed very low in the scale of honour; the merchant was considered merely as a money-trader, profiting by the individual distress of the nobleman, and afterwards was viewed with jealous eyes by the country gentleman. A Dutch monarch, who initiated us into the mysteries of banks and loans, by combining commercial influence with political power, raised the mercantile character.

But the commercial prosperity of a nation inspires no veneration in mankind; nor will its military power win their affection. There is an interchange of opinions, as well as of spices and specie, which induces nations to esteem each other; and there is a glorious succession of authors, as well as of seamen and soldiers, for ever standing before the eyes of the universe.

It is by our authors that foreigners have been taught to subdue their own prejudices. About the year 1700, the Italian Gemelli told all Europe that he could find nothing among us but our *writings* to distinguish us from the worst of barbarians. Our civil wars, and our great revolution, had probably disturbed the Italian's imagination. Too long we appeared a people whose genius partook of the density and variableness of our climate, incapacitated even by situation, from the enjoyment of arts which had not yet travelled to us; and as if Nature herself had designed to disjoin us from more polished neighbours and brighter skies. We now arbitrate among the nations of the world; we possess their involuntary esteem, nor is there a man of genius among them who stands unconnected with our intellectual soveregnty.

'We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms,
Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms.'

At the moment Pope was writing these lines, that silent operation of genius had commenced, which changes the fate of nations. The first writers of France were passing over into England to learn to think and write, or thought and wrote like Englishmen in France.† This singular revolution in the human mind, and, by its re-action, in human affairs, was not effected by merchants profiting over them by superior capital; or by admirals and generals humiliating them by victories; but by our authors, whose works are now printed at foreign presses, a circumstance which proves, as much as the commerce and prowess of England, the ascendency of her genius. Even had our nation displayed more limited resources than its awful powers have opened; had the sphere of its dominion been only its island boundaries, could the same literary character have predominated, we might have attained to the same eminence and admiration in the hearts of our continental neighbours. The small cities of Athens and of Florence will perpetually attest the influence of the literary character over other nations; the one received the tributes of the mistress of the universe, when the Romans sent their youth to be educated at Athens; while the other, at the revival of letters, beheld every polished European crowding to its little court.

There is a small portion of men, who appear marked out by nature and habit, for the purpose of cultivating their thoughts in peace, and giving activity to their sentiments, by disclosing them to the people. Those who govern a nation cannot at the same time enlighten them;—authors stand between the governors and the governed.

Important discoveries are often obtained by accident; by the single thought of a man of genius, which has sometimes changed the dispositions of a people, and even of an age, is slowly matured in meditation. Even the mechanical inventions of genius must first become perfect in its own solitary abode, ere the world can possess them. The people are a vast body, of which men of genius are the eyes and the hands; and the public mind is the creation of the philosophical writer; these are axioms as demonstrable as any in Euclid, and as sure in their operation, as any principle in mechanics. When Epicurus published his doctrines, men immediately began to express themselves with freedom on the established religion; the dark and fearful superstitions of paganism fell into neglect, and mouldered away, the inevitable fate of established falsehood. When Machiavel, living amidst the principalities of Italy, where stratagem and assassination were the politics of those wretched rivals, by lifting the veil from these cabinets of banditti, that calumniated man of genius, alarmed the world by exposing a system subversive of all human virtue and happiness, and led the way to political freedom. When Locke and Montesquieu appeared, the old systems of government were reviewed; the principles of legislation were developed: and many changes have succeeded, and are still to succeed. Politicians affect to disbelieve that abstract principles possess any considerable influence on the conduct of the subject. 'In times of tranquillity,' they say, 'they are not wanted, and in times of confusion they are never heard.' But this has been their error; it is in leisure, when they are not wanted, that they are studied by the speculative part of mankind; and when they are wanted they are already prepared for the active multitude, who come like a phalanx, pressing each other with an unity of feeling and an integrity of force. Paley would not close his eyes on what was passing before him; and he has observed, that during the convulsive troubles at Geneva the political theory of Rousseau was prevalent in their contests; while in the political disputes of our country, those ideas of civil authority displayed in the works of Locke, recurred in every form. How, therefore, can the character of an author be considered as subordinate in society? Politicians do not secretly think so, at the moment they are proclaiming it to the world: nor do they fancy, as they would have us imagine, that paper and pens are only rags and feathers; whatever they affect, the truth

*Mr Gifford, in his notes to his recent Translation of Persius, with his accustomed keenness of spirit, has detected this fact in our popular manners. 'Persius, whenever he has occasion for a more worthless character than ordinary, commonly repairs to the camp for him. Fielding and Smollet in compliance with the cant of their times, manifested a patriotic abhorrence of the military; and seldom went farther for a blockhead, a parasite, or an adept in low villany, than the Armylist. We have outlived this stupid piece of injustice, and a 'led-captain' is no longer considered as the indispensable vice of every novel.'

† Voltaire borrowed all the genius of our country; our poetry and our philosophy. Buffon began by translating Hales's 'Vegetable Static's;' and before Linnæus classed his plants, and Buffon began his Natural History, our own naturalist Ray had opened their road to Nature. Bacon, Newton, and Boyle, reduced the fanciful philosophy of France into experiment and demonstration. Helvetius, Diderot, and their brothers, gleaned their pretended discoveries from our Shaftesbury, Mandeville, and Toland, whom sometimes they only translated. Even our novelists were closely imitated.—Our great compilations of voyages and travels, Hackluyt, Churchill, &c, furnished Montesquieu with the moral facts he required for his large picture of his 'Esprit des Loix.' The Cyclopædia of Chambers was the parent of the French work. Even historical compilers existed in our country before the race appeared in France. Our Universal History, and Stanley, Echard, and Hooke, preceded Rollin and other French abridgers of history; while Hume and our philosophical historians set them a nobler example, which remains for them yet to rival.

is that they consider the worst actions of men, as of far less consequence than the propagation of their opinions. They well know, as Sophocles declared, that 'opinion is ever stronger than truth.' Have politicians not often exposed their disguised terrors? Books, and sometimes their authors, have been burnt; but burning books is no part of their refutation. Cromwell was alarmed when he saw the Oceana of Harrington, and dreaded the effects of that volume more than the plots of the royalists; while Charles II. trembled at an author, only in his manuscript state; and in the height of terror, and to the honour of genius, it was decreed, that 'Scribere est agere.'*

Observe the influence of authors in forming the character of men, where the solitary man of genius stamps his own on a people. The parsimonious, habits, the money-getting precepts, the wary cunning, and not the most scrupulous means to obtain the end, of Dr Franklin, imprinted themselves on his Americans; loftier feelings could not elevate a man of genius, who became the founder of a trading people, retaining the habits of a journeyman printer while the elegant tastes of Sir William Jones could inspire the servants of a commercial corporation to open new and vast sources of knowledge; a mere company of traders, influenced by the literary character, enlarge the stores of the imagination and collect fresh materials for the history of human nature.

I have said that authors produce their usefulness in privacy, and that their good is not of immediate application, and often unvalued by their own generation. On this occasion the name of Evelyn always occurs to me. This author supplied the public with nearly thirty works, at a time when taste and curiosity were not yet domiciliated in our country; his patriotism warmed beyond the eightieth year of his age; and in his dying hand he held another legacy for his nation. Whether his enthusiasm was introducing to us a taste for medals and prints; or intent on purifying the city of smoke and smells, and to sweeten it by plantations of native plants; or having enriched our orchards and our gardens; placed summer-ices on our tables, and varied even the sallads of our country; furnishing 'a Gardener's Kalendar,' which, as Cowley said, was to last as long 'as months and years,' and the horticulturist will not forget Father Evelyn in the heir of his fame, Millar; whether the philosopher of the Royal Society, or the lighter satirist of the toilette, or the fine moralist for active as well as contemplative life;—yet in all these changes of a studious life, the better part of his history has not been told.—While Britain retains her awful situation among the nations of Europe, the 'Sylva' of Evelyn will endure with her triumphant oaks. In the third edition of that work the heart of the patriot exults at its result: he tells Charles, I 'how many millions of timber trees, besides infinite others, have been propagated and planted *at the instigation, and by the sole direction of this work.*' It was an author in his studious retreat, who casting a prophetic eye on the age we live in, secured the late victories of our naval sovereignty. Inquire at the Admiralty how the fleets of Nelson have been constructed? and they can tell you that it was with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted.†

The same character existed in France, where De Serres in 1599 composed a work on the cultivation of mulberry trees in reference to the art of raising silk-worms. He taught his fellow citizens to convert a leaf into silk, and silk to become the representative of gold. Our author encountered the hostility of the prejudices of his times in giving his country one of her staple commodities; but I lately received a medal recently struck in honour of De Serres, by the Agricultural Society of the department of the Seine. We are too slow in commemorating the genius of our own country; and our authors are defrauded even in the debt we are daily incurring of their posthumous fame.

When an author writes on a national subject, he awakens all the knowledge which lies buried in the sleep of nations; he calls around him, as it were, every man of talents; and though his own fame should be eclipsed by his successors, yet the emanation, the morning light, broke from his source. Our naturalist Ray, though no man was more modest in his claims, delighted to tell a friend that 'since the publication of his catalogue of Cambridge Plants, many were prompted to botanical studies, and to herbalise in their walks in the fields.' A work in France, under the title of 'L'Ami des Hommes,' first spread there a general passion for agricultural pursuits; and although the national ardour carried all to excess, yet marshes were drained and waste lands enclosed. The Emilius of Rousseau, whatever errors and extravagancies a system which would bring us back to nature may contain, operated a complete revolution in modern Europe, by changing the education of men; and the boldness and novelty of some of its principles communicated a new spring to the human intellect. The commercial world owes to two retired philosophers, in the solitude of their study, Locke and Smith, those principles which dignify Trade into a liberal pursuit, and connect it with the happiness of a people.

Beccaria, who dared to raise his voice in favour of humanity, against the prejudices of many centuries, by his work on 'Crimes and Punishments,' at length abolished torture; and Locke and Voltaire, on 'Toleration,' have long made us tolerant. But the principles of many works of this stamp have become so incorporated in our minds and feelings, that we can scarcely at this day conceive the fervour they excited at the time, or the magnanimity of their authors in the decision of their opinions.

And to whom does the world owe more than to the founders of miscellaneous writing, or the creators of new and elegant tastes in European nations? We possess one peculiar to ourselves. To Granger our nation is indebted for that visionary delight of recalling from their graves the illustrious dead: and, as it were, of living with them, as far as a familiarity with their features and their very looks forms a part of life. This pleasing taste for portraits seems peculiar to our nation, and was created by the ingenuity of a solitary author, who had very nearly abandoned those many delightful associations which a collection of fine portraits affords, by the want of a due comprehension of their nature among his friends, and even at first in the public. Before the miscellanists rose, learning was the solitary enjoyment of the insulated learned; they spoke a language of their own; and they lived in a desert, separated from the world; but the miscellanists became their interpreters, opening a communication between two spots, close to each other, yet which were so long separated, the closet and the world. These authors were not Bacons, Newtons, and Leibnitzes; but they were Addison, Fontenelle, and Feyjoo, the first popular authors in their nations who taught England, France, and Spain to become a reading people; while their fugitive page imbues with intellectual sweetness, an uncultivated mind, like the perfumed mould which the swimmer in the Persian Sadi took up; it was a piece of common earth, but astonished at its fragrance, he asked whether it were musk or amber? 'I am nothing but earth; but roses were planted on my soil, and their odorous virtues have deliciously penetrated through all my pores; I have retained the infusion of sweetness; otherwise I had been but a lump of earth.'

There is a singleness and unity in the pursuits of genius, through all ages, which produces a sort of consanguinity in the characters of authors. Men of genius, in their different classes, living at distinct periods, or in remote countries, seem to be the same persons with another name: and thus the literary character who has long departed, seems only to have transmigrated. In the great march of the human intellect he is still occupying the same place, and he is still carrying on with the same powers, his great work, through a line of centuries.

In the history of genius there is no chronology, for to us every thing it has done is present; and the earliest attempt is connected with the most recent. Many men of genius must arise before a particular man of genius can appear. Before Homer there were other bards—we have a catalogue of their names and works. Corneille could not have been the chief dramatist of France, had not the founders of the French drama preceded him; and Pope

*Algernon Sydney was condemned to death for certain manuscripts found in his library; and the reason alleged was, that scribere est agere—that to write is to act. The papers which served to condemn Sydney, it appears, were only answers to Filmer's obsolete Defence of Monarchical Tyranny—The metaphysical inference drawn by the crown lawyers is not a necessary consequence. Authors may write that which they may not afterwards approve; their manuscript opinions are very liable to be changed, and authors even change those opinions they have published. A man ought only to lose his head for his opinions, in the metaphysical sense; opinions against opinions; but not an axe against a pen.

† Since this has been written, the Diary of Evelyn is published: it cannot add to his general character, whatever it may be; but we may anticipate much curious amusement from the diary of a literary character whose studies formed the business of life

could not have appeared before Dryden. Whether the works of genius are those of pure imagination, or searches after truth, they are alike tinctured by the feelings and the events of their times; but the man of genius must be placed in the line of his descent.

Aristotle, Hobbes, and Locke, Descartes and Newton, approximate more than we imagine. The same chain of intellect Aristotle holds, through the intervals of time, is held by them; and links will only be added by their successors. The naturalists, Pliny, Gesner, Aldrovandus, and Buffon, derive differences in their characters from the spirit of the times; but each only made an accession to the family estate, while each was the legitimate representative of the family of the naturalists. Aristophanes, Moliere, and Foote, are brothers of the family of national wits: the wit of Aristophanes was a part of the common property, and Moliere and Foote were Aristophanic. Plutarch, La Mothe le Vayer, and Bayle, alike busied in amassing the materials of human thought and human action, with the same vigorous and vagrant curiosity, must have had the same habits of life. If Plutarch was credulous, La Mothe le Vayer sceptical, and Bayle philosophical, the heirs of the family may differ in their dispositions, but no one will arraign the integrity of the lineal descent. My learned and reflecting friend, whose original researches have enriched our national history, has thus observed on the character of Wickliffe:—'To complete our idea of the importance of Wickliffe, it is only necessary to add, that as his writings made John Huss the reformer of Bohemia, so the writings of John Huss led Martin Luther to be the reformer of Germany; so extensive and so incalculable are the consequences which sometimes follow from human actions.'* Our historian has accompanied this by giving the very feelings of Luther in early life on his first perusal of the works of John Huss: we see the spark of creation caught at the moment; a striking influence of the generation of character! Thus a father spirit has many sons; and several of the great revolutions in the history of man have been opened by such, and carried on by that secret creation of minds visibly operating on human affairs. In the history of the human mind, he takes an imperfect view, who is confined to contemporary knowledge, as well as he who stops short with the Ancients, and has not advanced with their descendants. Those who do not carry their researches through the genealogical lines of genius, will mutilate their minds, and want the perfect strength of an entire man.

Such are 'the great lights of the world,' by whom the torch of knowledge has been successively seized and transmitted from one to the other. This is that noble image borrowed from a Grecian game, which Plato has applied to the rapid generations of man to mark how the continuity of human affairs is maintained from age to age. The torch of genius is perpetually transferred from hand to hand amidst this fleeting scene.

* Turner's History of England, vol. ii. p. 422.

END OF THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

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CURIOSITIES OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD,

AUTHOR OF "THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA," ETC.

TO THE READER.

The Publishers of this edition of D'Israeli, anxious to enlarge the work by adding to it some of the "Curiosities of American Literature," applied to the Editor of the following pages for such an amount of matter, of the description herewith given, as might be printed within certain specified limits; and he has gleaned from many rare and curious old books relating to our country or written by our countrymen, and from other sources inaccessible to the general reader, what he trusts will be received as a suitable appendix for an American impression of D'Israeli's interesting miscellany.

Doubtless the "Curiosities of Literature" and "The Literary Character Illustrated," constitute together the most valuable as well as the most amusing book of literary history and biography which has ever been written. Its popularity is great and universal. In this country the materials for such a work are not abundant, and the reader will not expect to find in the following pages articles intrinsically as interesting as those given by an author unequaled in his department, whose field was the world. A rule which the Editor has observed, to exclude every thing relating to contemporaries, induces the omission of many things which might have been as attractive as what he has presented; but the propriety of such omissions will probably not be questioned.

Philadelphia, *November*, 1843.

CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

RARE AND CURIOUS BOOKS BY THE EARLY TRAVELERS IN AMERICA.

THE custom of defaming America by "false and scandalous reports, from the sulphureous breath of every ballad-monger," is one that has the warrant of antiquity in its favour. "Such are the lying propensities of the English nation who stay at home," says one of the Puritans, "that it requires the devotion of much of our time and substance to refute their wicked calumnies." It was not only those who remained at home who were suspected of falsehood, for more than two centuries ago the amiable Mr. William Wood, in his "New England's Prospect," complains of this disposition of his countrymen; and a hundred years afterward—in 1746—a prototype of the present generation of scribblers upon America and the Americans, one Mr. Cross, who had been "convicted of forgery, and sentenced to be hanged, after some time obtained the favour of transportation," and did us the honour to take up his residence in Pennsylvania, against the inhabitants of which province he wrote a book which "contayned far more lyes than veritys." But the early travelers were not all of this description. With few exceptions they were fond of the marvellous, and somewhat more credulous than their successors, but many of them were as earnest to defend as others to assail the new found world." Among others, the respectable Mr. Josselyn, who published his "Account of two Voyages to America," in 1764, was a very liberal and entertaining writer. He was the first one to chronicle the appearance of the remarkable visiter who still as often as once a year exhibits himself for the behoof of keepers of hotels about Nahant and the adjacent bays and promontories,—"the sea-serpent that lay quoiled up like a cable on a rock at Cape Ann,"—and he tells us of a "triton, or mereman, which one Mr. Mitten, a great fowler, saw in Casco Bay; which triton, laying his hands upon the side of the canoe, had one of them chopped off by the said Mitten, which was in all respects like the hand of a man," with many similar tales, on which he makes this sensible reflection: "These, with many other stories, they told me, the credit whereof I shall neither impeach nor enforce, but shall satisfy myself, and I hope the reader, with the saying of a wise, learned, and honourable knight, that '*there be many stranger things in the world than are to be seen between London and Stanes.*'" Another traveler, much more willing to commend than to censure, was Mr. Michael Dunton, who came to Boston in 1686, and afterward published his "*Life and Errors.*" He visited "the authorities and the clergy in that part of New English America," and gave liberally of praise to all. One of his especial favourites was a Mrs. Green, wife of one of the first printers who came to this country, of whom he says, that "she espoused her husband's *obligations*" as well as his person, "and whenever, *by ties of nature, or squeezing of wax*, he owed either money or love, she esteemed herself no less a debtor;" and of a Mrs. Wilkins he says, "She is a tender wife, a kind mother, and is a woman well pois'd in all humours; or, in other words, Mrs. Wilkins is a person of an even temper, which render'd her conversation more agreeable than those who laugh more, but smile less: Some there are, who spend more spirits, in straining, for an hour's mirth, than they can recover in a month, which renders them so unequal company; whilst she is always equal, and the same. 'Tis virtue to know her, wisdom, to converse with her, and joy to behold her; or (to do her justice in fewer words) she is the counterpart of her pious husband, who without her, is but half himself."

Virgo Triumphans, or Virginia in generall; but the south part thereof in particular: including the fertile Carolana, and the no lesse excellent Island of Roanok, richly and experimentally valued. Humbly presented as the auspice of a beginning yeare to the Parliament of England and Councell of State. By Edward Williams, Gent.—This was published in London in 1650, and is dedicated to "the supreme authority of this nation, the Parliament of England," in language even more servile and mean than was usual in that age. "This dedication," says Mr. Williams, "in itselfe unworthy the honour of an addresse to your Grandeurs, and of a foile too dead in shaddow to approach neere your most vigorous luster, reposes itselfe yet upon a confidence that in imitation of that God of whom you are in power the proper representatives, who vouchsafed graciously to accept a poore paire of Turtles from those whose abilities could not ascend to a more rich oblation, you will be pleased to cast a favourable aspect upon this humble offering, as proceeding from a gratefull, cleere and sincere intention, whose desire being strongly passionate to present your Honours with something more worthy the auspice of a beginning yeare, is circumscribed by a narrownesse of abilities and fortunes."

We quote a portion of his description of Virginia, which, with some of the early writers, comprehended all the country from Cape Cod to Florida. "Yet to shew," he says, "that nature regards this ornament of the new world with a more indulgent eye than she hath cast upon many other countreys, whatever *China, Persia, Japan, Cyprus, Candy, Sicily, Greece*, the South of *Italy, Spaine*, and the opposite parts of *Africa*, to all which she is parallel, may boast of, will be produced in this happy countrey. The same bounty of summer, the same milde remission of winter, with a more virgin and unexhausted soyle being materiall arguments to

shew that modesty and truth receive no diminution by the comparison. Nor is the present wildnesse of it without a particular beauty, being all over a naturall grove of Oakes, Pines, Cedars, Cipresse, Mulberry, Chestnut, Laurell, Sassafras, Cherry, Plum trees, and Vines, all of so delectable an aspect, that the melancholiest eye in the world cannot looke upon it without contentment, nor content himselfe without admiration. No shrubs or underwoods choake up your passage, and in its season your foot can hardly direct itselfe where it will not be died in the blood of large and delicious strawberries: The rivers which every way glide in deepe and navigable channels, betwixt the brests of this uberous Countrey, and contribute to its conveniency beauty and fertility, labour with the multitude of their fishy inhabitants in greater variety of species, and of a more incomparable delicacy in tast and sweetnesse than whatever the European sea can boast of: Sturgeon of ten feet, Drummes of sixe in length; Conger Eeles, Trout, Salmon, Bret, Mullet, Cod, Herings, Perch, Lampreyes, and whatever else can be desired to the satisfaction of the most voluptuous wishes."

"The Sunne, which in other countreys makes his visit in flames and droughts, heere casts his auspicious Beames, and by an innocent and complementall warmth, courts the bosome of this his particular favorite, hastening and disposing its wombe for ripe productions, which salute him in an absolute perfection. Winter snowes, frosts, and other excesses, are heere only remembred, never known. The purling Springs and wanton Rivers every where kissing the happy soyle into a perpetuall verdure, into an unwearied fertility: no obstructions in your expectations, attempt and hope them, prosecute and enjoy them."

Another very rare and curious work, of a yet earlier date, is entitled "*Virginia richly valued by the description of the maine land of Florida, her next neighbour, out of the foure yeeres continuall trauel and discouerie, for aboue one thousand miles East and West of Don Ferdinando de Soto, and sixe hundred able men in his companie. Wherein are truly obserued the riches and fertilitie of those parts, abounding with things necessarie, pleasant, and profitable for the life of man: with the natures and dispositions of the Inhabitants: Written by a Portugall Gentleman of Eluas, employed in all the action, and translated out of Portugese.* This was printed in London in 1609, though the Portuguese original appeared in 1557. Hackluyt was the translator, but it is not in his collection of voyages. It is chiefly valuable for the information it imparts of the adventures of the never to be sufficiently execrated De Soto. One incident is worth preserving. Most of the speeches of the caciques, given by the author, are doubtless fictitious; but there are a few exceptions, with intrinsic evidences of genuineness. One of them is said to have been made but a short time before De Soto's death. "The Gouernour," says the narrator, "fell into great dumps to see how hard it was to get to the Sea: and worse, because his men and horses euery day diminished, being without succour to sustaine themselues in the country: and with that thought he fell sick. But before he tooke his bed hee sent an Indian to the Cacique of *Quigalta* to tell him, that hee was the Childe of the Sunne, and that all the way that hee came all men obeyed and serued him, that he requested him to accept of his friendship, and come vnto him: for he would be very glad to see him; and in signe of loue and obedience to bring something with him of that which in his countrie was most esteemed. That Cacique answered by the same Indian: 'That whereas he said he was the Child of the Sunne, if he would drie vp the Riuer he would beleeue him: and touching the rest, that hee was wont to visit none; but rather that all those of whom he had notice did visit him, serued, obeyed and paid him tributes willingly or perforce: therefore if hee desired to see him, it were best he should come thither: that if hee came in peace, he would receiue him with speciall good will; and if in warre, in like manner hee would attend him in the towne where he was, and that for him or any other hee would not shrinke one foote backe.'"

The works relating to Virginia are nearly as numerous as those descriptive of New England. The last which we shall notice is the "*History and Present State of Virginia,*" printed in London, in 1705. It is valuable for its account of the civil history of the colony down to that time. After mentioning that the Church of England was established by law, the author remarks—"They have no more than five conventicles among them, namely, three small meetings of Quakers, and two of Presbyterians. 'Tis observed, that those counties where the Presbyterian meetings are, produce very mean tobacco; and for that reason cant get an orthodox minister to stay among them; but, whenever they could, the people went very orderly to church. As for the Quakers, 't is observed that by letting them alone they decrease daily:—The maintenance of a minister was appointed by law to be 16,000 pounds of tobacco annually. The fee for a funeral sermon was 400 pounds of tobacco; for a marriage license 200, &c. &c."

In 1706 was published "*A Journal of Travels from New Hampshire to Caratuck, on the Continent of North America. By George Keith.*" Keith was a man of learning, who came to this country the second time, in the same ship with Governor Dudley, in 1702. He was in the first place a schoolmaster and preacher among the Quakers, but abandoned them and joined the Church of England, by whose authorities he was selected, on the ground that a seceder is always the most industrious and vindictive of enemies, to annoy his former friends. He ultimately become the founder of a sect called Keithian Baptists. While in Massachusetts he had a quarrel with Increase Mather, and one of his pamphlets was printed in New York, "the printer in Boston not *daring* to print it, lest he should give offence to the Independent preachers there!" In his travels he gives a characteristic anecdote. He was exposed to some danger in crossing a ferry to Rhode Island, during a storm, when the boat he was in was relieved by the exertions of John Burden, a Quaker. After being brought safe on shore, he offered money to the Quaker's men, which he would not allow them to accept; he then "thanked him very kindly for his help in our great danger, and said to him, John, ye have been the means under God to save our natural life, suffer me to be the means under God to save your soul, by good information to bring you out of your dangerous errours. He replied, George, save thy own soul, I have no need of thy help; then, said I, I will pray for your conversion; he replied, the prayers of the wicked are an abomination; so uncharitable was he in his opinion concerning me, (as they generally are concerning all

those who differ from them) though charitable in this action."

New-Englands Prospect. A true, lively, and experimentall description of that part of America, commonly called New-England: discovering the state of that country, both as it stands to our new-come English *Planters; and to the old Native Inhabitants. Laying down that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling Reader, or benefit the future Voyager.*—Written by William Wood, and printed in London by John Dawson, in 1639. It is the best topographical account of New England then published, and was valuable chiefly for its statistics. The author's address to the reader, is, however, amusing, and we quote it entire. It is a favourable specimen of his style:

"Though I will promise thee no such voluptuous discourse, as many have made upon a scanter subject, (though they have travailed no further than the smoke of their owne native chimnies) yet dare I presume to present thee with the very true, and faithfull relation of some few yeares travels and experience, wherein I would bee loath to broach any thing which may puzzle thy beleefe, and so justly draw upon my selfe, that unjust aspersion commonly laid on travellers; of whom many say, they may lye by authority, because none can controule them, which Proverbe had surely his original from the sleepy beleefe of many a homebred Dormouse, who comprehends not either the raritie or possibility of those things he sees not: to whom the most classick relations seem riddles and paradoxes: of whom it may bee sayd as once of *Diogenes*, that because hee circled himselfe in the circumference of a tubbe, hee therefore contemned the Port and Pallace of *Alexander*, which hee knew not. So there are many a tub-brain'd Cynicke, who because any thing stranger than ordinary, is too large for the straite hoopes of his apprehension, he peremptorilye concludes it is a lye: But I decline this sort of thicke witted readers, and dedicate the mite of my endeavours to my more credulous, ingenious, and lesse censorious Countrymen, for whose sakes I undertooke this worke: and I did it the rather, because there have some relations heretofore past the Presse, which have beene very imperfect, as also because there have beene many scandalous and false reports past upon the Country, even from the sulphurious breath of every base ballad-monger: wherefore to perfect the one, and take off the other, I have layed downe the nature of the Country, without any partiall respect unto it, as being my dwelling place where I have lived these foure yeares, and intend God willing to returne shortly againe; But my conscience is to me a thousand witnesses, that what I speake is the very truth, and this will informe thee almost as fully concerning it, as if thou wentest over to see it. Now whereas I have written the latter part of this relation concerning the *Indians* in a more light and facetious stile, than the former: because their carriage and behaviour hath afforded more matter of mirth and laughter, than gravity and wisedome: and therefore I have inserted many passages of mirth concerning them, to spice the rest of my more serious discourse, and to make it more pleasant. Thus thou mayest in two or three houres travaile over a few leaves, see and know that, which cost him that writ it, yeares and travaile over sea and land, before he knew it; and therefore I hope thou wilt accept it: which shall be my full reward, as it was my whole ambition, and so I rest,

Thine bound in what I may, W. W."

A discourse concerning the currencies of the British plantations in America. Especially with regard to their paper money: more particularly in relation to the province of the Massachusett's Bay, in New-England.—A very well written pamphlet, published in 1739. The following observations from this work, would apply to a later period. "The goodly appearance which Boston, and the country in general, at present make in fine houses, equipage, and dress, is owing to paper money. Never were greater complaints of want of money, while, at the same time, never more extravagance in equipages and dress. Boston, like a private man of small fortune, does not become richer, but poorer, by a rich, goodly appearance."

A concise account of North America: containing a description of the several British Colonies on that continent, including the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, &c. as to their situation, extent, climate, soile, produce, rise, governments, religion, present boundaries, and the number of inhabitants supposed to be in each. Also of the interior or westerly parts of the country, upon the rivers St. Laurence, the Mississipi, Christino and the great lakes. To which is subjoined, an account of the several nations and tribes of Indians residing in those parts, as to their customs, manners, government, numbers, &c. containing many useful and entertaining facts never before treated of.—This was written by Major Robert Rogers, and was published in 1765. Among the "entertaining facts never before treated of," are perhaps the author's conjectures respecting the fogs of Newfoundland. "These coasts," he says, "are observed to be extremely subject to fogs, occasioned by the vapours, which are exhaled from the lakes, swamps and bogs, with which the island abounds, as is generally supposed: but perhaps is more owing to the vast shoals of fish and sea animals which frequent these coasts, whose breath, warmth, and motion, occasion vapours to arise from the sea: hence I imagine it is, that, notwithstanding the almost perpetual fogs here, the air is wholesome and agreeable to most constitutions, which would hardly be the case if they sprung from bogs, swamps, and fresh water lakes."

At Berlin, in 1772, appeared a work entitled "*America and the Americans*," written by a German officer to defend the aborigines against the statements of De Pau. He sums up the character of the Indians, at the conclusion of his book, in the following manner: "The savages think as they please; they eat when they are hungry; they sleep when they are sleepy; they walk about when they choose; they do not torment themselves about the future, and their labours are their amusements. It is true that they have the villanous custom of sometimes eating their prisoners. This is the life of a hog, it will be said; this mode of living cannot however be so bad as it may be supposed to be, since three-fourths of our noblemen live in the same manner; the difference between them and the savages is, that instead, like the latter, of eating their prisoners, they often consume their creditors."

A General History of Connecticut, from its first Settlement under George Fenwick, Esq., to its latest period of Amity with Great Britian, including a Description

of the Country and many curious and interesting Anecdotes.—This work was written by the Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Peters, and was declared by even the British reviewers to contain "so many marks of party spleen and idle credulity as to be altogether unworthy of public attention." The author says that "treachery is the staple commodity of the four New England provinces," and gives a wonderful account of the Cahoos falls, near Albany, "where," he observes, "water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that no iron crow can be forced into it."

"*Ioyfull Newes out of the new found world, wherein are declared the rare and singular vertues of diuers and sundrie Herbs, Trees, Oyles, Plants, & Stones, with their applications, aswell to the vse of Phisicke, as Chirurgery: which being wel applied, bring such present remedy for all diseases, as may seeme altogether incredible: notwithstanding by practize found out, to be true. Also the portrature of the sayde Herbes, very aptly described: Englished by Iohn Frampton, Merchant. Imprinted at London, in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Quenes Armes, by William Norton,* 1580."—This is one of the most rare and curious of the books relating to America printed in the sixteenth century. It was originally written in Spanish, by Doctor Monardes, of Seville. Although Frampton declares that being no longer "pressed with the toiles of his old trade, to pass the tyme to some benefite of his countrye, and to avoyde idlenes, he took in hand to translate the booke," he was probably in some way interested in the sale of the trees, herbs, &c., "the singular and rare vertues" of which are described by its author in a style that would have been deemed creditable to a modern Perkins, Brandreth, or Williams. From that part of the work relating to "*Tobacco and of his great vertues,*" we copy a few paragraphs.

"This hearbe which commonly is called *Tabaco*, is an Hearbe of muche antiquitie, and knowen amongst the Indians, and in especially among them of the new Spayne, and after that those Countries were gotten by our Spaniardes, beyng taught of the Indians, they did profite themselues with those things, in the wounds which they receiued in their Warres, healing themselues therewith to their great benefite.

"Within these few yeeres there hath beene brought into Spayne of it, more to adornate Gardens with the fairenesse thereof, and too geue a pleasaunt sight, than that it was thought to haue the meruellous medicinable vertues, which it hath, but nowe wee doe vse it more for his vertues, than for his fairenesse. For surely they are such which doe bring admiration.

"It is growing in many partes of the Indias, but ordinarily in moyst and shadowie places, and it is needfull that the grounde where it is sowen, bee well tilled, and that it be a fruitefull grounde, and at all times it is sowen, in the hot Countries. But in the colde Countries it must bee sowen in the Moneth of Marche, for that it may defende it selfe from the frost."

"The proper name of it amongest the Indians is *Picielt*, for the name of *Tabaco* is geuen to it by our Spaniardes, by reason of an Island that is named *Tabaco*. This hearbe *Tabaco* hath particular vertue to heale griefes of the head, and in especially comming of colde causes, and so it cureth the headake when it commeth of a cold humor, or of a windy cause. The Leaues must be layde hotte to the griefe, and multiplying them the tyme that is needful, vntil the griefe be taken away. Some there be that doe annoynt them with the Oyle of Orenges, and so they performe a very good woorke.

"In any manner of griefe that is in the body or any other part therof it helpeth, proceeding of a cold cause, & applyed thereunto, it taketh it away, not without greate admiration.

"In griefes of the brest it worketh a maruellous effect, & inespecially in those that doe cast out mater and rottennesse at the mouth, and in them that are short breathed, and in any other olde euilles making of the hearbe a decoction, or with Sugar and Syrope, and being taken in little quantitie, it doth expell the Matters, and rottennes of the brest maruellously, and the smoke being taken in at the mouth, doeth cause that the matter be expelled out of the brest of them that do featch their breath shorte.

"In the Toothache when the griefe commeth of a colde cause, or of colde Rumes, putting to it a little ball made of the leafe of the *Tabaco*, washing first the tooth with a small cloth wet in the Juyce, it taketh away the payne, and stayeth it, that the putrifaction goe not forwarde: in hot causes it doth not profite, and this remedy is so common that it healeth euery one.

"One of the meruelles of this hearbe, and that which bringeth most admiration, is, the maner howe the Priestes of the Indians did vse it, which was in this manner: when there was emongest the Indians any manner of businesse, of greate importaunce, in the which the chiefe Gentlemen called *Casiques*, or any of the principall people of the countrie, had necessitie to consult with their Priestes, in any businesse of importance: then they went and propounded their matter to their chiefe Priest, foorthwith in their presence, he tooke certayne leaues of the *Tabaco*, and cast them into the fire, and did receiue the smoke of them at his mouth, and at his nose with a Cane, and in taking of it, hee fell downe vppon the ground, as a Dead man, and remayning so, according to the quantitie of the smoke that he had taken, when the hearbe had done his woorke, he did reuiue and awake, and gaue them their answeares, according to the visions, and illusions which hee sawe, whiles hee was rapte in the same manner, and he did interprete to them, as to him seemed best, or as the Diuell had counselled him, geuing them continually doubtfull answeares, in such sorte, that howsoeuer it fell out, they might say that it was the same, which was declared, and the answeare that he made.

"In like sort the rest of the Indians for their pastime, doe take the smoke of the *Tabaco*, too make themselues drunke withall, and to see the visions, and thinges that represent vnto them that wherein they doe delight: and other times they take it to knowe their businesse, and successe, because conformable to that, which they haue seene beyng drunke therewith, euen so they iudge of their businesse. And as the Deuil is a deceauer, & hath the knowledge of the vertue of hearbes, so he did shew the vertue of this Hearb, that by the meanes thereof, they might see their imaginations, and visions, that he hath represented to them, and by that meanes deceiue them."

Other chapters treat of "Snowe, and the Vertues thereof," "the unspeakable Vertue of iron and steele in physicke," etc.

Books of travel in America were hardly less frequent in the sixteenth and seventeenth than in the nineteenth century; and the passages we have given from some of the most rare of those which have been preserved show that the early tourists were about as philosophical and eccentric as their successors.

COTTON MATHER.

The most celebrated person of his age in America was Cotton Mather. He was once revered as a saint, and he is still regarded as a man of great natural abilities, and profound and universal learning. It is true that he had much scholarship; he could read many languages, and his memory was so retentive that he rarely forgot the most trivial circumstance; but he had too little genius to comprehend great truths, and his attainments were for the most part rather curious than valuable. In all his long life he was a model of industry; and, beside his three hundred and eighty-two printed works, he left many manuscripts, of which the largest is called "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," on which he laboured daily for more than thirty years. It is a mere compilation of facts and opinions, from multitudinous sources, and embraces nothing that would be valuable to the modern scholar. His minor works are nearly all forgotten, even by the antiquaries. The "Magnalia Christi Americana" is preserved rather as a curiosity than as an authority; for recent investigations have shown that his statements are not to be relied on where he had any interest in misrepresenting acts or characters. His style abounds, more than that of any of his contemporaries, with puerilities, puns, and grotesque conceits. But it is questionable whether his intellectual was not better than his moral character; for though of all men he was the most observant of forms, and "deemed himself starved unless he fasted once a month," and "found astonishing entertainment" in "spending three days together, without food, in knocking at the door of Heaven," he was still without humility or charity—ambitious, intriguing and unscrupulous. He believed in witchcraft, a circumstance for which he is not perhaps to be blamed, since no amount of learning or integrity could exempt one from credulity; but after fanning into a flame the terrible superstition on this subject, when the frenzy was over he hypocritically endeavoured to persuade the people that instead of encouraging the proceedings, his influence and exertions had been on the side of caution and forbearance. Failing of this, he attempted to justify his conduct by inventing various personal histories, to show that there had been good cause for the atrocious persecutions. The devil certainly had much more power over Mather and the civil judges than over any of the unhappy convicts, the bodies of some of whom were treated even after death with a brutality that might have appalled the 'savages' who were spectators of these 'civilized' and 'Christian' tragedies. Mather at one time kept one of the supposed witches in his house, to observe closely her actions. She was a young girl, who in sport or wantonness attempted to practise upon his credulity. "The manner in which she played with his religious prejudices shows considerable art. A Quaker's book, which was then one of the greatest of abominations, was brought to her, and she read whole pages in it, with the exception of the names of the Deity and the Saviour, which she was not able to speak. Such books as she might have read with profit, she was not permitted to open; or, if she was urged to read in her Bible or Catechism, she was immediately taken with contortions. On the contrary, she could read in a jest-book without the least difficulty, and actually seemed to enjoy it. Popish books she was permitted to read at pleasure, but a work against the Catholics, she might not touch. One gleam of suspicion seemed to shoot over his mind on one occasion; for he says, 'I, considering there might be a snare in it, put a stop to this fanciful business. Only I could not but be amazed at one thing; a certain prayer-book, [the Episcopal doubtless,] being brought her, she not only could read it very well, but also did read a large part of it over, calling it her Bible, and putting more than ordinary respect upon it. If she were going into her tortures, at the tender of this book, she would recover herself to read it. Only when she came to the Lord's prayer, now and then occurring in that book, she would have her eyes put out; so that she must turn over a new leaf, and then she could read again. Whereas also there are scriptures in that book, she could read them there; but if any showed her the same scriptures in the Bible itself, she should sooner die than read them. And she was likewise made unable to read the Psalms in an ancient metre, which this prayer-book had in the same volume with it.' It was not very surprising, that she should after a time lose her veneration for him. Accordingly he remarks, that, though her carriage had been dutiful, 'it was afterwards with a sauciness, which I was not used to be treated withal.' She would knock at his study door, telling him that some one below would be glad to see him; when he had taken the trouble to go down, and scolded her for the falsehood, she would say, 'Mrs. Mather is always glad to see you.' 'She would call out to him with numberless impertinencies.' Having determined to give a public account of her case, in a sermon to his congregation, she was troubled at it, thinking it not unlikely that sharper eyes than his might be turned upon her. She made many attempts to prevent it by threatening him with the vengeance of the spirits, till he was almost out of patience, and exorcized them in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. All these were perfectly intelligible to them; but 'the Indian language they did not seem so well to understand.' One part of the system of this artful young creature was to persuade him, that he was under the special protection of Heaven, so that spells could have no power over him. When he went to prayer, 'the demone would throw her on the floor, where she would whistle, and sing, and yell, to drown the voice of prayer; and she would fetch blows with her fist and kicks with her foot at the man that prayed. But still her fist and foot would recoil, when within an inch or two of him, as if rebounding against a wall.' This powerful appeal to his vanity was not lost upon him. It made him more solicitous than ever to patronize the delusion."*

Mather entered college when twelve years old. At eighteen he began to preach. We have already alluded to the *Magnalia*. Grahame, the historian, calls it the most interesting work which the literature of this country has produced, and says that some of the biographical parts of it are superior to Plutarch; but this, as Mr. Peabody well remarks in his Life of Mather, is absurd and extravagant praise; the highest pretension of the work being, that it is curious and entertaining.

Toward the close of his career, Mather's reputation declined; and his mind, at this period of his life, appears to have been diseased, almost to insanity.

* In the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, among the manuscripts of Cotton Mather, there is a paper, on which is endorsed the following curious record in his hand-writing. "*November 29th*, 1692. While I was preaching at a private fast, (kept for a possessed young woman,) on Mark ix. 28, 29, the Devil in the damsel flew upon me, and tore the leaf, as it is now torn, over against the text."

THE BAY PSALM BOOK.

The first book published in British America was "The Psalmes in Metre, faithfully Translated, for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New Englande," printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The version was made by Thomas Welde of Roxbury, Richard Mather of Dorchester, and John Eliot the apostle of the Indians. The translators seem to have been aware that it possessed but little poetical merit. "If," say they, in their preface, "the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings; for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended to conscience rather than elegance, and fidelity rather than poetry, in translating Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English metre." Cotton Mather laments the inelegance of the version, but declares that the Hebrew was most exactly rendered. After a second edition had been printed, President Dunster,* of Harvard College, assisted by Mr. Richard Lyon, a tutor at Cambridge, attempted to improve it, and in their advertisement to the godly reader they state that they "had special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of sacred writ and to the sweetness of the verse." Dunster's edition was reprinted twenty-three times in America, and several times in Scotland and England, where it was long used in the dissenting congregations. The following specimen is from the second edition:

PSALM CXXXVII.

The rivers on of Babilon,
  There when wee did sit downe,
Yea, even then, wee mourned when
  Wee remembered Sion.

Our harp wee did hang it amid,
  Upon the willow tree,
Because there they that us away
  Led in captivitee

Requir'd of us a song, and thus
  Askt mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song,
  Unto us then they said.

The Lord's song sing can wee, being
  In stranger's land? then let
Lose her skill my right hand if I
  Jerusalem forget.

Let cleave my tongue my pallate on
  If mind thee doe not I,
If chiefe joyes o're I prize not more,
  Jerusalem my joy.

Remember, Lord, Edom's sons' word,
  Unto the ground, said they,
It rase, it rase, when as it was
  Jerusalem her day.

Blest shall he be that payeth the
  Daughter of Babilon,
Who must be waste, that which thou hast
  Rewarded us upon.

O happie hee shall surely bee
  That taketh up, that eke
Thy little ones against the stones
  Doth into pieces breake.

Mather and Eliot were men of sound learning, and Welde was the author of some respectable elegies and other verses. But although God's altar may not have needed overmuch their "polishings," their own poetry was sadly deficient in elegance and melody, and required all the improvement which the bards of Harvard could make in it, we should think, to be either said or sung. To show the difference between the original and the subsequent impressions, we copy the first Psalm from each version.

PSALME I.

By Welde and others.

O blessed man, that in th'advice
  of wicked doeth not walk:
nor stand in sinner's way, nor sit
  in chayre of scornfull folk.
But in the law of Iehovah,
  is his longing delight:
and in his law doth meditate,
  by day and eke by night.
And he shall be like to a tree
  planted by water-rivers:
that in his season yeilds his fruit,
  and his leafe never withers.
And all he doth, shall prosper well,
  the wicked are not so:
but they are like vnto the chaffe,
  which winde drives to and fro.
Therefore shall not ungodly men,
  rise to stand in the doome,
nor shall the sinners with the just,
  in their assemblie *come*.
For of the righteous men, the Lord
  acknowledgeth the way:
but the way of vngodly men
  shall vtterly decay.

PSAL. I.

Corrected by Dunster and Lyon.

O blessed man that walks not in
  th'advice of wicked men
Nor standeth in the sinners way
  nor scorners seat sits in.
But he upon Jehovah's law
  doth set his whole delight:
And in his law doth meditate
  both in the day and night.
He shall be like a planted tree
  by water brooks; which shall
In his due season yield his fruit.
  whose leaf shall never fall:
And all he doth shall prosper well.
  The wicked are not so:
But they are like unto the chaff,
  which wind drived to and fro.
Therefore shall no ungodly men
  in judgement stand upright:
Nor in th'assembly of the just
  shall stand the sinfull wight.
For of ye righteous men, ye Lord
  acknowledgeth the way;
Whereas the way of wicked men
  shall utterly decay.

* Thomas Dunster was the first president of Harvard College, and was inaugurated on the twenty-seventh of August, 1640. In 1654 he became unpopular on account of his public advocacy of anti-pædobaptism, and was compelled to resign. When he died, in 1659, he bequeathed legacies to the persons who were most active in causing his separation from the College. In the life of Dunster, in the *Magnalia*, is the following admonition, by a Mr. Shepherd, to the authors of the New Psalm Book:

"You *Roxb'ry* poets, keep clear of the crime
Of missing to give to us very good rhyme.
And you of *Dorchester*, your verses lengthen,
But with *the texts' own words* you will them strengthen."

ELIOT AND HIS INDIAN TRANSLATIONS.

"SINCE the death of Paul," says Edward Everett in his address at Bloody Brook, "a nobler, truer, and warmer spirit than John Eliot, never lived; and taking the state of the country, the narrowness of the means, the rudeness of the age, into consideration, the history of the Christian church does not contain an example of resolute, untiring, successful labour, superior to that of translating the entire Scriptures into the language of the native tribes of Massachusetts; a labour performed, not in the flush of youth, nor within the luxurious abodes of academic lore, but under the constant burden of his duties as a minister and a preacher, and at a time of life when the spirit begins to flag." Such is the judgment of one of the first scholars and most discerning men of our own age of the *Apostle of the Indians*—the noblest of all the noble men who planted civilization and religion in the new world.

Eliot was born at Nasing—not *Nasin*, as it is erroneously given by Allen and others—in Essex, England, in 1604. He was educated at Cambridge, and being subsequently persecuted for non-conformity, so far as "not to be allowed even to teach a school in his native country," according to Neal, he at the age of twenty-seven came to America, landing at Boston on the third of November, 1631. In the following year he became pastor of a Congregational church in Roxbury, and in the autumn of 1646, he preached his first sermon in the language of the Indians at Nonantum, now Newtown. From that year until he died, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he laboured with an earnestness and ability rarely equalled and never surpassed, to educate and convert the Indians; and of all the Christian missionaries in America from its discovery to the present time, he was the most successful.

Eliot wrote several narratives of the advancement and condition of religion among the Indians, which were published in England; a tract entitled "Communion of the Churches;" a "History of the Gospels;" and "The Christian Commonwealth," a book which was pronounced *seditious* by the colonial government, publicly recanted, and suppressed. He was also at an earlier day one of the committee by whom *The Bay Psalm Book* was prepared. His reputation, however, rests upon his Indian Grammar, and various translations into the Indian language, the chief of which was that of the Bible, completed in 1663. From the commencement of his ministry among the natives, the project of this translation appears to have been floating in his mind, but the magnitude of the work, and the difficulties with which it was likely to be attended, sometimes discouraged him; and in his "Further Progresse of the Gospel," published in 1655, he says despondingly, "I have no hope to see the Bible translated, much less printed, in my own day." Yet he laboured at the task from time to time, trusting that the providence of God would at length send the aid necessary to print such portions of it as should be prepared for the press. Nor was his trust in vain: through the aid of "The Corporation for Promoting the Gospel among the Heathen in New-England," the New Testament was published at Cambridge in September, 1661, soon after the restoration of Charles the Second to the throne. The printing was completed while the question of the confirmation of the Society's charter was pending, and it was deemed an excellent opportunity to conciliate the good will of the King, to whom the Commissioners of the United Colonies dedicated the Translation, in an address written in a tone adapted to win his favourable regard. This dedication has the following preface:

"Vpon the enformation of the Desolution of the Corporation, and intimation of hopes that his Majestie would [renew and] confeirme the same, &c. The Comissioners thought meet to present his Majestie with the New Testament printed in the Indian language with these presents following, &c."

The document itself, as printed in the few copies of the Testament sent to England, is in these words:

"*To the High and Mighty Prince, Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.*

"The Commissioners of the United Colonies in New-England, wish increase of all happiness, &c.

"MOST DREAD SOVERAIGN,

"If our weak apprehensions have not misled us, this Work will be no unacceptable Present to Your Majesty, as having a greater Interest therein, than we believe is generally understood: which (upon this Occasion) we conceive it our Duty to declare.

"The People of these four Colonies (Confederated for Mutual Defence, in the time of the late Distractions of our dear Native Country) Your Majesties natural born Subjects, by the Favour and Grant of Your Royal Father and Grandfather of Famous Mémory, put themselves upon this great and hazardous Undertaking, of Planting themselves at their own Charge in these remote ends of the Earth, that without offence or provocation to our dear Brethren and Countrymen, we might enjoy that liberty to Worship God, which our own Consciences informed us, was not onely our Right, but Duty: As also that we might (if it so pleased God) be instrumental to spread the light of the Gospel, the knowledg of the Son of God our Saviour, to the poor barbarous Heathen, which by His late Majesty, in some of our Patents, is declared to be His principal aim.

"These honest and Pious Intentions, have, through the grace and goodness of God and our Kings, been seconded with proportionable success: for, omitting the Immunities indulged us by Your Highness Royal Predecessors, we have been greatly encouraged by Your Majesties gracious expressions of Favour and Approbation signified, unto the *Address* made by the principal of our Colonies, to which the rest do most cordially Subscribe, though wanting the like seasonable opportunity, they have been (till now) deprived of the means to Congratulate Your Majesties happy Restitution, after Your long suffering, which we implore may yet be graciously accepted, that we may be equal partakers of Your Royal Favour and Moderation; which hath been so Illustrious that (to admiration) the animosities and different Perswasions of men have been so soon Composed, and so much cause of hope, that (unless the sins of the Nation prevent) a blessed Calm will succeed the late horrid Confusions of Church and State. And shall not we (*Dread Soveraign*) your Subjects of these Colonies, of the same Faith and Belief in all Points of Doctrine with our Countrymen, and the other Reformed Churches, (though perhaps not alike perswaded in some matters of Order, which in outward respects hath been unhappy for us) promise and assure our selves of all just favour and indulgence from a Prince so happily and graciously endowed?

"The other part of our Errand hither, hath been attended with Endevours and Blessing; many of the

wilde *Indians* being taught, and understanding the Doctrine of the Christian Religion, and with much affection attending such Preachers as are sent to teach them, many of their Children are instructed to Write and Reade, and some of them have proceeded further, to attain the knowledge of the Latine and Greek Tongues, and are brought up with our English youth in University-learning: There are divers of them that can and do reade some parts of the Scripture, and some Catechisms, which formerly have been Translated into their own Language, which hath occasioned the undertaking of a greater Work, *viz:* The Printing of the whole Bible, which (being Translated by a painful Labourer amongst them, who was desirous to see the Work accomplished in his dayes) hath already proceeded to the finishing of the New Testament, which we here humbly present to Your Majesty, as the first fruits and accomplishment of the Pious Design of your Royal Ancestors. The Old Testament is now under the Press, wanting and craving your Royal Favour and Assistance for the perfecting thereof.

"We may not conceal, that though this Work hath been begun and prosecuted by such Instruments as God hath raised up here, yet the chief Charge and Cost, which hath supported and carried it thus far, hath been from the Charity and Piety of our well-affected Countrymen in *England;* who being sensible of our inability in that respect, and studious to promote so good a Work, contributed large Sums of Money, which were to be improved according to the Direction and Order of the then-prevailing Powers, which hath been faithfully and religiously attended both there and here, according to the pious intentions of the Benefactors. And we do most humbly beseech your Majesty, that a matter of so much Devotion and Piety, tending so much to the Honour of God, may suffer no disappointment through any Legal defect (without the fault of the Donors, or the poor *Indians*, who onely receive the benefit) but that your Majesty be graciously pleased to Establish and Confirm the same, being contrived and done (as we conceive) in the first year of your Majesties Reign, as this Book was begun and now finished in the first year of your Establishment; which doth not onely presage the happy success of your Highness Government, but will be a perpetual monument, that by your Majesties Favour the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*, was first made known to the *Indians:* An Honour whereof (we are assured) your Majesty will not a little esteem

"SIR, *The shines of Your Royal Favour upon these Undertakings, will make these tender Plants to flourish, notwithstanding any malevolent Aspect from those that bear evil will to this* Sion, *and render Your Majesty more Illustrious and Glorious to after Generations.*

"*The God of Heaven long preserve and bless Your Majesty with many happy Dayes, to his Glory, the good and comfort of his Church and People.* Amen."

In 1663, the Old and New Testaments, and a version of the Psalter in a separate volume, were completed, and a copy of each forwarded to the King. Richard Baxter, who was a friend and correspondent of Eliot, speaks of the gift as "such a work and fruit of a plantation, as was never before presented to a king." The perfect Bible was accompanied by the following dedicatory address, which Thomas states was omitted in nearly all the copies circulated in America.

"*To the High and Mighty Prince, Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.*

"The Commissioners of the United Colonies in New-England, wish all happiness, &c.

"MOST DREAD SOVERAIGN,

"As our former Presentation of the New Testament was Graciously Accepted by Your Majesty; so with all Humble Thankfulness for that Royal Favour, and with the like hope, We are bold now to Present the *WHOLE BIBLE*, Translated into the Language of the Natives of this Country, by *A Painful Labourer in that Work*, and now *Printed* and *Finished*, by means of the Pious Beneficence of Your Majesties Subjects in *England:* which also by Your Special Favour hath been Continued and Confirmed to the intended Use and Advancement of so Great and Good a Work, as is the *Propagation of the Gospel to these poor Barbarians* in this (Ere-while) Unknown World.

"Translations of Holy Scripture, *The Word of the King of Kings*, have ever been deemed not unworthy of the most Princely Dedications: Examples whereof are extant in divers Languages. But Your Majesty is the First that hath Received one in this Language, or from this *American World*, or from any Parts so Remote from *Europe* as these are, for ought that ever we heard of.

"Publications also of these Sacred Writings to the Sons of Men (who here, and here onely, have the Mysteries of their Eternal Salvation revealed to them by the God of Heaven) is a Work that the Greatest Princes have Honoured themselves by. But to Publish and Communicate the same to a Lost People, as remote from Knowledge and Civility, much more from Christianity, as they were from all Knowing, Civil, and Christian Nations; a People without Law, without Letters, without Riches, or Means to procure any such thing; a People that *sate as deep in Darkness, and in the shadow of Death*, as (we think) any since the Creation: This puts a Lustre upon it that is Superlative; and to have given Royal Patronage and Countenance to such a Publication, or to the Means thereof, will stand among the Marks of Lasting Honour in the eyes of all that are Considerate, even unto After-Generations.

"And though there be in this Western World many Colonies of other European Nations, yet we humbly conceive, no Prince hath had a Return of such a Work as this; which may be some Token of the Success of your Majesties Plantation of *New-England*, Undertaken and Settled under the Encouragement and Security of Grants from Your Royal Father and Grandfather, of Famous Memory, and Cherished with late Gracious Aspects from Your Majesty. Though indeed the present Poverty of these Plantations could not have Accomplished this Work, had not the forementioned Bounty of *England* lent Relief; Nor could that have Continued to stand us in stead, without the Influence of Your Royal Favour and Authority, whereby the *Corporation* there, *For Propagating the Gospel among these Natives*, hath been Established and Encouraged (whose Labour of Love, Care, and Faithfulness in that Trust, must ever be remembered with Honour.) Yea, when private persons, for their private Ends, have of late sought Advantages to deprive the said Corporation of Half the Possessions that had been, by Liberal Contributions, obtained for so Religious Ends; We understand, That, by an Honourable and Righteous Decision

in Your Majesties *Court of Chancery*, their Hopes have been defeated, and the Thing Settled where it was and is. For which great Favour, and Illustrious Fruit of Your Majesties Government, we cannot but return our most Humble Thanks in this Publick manner; And, as the Result of the joynt Endeavours of Your Majesties Subjects there and here, acting under Your Royal Influence, We Present *You* with this Work, which upon sundry accounts is to be called *Yours*.

"The Southern Colonies of the *Spanish Nation* have sent home from this *American Continent*, much Gold and Silver, as the Fruit and End of their Discoveries and Transplantations: That (we confess) is a scarce Commodity in this Colder Climate. But (sutable to the Ends of our Undertaking,) we Present this, and other Concomitant Fruits of our poor Endeavours to Plant and Propagate the Gospel here; which, upon a true account, is as much better than Gold, as the Souls of men are more worth than the whole World. This is a nobler Fruit (and indeed, in the Counsels of All-Disposing Providence, was an higher intended End) of *Columbus* his Adventure. And though by his Brother's being hindred from a seasonable Application, your Famous Predecessour and Ancestor, King *Henry* the Seventh, missed of being sole Owner of that first Discovery, and of the Riches thereof; yet, if the Honour of first Discovering the True and Saving Knowledge of the Gospel unto the poor *Americans*, and of Erecting the Kingdome of *JESUS CHRIST* among them, be Reserved for, and do Redound unto your Majesty, and the English Nation, After-ages will not reckon this Inferiour to the other. Religion is the End and Glory of Mankinde: and as it was the Professed End of this Plantation; so we desire ever to keep it in our Eye as our main design (both as to ourselves, and the Natives about us) and that our Products may be answerable thereunto. Give us therefore leave (*Dread Soveraign*) yet again humbly to Beg the Continuance of your Royal Favour, and of the Influences thereof, upon this poor Plantation, *The United Colonies of* NEW-ENGLAND, for the Securing and Establishment of our Civil Priviledges, and Religious Liberties hitherto Enjoyed; and, upon this Good Work of Propagating Religion to these Natives, that the Supports and Encouragements thereof from *England* may be still countenanced and Confirmed. May this Nursling still suck the Breast of Kings, and be fostered by your Majesty, as it hath been by your Royal Predecessors, unto the Preservation of its main Concernments; It shall thrive and prosper to the Glory of God, and the Honour of your Majesty: Neither will it be any loss or grief unto our Lord the King, to have the Blessing of the Poor to come upon Him, and that from these Ends of the Earth.

"*The God by whom Kings Reign, and Princes Decree Justice, Bless Your Majesty, and Establish your Throne in Righteousness, in Mercy, and in Truth, to the Glory of His Name, the Good of His People, and to Your own Comfort and Rejoycing, not in this onely, but in another World.*"

The title page is in English and Indian. The Indian title is as follows: "Mamusse Wunneetupanatamwe Up-Biblum God naneeswe Nukkone-Testament kah wonk Wusku Testament. Nequoshinnumuk nashpe Wuttinneumak Christ noh asoowesit John Eliot. Nahohteou ontehetoe Printewoomuk. Cambridge: Printeuoop nashpe Samuel Green."

We append, as a specimen of the Translation, the Lord's Prayer, from the first edition of the New Testament, printed at Cambridge in 1661·

The LORD'S PRAYER, *Matt.* vi. 9, *&c.*

Nooshun kesukqut, quttianatamunach koowesuonk. Peyaumooutch kukketassootamoonk, kukkenantoomoonk ne n nach ohkeit neane kesukqut. Nummeetsuongash asekesukokish assamaiinean yedyeu kesukod. Kah ahquontamaiinnean nummatcheongash, neane matchenehukqueagig nutahquontammounonog. Ahque sagkompagunaiinnean en qutchhuaoonganit, webe pohquohwussinean wutch matchitut. Newutche kutahtaun ketassootamonk, kah menuhkesuonk, kah sohsumoonk micheme. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever. Amen

The first impression of the Indian Bible, says Convers Francis, in his excellent Life of Eliot, sufficed for about twenty years. In 1680 another edition of the New Testament was published. Mr. Eliot, in a letter written during that period to the Honourable Mr. Boyle, alludes to it when he says, "We are at the nineteenth chapter of the Acts; and when we have impressed the New Testament, our Commissioners approve of my preparing and impressing the Old." In addition to the Psalms, a *Catechism* was annexed, as in the first impression. This New Testament has the imprint of Cambridge, but no printer's name. In 1685, a second edition of the Old Testament appeared, printed at Cambridge by Samuel Green. This was bound with the last impression of the New Testament; and the two parts, thus taken together, constitute the second edition of the whole Bible, though there was an interval of five years between the times at which the two Testaments respectively appeared. Each part has but one title page, which is in Indian, and the same as before. We learn some facts respecting this second edition of the Indian version from Eliot's correspondence with Mr. Boyle. The whole impression was two thousand copies. It was superintended by Mr. Eliot, who gave a part of his salary towards defraying the expense, and received for the same purpose from the corporation in England, through Mr. Boyle, nine hundred pounds at different times, namely, forty pounds at one time, four hundred and sixty at another, and four hundred at a third. If some collateral expenses be included, the whole cost of the impression must have been little, if any, short of a thousand pounds. Mr. Eliot's remarks lead us to suppose, that the first edition was nearly or quite exhausted. If so, and if the number of its copies was what I have supposed, this fact will furnish us with a measure by which we may estimate the demand for the Scriptures among the Indians for twenty years after the translation was first printed. We may presume that the number of copies, which curiosity might lead people in the colony to purchase, or which courtesy might send to England, could not be large. Eliot apologised to Mr. Boyle for the slow progress

of the printing, by alleging the want of an adequate number of workmen, and the interruption of labour among those whom they had, by sickness, which prevailed fatally in the winter of 1683 and the spring of 1684. His heart was saddened by these and other events, which seemed to throw discouragement on the work; for he was then bending beneath the weight of years, and with the feelings of an old and faithful servant, his soul yearned to witness, as his last labour, the completion of the new edition of his translation. The affectionate earnestness with which he dwells on the subject in his correspondence with the English philosopher, has a touching interest. "My age," says he, "makes me importunate. I shall depart joyfully, may I but leave the Bible among them; for it is the word of life." Again he writes, "I desire to see it done before I die, and I am so deep in years, that I cannot expect to live long; and sundry say, if I do not procure it printed while I live, it is not within the prospect of human reason, whether ever, or when, or how, it may be accomplished." He bore it on his heart to God in his devotions, and the anxious earnestness of his soul seemed to be fixed on this point. The prayer of the good old man was answered. He lived to see a new impression of his Bible; and when he took the precious volume in his hands, we can easily imagine that with uplifted eyes he may have uttered the *Nunc dimittis* of the aged Simeon. In preparing this second edition Mr. Eliot received valuable assistance from the Reverend John Cotton of Plymouth, who had spent much of his time for several years in forming a thorough acquaintance with the Indian language. This obligation Eliot acknowledged in a letter to Boyle in 1688. Several years before that time, Boyle had intrusted to Eliot thirty pounds for the promotion of religion among the Indians. The money had not been expended, perhaps because no opportunity had occurred for the particular mode of using it which Boyle designed. Of this sum, Eliot requested that ten pounds might be given to Major Gookin's widow, who was poor; ten pounds to Gookin's son, who lectured among the Indians; and ten pounds to Mr. John Cotton, "who," says he, "helped me much in the second edition of the Bible." Probably Mr. Cotton revised the whole version with him, that by their joint labours a more exact and faithful translation might be exhibited in the new impression.

Mr. Francis elsewhere remarks, that the Indian Bible has become one of those rare books which the antiquarian deems it a treasure to possess. The copies in public or private libraries are very few. It has acquired the venerable appearance of an ancient and sealed book; and when we turn over its pages, those long and harsh words seem like the mysterious hieroglyphics in some time-hallowed temple of old Egypt. It failed to answer the pious purpose for which the translator laboured in preparing it. But it has answered another purpose, which was perhaps never in his mind, or, if it were, was doubtless regarded as an inferior consideration. In connexion with his Indian Grammar, it has afforded important aid as a valuable document, in the study of comparative philology. Though the language in which it is printed is no longer read, yet this book is prized as one of the means of gaining an insight into the structure and character of "unwritten dialects of barbarous nations," a subject which, of late years, has attracted the attention of learned men, and the study of which, it is believed, will furnish new facts to modify the hitherto received principles of universal grammar. On this account scholars of the highest name in modern times have had reason to thank Eliot for labours, which the Indians are not left to thank him for. While the cause of religion missed, in a great degree, the benefit designed for it, the science of language acknowledges a contribution to its stores. Mr. Eliot translated the Bible into a dialect of what is called the Mohegan tongue, a language spoken by all the New England Indians, essentially the same, but varied by different dialects among the several tribes. By Eliot and others it was called the Massachusetts language. There is, besides, a moral aspect, in which this translation of the Scriptures should be viewed. It must be regarded as a monument of laborious piety, of painstaking love to the soul of man. Would the translator have had the spirit to undertake, still more the perseverance to carry through, a work so wearisome and discouraging, had he not been animated by the deep, steady, strong principle of devotedness to God and to the highest good of his fellow-men? The theological scholar, who translates the Bible, or even one of the Testaments, from the original into his vernacular tongue, is considered as having achieved a great task, and as giving ample proof of his diligence. Yet such a work is easy compared with the labour which Eliot undertook and finished amidst a press of other employments, which alone might have been deemed sufficient to satisfy the demands of Christian industry. Among the many remarkable doings of the Apostle to the Indians, this bears the most striking testimony to his capacity of resolute endurance in the cause of man's spiritual welfare. We justly admire the moral courage, the spirit of self-sacrifice, which sustained him in the tasks of preaching, visiting, and instruction, never deterred by the dark squalidness of barbarity, never daunted by the fierce threats of men who knew no law but their passions, never moved by exposure to storms, cold, and the various forms of physical suffering. But, when we represent him to our minds, as labouring at his translation of the Scriptures in the silence of his study, year after year, in the freshness of the morning hour and by the taper of midnight, wearied but not disheartened; continually perplexed with the almost unmanageable phraseology of the dialect of the barbarians, yet always patient to discover how it might be made to represent truly the meaning of the sacred books; doing this chapter by chapter, verse by verse, without a wish to give over the toil; cherishing for a long time only a faint hope of publication, yet still willing to believe, that God in his good providence would finally send the means of giving the printed word of life to those for whom he toiled and prayed,—we cannot but feel that we witness a more trying task, a more surprising labour, than any presented by the stirring and active duties of his ministry among the Indians. It was a long, heavy, hard work, wrought out by the silent but wasting efforts of mental toil, and relieved by no immediately animating excitement. It was truly a labour of love. When we take that old dark volume into our hands, we understand not the words in which it is written; but it has another and beautiful meaning which we do understand. It is a symbol of the affection which a devoted man cherished for the soul of his fellow-man; it is the expression of a benevolence, which fainted in no effort to give light to those who sat in darkness and

in the shadow of death; and so it remains, and will ever remain, a venerable manifestation of the power of spiritual truth and spiritual sympathy.

It is indeed strange that the language of a version of the Bible, made less than two hundred years ago, should now be utterly extinct. But the second edition of the Translation was the last, and the printer will never again be called to set types for those words so strange, nor will there in all after time, probably, be a person in the world who can read the book.

Cotton Mather tells us that the anagram of Eliot's name was *Toile*, and the conceit has the merit of expressing truly one of the chief traits in the apostle's character. Beside the labours which we have mentioned, he translated Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Bayley's "Practice of Piety," and "several of the composures" of Shepard, and others of his contemporaries, into the Indian language.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Mark'd with some act of goodness, every day;
And watch'd by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent."

MRS. BRADSTREET.

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, "the mirror of her age, and glory of her sex," as she is styled by John Norton, of excellent memory, came to America with her husband, Simon Bradstreet, governor of the colony, in 1630, when she was but eighteen years of age. She was a daughter of Governor Dudley, a miserly, though a "virtuous and discreet gentleman," for whom Governor Belcher wrote the following epitaph:

"Here lies Thomas Dudley, that trusty old stud—
A bargain's a bargain, and must be made good."

Mrs. Bradstreet's verses were printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The volume was entitled, "Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of the four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the Three First Monarchies, viz: the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian; and Roman Commonwealth, from the beginning, to the end of the last King; with divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems." Norton declares her poetry so fine that, were Maro to hear it, he would condemn his own works to the fire; and in a poetical description of her character says—

Her breast was a brave pallace, a *broad street*,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had tane,
That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane!

The author of the *Magnalia* speaks of her poetry as a "monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marble;" and John Rogers, one of the Presidents of Harvard College, in some verses addressed to her, says—

Your only hand these poesies did compose:
Your head the source, whence all those springs did flow:
Your voice, whence change's sweetest notes arose:
Your feet, that kept the dance alone, I trow:
Then veil your bonnets, poetasters all,
Strike, lower amain, and at these humbly fall,
And deem yourselves advanced to be her pedestal.

Should all with lowly congees laurels bring,
Waste Flora's magazine to find a wreath,
Or Pineus' banks, 't were too mean offering;
Your muse a fairer garland doth bequeath
To guard your fairer front; here 't is your name
Shall stand immarbled; this your little frame
Shall great Colossus be, to your eternal fame.

She died in September, 1672, and "was greatly mourned." The following stanzas are from one of her minor pieces, entitled "Contemplations."

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly river's side;
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd-for ocean held its course,
I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force:
O happy flood, quoth I, that holdst thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is 't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:
Thou emblem true, of what I count the best,
O could I lead my rivulets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye fish, which in this liquid region 'bide,
That for each season, have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,
Then to the colder bottome straight they dive,
Eftsoon to Neptune's glassie hall repair
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
Who forrage o'er the spacious sea-green field,
And take the trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel percht o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry bird (said I) that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm:
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,
Reminds not what is past, nor what 's to come dost fear,

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,*
Setts hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter 's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man 's at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak:
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:
From some of these he never finds cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexation,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st relation.

* Anticipate.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow:
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
In weight, in frequency, and long duration,
Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.

The mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And had become great master of the seas;
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That 's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heaven's bowes
But sad affliction comes and makes him see
Here 's neither honour, wealth nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp 's all laid in th' dust;
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape time's rust;
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND HIS CONTROVERSIES.

Roger Williams was on many accounts the most remarkable man among the Puritans. He was the first legislator who fully recognized the rights of conscience, and this of itself should make his name immortal. He was eccentric, in conduct as well as in opinion, but nevertheless a man of genius and virtue, of firmness, courage, disinterestedness and benevolence. The notice of Williams and his writings by Dr. Verplanck is so just and comprehensive that we quote it, without abridgment. He emigrated to New England from Wales in 1630. He was then, says Verplanck, a man of austere life and popular manners, full of reading, skilled in controversy, and gifted with a rapid, copious, and vehement eloquence. The writers of those days represent him as being full of turbulent and singular opinions, "and the whole country," saith the quaint Cotton Mather, "was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a windmill in the head of this one man."* The heresy which appeared most grievous to his brethren, was his zeal for unqualified religious liberty. In the warmth of his charity, he contended for "freedom of conscience, even to Papists and Arminians, with security of civil peace to all," a doctrine that filled the Massachusetts clergy with horror and alarm. "He violently urged," says Cotton Mather, "that the civil magistrate might not punish breaches of the first table of the commandments, which utterly took away from the authority all capacity to prevent the land which they had purchased on purpose for a recess from such things, from becoming such a sink of abominations as would have been the reproach and ruin of Christianity in these parts of the world."

In addition to these "most disturbant and offensive doctrines," Mather charges him with preaching against the Royal charter of the colony, "on an insignificant pretence of wrong therein done unto the Indians." To his fervent zeal for liberty of opinion, this singular man united an equal degree of tenacity to every article of his own narrow creed. He objected to the custom of returning thanks after meat, as, in some manner or other, involving a corruption of primitive and pure worship; he refused to join any of the churches in Boston, unless they would first make a public and solemn declaration of their repentance for having formerly communed with the church of England; and when his doctrines of religious liberty were condemned by the clergy, he wrote to his own church at Salem, "that if they would not separate as well from the churches of New England as of Old, he would separate from them."

All his peculiar opinions, whether true or erroneous, were alike offensive to his puritan brethren, and controversy soon waxed warm. Some logicians, more tolerant or politic than the rest, attempted to reconcile the disputants by a whimsical, and not very intelligible sophism. They approved not, said they, of persecuting men for conscience' sake, but solely for correcting them for sinning against conscience; and so not persecuting, but punishing heretics. Williams was not a man who could be imposed upon by words, or intimidated by threats; and he accordingly persevered in inculcating his doctrines publicly and vehemently. The clergy, after having in vain endeavoured to shake him by argument and remonstrance, at last determined to call in the aid of the civil authority; and the General Court, after due consideration of the case, passed sentence of banishment upon him, or, as they phrased it, "ordered his removal out of the jurisdiction of the court." Some of the men in power had determined that he should be sent to England; but, when they sent to take him, they found that, with his usual spirit of resolute independence, he had already departed, no one knew whither, accompanied by a few of his people, who, to use their own language, had gone with their beloved pastor "to seek their providences." After some wanderings, he pitched his tent at a place to which he gave the name of Providence, and there became the founder and legislator of the colony of Rhode Island. There he continued to rule, sometimes as the governor, and always as the guide and father of the settlement, for forty-eight years, employing himself in acts of kindness to his former enemies, affording relief to the distressed, and offering an asylum to the persecuted. The government of his colony was formed on his favourite principle, that in matters of faith and worship, every citizen should walk according to the light of his own conscience, without restraint or interference from the civil magistrate. During a visit which Williams made to England, in 1643, for the purpose of procuring a colonial charter, he published a formal and laboured vindication of this doctrine, under the title of "The Bloody Tenet, Or, a Dialogue between Truth and Peace." In this work, written with his usual boldness and decision, he anticipated most of the arguments which, fifty years after, attracted so much attention, when they were brought forward by Locke. His own conduct in power, was in perfect accordance with his speculative opinions; and when, in his old age, the order of his little community was disturbed by an irruption of Quaker preachers, he combated them only in pamphlets and public disputations, and contented himself with overwhelming their doc-

* Cotton Mather—*Magnalia*, book vii., in the chapter entitled "*Little Foxes*, or the spirit of *Rigid Separation* in one remarkable zealot," &c.

trines with a torrent of learning, sarcasms, syllogisms, and puns.*

It should also be remembered, to the honour of Roger Williams, that no one of the early colonists, without excepting William Penn himself, equaled him in justice and benevolence towards the Indians. He laboured incessantly, and with much success, to enlighten and conciliate them, and by this means acquired a personal influence among them, which he had frequently the enviable satisfaction of exerting in behalf of those who had banished him. It is not the least remarkable or characteristic incident of his varied life, that within one year after his exile, and while he was yet hot with controversy, and indignant at his wrongs, his first interference with the affairs of his former colony was to protect its frontier settlements from an Indian massacre. From that time forward, though he was never permitted to return to Massachusetts, he was frequently employed by the government of that province in negotiations with the Indians, and on other business of the highest importance. Even Cotton Mather, in spite of his steadfast abhorrence of Williams's heresy, seems to have been touched with the magnanimity and kindness of the man; and after having stigmatized him as "the infamous Korah of New England," he confesses, a little reluctantly, that "for the forty years after his exile, he acquitted himself so laudably, that many judicious people judged him to have had *the root of the matter* in him, during the long winter of his retirement."

WILLIAM PENN AND JOHN LOCKE.

With all his goodness and gentleness, the founder of Pennsylvania was not free from that spirit of bitter controversy which prevailed before his arrival in this country, in New England; and the titles of some of his tracts are as quaint and intemperate as those of Mather and Williams, as for example, "A Brief Reply to a Mere Rhapsody of Lies, Folly, and Slander," and "An Answer to a False and Foolish Libel," etc. The great name of Locke, says Verplanck, is associated with that of William Penn, by a double tie; by his celebrated constitution for the Carolinas, which enrols him among the earliest legislators of America, and by one of those anecdotes of private friendship and magnanimity, upon which the mind gladly reposes, after wandering among the cold and dreary generalities of history. During the short period of Penn's influence at the court of James II., he obtained from the king the promise of a pardon for Locke, who had fled to Holland from the persecution of the dominant party. Locke, though grateful to Penn for this unsolicited kindness, replied with a firmness worthy of the man who was destined to become the most formidable adversary of tyranny in all its shapes, "that he could not accept a pardon, when he had not been guilty of any crime." Three years after this occurrence, the Stuarts were driven from the throne of England; Locke then returned in triumph. At the same time, the champions of English liberty, to serve some party object, proclaimed Penn a traitor, without the slightest ground; and all his rights as an Englishman, and his chartered privileges, were shamelessly violated by the very statesmen who had drafted the Act of Toleration and the Bill of Rights. In this season of distress and desertion, Penn was unexpectedly gratified by the grateful remembrance of Locke, who now, in his turn, interceded to procure a pardon from the new sovereign. In the pride of slandered innocence, Penn answered, as Locke had formerly done, "that he had never been guilty of any crime, and could not, therefore, rest satisfied with a mode of liberation which would ever appear as a standing monument of his guilt." The genius of Locke has been described by Dr. Watts, with equal elegance and truth, as being "wide as the sea, calm as the night, bright as the day:" still his mind appears to have been deficient in that practical sagacity which so happily tempered the enthusiasm of William Penn. The code of government and laws which Locke formed for the Carolinas, contained many excellent provisions; but it was embarrassed by numerous and discordant subdivisions of power, was perplexed by some impracticable refinements in the administration of justice, and was, in all respects, unnecessarily artificial and complicated. Nevertheless, it is, remarks Verplanck, a legitimate subject of national pride that we can thus number this virtuous and profound philosopher among those original legislators of this country, who gave to our political character its first impulse and direction.*

THE POETRY OF GOVERNOR WOLCOTT.

Roger Wolcott, a major-general at the capture of Louisburg, and afterward governor of Connecticut, published a volume of "Poetical Meditations" at New London, in 1725. His principal work is "A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honourable John Winthrop, Esquire, in the Court of King Charles the Second, Anno Domini, 1662, when he obtained a Charter for the Colony of Connecticut." In this he describes a miracle by one of Winthrop's company, on the return voyage.

The winds awhile
Are courteous, and conduct them on their way,
To near the midst of the Atlantic sea,
When suddenly their pleasant gales they change
For dismal storms that o'er the ocean range.
For faithless Æolus, meditating harms,
Breaks up the peace, and priding much in arms,
Unbars the great artillery of heaven,
And at the fatal signal by him given,
The cloudy chariots threatening take the plains;
Drawn by wing'd steeds hard pressing on their reins.
These vast battalions, in dire aspect raised,
Start from the barriers—night with lightning blazed,
Whilst clashing wheels, resounding thunders crack,
Strike mortals deaf, and heavens astonish'd shake.
Here the ship captain, in the midnight watch,
Stamps on the deck, and thunders up the hatch;
And to the mariners aloud he cries,
"Now all from safe recumbency arise:
All hands aloft, and stand well to your tack,
Engendering storms have clothed the sky with black,
Big tempests threaten to undo the world:
Down topsail, let the mainsail soon be furl'd:
Haste to the foresail, there take up a reef;
'Tis time, boys, now if ever, to be brief;
Aloof for life; let's try to stem the tide,
The ship's much water, thus we may not ride:
Stand roomer then, let's run before the sea,
That so the ship may feel her steerage way;
Steady at helm!" Swiftly along she scuds
Before the wind, and cuts the foaming suds.
Sometimes aloft she lifts her prow so high,
As if she'd run her bowsprit through the sky;

* The title of one of his books against George Fox, and his follower, Burrowes, is "The Fox digged out of his Burrows."

* The leading and nearly all the *practicable* principles of Locke had been sometime familiar in New England.

Then from the summit ebbs and hurries down,
As if her way were to the centre shown.
Meanwhile our founders in the cabin sat,
Reflecting on their true and sad estate;
Whilst holy Warham's sacred lips did treat
About God's promises and mercies great.
Still more gigantic births spring from the clouds,
Which tore the tatter'd canvass from the shrouds,
And dreadful balls of lightning fill the air,
Shot from the hand of the great Thunderer.
And now a mighty sea the ship o'ertakes,
Which falling on the deck, the bulk-head breaks;
The sailors cling to ropes, and frightened cry,
"The ship is founderèd, we die! we die!"
Those in the cabin heard the sailors screech;
All rise, and reverend Warham do beseech,
That he would now lift up to Heaven a cry
For preservation in extremity.
He with a faith sure bottom'd on the word
Of Him that is of sea and winds the Lord,
His eyes lifts up to Heaven, his hands extends,
And fervent prayers for deliverance sends.
The winds abate, the threatening waves appease,
And a sweet calm sits regent on the seas.
They bless the name of their deliverer,
Who now they found a God that heareth prayer.
Still further westward on they keep their way,
Ploughing the pavement of the briny sea,
Till the vast ocean they had overpast,
And in Connecticut their anchors cast.

In a speech to the king, descriptive of the valley of the Connecticut, Winthrop says—

The grassy banks are like a verdant bed,
With choicest flowers all enamelèd,
O'er which the wingèd choristers do fly,
And wound the air with wondrous melody.
Here Philomel, high perch'd upon a thorn,
Sings cheerful hymns to the approaching morn.
The song once set, each bird tunes up his lyre,
Responding heavenly music through the quire. . . . .
Each plain is bounded at its utmost edge
With a long chain of mountains in a ridge,
Whose azure tops advance themselves so high,
They seem like pendants hanging in the sky.

In an account of King Philip's wars, he tells how the soldier—

met his amorous dame,
Whose eye had often set his heart in flame.
Urged with the motives of her love and fear,
She runs and clasps her arms about her dear,
Where, weeping on his bosom as she lies,
And languishing, on him she sets her eyes,
Till those bright lamps do with her life expire,
And leave him weltering in a double fire.

In the next page he describes the rising of the sun—

By this Aurora doth with gold adorn
The ever beauteous eyelids of the morn;
And burning Titan his exhaustless rays,
Bright in the eastern horizon displays;
Then soon appearing in majestic awe,
Makes all the starry deities withdraw;
Veiling their faces in deep reverence,
Before the throne of his magnificence.

Wolcott retired from public life, after having held many honourable offices, in 1755, and died in May, 1767, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

ALLEN'S POEM ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

We have a thin quarto entitled "The Poem which the Committee of the town of Boston had voted unanimously to be published with the late Oration: with Observations relating thereto, together with some very pertinent Extracts from an Ingenious Composition never published." It was "printed by E. Russell, at his office near Doctor Gardiner's, in Marlborough street in 1772." The author, whose name was James Allen, appears to have been a Royalist, but on terms of intimacy with the leading Whigs of the city, whom he contrived to keep in ignorance of his real sentiments. The poem was written at Dr. Warren's particular request, and when "old Sam Adams," as chairman of the publishing committee, carried to the printer the oration of the Fifth of March, he was instructed to have appear as an appendix to that performance this satire, which it is said was received in committee with great applause. When the proof-sheets were examined, however, one of the members perceived that they had been duped, that the poem "was all a bite"—that if the author was actuated by any principles, they were mischievous—in fine, that he was a strenuous Tory, and influenced alone by a desire to serve the royal cause, as a more close examination of the "ingenious and elegant composition" before them would show. Of course, the committee rescinded the vote to print it, and it was issued by Mr. Russell on his own account. It is in the heroic measure, and rather smoothly versified, but its irony is so apparent that it seems almost incredible that such men as Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren should not have perceived its object at a glance. We quote an apostrophe to the king, from the ninth page:

Stay, Pharaoh, stay, that impious hand forbear,
Nor tempt the genius of our souls too far;
How oft, Ungracious! in *thy* thankless stead
Mid scenes of death *our* generous youth have bled!
When the proud Gaul *thy* mightiest powers repell'd,
And drove thy legions trembling from the field,
We rent the laurel from the victor's brow,
And round *thy* temples taught the wreath to grow.
Say, when thy slaughter'd bands the desert dy'd,
Where the lone Ohio† rolls her gloomy tide,
Whose dreary banks their wasting bones inshrine,
What arm avenged them? Thankless! was it *thine?*
But generous Valour scorns a boasting word,
And conscious Virtue reaps her own reward!
Yet conscious Virtue bids thee now to speak,
Though guilty blushes kindle o'er thy cheek.
If wasting wars, and painful toils, at length,
Had drain'd our veins, and wither'd all our strength,
How couldst thou, cruel, form the base design,
And round our necks the wreath of bondage twine?
And if some lingering spirit roused to strife
Bid ruffian Murder drink the dregs of life,
Shall future ages e'er forget the deed?
And not for this imperious B . . . . . n bleed?
When comes that period Heaven predestines must,
When *Europe's* glories shall be whelm'd in dust,
When *our* proud fleets the naval wreath shall wear,
And o'er her empires hurl the bolts of war,
Unnerved by Fate, the boldest heart shall fail,
And mid their guards auxiliar kings grow pale.
In vain shall B . . . . . n lift her suppliant eye,
An alien'd offspring feels no filial tie;
Her tears in vain shall bathe the soldiers' feet—
Remember, Ingrate! *B-st-n's* crimson'd street!
Whole hecatombs of lives the deed shall pay,
And purge the murders of that guilty day.

* Alluding to the taking of Louisburg, in 1745, by Gen. Pepperell, *with the aid* of a British squadron.

† From various metrical compositions written before the Revolution, it appears that the name *Ohio* was originally pronounced *O-yo*, as in the text.

NATHANIEL WARD—HIS "SIMPLE COBLER OF AGGAWAM."

NATHANIEL WARD was one of the most learned and able, yet eccentric of the nonconformists who came to America. He was the son of a clergyman of the established church, and was graduated at Cambridge, in 1595. After studying the civil law, he traveled on the continent, and studied divinity at Heidelberg, under Pareus, a celebrated Calvinist, whose principles he adopted. He was forbidden to preach on his return to England, and in June, 1634, he came to America, and in the same year was settled as pastor of the church in Ipswich, or Aggawam, near Boston. His health did not long permit him to continue in the pastoral office, and he was employed by the colonial government in various ways for several years. In 1645, he wrote the "Simple Cobler," of which the full title is as follows:

"The Simple Cobler of Aggavvam in America. Willing to help 'mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-Leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. And as willing never to bee paid for his work, by Old English wonted pay. It is his Trade to patch all the year long, gratis. Therefore I pray Gentlemen keep your purses. By Theodore de la Guard. *In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quæque consilia tutissima sunt.* —*Cic.* In English,

"When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
Coblers must thrust their awles up to the hefts.

"This no time to feare *Apelles gramm:*
Ne Sutor quidem ultra crepidam."

This is one of the most curious works written about America; the most quaint and pedantic at a period when quaintness and pedantry were the fashion; and the most violent and enthusiastic of an age when violence and enthusiasm in religious affairs were almost universal. The author's religious opinions, says the North American Review, are on the side of the Commonwealth party, though he professes great loyalty to the King; he shows himself to be a zealous puritan; and with willingness to concede whatever is "*indifferent*;" he is the stubborn advocate of the most violent intolerance and relentless persecution.

The extracts which we select will give an idea of his principles and style. We quote, in the first place, from that portion of the "Simple Cobler" which treats of religious toleration:

"Here is lately brought us an extract of a *Magna Charta*, so called, compiled between the Sub-planters of a *West-Indian* Island; whereof the first Article of constipulation, firmly provides free stable-room and litter for all kinde of consciences, be they never so dirty or jadish; making it actionable, yea, treasonable, to disturbe any man in his Religion, or to discommend it, whatever it be. Wee are very sorry to see such professed profanenesse in *English* Professors, as industriously to lay their Religious Foundations on the ruine of true Religion; which strictly binds every conscience to contend earnestly for the Truth: to preserve unity of spirit, faith and Ordinances, to be all like-minded, of one accord; every man to take his brother into his Christian care: to stand fast with one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel: and by no meanes to permit Heresies or erroneous opinions: But God abhorring such loathsome beverages, hath in his righteous judgement blasted that enterprize, which might otherwise have prospered well, for ought I know; I presume their case is generally knowne ere this.

"If the devill might have his free option, I believe he would ask nothing else, but liberty to enfranchise all false Religions, and to embondage the true; nor should he need: It is much to bee feared, that laxe Tolerations upon State pretences and planting necessities, will be the next subtle Stratagem he will spread, to distate the Truth of God and supplant the peace of the Churches. Tolerations in things tolerable, exquisitely drawn out by the lines of the Scripture, and pensill of the Spirit, are the sacred favours of Truth, the due latitudes of Love, the faire Compartiments of Christian fraternity: but irregular dispensations, dealt forth by the facilities of men, are the frontiers of errour, the redoubts of Schisme, the perillous irritaments of carnall and spirituall enmity.

"My heart hath naturally detested foure things: The standing of the Apocrypha in the Bible; Forrainers dwelling in my Countrey, to crowd our native Subjects into the corners of the Earth; Alchymized coines; Tolerations of divers Religions, or of one Religion in segregant shapes: He that willingly assents to the last, if he examines his heart by day-light, his conscience will tell him, he is either an Atheist, or an Heretique, or an Hypocrite, or at best a captive to some lust: Poly-piety is the greatest impiety in the world. True Religion is *Ignis probationis*, which doth *congregare homogenea & segregare heterogenea.*

"Not to tolerate things meerly indifferent to weak consciences, argues a conscience too strong: pressed uniformity in these, causes much disunity: To tolerate more than indifferents, is not to deale indifferently with God; He that doth it, takes his Scepter out of his hand, and bids him stand by. Who hath to doe to institute Religion but God. The power of all Religion and Ordinances, lies in their purity: their purity in their simplicity: then are mixtures pernicious. J lived in a City, where a Papist preached in one Church, a Lutheran in another, a Calvinist in a third; a Lutheran one part of the day, a Calvinist the other, in the same pulpit: the Religion of that place was but motly and meagre, their affections Leopardlike.

"If the whole Creature should conspire to doe the Creator a mischiefe, or offer him an insolency, it would be in nothing more, that in erecting untruths against his Truth, or by sophisticating his Truths with humane medleyes; the removing of some one iota in Scripture, may draw out all the life, and traverse all the Truth of the whole Bible; but to authorise an untruth, by a Toleration of State, is to build a Sconce against the walls of heaven, to batter God out of his Chaire: To tell a practicall lye, is a great sin, but yet transient; but to set up a Theoricall untruth, is to warrant every lye that lies from its root to the top of every branch it hath, which are not a few."

Concerning tolerations, he further asserts—

"He that is willing to tolerate any Religion, or discrepant way of Religion, besides his own, unlesse it be in matters meerly indifferent, either doubts of his own, or is not sincere in it.

"He that is willing to tolerate any unsound Opinion, that his own may also be tolerated, though never so sound, will for a need hang Gods Bible at the Devils girdle."

Again he says—

"If the State of *England* shall either willingly To-

lerate, or weakly connive at such Courses, the Church of that Kingdom will sooner become the Devills Dancing-Schoole, then Gods-Temple; The Civill State a Beare-garden, then an Exchange: The whole Realme a Pais base, then an *England*. And what pity it is, that that Country which hath been the Staple of Truth to all Christendome, should now become the Aviary of Errors to the whole World, let every fearing heart judge.

"It is said Opinionists are many, and strong, that *de sunt Vires*, that it is *turbata respublica*, I am very sorry for it, but more sorry, if despondency of minde shall cause the least tergiversation in Gods Worthies, who have receiv'd such pledges of his presence in their late Counsels and Conflicts. It is not thousands of Opinionists that can pinion his Everlasting armes, I can hardly beleeve there is a greater unbeleever then my Selfe, yet I can verily beleeve that the God of Truth will in a short time scatter them all like smoake before the wind. I confesse I am troubled to see Men so over-troubled about them; I am rather glad to heare the Devill is breaking up house in *England*, and removing somewhither else, give him leave to sell all his rags, and odde-ends by the out-cry; and let his petty Chapmen make their Market while they may, upon my poore credit it will not last long.

"An easie head may soon demonstrate, that the prementioned Planters, by Tolerating all Religions, had immazed themselves in the most intolerable confusions and inextricable thraldomes the world ever heard of. I am perswaded the Devill himselfe was never willing with their proceedings, for feare it would breake his wind and wits to attend such a Province. I speak it seriously according to my meaning. How all Religions should enjoy their Liberty, Justice its due regularity, Civill cohabitation morall honesty, in one and the same Jurisdiction, is beyond the Artique of my comprehension. If the whole conclave of Hell can so compromise exadverse and diametricall contradictions, as to compolitize such a multimonstrous manfrey of heteroclytes and quicquidlibets quietly; I trust I may say with all humble reverence, they can doe more then the Senate of Heaven. My *modus loquendi* pardoned; I intirely wish much welfare and more wisdom to that Plantation."

How strange to reason, how natural to human nature, that men who had been driven by persecution from their native country, should have in their turn become persecutors, and doom the bodies of those who differ from them to the rack, as well as their souls to eternal perdition.

Cotton Mather says of the "Simple Cobler," that "it demonstrated its author to be a subtile statesman." We give a few paragraphs, in which his political principles are exhibited—

"Wee heare that *Majestas Imperii* hath challenged *Salus Populi* into the field; the one fighting for Prerogatives, the other defending Liberties: Were I a Constable bigge enough, I would set one of them by the heeles to keep both their hands quiet; I meane onely in a paire of Stocks, made of sound Reason, handsomely fitted for the legges of their Understanding.

"If *Salus Populi* began, surely it was not that *Salus Populi* which I left in *England*: that *Salus Populi* was as mannerly a *Salus Populi* as need bee: if I bee not much deceived, that *Salus Populi* suffer'd its nose to be held to the Grindstone, till it was almost ground to the gristles; and yet grew never the sharper for ought I could discerne; What was, before the world was made, I leave to better Antiquaries than myself; but I thinke, since the world began, it was never storyed that *Salus Populi* began with *Majestas Imperii*, unlesse *Majestas Imperii* first unharbour'd it, and hunted it to a stand, and then it must either turn head and live, or turn taile and dye: but more have beene storyed on the other hand than *Majestas Imperii* is willing to hear: I doubt not but *Majestas Imperii* knows, that Commonwealths cost as much the making as Crownes; and if they bee well made, would yet outsell an illfashioned Crown, in any Market overt, even in *Smithfield*, if they could be well vouched. But *Preces & Lachrymæ*, are the peoples weapons: so are Swords and Pistols, when God and Parliaments bid them Arme. Prayers and Teares are good weapons for them that have nothing but knees and eyes; but most men are made with teeth and nailes; onely they must neither scratch for Liberties, nor bite Prerogatives, they have wept and prayed as God would have them. If Subjects must fight for their Kings against other Kingdomes, when their Kings will; I know no reason, but they may fight against their Kings for their own Kingdomes, when Parliaments say they may and must: but Parliaments must not say they must, till God sayes they may."

His address to the King, towards whom he was very bitter, is bold and insulting, though he professes great loyalty and reverence. The following is one of the concluding paragraphs of the address.

"Sir you may now please to discover your Selfe where you please; I trust I have not indangered you I presume your Eare-guard will keep farre enough from you what ever I have said: be it so, I have discharged my duty, let them look to theirs. If my tongue should reach your eares, which I little hope for; Let it be once said; the great King of great *Britaine*, tooke advise of a simple Cobler, yet such a Cobler, as will not exchange either his blood or his pride, with any Shoomaker or Tanner in your Realme, nor with any of your late Bishops which have flattered you thus in peeces: J would not speake thus in the ears of the world, through the mouth of the Presse for all the plunder your plunderers have pillaged; were it not somewhat to abate your Royall indignation toward a loyall Subject; a Subject whose heart hath beene long carbona doed, *des veniam verbo*, in flames of affection towards you. Your Majesty knows or may know, time was, when I did, or would have done you a better peece of service, then all your Troopes and Regiments are now doing. Should J bear any Gentleman that follows you, of my yeares, say hee loves you better than I, if it were lawfull, I would sweare by my Sword, he said more than his sword would make good."

The Simple Cobler had a pious horror of bedecked ladies, and discourses of them in the following quaint manner:

"Should I not keepe promise in speaking a little to Womens fashions, they would take it unkindly; I was loath to pester better matter with such stuffe; I rather thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the *Quæ Genus* in the Grammar, being Deficients, or Redundants, not to be brought under any Rule: I shall therefore make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose tongued Liberty, and mispend a weed or

two upon their long-wasted, but short-skirted patience: a little use of my stirrup will doe no harme.

"*Ridentem dicere verum, quid prohibet?*

"Gray Gravity it selfe can well beteam,
That Language be adapted to the Theme.
He that to Parrots speaks, must parrotize:
He that instructs a foole, may act th' unwise.

"It is known more then enough, that I am neither Nigard, nor Cinick, to the due bravery of the true Gentry: if any man mislikes a bully mong drossock more then I, let him take her for his labour: I honour the woman that can honour her selfe with her attire: a good Text alwayes deserves a fair Margent: I am not much offended if I see a trimme, far trimmer than she that wears it: in a word, whatever Christianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London* measure: but when I heare a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court: I meane the very newest: with egge to be in it in all haste, what ever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if shee were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd.

"To speak moderately, I truly confesse, it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how those women should have any true grace, or valuable vertue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant bargeese, ill-shapen-shotten-shell-fish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks, or at the best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English woman should scorne with her heels: it is no marvell they weare drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a few Squirrils brains to help them frisk from ill-favor'd fashion to another.

"These whimm' Crown'd shees, these fashion-fansying wits,
Are empty thin brain'd shells, and fiddling Kits.

"The very troublers and impoverishers of mankind, I can hardly forbear to commend to the world a saying of a Lady living sometime with the Queen of *Bohemia*, I know not where shee found it, but it is pitty it should be lost.

"The World is full of care, much like unto a bubble;
Women and care, and care and women, and women and care and trouble.

"The Verses are even enough for such odde pegma's. I can make my selfe sicke at any time, with comparing the dazling splender wherewith our Gentlewomen were embellished in some former habits, with the gutfoundred goosdom, wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. Wee have about five or six of them in our Colony: if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my phansie of them for a moneth after. I have been a solitary widdower almost twelve yeares, purposed lately to make a step over to my Native Country for a yoke-fellow: but when I consider how women there have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, least their nauseous shapes and the Sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly; me thinkes it should breake the heartes of Englishmen to see so many goodly English-women imprisoned in French Cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and no body relieves them.

"It is a more common then convenient saying, that nine Taylors make a man: it were well if nincteene could make a woman to her minde: if Taylors were men indeed, well furnished but with meer morall principles, they would disdain to be led about like Apes, by such mymick Marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing, for men that have bones in them, to spend their lives in making fidle-cases for futilous womens phansies; which are the very pettitoes of infirmity, the gyblets of perquisquilian toyes. I am so charitable to think, that most of that mystery would worke the cheerfuller while they live, if they might bee well discharged of the tyring slavery of mis-tyring women: it is no little labour to be continually putting up English-women into Out-landish caskes: who if they be not shifted anew, once in a few moneths, grow too sowre for their Husbands. What this Trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of Taylors consciences is beyond my skill to imagine. There was a time when—

"The Joyning of the Red-Rose with the White,
Did set our State into a Damask plight.

"But now our Roses are turned to *Flore de lices*, our Carnations to Tulips, our Gilliflowers to Dayzes, our City-Dames, to an indenominable Quamalry of overturcas'd things. Hee that makes Coates for the Moone, had need take measure every noone; and he that makes for women, as often, to keepe them from Lunacy.

"I have often heard divers Ladies vent loud feminine complaints of the wearisome varieties and chargable changes of fashions: I marvell themselves preferre not a Bill of redresse. I would* *Essex* Ladies would lead the *Chore*, for the honour of their County and persons; or rather the thrice honourable Ladies of the Court, whom it best beseemes: who may wel presume of a *Le Roy le veult* from our sober King, a *Les Seigneurs ont Assentus* from our prudent Peers, and the like *Assentus* from our considerate, I dare not say wife-worne Commons: who I beleeve had much rather passe one such Bill, than pay so many Taylors Bills as they are forced to doe.

"Most deare and unparallel'd Ladies, be pleased to attempt it: as you have the precellency of the women of the world for beauty and feature; so assume the honour to give, and not take Law from any, in matter of attire: if ye can transact so faire a motion among yourselves unanimously, I dare say, they that most renite, will least repent. What greater honour can your Honors desire, then to build a Promontory president to all foraigne Ladies, to deserve so eminently at the hands of all the English Gentry present and to come: and to confute the opinion of all the wise men in the world; who never thought it possible for women to doe so good a work?

"If any man think I have spoken rather merrily than seriously he is much mistaken, I have written what I write with all the indignation I can, and no more then I ought. I confesse I veer'd my tongue to this kinde of Language *de industria* though unwillingly, suppo-

* All the Counties and shires of England have had wars in them since the Conquest, but Essex, which is onely free, and should be thankfull.

sing those I speak to are uncapable of grave and rationall arguments.

"I desire all Ladies and Gentlewomen to understand that all this while I intend not such as through necessary modesty to avoyd morose singularity, follow fashions slowly, a flight shot or two off, shewing by their moderation, that they rather draw countermont with their hearts, then put on by their examples.

"I point my pen only against the light-heel'd beagles that lead the chase so fast, that they run all civility out of breath, against these Ape-headed pullets, which invent Antique foole-fangles, meerly for fashion and novelty sake.

"In a word, if I begin once to declaime against fashions, let men and women look well about them, there is somewhat in the businesse; I confesse to the world, I never had grace enough to be strict in that kinde; and of late years, I have found syrope of pride very wholesome in a due *Dos*, which makes mee keep such store of that drugge by me, that if any body comes to me for a question-full or two about fashions, they never complain of me for giving them hard measure, or under-weight.

"But I addresse my self to those who can both hear and mend all if they please: I seriously feare, if the pious Parliament doe not finde a time to state fashions, as ancient Parliaments have done in some part, God will hardly finde a time to state Religion or Peace. They are the surquedryes of pride, the wantonnesse of idlenesse, provoking sins, the certain prodromics of assured judgement, *Zeph.* 1. 7, 8.

"It is beyond all account, how many Gentlemens and Citizens estates are deplumed by their feather-headed wives, what usefull supplies the pannage of *England* would afford other Countries, what rich returnes to it selfe, if it were not slic'd out into male and female fripperies: and what a multitude of misimploy'd hands, might be better improv'd in some more manly Manufactures for the publique weale; it is not easily credible, what may be said of the preterpluralities of Taylors in *London*: I have heard an honest man say, that not long since there were numbered between *Temple-barre* and *Charing-Crosse*, eight thousand of that Trade: let it be conjectured by that proportion how many there are in and about *London*, and in all *England*, they will appeare to be very numerous. If the Parliament would please to mend women, which their Husbands dare not doe, there need not so many men to make and mend as there are. I hope the present dolefull estate of the Realme, will perswade more strongly to some considerate course herein, than I now can.

"Knew I how to bring it in, I would speak a word to long haire, whereof I will say no more but this: if God proves not such a Barbor to it as he threatens, unlesse it be amended, *Esa.* 7. 20. before the Peace of the State and Church be well setled, then let my prophesie be scorned, as a sound minde scorns the ryot of that sin, and more it needs not. If those who are tearmed Rattle-heads and Impuritans, would take up a Resolution to begin in moderation of haire, to the just reproach of those that are called Puritans and Round-heads, I would honour their manlinesse, as much as the others godlinesse, so long as I knew what man or honour meant: if neither can find a Barbours shop, let them turne in, to *Psal.* 68. 21. *Jer.* 7. 29. 1 *Cor.* 11. 14. if it be thought no wisdome in men to distinguish themselves in the field by the Scissers, let it bee thought no injustice in God, not to distinguish them by the Sword. I had rather God should know me by my sobriety, than mine enemy not know me by my vanity. He is ill kept, that is kept by his owne sin. A short promise is a farre safer guard than a long lock: it is an ill distinction which God is loth to looke at, and his Angels cannot know his Saints by. Though it be not the mark of the Beast, yet it may be the mark of a beast prepared to slaughter. I am sure men use not to weare such manes; I am also sure Souldiers use to weare other markets or notadoes in time of battell."

The following is a remarkable proof of the purity of manners in the early state of the Colony.

"I would my skill would serve also, as well as my heart, to translate Prince *Rupert*, for his Queen-mothers sake, *Elia*: a second. Mismeane me not. I have had him in mine armes when he was younger, I wish I had him there now: if I mistake not, hee promised then to be a good Prince, but I doubt he hath forgot it: if I thought he would not be angry with me, I would pray hard to his Maker, to make him a right Roundhead, a wise-hearted Palatine, a thankfull man to the English; to forgive all his sinnes, and at length to save his soule, nothwithstanding all his God-damne mee's: yet I may doe him wrong, I am not certaine hee useth that oath; I wish no man else would. I dare say the Devills dare not. I thank God I have lived in a Colony of many thousand English almost these twelve yeares, am held a very sociable man; yet I may considerately say, I never heard but one Oath sworne, nor never saw one man drunke, nor ever heard of three women Adulteresses, in all this time, that I can call to minde: If these sinnes bee amongst us privily, the Lord heale us, I would not bee understood to boast of our innocency; there is no cause I should, our hearts may be bad enough, and our lives much better."

One extract from the conclusion of the book, is selected as a favourable specimen of his style, and another to show to what horrible cruelty religious intolerance impels those, who have the power to persecute.

"Goe on brave Englishmen, in the name of God, go on prosperously, because of Truth and Righteousness: Yee that have the Cause of Religion, the life of your Kingdome and of all the good that is in it in your hands: Goe on undauntedly: As you are Called and Chosen, so be faithfull: Yee fight the battells of the Lord, bee neither desidious nor perfidious: You serve the King of Kings, who stiles you his heavenly Regiments: Consider well, what impregnable fighting it is in heaven, where the Lord of Hosts is your Generall, his Angells, your Colonells, the Stars, your fellow-souldiers, his Saints, your Oratours, his Promises, your victuallers, his Truth, your Trenches; where Drums are Harps, Trumpets joyful sounds; your Ensignes, Christs Banners; where your weapons and armour are spirituall, therefore irresistable, therefore impiercable; where Sunne and wind cannot disadvantage you, you are above them, where hell it selfe cannot hurt you, where your swords are furbished and sharpened, by him that made their metall, where your wounds, are bound up with the oyle of a good Cause, where your blood runnes into the veynes of Christ, where sudden death is present martyrdome and life; your funeralls resurrections; your honour, glory; where your widows and babes are received into perpetuall pensions; your names listed among *Davids* Worthies; where your

greatest losses are greatest gaines; and where you leave the troubles of warre, to lye downe in downy beds of eternall rest.

"What good will it doe you, deare Countrymen, to live without lives, to enjoy *England* without the God of *England*, your Kingdome without a Parliament, your Parliament without power, your Liberties without stability, your Lawes without Justice, your honours without vertue, your beings without tranquility, your wives without honesty, your children without morality, your servants without civility, your lands without propriety, your goods without immunity, the Gospel without salvation, your Churches without Ministery, your Ministers without piety, and all you have or can have, with more teares and bitternesse of heart, than all you have and shall have will sweeten or wipe away?

"Goe on therefore Renowned Gentlemen, fall on resolvedly, till your hands cleave to your swords, your swords to your enemies hearts, your hearts to victory, your victories to triumph, your triumphs to the everlasting praise of him that hath given you Spirits to offer your selves willingly, and to jeopard your lives in high perills, for his Name and service sake.

"And Wee your Brethren, though we necessarily abide beyond *Jordan*, and remaine on the American Sea-coasts, will send up Armies of prayers to the Throne of Grace, that the God of power and goodnesse, would incourage your hearts, cover your heads, strengthen your arms, pardon your sinnes, save your soules, and blesse your families, in the day of Battell. Wee will also pray, that the same Lord of Hosts, would discover the Counsells, defeat the Enterprizes, deride the hopes, disdaine the insolencies, and wound the hairy scalpes of your obstinate Enemies, and yet pardon all that are unwillingly misled. Wee will likewise helpe you to beleeve that God will be seene on the Mount, that it is all one with him, to save by many or few, and that he doth but humble and try you for the present, that he may doe you good at the latter end. All which hee bring to passe who is able to doe exceeding abundantly, above all we can aske or thinke, for his Truth and mercy sake in Jesus Christ. Amen. Amen."

"*A Word of Ireland: Not of the Nation universally, nor of any man in it, that hath so much as one haire of Christianity or Humanity growing on his head or beard, but onely of the truculent Cut-throats, and such as shall take up Armes in their Defence.*

"These *Irish* anciently called *Anthropophagi*, man-eaters: Have a Tradition among them, That when the Devill shewed our Saviour all the kingdomes of the Earth and their glory, that he would not shew him *Ireland*, but reserved it for himself: it is probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox foresaw it would eclipse the glory of all the rest: he thought it wisdome to keep it for a Boggards for himself, and all his unclean spirits imployed in this Hemisphere, and the people, to doe his Son and Heire, I mean the Pope, that service for which *Lewis* the eleventh kept his Barber *Oliver*, which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are the very Offall of men, Dregges of Mankind, Reproach of Christendome, the Bots that crawle on the Beasts taile, J wonder *Rome* it self is not ashamed of them.

"J begge upon my hands and knees, that the Expedition against them may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our Souldiery are hot, to whom J will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us, and Cursed be he that shall do that work of the Lord negligently, Cursed be he that holdeth back his Sword from blood; yea, Cursed be he that maketh not his Sword starke drunk with *Irish* blood, that doth not recompence them double for their hellish treachery to the *English*, that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their Country a dwelling place for Dragons, an Astonishment to Nations: Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them, and let him be accursed, that curseth not them bitterly."

The conclusion of the Cobler is in verse—

"I pray let me drive in half a dozen plaine honest Country Hobnailes, such as the Martyrs were wont to weare; to make my work hold the surer; and I have done.

1. There, lives cannot be good,
   There, Faith cannot be sure,
   Where Truth cannot be quiet,
   Nor Ordinances pure.

2. No King can King it right,
   Nor rightly sway his Rod:
   Who truely loves not Christ,
   And truely fears not God.

3. He cannot rule a Land,
   As Lands should ruled been,
   That lets himself be rul'd
   By a ruling Romane Queen.

4. No earthly man can be
   True Subject to this State;
   Who makes the Pope his Christ,
   An Heretique his Mate.

5. There Peace will goe to War,
   And Silence make a noise:
   Where upper things will not
   With nether equipoyse.

6. The upper world shall Rule,
   While Stars will run their race,
   The nether world obey,
   While People keep their place.

THE CLENCH.

If any of these come out
So long 's the world doe last:
Then credit not a word
Of what is said and past.

So farewell England old
If evill times ensue,
Let good men come to us,
Wee 'l welcome them to New.

And farewell Honor'd Friends,
If happy dayes ensue,
You 'l have some Guests from hence,
Pray welcome us to you.

And farewell simple world,
If thou 'lt thy Cranium mend,
There is my Last and All,
And a Shoem-Akers

END.

POSTSCRIPT.

This honest Cobler has done what he might:
That Statesmen in their Shoes might walk upright.
But rotten Shoes of Spannish running-leather:
No Coblers skill, can stitch them strong together.
It were best to cast such rotten stuff away:
And look for that, that never will decay.
If all were shod with Gospel's lasting Peace,
Hatred abroad, and Wars at home would cease.

JEROME BELLAMIE."

FRENEAU—RIVINGTON, ETC.

PHILIP FRENEAU was the most distinguished poet of our revolutionary time. He was a voluminous writer, and many of his compositions are intrinsically worthless, or, relating to persons and events now forgotten, are no longer interesting; but enough remain to show that he had more genius and more enthusiasm than any other bard whose powers were called into action during the great struggle for liberty.

He was of French extraction. His father, an ardent and intelligent Huguenot, came to America immediately after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in company with a number of Protestant gentlemen, who on their arrival founded the old church of Saint Esprit, in New York, and afterward, I believe, the pleasant village of New Rochelle, near that city. The poet was born on the fifteenth of January, in the year 1752. His father died while he was yet a child, but his mother attended carefully to his education, and he entered Nassau Hall at Princeton, in 1767, so far advanced in classical studies, that the president of the college made his proficiency the subject of a congratulatory letter to one of his relatives. His room-mate and most devoted friend here was James Madison, and among his classmates were many others who in after time became eminent as legislators or scholars. He was graduated when nineteen years of age, and soon after removed to Philadelphia, where he was for several years on terms of familiar intimacy with the well known Francis Hopkinson, with whom he was associated as a political writer.

He began to compose verses at an early period, and, before leaving Princeton, had formed the plan of an epic poem on the life and discoveries of Columbus, of which his "Address to Ferdinand" is probably a fragment. After his removal to Philadelphia his attention was devoted to politics, and his poetical writings related principally to public characters and events. His satires on Hugh Gaine, James Rivington, and other prominent Tories, were remarkably popular in their time, though deserving of little praise for their chasteness or elegance of diction; and his patriotic songs and ballads, which are superior to any metrical compositions then written in this country, were everywhere sung with enthusiasm.

Rivington was editor and proprietor of "Rivington's New York Gazetteer, or The Connecticut Enquirer, and Quebec Weekly Advertiser." This paper was established in the early part of 1773, and excelled all others in America in its devotion to the royal government, until the autumn of 1775, when a company of armed men from Connecticut entered the city, broke into the printing house, threw the types into heaps, and destroyed the press. Soon after this Rivington went to England, where he was supplied with new printing materials, and received a commission as King's Printer for the colony. When the British gained possession of the city, he returned and recommenced the publication of his paper, under the title of "Rivington's New York Loyal Gazette." No editors of the present age are comparable with Rivington for servility or mendacity. Even the Tories were wont to call his paper "The Lying Gazette," and he several times publicly apologized for the "mistakes" which "his zeal for the success of his Majesty's arms, his sanguine wishes for the good of his country, and his friendship for individuals," caused him to commit. The following epigram was written by Freneau on observing that the title of the Gazette had become nearly illegible.

Says Satan to Jemmy, "I hold you a bet
That you mean to abandon our Royal Gazette,
Or, between you and me, you would manage things better
Than the title to print on so sneaking a letter.

"Now being connected so long in the art,
It would not be prudent at present to part;
And people, perhaps, would be frighten'd, and fret
If the devil alone carried on the Gazette."

Says Jemmy to Satan (by way of a wipe,)
"Who gives me the matter should furnish the type;
And why you find fault, I can scarcely divine,
For the types, like the printer, are certainly thine.

"'T is thine to deceive with the semblance of truth,
Thou friend of my age, and thou guide of my youth!
But, to prosper, pray send me some further supplies,
A set of new types, and a set of new lies."

Soon afterward he wrote the following—

ON MR. RIVINGTON'S NEWLY ENGRAVED KING'S ARMS,
To his Royal Gazette.

From the regions of night, with his head in a sack,
Ascended a person accoutred in black,
And upward directing his circular eye-whites;
(Like the *jure-divino* political Levites)
And leaning his elbow on Rivington's shelf,
While the printer was busy, thus mused with himself;
"My mandates are fully complied with at last,
New ARMS are engraved, and new letters are cast;
I therefore determine and freely accord,
This servant of mine shall receive his reward."
Then turning about, to the printer he said,
"Who late was my *servant* shall now be my *aid;*
Since under my banners so bravely you fight,
Kneel down—for your merits I dub you a KNIGHT,
From a passive *subaltern* I bid you to rise
The INVENTOR, as well as the PRINTER OF LIES."

At the close of the war, Rivington discarded the signs of royalty, and modified the title of his paper so that it appeared as "Rivington's Gazette and Universal Advertiser." From the Whigs, however, it received no support, and in 1783 its publication was abandoned. With all its faults, it was the most ably edited and most neatly printed newspaper in America, and if the Whigs would have accepted his service, Rivington would have argued and lied as industriously for them as he had previously for the Tories. Among Freneau's satires is the following, written a few weeks before the publication of the last number of the Gazette.

RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.
Addressed to the Whigs of New York.

Long life and low spirits were never my choice,
As long as I live I intend to rejoice;
When life is worn out, and no wine 's to be had,
'T is time enough then to be serious and sad.

'T is time enough then to reflect and repent,
When our liquor is gone, and our money is spent,
But I cannot endure what is practised by some
This anticipating of mischiefs to come:

A debt must be paid, I am sorry to say,
Alike in their turns by the grave and the gay,
And due to a despot that none can deceive,
Who grants us no respite and signs no reprieve.

Thrice happy is he that from care can retreat,
And its plagues and vexations put under his feet;
Blow the storm as it may, he is always in trim,
And the sun 's in the zenith for ever to him.

Since the world, then, in earnest, is nothing but care,
(And the world will allow I have also my share)
Yet, toss'd as I am in the stormy expanse,
The best way, I find, is to leave it to chance.

Look round, if you please, and survey the wide ball,
And CHANCE, you will find, has direction of all:
'T was owing to *chance* that I first saw the light,
And chance may destroy me before it is night!

'T was a chance, a mere chance, that your arms gain'd the day,
'T was a chance that the Britons so soon went away,
To chance by their leaders the nation is cast,
And chance to perdition will send them at last.

Now because I remain when the puppies are gone,
You would willingly see me hang'd, quarter'd, and drawn,
Though I think I have logic sufficient to prove
That the *chance* of my stay—is a proof of my love.

For deeds of destruction some hundreds are ripe,
But the worst of my foes are your lads of the type:
Because they have nothing to put on their shelves
They are striving to make me as poor as themselves.

There 's LOUDON, and KOLLOCK, those strong bulls of Bashan,
Are striving to *hook* me away from my station,
And HOLT, all at once, is as wonderful great
As if none but himself was to print for the STATE.

Ye all are convinced I 'd a right to expect
That a sinner returning you would not reject—
Quite sick of the scarlet and slaves of the throne,
'T is now at your option to make me your own.

Suppose I had gone with the Tories and rabble,
To starve or be drown'd on the shoals of cape *Sable*,
I had suffer'd, 't is true—but I'll have you to know,
You nothing had gain'd by my trouble and wo.

You say that with grief and dejection of heart
I pack'd up my awls, with a view to depart,
That my shelves were dismantled, my cellars unstored,
My boxes afloat, and my hampers on board:

And hence you infer (I am sure without reason)
That a right you possess to entangle my weason—
Yet your barns I ne'er burnt, nor your blood have I spilt,
And my *terror* alone was no proof of my guilt.

The charge may be true—for I found it in vain
To lean on a staff that was broken in twain,
And ere I had gone at Port Roseway to fix,
I had chose to sell drams on the south side of Styx.

I confess, that with shame and contrition oppress'd,
I sign'd an agreement to go with the rest,
But ere they weigh'd anchor to sail her last trip,
I saw they were vermin, and gave them the slip:

Now why you should call me the worst man alive,
On the word of a convert, I cannot contrive,
Though turn'd a plain, honest republican, still
You own me no proselyte, do what I will.

My paper is alter'd—good people, don't fret;
I call it no longer the ROYAL GAZETTE,
To me a great monarch has lost all his charms,
I have pull'd down his LION, and trampled his ARMS.

While fate was propitious, I thought they might stand,
(You know I was zealous for George's command)
But since he disgraced it, and left us behind,
If I thought him an angel—I've alter'd my mind.

On the very same day that his army went hence
I ceased to tell lies for the sake of his pence:
And what was the reason?—the true one is best—
I worship no suns when they hang to the west.

In this I resemble a Turk or a Moor,
Bright Phœbus ascending, I prostrate adore:
And, therefore, excuse me for printing some lays,
An ode or a sonnet in Washington's praise.

His prudence and caution has saved your dominions,
This chief of all chiefs, and the pride of Virginians!
And when he is gone—I pronounce it with pain—
We scarcely shall meet with his equal again.

The gods for that hero did trouble prepare,
But gave him a mind that could feed upon care,
They gave him a spirit, serene but severe,
Above all disorder, confusion, and fear;
In him it was fortune where others would fail:
He was born for the tempest, and weather'd the gale.

Old Plato asserted that life is a dream,
And man but a shadow, a cloud or a stream;
By which it is plain he intended to say
That man, like a shadow, must vanish away:

If this be the fact, in relation to man,
And if each one is striving to get what he can,
I hope while I live, you will all think it best,
To allow me to bustle along with the rest.

A view of my life, though some parts might be solemn,
Would make, on the whole, a ridiculous volume:
In the life that 's hereafter (to speak with submission)
I hope I shall publish a better edition:

Even swine you permit to subsist in the street;—
You pity a dog that lies down to be beat—
Then forget what is past, for the year 's at a close—
And men of my age have some need of repose.

But as to the Tories that yet may remain,
They scarcely need give you a moment of pain;
What dare they attempt when their masters have fled;
—When the soul is departed who wars with the dead?

On the waves of the Styx had they rode quarantine,
They could not have look'd more infernally lean
Than the day, when repenting, dismay'd and distress'd,
Like the doves to their windows, they flew to their nest.

Poor souls! for the love of the king and his nation
They have had their full quantum of mortification;
Wherever they fought, or whatever they won,
The dream 's at an end—the delusion is done.

The TEMPLE you raised was so wonderful large
Not one of them thought you could answer the charge,
It seem'd a mere castle constructed of vapour,
Surrounded with gibbets, and founded on PAPER.

On the basis of freedom you built it too strong!
And CARLETON confess'd, when you held it so long,
That if any thing human the fabric could shatter,
The ROYAL GAZETTE must accomplish the matter.

An engine like that, in such hands as my own
Had shaken king CUDJOE* himself from his throne,
In another rebellion had ruin'd the Scot,
While the Pope and Pretender had both gone to pot.

If you stood my attacks, I have nothing to say—
I fought, like the Swiss, for the sake of my pay;
But while I was proving your fabric unsound
Our vessel *miss'd stay*, and we all went aground.

Thus ended in ruin what madness begun,
And thus was our nation disgraced and undone,
Renown'd as we were, and the lords of the deep,
If our outset was folly, our exit was sleep.

A dominion like THIS, that some millions had cost!—
The king might have wept when he saw it was lost;—
This jewel—whose value I cannot describe:
This pearl—that *was richer than all his Dutch tribe.*

When the war came upon us, you very well knew
My income was small and my riches were few—
If your money was scarce, and your prospects were bad,
Why hinder me printing for people that had?

* The negro king in Jamaica; whom the English declared Independent in 1739.

'T would have pleased you, no doubt, had I gone with a few sets
Of books, to exist in your cold Massachusetts;
Or to wander at *Newark* with ill-fated HOWE,
Not a shirt to my back, nor a sole to my shoe:

Now, if we mistook (as we did, it is plain)
Our error was owing to wicked HUGH GAINE,
For he gave such accounts of your starving and strife
As proved that his pictures were drawn from the life.

The part that I acted by some men of sense
Was wrongfully held to be malice prepense,
When to all the world else it was perfectly plain,
One principle ruled me—a passion for gain.

You pretend I have suffer'd no loss in the cause,
And have, therefore, no right to partake of your laws:—
Some people love talking—I find to my cost,
I too am a loser—my PENSION is lost!

Nay, did not your printers repeatedly stoop
To descant and reflect on my PORTABLE SOUP?
At me have your porcupines darted the quill,
You have plunder'd my Office and published my *Will*.

Resolved upon mischief, you held it no crime
To steal my *Reflections*, and print them in rhyme,
When all the town knew (and a number confess'd)
That papers, like these, were no cause of arrest.

You never consider'd my struggles and strife;
That my lot is to toil and to worry through life;
My windows you broke—not a pane did you spare—
And my house you have made a mere old *man of war*.

And still you insist I've no right to complain!—
Indeed if I do, I 'm afraid it 's in vain—
Yet am willing to hope you're too learnedly read
To hang up a printer for being misled.

If this be your aim, I must think of a flight—
In less than a month I must bid you good night,
And hurry away to that *whelp*-ridden shore
Where CLINTON and CARLETON retreated before.

From signs in the sky, and from tokens on land,
I 'm inclined to suspect my departure 's at hand:
Old Argo* the ship,—in a peep at her star,
I found they were scraping her bottom for TAR:

For many nights past, as the house can attest,
A boy with a feather-bed troubled my rest:
My shop, the last evening, seem'd all in a blaze,
And a HEN crow'd at midnight, my waiting-man says;

Even then, as I lay with strange whims in my head,
A ghost hove in sight, not a yard from my bed,
It seem'd General ROBERTSON, *brawly* array'd,
But I grasp'd at the substance, and found him a shade!

He appear'd as of old, when head of the throng,
And loaded with laurels, he waddled along—
He seem'd at the foot of my bedstead to stand,
And cried—"Jamie Rivington, reach me your hand;

"And Jamie, (said he) I am sorry to find
Some demon advised you to loiter behind;
The country is hostile—you had better get off it,
Here 's nothing but squabbles, all plague, and no profit!

'Since the day that Sir William came here with his throng
He managed things so, that they always went wrong;
And though for his knighthood, he kept MESCHIANZA,
I think he was nothing but mere Sancho PANZA:

"That famous conductor of *moonlight* retreats,
Sir HARRY came next with his armies and fleets,
But finding, '*the Rebels were dying and dead*,'
He grounded his arms and retreated—to bed.

* A southern constellation consisting of twenty-four stars.

"Other luck we had once at the battle of *Boyne!*
But *here* they have ruin'd earl *Charles* and *Burgoyne*,
Here brave colonel *Monckton* was thrown on his back,
And here lies poor *Andre!* the best of the pack."

So saying, he flitted away in a trice,
Just adding, "he hoped I would take his advice"—
Which I surely shall do, if you push me too hard—
And so I remain, with eternal regard,

JAMES RIVINGTON, Printer, of late to the king,
But now a republican—under your wing—
Let him stand where he is—don't push him down hill,
And he 'll turn a true *Blue-Skin*, or just what you will.—

Another of his pasquinades is entitled:

RIVINGTON'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Since life is uncertain, and no one can say
How soon we may go, or how long we shall stay,
Methinks he is wisest who soonest prepares,
And settles, in season, his wordly affairs:

Some folks are so weak they can scarce avoid crying,
And think when they 're making their wills they are dying:
'T is surely a serious employment—but still,
Who e'er died the sooner for making his will?

Let others be sad, when their lives they review,
But I know *whom* I've served— and *him* faithfully too;
And though it may seem a fanatical story,
He often has show'd me a glimpse of his glory.

IMPRIMIS, my carcase I give and devise
To be made into cakes of a moderate size,
To nourish those Tories whose spirits may droop,
And serve the king's army with portable soup.

Unless I mistake, in the scriptures we read
That "worms on the dead shall deliciously feed,"
The scripture stands true—and that I am firm in,
For what are our Tories and soldiers but vermin?—

This soup of all soups can't be call'd that of beef,
(And this may to some be a matter of grief:)
But I am certain the BULL would occasion a laugh,
That beef-portable soup should be made of a CALF.

To the king, my dear master, I give a full set
(In volumes bound up) of the ROYAL GAZETTE,
In which he will find the vast records contain'd
Of provinces conquer'd, and victories gain'd.

As to ARNOLD, the traitor, and Satan his brother,
I beg they will also accept of another;
And this shall be bound in Morocco red leather,
Provided they 'll read it, like brothers together.

But if Arnold should die, 't is another affair,
Then Satan, surviving, shall be the sole heir;
He often has told me he thought it quite clever
So to him and his heirs I bequeath it for ever.

I know there are some (that would fain be thought wise)
Who say my Gazette is a record of lies;
In answer to this, I shall only reply—
All the choice that I had was, to starve or to lie.

My fiddles, my flutes, French horns and guitars,*
I leave to our HEROES, now weary of wars—
To the wars of the stage they more boldly advance,
The captains shall play, and the soldiers shall dance.†

To Sir *Henry Clinton*, his use and behoof,
I leave my French brandy, of very good proof;
It will give him fresh spirits for battle and slaughter,
And make him *feel bolder* by land and by water:

* The articles of bequest in this poem were incessantly advertised in the Royal Gazette, and puffed off with a dexterity peculiar to the editor of that paper.

† It became fashionable at this period with the British officers to assume the business of the Drama; to the no small mortification of those who had been holding them up as the undoubted conquerors of North America.

Yet I caution the knight, for fear he do wrong,
'T is *avant la viande, et apres le poisson**—
It will strengthen his stomach, prevent it from turning,
And digest the affront of his effigy—burning.

To Baron KNYPHAUSEN, his heirs and assigns,
I bequeath my *old Hock*, and my Burgundy wines,
To a true Hessian drunkard, no liquors are sweeter,
And I know the old man is no foe to the *creature*.

To a GENERAL, my namesake,† I give and dispose
Of a purse full of clipp'd, *light, sweated* half-joes;
I hereby desire him to take back his trash,
And return me my HANNAY'S infallible WASH.

My chessmen and tables, and other such chattels,
I give to CORNWALLIS, tremendous in battles:
By moving of these (not tracing the map)
He 'll explain to the king how he got in the TRAP.

To good DAVID MATTHEWS (among other slops)
I give my whole cargo of Maredant's drops,
If they cannot do all, they may cure him in part,
And scatter the poison that cankers his heart:

Provided, however, and nevertheless,
That what other estate I enjoy and possess
At the time of my death (if it be not then sold)
Shall remain to the Tories, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

As I thus have bequeathed them both carcass and fleece,
The least they can do is to wait my decease;
But to give them what substance I have, ere I die,
And be eat up with vermin, while living—not I—

In WITNESS whereof (though no ailment I feel)
Hereunto I set both my hand and my seal;
(As the law says) in presence of witnesses twain,
'Squire *John Coghill Knap*, and brother *Hugh Gaine*.

Freneau enjoyed the friendship of Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and the last three were his constant correspondents while they lived. I have before me two letters, one written by Jefferson and the other by Madison, in which he is commended to certain citizens of New York, for his extensive information, sound discretion, and general high character, as a candidate for the editorship of a journal which it was intended to establish in that city. His application appears to have been unsuccessful: probably because the project was abandoned.

As a reward for the ability and patriotism he had displayed during the war, Mr. Jefferson gave him a place in the Department of State; but his public employment being of too sedentary a description for a man of his ardent temperament, he soon relinquished it to conduct in Philadelphia a paper entitled "The Freeman's Journal." He was the only editor who remained at his post, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, in the summer of 1791. The "Journal" was unprofitable, and he gave it up, in 1793, to take the command of a merchant-ship, in which he made several voyages to Madeira, the West Indies, and other places. His naval ballads and other poems relating to the sea, written in this period, are among the most spirited and carefully finished of his productions.

Of the remainder of his history I have been able to learn but little. In 1810 he resided in Philadelphia, and he subsequently removed to Mount Pleasant, in New Jersey. He died, very suddenly, near Freehold, in that state, on the eighteenth day of December, 1832, in the eightieth year of his age.

The first collection of Freneau's poems was published in 1786; a second edition appeared in a closely printed octavo volume at Monmouth, in New Jersey, in 1795; and a third, in two duodecimo volumes, in Philadelphia, in 1809. The last is entitled "Poems written and published during the American Revolutionary War, and now republished from the original Manuscripts, interspersed with Translations from the Ancients, and other Pieces not heretofore in Print." In 1788 he published in Philadelphia his "Miscellaneous Works, containing Essays and additional Poems," and, in 1814, "A Collection of Poems on American Affairs, and a Variety of other Subjects, chiefly Moral and Political, written between 1797 and 1815." His house at Mount Pleasant was destroyed by fire, in 1815 or 1816, and in some of his letters he laments the loss, by that misfortune, of some of his best poems, which had never been printed.

* Before flesh and after fish. *See R. Gaz.*
† Gen James Robertson.

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SATIRICAL, DRAMATIC, AND OTHER POEMS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS WRITTEN DURING THE REVOLUTION.

DOUBTLESS the cleverest satire written during the Revolution was Trumbull's McFingal. The first part of it was written in the spring of 1774, immediately printed in Philadelphia, where the Congress was then in session, and soon after republished in numerous editions in different parts of this country and in England. It was not finished until 1782, when it was issued complete in three cantos at Hartford, to which place Trumbull had removed in the preceding year. "McFingal" is in the Hudibrastic vein, and much the best imitation of the great satire of Butler that has been written. The hero is a Scottish justice of the peace residing in the vicinity of Boston at the beginning of the Revolution, and the first two cantos are principally occupied with a discussion between him and one Honorius on the course of the British government, in which McFingal, an unyielding loyalist, endeavours to make proselytes, while all his arguments are directed against himself. His zeal and his logic are together irresistibly ludicrous, but there is nothing in the character unnatural, as it is common for men who read more than they think, or attempt to discuss questions they do not understand, to use arguments which refute the positions they wish to defend. The meeting ends with a riot, in which McFingal is seized, tried by the mob, convicted of violent toryism, and tarred and feathered. On being set at liberty, he assembles his friends around him in his cellar, and harangues them until they are dispersed by the Whigs, when he escapes to Boston, and the poem closes. These are all the important incidents of the story, yet it is never tedious, and few commence reading it who do not follow it to the end and regret its termination. Throughout the three cantos the wit is never separated from the character of the hero.

"The Battle of Bunker Hill, a Dramatic Piece in Five Acts," was published by Robert Bell, in Philadelphia, in 1776. The author was a native of Maryland, educated at Nassau Hall College, Princeton, and for civilities received during his student-life from the Hon. Richard Stockton, dedicated his play to that gentleman. The "Lieutenant Colonel of the Continental Army" who wrote the prologue was probably Humphries, of Connecticut. The piece, though much praised when first published, possesses little merit. Some of the characters—especially Gage and Burgoyne—are, however, well enough drawn, and the style, for the time, is chaste and harmonious. The fourth act opens with

the following soliloquy by the British Commander in Chief—

GAGE, *solus.*—Oh sweet tranquillity and peace of soul,
That in the bosom of the cottager
Tak'st up thy residence, cannot the beams
Of royal sunshine call thee to my breast?
Fair honour waits on thee, renown abroad,
And high dominion o'er this continent,
Soon as the spirit of rebellious war
Is scourged into obedience. Why, then, ye gods,
This inward gnawing and remorse of thought
For perfidy and breach of promises?
Why should the spouse or weeping infant babe,
Or meek-eyed virgin with her sallow cheek—
The rose, by famine, wither'd out of it—
Or why the father or his youthful son
By me detain'd from all their relatives,
And in low dungeons and in jails chain'd down
Affect my spirit when the mighty cause
Of George and Britain is endanger'd?
For nobly struggling in the cause of kings,
We claim the high, the just prerogative
To rule mankind, and with an iron rod
Exact submission, due, though absolute.
What though they style me villain, murderer,
And imprecate from heaven dire thunderbolts
To crush my purposes?.....Was that a gun
Which thunders o'er the wave? Or is it guilt
That plays the coward with my trembling heart,
And cools the blood with frightful images?
Oh, guilt! thy blackness bovers on the mind,
Nor can the morning dissipate thy shades—
Yon ruddy morn which over Bunker Hill
Advancing slowly, blushes to the bay,
And tips with gold the spires of Charles's-town.

Burgoyne and Howe then enter with intelligence of the operations of Gardiner and his companions on Bunker Hill. "Sir Jack," as he is styled in some of the ballads of the time, uses the ambitious phrase of the sophomore, garnishing all his speeches with classical allusions and high sounding words. "You hear," he says—

You hear the sound
Of spades and pickaxes upon the Hill—
Incessant pounding, like old Vulcan's forge,
Urged by the Cyclops.

Gage, left once more alone, exclaims—

May heaven protect us from their rage, I say.
When but a boy, I dream'd of death, in bed,
And ever since that time I hated things
Which put him, like a pair of spectacles,
Before my eyes. The thought lies deep in fate,
Nor can a mortal see the bottom of it.
'T is here—'t is there—I could philosophize—
Eternity is like a winding-sheet—
The seven commandments like—I think there 's seven—
I scratch my head—but yet in vain I scratch—
Oh Bute and Dartmouth, knew ye what I feel,
You sure would pity an old drinking man,
That has more heartache than philosophy.

In the next scene Howe, addressing the soldiers, urges them by an exhibition of their ancient bravery to put down the "foul rebellion"—

Which spurns that love—
That fond maternal tenderness of soul
Which on this dreary coast first planted them;
Restrain'd the rage of murdering savages
Who, with fierce inroad on their settlements,
Made frequent war; struck down the arm of France,
Just raised to crush them in their infancy;
And since that time has bade their cities grow
To marts of trade; call'd fair-eyed commerce forth
To share dominion on the distant wave,
And visit every clime and foreign shore.
Yet this, brave soldiers, is the proud return
For the best blood of England, shed for them.

In the last scene but one, endeavouring to rally his forces after a second repulse from the Hill, he exclaims—

But that so many mouths can witness it,
I would deny myself an Englishman,
And swear this day that with such cowardice
No kindred or alliance has my birth.
Oh base, degenerate souls, whose ancestors
At Cressy, Poictiers, and at Agincourt,
With tenfold numbers combated, and pluck'd
The budding laurels from the brows of France—
Back to the charge once more! and rather die
Burn'd up or wither'd on this bloody hill,
Than live the blemish of your country's fame,
With everlasting infamy oppress'd.

The part acted by General Putnam in this battle has recently been a subject of some controversy, and Mr. Bancroft, among others, has endeavoured to deprive the veteran of the laurels he had worn so worthily for seventy years. Our author, writing but a few months after the battle, and, doubtless, familiar with all the published accounts of it, would not have been likely to make him one of the most prominent actors in the American camp, if he had not been present, as is now contended. While leading a last assault upon the British, Putnam says to his followers—

Swift rising fame on early wing mounts up
To the convexity of bending Heaven,
And writes their names who fought with us this day
In fairest characters amidst the stars.

And Clinton, giving an account of the day to a brother officer, says—

Their left wing gave way,
And with their shatter'd infantry the whole,
Drawn off by Putnam, to the causeway fled.

We have room but for the titles of the principal works of this description. In 1774 were published in Philadelphia, besides "McFingal," "The Association, &c. of the Delegates of the Grand Congress, versified and adapted to music, calculated for grave and gay dispositions," etc; "A Dialogue between a Southern Delegate and his Spouse, on his return from the Grand Continential Congress: Inscribed to the Married Ladies of America;" "Dominion lost in America by the British: an Humble Imitation of the History of Happiness lost in Heaven by the Devils, as recorded by Milton;" "The Fall of British Tyranny, or American Liberty Triumphant, a tragi-comedy;" and several others. In Boston appeared "A Poem on the Enemy's Coming to Boston;" "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream;" "The Group, a Farce, as lately acted and reacted to the Wonder of all Superior Intelligences," &c. At Danvers, near Boston, was published "America Invincible, a poem in Ten Books, by an Officer of Rank in the Continental Army," and in various places many other small volumes in the elegiac or satirical vein, few of which are remarkable for any other quality than their "patriotism." But the best of all, as we have elsewhere remarked, were the satires of Freneau. His "Life of Hugh Gaine," "British Prison Ship," "Gage's Soliloquy," "The Midnight Consultations," and other pieces, were read every where and approved by people of all classes

MINSTRELSY OF THE INDIAN WARS AND THE REVOLUTION.

Permettez que je fasse les chansons d'un peuple, et il fera les lois qui le veut, remarked, in substance, some shrewd Frenchman; and that he rated not too high the power of song is shown by numerous instances in both ancient and modern history. It has been lamented that we have in America no martial lyrics comparable to those of the older nations. Holmes exclaims in one of his admirable poems—

When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,
Her marshaled legions peal the Marsellaise;
When round the German close the war-clouds dim,
Far through their shadows floats his battle hymn;
When, crown'd with joy the camps of England ring,
A thousand voices shout "God save the King!"
When victory follows with *our* eagle's glance,
Our nation's anthem is a *country dance*.*

But the martial song belongs to more warlike countries. France, Germany and England are vast fortified districts, echoing forever the din of conflict or the notes of military preparation; while America is the resting-place of peace, whence her influence is to irradiate the world. Or, if a different destiny awaits her, there is little danger but that—

When the roused nation bids her armies form,
And screams her eagle through the gathering storm,
When from our ports the bannered frigate rides,
Her black bows scowling to the crested tides,

Some proud muse

Will rend the silence of our tented plains,
And bid the nations tremble at her strains.

The puritan settlers of New England, while carrying on war against the Indian tribes, deemed it right to spend the hours their enemies devoted to profane dances and incantations, in singing verses, half military and half religious; and their actions in the field were celebrated in ballads which lacked none of the spirit and fidelity of the songs of the old bards, however deficient they may have been in metrical array and sentiment. "Lovewell's Fight," "The Gallant Church," "Smith's Affair at Sidelong Hill," and "The Godless French soldier," are among the best lyrical compositions of the early period in which they were written, and are not without value as historical records. Lovewell's Fight took place near the present town of Fryeburg, in Maine, on the margin of a small lake since called *Lovewell's Pond*, in 1725. The following ballad is said to have been written in the same year, and was for a long time well known throughout the country:

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

Of worthy Captain *Lovewell*,
I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he servèd
His country and his king;
He and his valiant soldiers
Did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endurèd
To quell the Indian's pride.

'T was nigh unto Pigwacket,
Upon the eighth of May,
They spied a rebel Indian
Soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking,
Upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond, as
We're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him,
And travel'd two miles round,
Until they met the Indian,
Who boldly stood his ground;
Then speaks up Captain *Lovewell*,
"Take you good heed," says he;
"This rogue is to decoy us,
I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush,
In some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us
Upon this neck of land;
Therefore we'll march in order,
And each man leave his pack,
That we may briskly fight them
When they shall us attack."

They came unto this Indian,
Who did them thus defy;
As soon as they were nigh him,
Two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain *Lovewell*,
And likewise one man more;
But while this rogue was running,
They laid him in his gore.

Then having scalped the Indian,
They went back to the spot,
Where they had laid their packs down,
But there they found them not;
For the Indians having spied them,
When they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder,
And carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush,
This very place hard by,
So that an English soldier
Did one of them espy,
And cried out, "Here's an Indian!"
With which they started out,
As fiercely as old lions,
And hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English
All gave a loud huzza,
To shew the rebel Indians
They feared them not a straw;
And now the fight beginning,
As fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them,
But soon were forced to flee.

Thus out spake Captain *Lovewell*,
When first the fight began,
"Fight on, my valiant heroes!
You see they fall like rain."
For, as we are informèd,
The Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun,
And some of them not hit.

Then they all their best did try
Our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it,
Because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated,
And, cover'd all the rear,—
The rogues were forced to flee them,
Although they skulk'd for fear.

Two logs there were behind them,
That close together lay,
Without being discover'd,
They could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English
They travel'd in a row,
And at a handsome distance,
As they were wont to go,

* The popular air of "Yankee Doodle," like the dagger of Hudibras, serves a pacific as well as a martial purpose.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning
When first the fight begun,
And fiercely it continued
Until the set of the sun;
Excepting that the Indians,
Some hours before 't was night,
Drew off into the bushes
And ceased awhile to fight:

But soon again returnèd,
In fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning,
But yet not half so loud;
For, as we are informèd,
So thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number
At night did get home well.

Also our valiant English
Till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the Indians
Would have another fray;
But they no more returning,
They made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded
As far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English
There were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians
There were about fourscore;
And sixteen of our English
Did safely home return;
The rest were killed and wounded,
For which we all must mourn.

Our worthy Captain *Lovewell*
Among them there did die;
They kill'd Lieutenant *Robbins*,
And wounded good young *Frye*,
Who was our English chaplain;
He many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalpèd
When bullets round him flew.

Young *Fullam* too I'll mention,
Because he fought so well;
Endeavouring to save a man,
A sacrifice he fell,
And yet our valiant Englishmen
In fight were ne'er dismay'd,
But still they kept their motion,
And *Wyman* captain made;

Who shot the old chief *Paugus*,
Which did the foe defeat,
Then set his men in order,
And brought off the retreat;
And braving many dangers
And hardships in the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable,
The thirteenth day of May.

At the commencement of the Revolution, Barlow, Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and other "Connecticut wits," employed their leisure in writing patriotic songs for the soldiers and the people, "which," says a life of Putnam, "had great effect through the country." "I do not know," wrote Barlow on entering the army, "whether I shall do more for the cause in the capacity of chaplain, than I could in that of poet; I have great faith in the influence of songs; and I shall continue, while fulfilling the duties of my appointment, to write one now and then, and to encourage the taste for them which I find in the camp. One good song is worth a dozen addresses or proclamations." The great song-writer of the Revolution, however, was Freneau, whose pieces were everywhere sung with enthusiasm. He was a keen satirist, and wrote with remarkable facility; but his lyrics were often profane and vulgar, while those written in New England, on account of their style and cast of thought, were stigmatized by the celebrated Parson Peters as "psalms and hymns adapted to the tastes of Yankee rebels." The following is a characteristic specimen:—

WAR SONG.—*Written in 1776.*

Hark, hark, the sound of war is heard,
And we must all attend;
Take up our arms and go with speed
Our country to defend.

Our parent state has turn'd our foe,
Which fills our land with pain;
Her gallant ships manned out for war
Come thundering o'er the main.

There 's Carleton, Howe, and Clinton too,
And many thousands more,
May cross the sea, but all in vain;
Our rights we 'll ne'er give o'er.

Our pleasant land they do invade,
Our property devour;
And all because we won't submit
To their despotic power.

Then let us go against our foes,
We 'd better die than yield;
We and our sons are all undone
If Britain win the field.

Tories may dream of future joys,
But I am bold to say,
They 'll find themselves bound fast in chains
If Britain wins the day.

Husbands must leave their loving wives
And sprightly youths attend,
Leave their sweethearts and risk their lives
Their country to defend.

May they be heroes in the field,
Have heroes' fame in store;
We pray the Lord to be their shield
Where thundering cannons roar.

The oldest of the revolutionary lyrics we shall present is the "Patriot's Appeal," printed in the Pennsylvania Chronicle, at Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, just eight years before the Declaration of Independence. We copy it from a ballad sheet, dated in 1775.

THE PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

Come join hand and hand brave Americans all,
Awake through the land at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonour America's name!
In freedom we 're born, in freedom we 'll live;
Our purses are ready—
Steady, friends, steady!—
Not as slaves, but as freemen, our money we 'll give!

Our worthy forefathers (let 's give them a cheer!)
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame!
In freedom, etc.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they prized;
What they gave let us cherish and piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.
In freedom, etc.

The tree their own hands had to liberty rear'd,
They lived to behold growing strong and revered:
With transport they cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."
In freedom, etc.

How sweet are the labours that freemen endure,
Of which they enjoy all the profits secure!
No longer such toils shall Americans know,
If Britons may reap what Americans sow!
In freedom, etc.

Swarms of *placemen* and pensioners e'en now appear
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year!
Suns vainly will rise and showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others may spend.
In freedom, etc.

Then join hand and hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause we may hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves every generous deed.
In freedom, etc.

All ages and nations shall speak with applause
Of the courage we show in support of our cause,
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.
In freedom, etc.

A bumper to Freedom! and as for the king,*
When he does deserve it his praises we'll sing!
We wish Britain's glory immortal may be,
If she is but just and we are but free!
In freedom we're born, in freedom we'll live,
Our purses are ready—
Steady, boys, steady!—
Our money as freemen, not slaves, we will give!

The following specimen of the much ridiculed "Yankee Psalms" is said to have been written by Joel Barlow. It was published first in 1775, and afterward frequently reprinted:

THE BURNING OF CHARLESTOWN.

Palmira's prospect, with her tumbling walls,
Huge piles of ruin heap'd on every side,
From each beholder, tears of pity calls,
Sad monuments, extending far and wide.

Yet far more dismal to the patriot's eye,
The drear remains of Charlestown's *former show*,
Behind whose walls did hundred warriors die,
And Britain's centre felt the fatal blow.

To see a town so *elegantly form'd*,
Such buildings, graced with every curious art,
Spoil'd in a moment, on a sudden storm'd,
Must fill with indignation every heart.

But when we find the reasons of her fate
To be but trifling—*trifling* did I say?
For being noble! daring to be great,
Nor calmly yielding to tyrannic sway!

To see the relics of that once *famed place*,
Pointing to Heaven as 't were in ardent cry,
By lawless power robb'd of every grace,
Yet calling bolts of vengeance from on high;—

To find, I say, such dealings with mankind,
To see those *royal robbers* planted near
Those glorious buildings, turning into wind,
And loath to mingle with the common air:—

And such chastisement coming from a state
Who calls herself our Parent, Nurse and Friend—
Must rouse each soul that's noble, frank and great,
And urge us on our lives and all to spend!

Oh! spot once graceful; but, alas! no more;
Till signs shall end, and time itself shall cease,
Thy name shall live, and on fame's pinion soar
To mark grim blackness on Great Britain's face.

Nor shall the blood of heroes, on the plain,
Who nobly fell that day in Freedom's cause,
Lie unrevenged, though with thy thousands slain,
Whilst there's a king who fears nor minds thy laws.

Shall Cain, who madly spilt his brother's blood,
Receive such curses from the God of all?
Is not that Sovereign still as just and good
To hear the cries of children when they call?

Yes, there's a God whose laws are still the same,
Whose years are endless, and whose power is great:
He is our God: Jehovah is his name;
With him we trust our sore oppressed state.

When he shall rise, (oh, Britain, dread the day,
Nor can I stretch the period of thy fate;)
What heart of steel, what tyrant then shall sway
A throne that's sinking by oppression's weight?

Thy crimes, oh *North*, shall then like spectres stand,
Nor Charlestown hindmost in the *ghastly roll*,
And faithless Gage, who gave the dread command,
Shall find dire torments gnaw upon his soul.

Yea, in this world, we trust those ills so dread,
Which fill the nation with such matchless woes,
Shall fall with double vengeance on thy head,
Nor 'scape those minions which thy court composes.

* In the copies of this song printed during the Revolution the last stanza is altered. In the Pennsylvania Chronicle, which we have examined, it is printed—

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth, etc.

General Warren was a song writer as well as an orator, but his verses, though very popular at the commencement of the Revolution, have less merit than his reputation as a man of cultivated taste would lead us to anticipate. The following song was probably written near the close of his life:

FREE AMERICA.

That seat of science, Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome;
Where now are all their glories?
We scarce can find their tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway;
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose,
For North America.

We led fair Freedom hither,
And lo, the desert smiled!
A paradise of pleasure
Was open'd in the wild!
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away!
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We form'd a new dominion,
A land of liberty;
The world shall own we're masters here;
Then hasten on the day:
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Lift up your hands, ye heroes,
And swear with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you,
Shall lay his snares in vain;
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and shout and fight
For North America.

Some future day shall crown us
The masters of the main;
Our fleet shall speak in thunder
To England, France, and Spain;
And the nations over the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons,
Of brave America.

Soon after the passage of the stamp act many patriotic lyrics appeared in various parts of the country, one of the best of which is the following, by Doctor Prime, of New York, the author of "Muscipula sive Cambromyomachia," a satire, and of several other poems of considerable merit.

A SONG FOR THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

In story we 're told,
How our fathers of old
Braved the rage of the wind and the waves;
And cross'd the deep o'er,
To this desolate shore,
All because they were loath to be slaves, brave boys!
All because they were loath to be slaves.

Yet a strange scheme of late,
Has been form'd in the state,
By a knot of political knaves;
Who in secret rejoice,
That the Parliament's voice
Has resolved that we all shall be slaves, brave boys! etc.

But if we should obey,
This vile statute the way
To more base future slavery paves;
Nor in spite of our pain,
Must we ever complain,
If we tamely submit to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Counteract, then, we must
A decree so unjust,
Which our wise constitution depraves;
And all nature conspires,
To approve our desires,
For she cautions us not to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

As the sun's lucid ray
To all nations gives day,
And a world from obscurity saves;
So all happy and free,
George's subjects should be,
The Americans must not be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Heaven only controls
The great deep as it rolls,
And the tide which our country laves
Emphatical roars
This advice to our shores,
O, Americans! never be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Hark! the wind, as it flies,
Though o'erruled by the skies,
While it each meaner obstacle braves,
Seems to say, "Be like me,
Always loyally free,
But ah! never consent to be slaves," brave boys! etc.

To our monarch, we know,
Due allegiance we owe,
Who the sceptre so rightfully waves;
But no sovereign we own,
But the king on his throne,
And we cannot, to subjects, be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Though fools stupidly tell,
That we mean to rebel,
Yet all each American craves,
Is but to be free,
As we surely must be,
For we never were born to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

But whoever, in spite
At American right,
Like insolent Haman behaves;
Or would wish to grow great
On the spoils of the state,
May he and his children be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Though against the repeal,
With intemperate zeal,
Proud Granville so brutishly raves;
Yet our conduct shall show,
And our enemies know,
That Americans scorn to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

With the beasts of the wood,
We will ramble for food,
We will lodge in wild deserts and caves;
And live poor as Job,
On the skirts of the globe,
Before we 'll submit to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

The birth-right we hold
Shall never be sold,
But sacred maintain'd to our graves;
And before we 'll comply,
We will gallantly die,
For we must not, we will not be slaves, brave boys!
For we must not, we will not be slaves!

We have copies of four metrical accounts of the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbour, two of which appear to have been written since the close of the war. We give one of the oldest, which was sung to the tune of "The Hosier's Ghost."

BALLAD OF THE TEA PARTY.

As near beauteous Boston lying
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pennant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appear'd in view.

Arm'd with hammers, axes, chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Toward the tax'd-tea-freighted vessels
They came boldly and with speed.

O'er their heads in lofty mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen,
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you 'll banish,
Soon the triumph will be won,
Scarce the setting sun shall vanish
Ere the glorious deed is done!"

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests display'd;
Axes, hammers, help afforded,
What a crash that eve was made!

Deep into the sea descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended!—
British rights shall ne'er be lost!

Captains, once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails and plough the wave,
Tell your masters *they were dreamers*
When they thought to cheat the brave!

One of the most ingenious poets of our revolutionary era was Dr. J. M. Sewall, of New Hampshire. He translated the works of Ossian, which were then attracting much attention, into English verse, and wrote numerous songs, odes, elegies, and dramatic pieces. His epilogue to Addison's Cato, beginning,

We see mankind the same in every age,

is still familiar, from having been incorporated into two or three books of reading lessons for the schools, in a time when it was thought to be of some consequence that works of that description should inculcate patriotic sentiments. The most famous of his productions, however, was "War and Washington," written soon after the battle of Lexington, and sung with enthusiasm, in all parts of the country, until the

close of the Revolution. It has been too often printed to be regarded now as a curiosity, and we therefore quote from it but a few verses.

Vain Britons boast no longer, with proud indignity,
Of all your conquering legions, or of your strength at sea,
As we, your braver sons, incensed, our arms have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for War and Washington!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,
They have, for thirty pieces, betray'd their country's blood.
Like Esop's greedy cur they'll gain a shadow for their bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspired by Washington!

Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehensible!
The blundering schemes of Britain, her folly, pride and zeal.
Like lions how they growl and threat, like asses blunder on!
Yet vain are all their efforts still, against our Washington!

Great God! is this the nation, whose arms so oft were hurl'd
Through Europe, Afric, India? whose Navy ruled a world!
The lustre of her former deeds, whole ages of renown,
Lost in a moment, or transferr'd, to us and Washington!

Should George, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew or Infidel, or all those powers in one,
While Adams guides our senate, our army Washington!

We have not room to copy, *in extenso*, more of those songs which served no less than the most eloquent orations of the time to kindle the patriotic enthusiasm of our fathers, in the first years of the struggle for independence; and after giving specimen verses of one or two others, will pass to the more strictly historical ballads. We may as well here remark that the orthography and rhythmical construction of many of the old songs and ballads varies in the different editions —the earliest usually being most correct—and that we have copied from the least inharmonious and corrupt, sometimes giving one verse from one and another verse from another impression of the same production. The following stanzas are from "The Rallying Song," written soon after the friendly disposition of the government of the unfortunate Louis XIV., was made known in this country.

Freedom's sons who wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms and join the line
Marching on to glory.
Leave the scythe and seize the sword,
Brave the worst of dangers!
Freedom is the only word—
We to fear are strangers.

From your mountains quick advance
Hearts of oak and iron arms—
Lo! the cheering sounds from France
Spread amid the foe alarms!
Leave the scythe and seize the sword,
Brave the worst of dangers!
Freedom is the only word—
Come and join the Rangers!

From "The Green Mountain Boys' Song," composed, apparently, in the early part of the contest, we have space for the chorus only. Though less poetical than some others, the entire production is animated in sentiment and smoothly versified. We have no clue to its authorship, though, like "The Rallying Song, "The American Rifleman," and many other lyrics of the same description, it appears to have been written in Vermont.

Then draw the trusty blade, my boys,
And fling the sheath away—
Blow high, blow low, come weal, come wo,
Strike for America!
Strike for America, my boys,
Strike for America!
Come weal, come wo, blow high, blow low,
Strike for America!

We have discovered but one ballad relating to the Battle of Trenton, and that was probably written a year or two after the event.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

On Christmas day in '76,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fix'd,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair Freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we pass'd the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumb'd with frost.
Greene, on the left, at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,
And some for action did prepare,
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colours, guns and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let 's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let 's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

Burgoyne, more frequently than any other British officer, was the butt of the continental wits. His verses were parodied, his amours celebrated in songs of the mess-table, and his boasts and the weaker points in his nature caricatured in ballads and *petite* comedies. We obtained a manuscript copy of the song from which the following verses are quoted, from an octogenarian Vermonter who, with the feeble frame, shrill voice and silvered locks of eighty-seven, would give the echoing chorus with as much enthusiasm as when he joined in it with his camp-companions more than half a century ago.

THE PROGRESS OF SIR JACK BRAG.

Said Burgoyne to his men, as they pass'd in review,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
These rebels their course very quickly will rue,
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn tempest flew,
When *him who is your leader* they know, boys!
They with *men* have now to deal,
And we soon will make them feel—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
That a loyal Briton's arm and a loyal Briton's steel
Can put to flight a rebel as quick as other foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

As to Sa-ra-tog' he came, thinking how to *fo* the game,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
He began to see the grubs, in the branches of his fame,
He began to have the *trembles* lest a flash should be the flame,
For which he had agreed his perfume to forego, boys!
No lack of skill, but fates,
Shall make us yield to Gates,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
The devils may have leagued, as you know, with the States,
But we never will be beat by any mortal foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

We believe the "Progress of Sir Jack Brag" has never been printed. The only clue to its authorship with which we are acquainted is the signature, "G. of H." It was probably written soon after the defeat of its hero at Saratoga. Another ballad on the same subject is entitled—

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE.

When Jack the king's commander
Was going to his duty,
Through all the crowd he smiled and bow'd
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done
In Portugal and Flanders,
And all the town thought he'd be crown'd
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs
To kiss great George's hand, sirs;
Then to harangue on state affairs
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "Lower House" sat mute as mouse
To hear his grand oration;
And "all the peers," with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
Next to Ticonderoga,
And quitting those away he goes
Straightway to Saratoga.

With great parade his march he made
To gain his wished-for station,
While far and wide his minions hied
To spread his "Proclamation."

To such as staid he offers made
Of "*pardon* on *submission;*
But savage bands should waste the lands
Of all in opposition."

But ah, the cruel fates of war!
This boasted son of Britain,
When mounting his triumphal car
With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of Freedom gathered round,
His hostile bands confounded,
And when they'd fain have turn'd their back
They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,
Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest soon thought it best
His forces to surrender.

Brave St. Clair when he first retired
Knew what the fates portended;
And Arnold and heroic Gates
His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
With honour be rewarded,
And be the fate of all her foes
The same as here recorded.

The "North Campaign" was written by a private of Colonel Brooks's regiment. It was for a long period sung throughout New England; but we believe it has never until now been printed.

THE NORTH CAMPAIGN.

Come unto me ye heroes,
Whose hearts are true and bold,
Who value more your honour
Than others do their gold;
Give ear unto my story,
And I the truth will tell
Concerning many a soldier,
Who for his country fell.

Burgoyne, the king's commander,
From Canada set sail
With full eight thousand reg'lars,
He thought he could not fail;
With Indians and Canadians,
And his cursed Tory crew,
On board his fleet of shipping
He up the Champlain flew.

Before Ticonderoga,
The first day of July,
Appear'd his ships and army,
And we did them espy.
Their motions we observed
Full well both night and day,
And our brave boys prepared
To have a bloody fray.

Our garrison they viewed them,
As straight their troops did land,
And when St. Clair, our chieftain,
The fact did understand
That they the Mount Defiance
Were bent to fortify,
He found we must surrender,
Or else prepare to die.

The fifth day of July, then,
He order'd a retreat,
And when next morn we started,
Burgoyne thought we were beat.
And closely he pursued us,
Till when near Hubbardton,
Our rear guards were defeated,
He thought the country won.

And when 't was told in Congress,
That we our forts had left,
To Albany retreated,
Of all the North bereft,
Brave General Gates they sent us,
Our fortunes to retrieve,
And him with shouts of gladness
The army did receive.

Where first the Mohawk's waters
Do in the sunshine play,
For Herkimer's brave soldiers
Sellinger* ambush'd lay;
And them he there defeated,
But soon he had his due,
And scared† by Brooks and Arnold
He to the North withdrew.

To take the stores and cattle
That we had gather'd then,
Burgoyne sent a detachment
Of fifteen hundred men;
By Baum they were commanded,
To Bennington they went;
To plunder and to murder
Was fully their intent.

* St. Leger.

† A man employed by the British as a spy, was taken by Arnold, and at the suggestion of Colonel Brooks sent back to St. Leger with such deceptive accounts of the strength of the Americans as induced him to retreat toward Montreal.

But little did they know then,
With whom they had to deal;
It was not quite so easy
Our stores and stock to steal;
Bold Starke would give them only
A portion of his *lead;*
With half his crew ere sunset
Baum lay among the dead.

The nineteenth of September,
The morning cool and clear,
Brave Gates rode through our army
Each soldier's heart to cheer;
"Burgoyne," he cried, "advances,
But we will never fly;
No—rather than surrender,
We 'll fight him till we die."

The news was quickly brought us,
The enemy was near,
And all along our lines then,
There was no sign of fear;
It was above Stillwater
We met at noon that day,
And every one expected
To see a bloody fray.

Six hours the battle lasted,
Each heart was true as gold,
The British fought like lions,
And we like Yankees bold;
The leaves with blood were crimson,
And then brave Gates did cry—
"'T is diamond now cut diamond!
We 'll beat them, boys, or die."

The darkness soon approaching,
It forced us to retreat
Into our lines till morning,
Which made them think us beat;
But ere the sun was risen,
They saw before their eyes
Us ready to engage them,
Which did them much surprise.

Of fighting they seem'd weary,
Therefore to work they go
Their thousand dead to bury,
And breastworks up to throw:
With grape and bombs intending
Our army to destroy,
Or from our works our forces
By stratagem decoy.

The seventh day of October,
The British tried again,—
Shells from their cannons throwing
Which fell on us like rain,—
To drive us from our stations
That they might thus retreat;
For now Burgoyne saw plainly
He never us could beat.

But vain was his endeavour
Our men to terrify;
Though death was all around us,
Not one of us would fly.
But when an hour we 'd fought them,
And they began to yield,
Along our lines the cry ran
"The *next* blow wins the field!"

Great God, who guides their battles
Whose cause is just and true,
Inspired our bold commander
The course he should pursue.
He order'd Arnold forward,
And Brooks to follow on;
The enemy were routed!
Our liberty was won!

Then, burning all their luggage,
They fled with haste and fear,
Burgoyne with all his forces
To Saratogue did steer;
And Gates our brave commander,
Soon after him did hie,
Resolving he would take them
Or in the effort die.

As we came nigh the village,
We overtook the foe;
They 'd burn'd each house to ashes,
Like all where'er they go.
The seventeenth of October,
They did capitulate—
Burgoyne and his proud army
Did we our pris'ners make.

Now here 's a health to Arnold,
And our commander Gates;
To Lincoln and to Washington,
Whom ev'ry Tory hates;
Likewise unto our Congress,
God grant it long to reign,
Our Country, Right and Justice
For ever to maintain.

Now finish'd is my story,
My song is at an end;
The freedom we 're enjoying
We 're ready to defend;
For while our cause is righteous,
Heaven nerves the soldier's arm,
And vain is their endeavour
Who strive to do us harm.

The last specimen of revolutionary verse relating to the battle of Saratoga for which we have room, is the following curious account of that event, published in the newspapers of the day—

Here followeth the direful fate
Of Burgoyne and his army great
Who so proudly did display
The terrors of despotic sway.
His power and pride and many threats
Have been brought low by fort'nate Gates
To bend to the United States.

British prisoners by Convention,	9442
Foreigners—by Contra-vention,	2198
Tories sent across the Lake,	1100
Burgoyne and his suite, in state,	12
Sick and wounded, bruised and pounded, Ne'er so much before confounded,	598
Prisoners of war before Convention,	400
Deserters come with kind intention,	300
They lost at Bennington's great battle, Where Starke's glorious arms did rattle,	1220
Kill'd in September and October,	600
Ta'en by brave Brown,* some drunk, some sober,	413
Slain by high-famed Herkerman,† On both flanks, on rear and van,	300
Indians, suttlers, butchers, drovers, Enough to crowd large plains all over, And those whom grim Death did prevent From fighting against our continent; And also those who stole away, Lest they down their arms should lay, Abhorring that obnoxious day;	4413
The whole make fourteen thousand men, Who may not with us fight again.	14,000

This is a pretty just account
Of Burgoyne's legion's whole amount,
Who came across the Northern Lakes
To desolate our happy States.

* Col. John Brown, of Mass.
† Gen. Herkimer, of New York, (probably.)

Their brass cannons we have got all—
Fifty-six—both great and small;
And ten thousand stand of arms,
To prevent all future harms;
Stores and implements complete,
Of workmanship exceeding neat;
Cover'd wagons in great plenty,
And proper harness, no way scanty.
Among our prisoners there are
Six generals, of fame most rare;
Six members of their Parliament—
Reluctantly they seem content;
Three British lords, and Lord Belcarras,
Who came, our country free to harass.
Two baronets, of high extraction,
Were sorely wounded in the action.

The Massacre of Wyoming was minutely described in several ballads written before the year 1785, which, we were surprised to find, are unnoticed by Mr. Stone and the other historians of that celebrated valley. We quote a few stanzas from the longest one in our possession.

Now as they *fy*, they *quarters* cry,
Oh hear, indulgent Heaven!
How hard to state their dreadful fate,
No quarters must be given!

Some men were found, a-flying round,
Sagacious to get clear;
In vain they fly, the foe is nigh,
On flank, in front, and rear!

The enemy did win the day,
Methinks their words were these:
"You cursed rebel Yankee race,
Will this your Congress please?"

The death of Andre—just and necessary as it unquestionably was—has been lamented in a hundred songs; while the chivalrous and accomplished Hale, murdered with a brutality that would have shocked the sensibilities of the most depraved and desperate brigands, is alluded to in but a single ballad among those which have been preserved until our own time. We transcribe, from the oldest copy in our possession, the once popular lyric called

BRAVE PAWLING AND THE SPY.

Come, all you brave Americans,
And unto me give ear,
And I'll sing you a ditty
That will your spirits cheer,
Concerning a young gentleman
Whose age was twenty-two;
He fought for North America;
His heart was just and true.

They took him from his dwelling,
And they did him confine,
They cast him into prison,
And kept him there a time;
But he with resolution
Resolved not long to stay;
He set himself at liberty,
And soon he ran away.

He with a scouting-party
Went down to Tarrytown,
Where he met a British officer,
A man of high renown;
Who says unto these gentlemen,
"You're of the British cheer,
I trust that you can tell me
If there's any danger near?"

Then up stept this young hero,
John Pawling was his name,
"Sir, tell us where you're going
And also whence you came?"
"I bear the British flag, sir;
I've a pass to go this way,
I'm on an expedition,
And have no time to stay."

Then round him came this company,
And bid him to dismount;
"Come tell us where you're going,
Give us a strict account;
For we are now resolvèd
That you shall ne'er pass by."
Upon examination
They found he was a spy.

He beggèd for his liberty,
He plead for his discharge,
And oftentimes he told them,
If they'd set him at large,
"Here's all the gold and silver
I have laid up in store,
But when I reach the city,
I'll give you ten times more."

"I want not the gold and silver
You have laid up in store,
And when you get to New York
You need not send us more;
But you may take your sword in hand
To gain your liberty,
And if that you do conquer me,
O, then you shall be free."

"The time it is improper
Our valour for to try,
For if we take our swords in hand,
Then one of us must die;
I am a man of honour,
With courage true and bold,
And I fear not the man of clay,
Although he's clothed in gold."

He saw that his conspiracy
Would soon be brought to light;
He begg'd for pen and paper,
And askèd leave to write
A line to *General Arnold*,
To let him know his fate,
And beg for his assistance;
But now it was too late.

When the news it came to Arnold,
It put him in a fret;
He walk'd the room in trouble,
Till tears his cheek did wet;
The story soon went through the camp,
And also through the fort;
And he callèd for the Vulture,
And sailèd for New York.

Now Arnold to New York is gone,
A-fighting for his king,
And left poor Major Andre
On the gallows for to swing;
When he was executed,
He look'd both meek and mild;
He look'd upon the people,
And pleasantly he smiled.

It moved each eye with pity,
Caused every heart to bleed;
And every one wish'd him released
And Arnold in his stead.
He was a man of honour,
In Britain he was born;
To die upon the gallows
Most highly he did scorn.

A bumper to John Pawling!
Now let your voices sound,
Fill up your flowing glasses,
And drink his health around;
Also to those young gentlemen
Who bore him company;
Success to North America,
Ye sons of liberty!

In connection with this we give a specimen of the minstrelsy of the other party. The British and Tories were not often in a singing mood, and their ballads, with few exceptions, are inferior in spirit and temper to those of the Whigs. There is some wit, however, in the following, which is said to have been written by Major Andre—

THE COW CHASE.

PART I.

To drive the kine one summer's morn,
The tanner* took his way;
The calf shall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

And Wayne descending steers shall know
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind in every low
The tanning of his hide.

Yet Bergen cows still ruminate
Unconscious in the stall,
What mighty means were used to get
And loose them after all.

For many heroes bold and brave
From New-bridge and Tappan,
And those that drink Passaic's wave,
And those that eat supaun;

And sons of distant Delaware,
And still remoter Shannon,
And Major Lee with horses rare,
And Proctor with his cannon.

All wond'rous proud in arms they came,
What hero could refuse
To tread the rugged path to fame,
Who had a pair of shoes!

At six, the host with sweating buff
Arrived at Freedom's pole,
When Wayne, who thought he'd time enough,
Thus speechified the whole—

"O ye whom glory doth unite,
Who Freedom's cause espouse,
Whether the wing that's doom'd to fight
Or that to drive the cows,

"Ere yet you tempt your further way
Or into action come,
Hear, Soldiers, what I have to say,
And take a pint of rum.

"Intemp'rate valour then will string
Each nervous arm the better,
So all the land shall IO sing,
And read the General's letter.

"Know that some paltry refugees,
Whom I've a mind to fight,
Are playing h—l amongst the trees,
That grow on yonder height.

"Their fort and block-houses we'll level,
And deal a horrid slaughter,
We'll drive the scoundrels to the devil,
And ravish wife and daughter.

"I under cover of the attack,
Whilst you are all at blows,
From English Neighb'rhood and Nyack
Will drive away the cows;

"For well you know the latter is
The serious operation,
And fighting with the refugees
Is only demonstration."

His daring words from all the crowd
Such great applause did gain,
That every man declared aloud
For serious work with Wayne.

Then from the cask of rum once more
They took a heady gill,*
When one and all they loudly swore,
They'd fight upon the hill.

But here the muse hath not a strain
Befitting such great deeds,
Huzza! they cried, huzza for Wayne,
And shouting—— . . . . .

PART II.

Near his meridian pomp, the sun
Had journey'd from the horizon,
When fierce the dusky tribe moved on,
Of heroes drunk as pison.

The sounds confused of boasting oaths,
Re-echo'd through the wood,
Some vow'd to sleep in dead men's clothes,
And some to swim in blood.

At Irving's nod 't was fine to see
The left prepare to fight,
The while the drovers, Wayne and Lee,
Drew off upon the right.

Which Irving 't was, fame don't relate,
Nor can the muse assist her,
Whether 't was he that cocks a hat,
Or he that gives a clyster.

For greatly one was signalized,
That fought at Chestnut Hill,
And Canada immortalized
The vender of the pill.

Yet the attendance upon Proctor,
They both might have to boast of:
For there was business for the doctor,
And hats to be disposed of.

Let none uncandidly infer,
That Stirling wanted spunk,
The self-made peer had sure been there,
But that the peer was drunk.

But turn we to the Hudson's banks,
Where stood the modest train,
With purpose firm, though slender ranks,
Nor cared a pin for Wayne.

For them the unrelenting hand
Of rebel fury drove,
And tore from every genial band
Of friendship and of love.

And some within a dungeon's gloom,
By mock tribunals laid,
Had waited long a cruel doom
Impending o'er each head.

Here one bewails a brother's fate,
There one a sire demands,
Cut off, alas! before their date,
By ignominious hands.

And silver'd grandsires here appear'd
In deep distress serene,
Of reverent manners that declared
The better days they 'd seen.

* Alluding to Wayne's early occupation.

* It was a favourite idea with the Tories that the Whig party "embraced none of the temperate and respectable portion of the community."

Oh, cursed rebellion, these are thine,
  Thine are these tales of wo,
Shall at thy dire insatiate shrine
  Blood never cease to flow?

And now the foe began to lead
  His forces to the attack;
Balls whistling unto balls succeed,
  And make the Block-House crack.

No shot could pass, if you will take
  The General's word for true;
But 't is a d——ble mistake,
  For every shot went through.

The firmer as the rebels press'd,
  The loyal heroes stand;
Virtue had nerved each honest breast,
  And industry each hand.

"In* valour's phrenzy, Hamilton,
  Rode like a soldier big,
And secretary Harrison,
  With pen stuck in his wig."

"But least their chieftain Washington,
  Should mourn them in the mumps,†
The fate of Withrington to shun,
  They fought behind the stumps."

But ah, Thadæus Posset, why
  Should thy poor soul elope?
And why should Titus Hooper die,
  Ay, die—without a rope?

Apostate Murphy, thou to whom
  Fair Shela ne'er was cruel,
In death shalt hear her mourn thy doom,
  "Och! would you die, my jewel?"

Thee, Nathan Pumpkin, I lament,
  Of melancholy fate,
The grey goose stolen as he went,
  In his heart's blood was wet.

Now as the fight was further fought,
  And balls began to thicken,
The fray assum'd, the generals thought,
  The colour of a lickin'.

Yet undismay'd the chiefs command,
  And to redeem the day,
Cry, Soldiers, charge! they hear, they stand,
  They turn and run away.

PART III.

Not all delights the bloody spear,
  Or horrid din of battle,
There are, I 'm sure, who 'd like to hear
  A word about the cattle.

The chief whom we beheld of late,
  Near Schralenberg haranguing,
At Yan Van Poop's unconscious sat
  Of Irving's hearty banging;

Whilst valiant Lee, with courage wild,
  Most bravely did oppose
The tears of woman and of child,
  Who begg'd he 'd leave the cows.

But Wayne of sympathizing heart,
  Required a relief
Not all the blessings could impart
  Of battle or of beef.

For now a prey to female charms,
  His soul took more delight in
A lovely hamadryad's arms,
  Than cow driving or fighting.

* Vide Lee's Trial.
† A disorder prevalent in the rebel lines.

A nymph, the refugees had drove
  Far from her native tree,
Just happen'd to be on the move,
  When up came Wayne and Lee.

She in mad Anthony's fierce eye
  The hero saw portray'd,
And all in tears she took him by
  ——The bridle of his jade.

"Hear," said the nymph, "O great commander!
  No human lamentations;
The trees you see them cutting yonder,
  Are all my near relations.

"And I, forlorn! implore thine aid,
  To free the sacred grove;
So shall thy prowess be repaid
  With an immortal's love."

Now some, to prove she was a goddess,
  Said this enchanting fair
Had late retired from the *bodies*,*
  In all the pomp of war;

That drums and merry fifes had play'd
  To honour her retreat,
And Cunningham himself convey'd
  The lady through the street.

Great Wayne, by soft compassion sway'd,
  To no inquiry stoops,
But takes the fair afflicted maid
  Right into Yan Van Poop's.

So Roman Anthony, they say,
  Disgraced the imperial banner,
And for a gypsy lost a day,
  Like Anthony the tanner.

The hamadryad had but half
  Received address from Wayne,
When drums and colours, cow and calf,
  Came down the road amain.

All in a cloud of dust were seen,
  The sheep, the horse, the goat,
The gentle heifer, ass obscene,
  The yearling and the shoat.

And pack-horses with fowls came by,
  Befeather'd on each side,
Like Pegasus, the horse that I
  And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his stirrups rose
  The mighty Lee behind,
And drove the terror-smitten cows
  Like chaff before the wind.

But sudden see the woods above
  Pour down another corps,
All helter-skelter in a drove,
  Like that I sung before.

Irving and terror in the van,
  Came flying all abroad,
And cannon, colours, horse, and man
  Ran tumbling to the road.

Still as he fled, 't was Irving's cry,
  And his example too,
"Run on, my merry men—For why?
  †The shot will not go through."

As when two kennels in the street,
  Swell'd with a recent rain,
In gushing streams together meet,
  And seek the neighbouring drain,

* A cant appellation given amongst the soldiery to the corps that had the honour to guard his Majesty's person.

† Five refugees ('tis true) were found
  Stiff on the block-house floor,
  But then, 't is thought, the shot went round,
  And in at the back door.

So met these dung-born tribes in one,
As swift in their career,
And so to Newbridge they ran on—
But all the cows got clear.

Poor parson Caldwell, all in wonder,
Saw the returning train,
And mourn'd to Wayne the lack of plunder
For them to steal again.

For 't was his right to steal the spoil, and
To share with each commander,
As he had done at Staten-Island
With frost-bit Alexander.

In his dismay the frantic priest
Began to grow prophetic,
You'd swore, to see his labouring breast,
He'd taken an emetic.

"I view a future day," said he,
"Brighter than this day dark is,
And you shall see what you shall see,
Ha! ha! my pretty Marquis!

And he shall come to Paules-Hook,
And great achievements think on,
And make a bow and take a look,
Like Satan over Lincoln.

And every one around shall glory
To see the Frenchman caper,
And pretty Susan tell the story
In the next Chatham paper."

This solemn prophecy, of course,
Gave all much consolation,
Except to Wayne, who lost his horse
Upon that great occasion.

His horse that carried all his prog,
His military speeches,
His corn-stock whiskey for his grog,
Blue stockings and brown breeches.

And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

From a large collection of naval ballads, we select the following, as one of the most curious of its class, and because, like several others in this collection, it has never before been printed. It was written by the surgeon of the "Fair American," and was familiar to the Massachusetts privateersmen during the last years of the Revolution. The "noble captain" was an ancestor of the inimitable author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Salem.

BOLD HAWTHORNE.

The twenty-second of August,
Before the close of day,
All hands on board our privateer,
We got her under weigh;
We kept the Eastern Shore along,
For forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea,
From the Isle Mauhegan shore.

Bold Hawthorne was commander,
A man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny
Induced him to go forth;
She, with relentless fury,
Was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great,
Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons,
Of power and dignity,
Of all your conquering armies,
Your matchless strength at sea;
Since, taught by numerous instances,
Americans can fight,
With valour can equip their stand,
Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell fair America,
Farewell our friends and wives,
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care,
For to protect their lives,
To prosper our intended cruise
Upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends,
Till we return again.

The wind it being leading,
It bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward
As the Gulf of Florida,
Where we observed a British ship,
Returning from the main;
We gave her two bow chasers,
And she return'd the same.

We haulèd up our courses,
And so prepared for fight:
The contest held four glasses,
Until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our mainmast,
And had so large a sea,
We dropp'd astern and left our chase
Till the returning day.

Next morn we fish'd our mainmast,
The ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging,
Our luck once more to try;
But wind and sea being boisterous,
Our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent,
And so we left her there.

We cruisèd to the eastward
Near the coast of Portingale;
In longitude of twenty-seven
We saw a lofty sail;
We gave her chase, and soon we saw
She was a British scow,
Standing for fair America,
With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her
With glasses, and he said—
"My boys, she means to fight us,
But be you not afraid;
All hands now beat to quarters,
See everything is clear,
We 'll give her a broadside, my boys,
As soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings,
And had her men secured,
She bore directly for us,
And put us close on board;
When cannon roar'd like thunder,
And muskets fired amain,
But soon we were alongside,
And grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it alter'd,
The cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes,
One glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory
No longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings,
And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate
As plainly might appear;
Yet sudden death did enter
On board our privateer.

Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons,
The valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest,
And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
Among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,*
To whom all praise is due;
To him and all our officers,
Let 's give a hearty cheer:
Success to fair America,
And our good privateer!

Francis Hopkinson was one of the greatest wits of his time, and his satires, epigrams, songs, and other compositions, in verse and prose, were among the happiest productions of their kind written during the Revolution. The "Battle of the Kegs," is the most celebrated of his songs. It was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

Gallants attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I 'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'T was early day, as poets say
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can 't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief 's brewing.

These kegs, I 'm told, the rebels bold,
Pack 'd up like pickling herring;
And they 're come down t 'attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. L——g.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what 's the matter?

At his bed-side he then espy'd,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise, Sir Erskine cries,
The rebels—more 's the pity,
Without a boat, are all afloat
And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir;
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band, now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir;
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since war 's began I 'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil 's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 't is said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir;
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porrage.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They 'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

We give but one other specimen of the minstrelsy of the revolution: *American Taxation*, written by a schoolmaster of Connecticut, named St. John. We know of nothing produced in this country at so early a period that is equal to it:

AMERICAN TAXATION.

While I relate my story,
Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory,
You presently shall hear;
I 'll give a true relation,
Attend to what I say,
Concerning the taxation
Of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain,
Who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on
They joyfully proclaim;
'T is what they 're striving after,
Our right to take away,
And rob us of our charter.
In North America.

* Captain Hawthorne was wounded in the head by a musket ball. His ship was called "The Fair American."

There are two mighty speakers,
  Who rule in Parliament,
Who ever have been seeking
  Some mischief to invent;
'T was North, and Bute his father,
  The horrid plan did lay,
A mighty tax to gather
  In North America.

They search'd the gloomy regions
  Of the infernal pit,
To find among their legions
  One who excell'd in wit;
To ask of him assistance,
  Or tell them how they may
Subdue without resistance
  This North America.

Old Satan, the arch traitor,
  Who rules the burning lake,
Where he 's chief navigator,
  Resolved a voyage to take.
For the Britannic ocean
  He launches far away,
To land he had no notion
  In North America.

He takes his seat in Britain,
  It was his soul's intent,
Great George's throne to sit on.
  And rule the Parliament;
His comrades were pursuing
  A diabolic way,
For to complete the ruin
  Of North America.

He tried the art of magic
  To bring his schemes about,
At length the gloomy project
  He artfully found out:
The plan was long indulgèd
  In a clandestine way,
But lately was divulgèd
  In North America.

These subtle arch-combiners
  Address'd the British court,
All three were undersigners
  Of this obscure report—
There is a pleasant landscape
  That lieth far away,
Beyond the wide Atlantic,
  In North America.

There is a wealthy people,
  Who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples
  Most delicately stand,
Their houses, like the gilly,
  Are painted red and gay:
They flourish like the lily,
  In North America.

Their land with milk and honey
  Continually doth flow,
The want of food or money
  They seldom ever know;
They heap up golden treasure,
  They have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure,
  In North America.

On turkeys, fowls, and fishes,
  Most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes
  Their tables always shine,
They crown their feasts with butter,
  They eat and rise to play,
In silks their ladies flutter,
  In North America.

With gold and silver laces
  They do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces,
  Refulgent as the morn!
Wine sparkles in their glasses,
  They spend each happy day
In merriment and dances,
  In North America.

Let not our suit affront you,
  When we address your throne,
O king, this wealthy country
  And subjects are your own,
And you, their rightful sovereign,
  They truly must obey,
You have a right to govern
  This North America.

O king, you 've heard the sequel
  Of what we now subscribe,
Is it not just and equal
  To tax this wealthy tribe?
The question being asked,
  His majesty did say,
My subjects shall be taxed
  In North America.

Invested with a warrant,
  My publicans shall go,
The tenth of all their current
  They surely shall bestow;
If they indulge rebellion,
  Or from my precepts stray,
I 'll send my war battalion
  To North America.

I 'll rally all my forces
  By water and by land,
My light dragoons and horses
  Shall go at my command,
I 'll burn both town and city,
  With smoke becloud the day,
I 'll show no human pity
  For North America.

Go on, my hearty soldiers,
  You need not fear of ill—
There 's Hutchinson and Rogers,
  Their functions will fulfil—
They tell such ample stories,
  Believe them sure we may,
One half of them are tories
  In North America.

My gallant ships are ready
  To hoist you o'er the flood,
And in my cause be steady,
  Which is supremely good;
Go ravage, steal, and plunder,
  And you shall have the prey
They quickly will knock under
  In North America.

The laws I have enacted,
  I never will revoke,
Although they are neglected,
  My fury to provoke,
I will forbear to flatter,
  I'll rule the mighty sway,
I'll take away the charter
  From North America.

O George! you are distracted,
  You 'll by experience find
The laws you have enacted
  Are of the blackest kind.
I 'll make a short digression,
  And tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression,
  In North America.

Our fathers were distressèd,
While in their native land;
By tyrants were oppressèd,
As I do understand;
From freedom and religion
They were resolved to stray,
And try the desert regions
Of North America.

Kind Heaven was their protector
While on the roaring tide,
Kind fortune their director,
And Providence their guide,
If I am not mistaken,
About the first of May,
This voyage was undertaken
For North America.

To sail they were commanded
About the hour of noon,
At Plymouth shore they landed,
The twenty-first of June;
The savages were nettled,
With fear they fled away,
So peaceably they settled
On North America.

We are their bold descendants,
For liberty we'll fight,
The claim to independence
We challenge as our right;
'T is what kind Heaven gave us,
Who can it take away?
O, Heaven, sure, will save us,
In North America.

We never will knock under,
O, George, we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder,
Nor lightning of your spear:
Though rebels you declare us,
We're strangers to dismay;
Therefore you cannot scare us,
In North America.

We have a bold commander,
Who fears not sword nor gun,
The second Alexander,
His name is Washington;
His men are all collected,
And ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed
For North America.

We've Greene and Gates and Putnam
To manage in the field,
A gallant train of footmen,
Who'd rather die than yield;
A stately troop of horsemen,
Train d in a martial way,
For to augment our forces
In North America.

Proud George, you are engagèd
All in a dirty cause,
A cruel war have wagèd
Repugnant to all laws.
Go tell the savage nations
You're crueler than they,
To fight your own relations
In North America.

Ten millions you've expended,
And twice ten millions more;
Our riches, you intended
Should pay the mighty score.
Who now will stand your sponsor,
Your charges to defray?
For sure you cannot conquer
This North America.

I'll tell you, George, in metre,
If you'll attend awhile:
We forced your bold Sir Peter
From Sullivan's fair isle,
At Monmouth too we gainèd
The honours of the day—
The victory we obtainèd
For North America.

Surely we were your betters
Hard by the Brandywine;
We laid him fast in fetters
Whose name was John Burgoyne;
We made your Howe to tremble
With terror and dismay;
True heroes we resemble,
In North America.

Confusion to the tories,
That black infernal name,
In which Great Britain glories,
For ever to her shame;
We'll send each foul revolter
To smutty Africa,
Or noose him in a halter,
In North America.

A health to our brave footmen,
Who handle sword and gun,
To Greene and Gates and Putnam
And conquering Washington;
Their names be wrote in letters
Which never will decay,
While sun and moon do glitter
On North America.

Success unto our allies
In Holland, France and Spain,
Who man their ships and galleys,
Our freedom to maintain;
May they subdue the rangers
Of proud Britannia,
And drive them from their anchors
In North America.

Success unto the Congress
Of these United States,
Who glory in the conquests
Of Washington and Gates;
To all, both land and seamen,
Who usher in the day,
When we shall all be freemen
In North America.

Success to legislation,
That rules with gentle hand,
To trade and navigation,
By water and by land;
May all with one opinion
Our wholesome laws obey,
Throughout this vast dominion
Of North America.

The "old and antique songs" we have quoted are not eminently poetical, and the fastidious reader may fancy there are in some of them qualities that should have prevented their publication. We appeal to the antiquaries. The "Cow Chase" will live long after

the light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy pacèd times

are forgotten, and, with other songs and ballads of our Revolution, will in the next century be prized more highly than the richest gems of Percy or Motherwell. They are the very mirrors of the times in which they were sung. As may have been observed, we have given none of the lyrics of *Freneau*. Free, daring, honest, and with sarcastic powers which made his pen as

terrible to the Tories and the British officers as that of Coleridge was to Napoleon, he did as good service to the great cause from his obscure printing office, as many a more celebrated patriot did in camp or legislature. The energy and exultation with which he recounted, in rapidly written songs, the successes of the Whigs, were equaled only by the keenness of his wit, and the appositeness of his humour. Nor was it in satire and song alone that he excelled. Though we claim not for him, superior as he was to his American contemporaries, the praise due to a true poet, some of his pieces are distinguished for a directness of expression, a manliness, fervour, and fine poetical feeling, that will secure for them a permanent place in our literature. Yet Freneau—the patriot, poet, soldier—died miserably poor, within the last ten years, while the national legislature was anxiously debating what should be done with the "surplus money in the treasury."

MATHER BYLES AND JOSEPH GREEN.

THE facetious MATHER BYLES was in his time equally famous as a poet and a wit. A contemporary bard exclaims—

Would but Apollo's genial touch inspire
Such sounds as breathe from Byles's warbling lyre,
Then might my notes in melting measures flow,
And make all nature wear the signs of wo.

And his humour is celebrated in a poetical account of the clergy of Boston, quoted by Mr. Samuel Kettell, in his "Specimens of American Poetry,"—

There's punning Byles, provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts.
He visits folks to crack his jokes,
Which never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait, and wig so great,
He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

Byles was graduated at Cambridge in 1725, and was ordained the first minister of the church in Hollis street, in 1732. He soon became eminent as a preacher, and the King's College at Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was one of the authors of "A Collection of Poems by several Hands," which appeared in 1744, and of numerous essays and metrical compositions in "The New England Weekly Journal," the merit of which was such as to introduce him to the notice of Pope and other English scholars. One of his poems is entitled "The Conflagration;" and is "applied to that grand catastrophe of our world when the face of nature is to be changed by a deluge of fire." The following lines show its style—

Yet shall ye, flames, the wasting globe refine,
And bid the skies with purer splendour shine.
The earth, which the prolific fires consume,
To beauty burns, and withers into bloom;
Improving in the fertile flame it lies,
Fades into form, and into vigour dies:
Fresh-dawning glories blush amidst the blaze,
And nature all renews her flowery face.
With endless charms the everlasting year
Rolls round the seasons in a full career;
Spring, ever-blooming, bids the fields rejoice,
And warbling birds try their melodious voice;
Where'er she treads, lilies unbidden blow,
Quick tulips rise, and sudden roses glow:

Her pencil paints a thousand beauteous scenes
Where blossoms bud amid immortal greens;
Each stream, in mazes, murmurs as it flows,
And floating forests gently bend their boughs.
Thou, autumn, too, sitt'st in the fragrant shade,
While the ripe fruits blush all around thy head:
And lavish nature, with luxuriant hands,
All the soft months in gay confusion blends.

Byles was earnestly opposed to the Revolution, and in the spring of 1777, was denounced in the public assemblies as a tory, and compelled to give bonds for his appearance before a court for trial. In the following June he was convicted of treasonable conversation, and hostility to the country, and sentenced to be imprisoned forty days on board a guard-ship, and at the end of that period to be sent with his family to England. The board of war, however, took his case into consideration, and commuted the punishment to a short confinement under a guard in his own house; but, though he continued to reside in Boston during the remainder of his life, he never again entered a pulpit, nor regained his ante-revolutionary popularity. He died in 1788, in the eighty-second year of his age.

He was a favourite in every social or convivial circle, and no one was more fond of his society than the colonial governor, Belcher, on the death of whose wife he wrote an elegy ending with—

Meantime my name to thine allied shall stand,
Still our warm friendship, mutual flames extend;
The muse shall so survive from age to age,
And Belcher's name protect his Byles's page.

The doctor had declined an invitation to visit with the governor the province of Maine, and Belcher resorted to a stratagem to secure his company. Having persuaded him to drink tea with him on board the Scarborough ship of war, one Sunday afternoon, as soon as they were seated at the table the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and before the punning parson had called for his last cup, the ship was too far at sea for him to think of returning to the shore. As every thing necessary for his comfort had been thoughtfully provided, he was easily reconciled to the voyage. While making preparations for religious services, the next Sunday, it was discovered that there was no hymn book on board, and he wrote the following lines, which were sung instead of a selection from Sternhold and Hopkins—

Great God, thy works our wonder raise;
To thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies and winds, and rocks and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to thee the tempests roar,
Or softer breezes tune thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

Round thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hands their joys bestow,
Through all the blushing coral groves,
These silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves, and downward glide;
Anon heaven opens all its eyes,
And star-beams tremble o'er the tide.

Each various scene, or day or night,
Lord! points to thee our nourish'd soul;
The glories fix our whole delight;
So the touch'd needle courts the pole.

JOSEPH GREEN, a merchant of Boston, who had been

a classmate of Byles at Cambridge, was little less celebrated than the doctor for humour; and some of his poetical compositions were as popular ninety years ago as in our own time have been those of "Croaker & Co.," which they resemble in spirit and playful ease of versification. The abduction of the Hollis street minister was the cause of not a little merriment in Boston; and Green, between whom and Byles there was some rivalry, as the leaders of opposing social factions, soon after wrote a burlesque account of it—

In David's Psalms an oversight
  Byles found one morning at his tea,
Alas! that he should never write
  A proper psalm to sing at sea.

Thus ruminating on his seat,
  Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd;
The bard determined to complete
  The part wherein the prophet fail'd.

He sat awhile and stroked his muse,*
  Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
  Of his seafaring bretheren.

The task perform'd, the bard content,
  Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
  To hear it read and sung on board.

Most serious Christians do aver,
  (Their credit sure we may rely on,)
In former times that after prayer,
  They used to sing a song of Zion.

Our modern parson having pray'd,
  Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book and said,
  "Let 's sing a psalm of Mather Byles."

At first, when he began to read,
  Their heads the assembly downward hung,
But he with boldness did proceed,
  And thus he read, and thus they sung.

THE PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
  The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
  And crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
  And throng the dark abode.
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
  And eels, and perch, and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free,
  So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be
  A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds and tempest rise,
  And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies
  And lower sinks than hell.

Our heads the tottering motion feel,
  And quickly we become
Giddy as new-dropp'd calves, and reel
  Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
  Thus far have safely got,
Amarescoggin tribe to see,
  And tribe of Penobscot.

In 1750 Green published "An Entertainment for a Winter Evening," in which he ridicules the freemasons; and afterward, "The Sand Bank," "A True Account of the Celebration of St. John the Baptist," and several shorter pieces, all of which I believe were satirical. His epigrams are the best written in this country before the Revolution; and many anecdotes are told to show the readiness of his wit and his skill as an improvisator. On one occasion, a country gentleman, knowing his reputation as a poet, procured an introduction to him, and solicited a "first rate epitaph" for a favourite servant who had lately died. Green asked what were the man's chief qualities, and was told that "Cole excelled in all things, but was particularly good at raking hay, which he could do faster than anybody, the present company, of course, excepted." Green wrote immediately—

Here lies the body of John Cole,
His master loved him like his soul;
He could rake hay, none could rake faster
Except that raking dog, his master.

In his old age Green left Boston for England, rather from the infirmities of age, than from indifference to the cause of liberty.

* Byles's favourite cat, so named by his friends.

EDWARD RANDOLPH.

EDWARD RANDOLPH, says Moore, was called the "evil genius" of New England, and was the most inveterate and indefatigable of those intriguing men who found access to the royal ear of Charles II., with complaints against the colonies. On this mischievous business, he made no less than eight voyages in nine years across the Atlantic. In 1676, he was sent over by royal authority to inquire into the state of the colonies. He brought with him copies of the petitions of Mason and Gorges relative to their patent of New Hampshire, the limits of which interfered with the grants to Massachusetts.

While he was in Boston, he represented that the province was refractory, and disobedient to the requisitions of the crown. He was zealous to promote the cause of episcopacy, and to destroy the New England churches; and he was the principal instrument of depriving the inhabitants of Massachusetts of their charter privileges, the people against whom he had conceived a most violent antipathy. When the charter was taken away, and James II. succeeded to the crown, the king appointed a council to govern the province, of which Dudley was president, and Randolph was one named in the commission The next year, Sir Edmund Andros arrived with a commission to be governor of New England. Randolph was a conspicuous character during his short administration, and involved in his fate. How much the people were exasperated against him, appears by their refusing him bail when he applied, and when it was granted to others. The house of representatives, June 25, 1689, voted "that Mr. E. Randolph is not bailable, he having broken a capital law of the colony, in endeavouring and accomplishing the subversion of our government, and having been an evil counsellor." Randolph died in the West Indies. It was said, that he always retained his prejudices against the churches and people of Massachusetts. On the other hand, the inhabitants of that province, who once held him in abhorrence, regarded him and his reproaches with the utmost contempt.

From a letter of Randolph to Governor Winslow, written January 29, 1679,* published in the Collections of the Mass. Hist. Soc. vol. vi, p. 92, it appears that he had just returned from New Hampshire, where he

* The date ought undoubtedly to be 1680.

remained from the 27th December to the 22d of January. In this letter he gives some account of the establishment of the royal government in this province under President Cutts, and also alludes to his reception at Boston. He says, "I am received at Boston more like a spy, than one of his majesty's servants. They kept a day of thanks for the return of their agents; but have prepared a welcome for me, by a paper of scandalous verses, all persons taking liberty to abuse me in their discourses, of which I take the more notice, because it so much reflects upon my master, who will not forget it."

"RANDOLPH'S WELCOME BACK AGAIN."

Welcome, Sr. welcome from ye easterne shore
With a commission stronger than before
To play the horse-leach: robb us of our fleeces,
To rend our land, and teare it all to pieces.
Welcome now back againe; as is the whip
To a ffoole's back; as water in a ship.
Boston make roome, Randolph's return'd, that hector,
Confirm'd at home to be ye sharp Collector;
Whoe shortly will present unto yr viewes
The greate broad seale, that will you all amuse,
Unwelcome tidings, and unhappy newes.
New England is a very loyall shrubb
That loues her Soveraigne, hates a Belzebub,
That's willing (let it to her praise be spoake)
To doe obedience to the Royall Oake,
To pay the Tribute that to it belongs,
For shielding her, from injuries and wrongs:
But you the Agent, Sr. she cannot brook,
She likes the meate, but can't abide the cook.
Alas, shee would haue Cæsar haue his due,
But not by such a wicked hand as you:
For an acknowledgement of Right, wee scorne
(To pay to our greate Lord a pepper-corne)
To baulke the tearmes of our most gratious deed
But would ten thousand times the same exceed.

Some call you Randall—*Rend-all* I you name,
Soe you'l appear before you've played yr game.
He that keeps a Plantacon, Custome-house,
One year, may bee a man, the next a mouse.
Yr brother *Dyer* hath the Divell play'd,
Made the New-Yorkers at the ffirst affraide,
He vapour'd, swager'd, hector'd, (whoe but he?)
But soon destroy'd himself by villianie.
Well might his cursed name wth *D* begin,
Whoe was a Divell in his hart ffor sin,
And currantly did pass, by common vogue,
Ffor the deceitfull'st wretch and greatest rogue.
By him you 'r ffurnish't wth a sad example—
Take heed that those you crush don't on you trample.
We verryly believe we are not bound
To pay one mite to you, much less a pound.
If there were need New-England you must know,
Ffiftey p. cent we'ld on our King bestow,
And not begrutch the offring, shee's soe ffranck,
But hates to pay where she will have no thanke.

We doe presume Secundus Carrolus Rex
Sent you not here a countrye's heart to vex.
Hee gives an inch of power; you take an ell.
Should it be knowne, he would not like it well.
If you do understand yr occupation,
'T is to keep acts of trade ffrom violation.
If merchants in their traffique will be ffaire,
You must, Camelion-like, live on the aire.
Should they not trade to Holland, Spain, and Ffrance,
Directly you must seeke ffor maintenance.
The customs and the ffees will scarce supply
Belly and back. What's left ffor's Majesty?
What you collect won't make you to look bigg
With modish nick-nacks, dagger, perriwigg;
A courtier's garbe too costly you will see
To be maintain'd where is noe gift nor ffee.
Pull downe the mill, rente the ground, you'l finde
That very ffew will come to you to grinde.
Merchants their corne will alwayes carry there,
Where the tole's easy, and the usage ffaire.
Wee'll kneele to the mill owner, as our cheife;
But doe not like the miller; he's a theife
And entertaine him not wth joy, but greife.

When Heauen would Job's signall patience try,
He gave Hell leave to plott his misery,
And act it too, according to it's will,
With this exception, don't his body kill.
Soe Royall Charles is now about to proue
Our Loyalty, Allegiance, and Loue,
In giving Licence to a Publican,
To pinch the purse, but not to hurt the man.
Patience raised Job unto the height of ffame,
Lett our obedience doe ffor us the same.

PETER FOULGER.

PETER FOULGER was a schoolmaster of Nantucket, and the maternal grandfather of Doctor Franklin. In 1676 he published a poem entitled "A Looking-glass for the Times," addressed to men in authority, in which he advocates religious liberty, and implores the government to repeal the uncharitable laws against the Quakers and other sects. He says—

The rulers in the country
I do owne them in the Lord;
And such as are for government,
With them I do accord.
But that which I intend hereby,
Is that they would keep bound;
And meddle not with God's worship,
For which they have no ground.
And I am not alone herein,
There 's many hundreds more,
That have for many years ago
Spoke much more upon that score.
Indeed, I really believe,
It 's not your business,
To meddle with the church of God
In matters more or less.

In another part of his "Looking-Glass" he says—

Now loving friends and countrymen
I wish we may be wise;
'T is now a time for every man
To see with his own eyes.
'T is easy to provoke the Lord
To send among us war;
'T is easy to do violence,
To envy and to jar;
To show a spirit that is high;
To scorn and domineer;
To pride it out as if there were
No God to make us fear;
To covet what is not our own;
To cheat and to oppress;
To live a life that might free us
From acts of righteousness;
To swear, and lie, and to be drunk,
To backbite one another;
To carry tales that may do hurt
And mischief to our brother;
To live in such hypocrisy,
As men may think us good,
Although our hearts within are full
Of evil and of blood.
All these, and many evils more,
Are easy for to do;
But to repent and to reform
We have no strength thereto.

The following are the concluding lines:

I am for peace, and not for war,
And that 's the reason why
I write more plain than some men do,
That use to daub and lie.
But I shall cease, and set my name
To what I here insert:
Because, to be a libeller,
I hate it with my heart.
From Sherbontown, where now I dwell,
My name I do put here,
Without offence, your real friend,
It is PETER FOGLER.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

THE Reverend MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH was born in 1631, and graduated at Harvard College soon after entering upon his twentieth year. When rendered unable to preach, by an affection of the lungs,

In costly verse and most laborious rhymes,
He dish'd up truths right worthy our regard.

His principal work, "The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a Short Discourse about Eternity," passed through six editions in this country, and was reprinted in London. A few verses will show its style—

Still was the night, serene and bright,
When all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, and carnal reason
Thought so 't would last for aye.
Soul, take thine ease, let sorrow cease,
Much good thou hast in store:
This was their song their cups among,
The evening before.

After the "sheep" have received their reward, the several classes of "goats" are arraigned before the judgment-seat, and, in turn, begin to excuse themselves. When the infants object to damnation on the ground that

Adam is set free
And saved from his trespass,
Whose sinful fall hath spilt them all,
And brought them to this pass,—

the puritan theologist does not sustain his doctrine very well, nor quite to his own satisfaction even; and the judge, admitting the palliating circumstances, decides that although

in bliss
They may not hope to dwell,
Still unto them He will allow
The easiest room in hell.

At length the general sentence is pronounced, and the condemned begin to

wring their hands, their caitiff hands,
And gnash their teeth for terror;
They cry, they roar for anguish sore,
And gnaw their tongues for horror.
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry:
Depart to hell, there may ye yell,
And roar eternally.

Wigglesworth died in 1705.

AN AMERICAN GOVERNOR OPPOSED TO EDUCATION.

IT has been the general policy of the American States to encourage the education of their children by all practicable means, but among their rulers there have been some who saw in the ignorance of the people the firmest foundation of power. One remarkable instance of this is worthy of being particularly noted. Sixty-four years after the first settlement of Virginia, Sir William Berkely, then governor of that province, in an official communication to the lords of the colonies, observed, "I thank God, that there are no free-schools nor printing-presses here; and I hope that we shall not have them here these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged them in libels against the best governments. God keep us from both."

Within a few years past, a man of a similar spirit, who represented a portion of Virginia in Congress, gave God thanks that in his district there were published no newspapers. Such a suspicion had been in the public mind from the time of the member's election.

THE FIRST AMERICAN DRAMATIC WRITER.

THOMAS GODFREY of Philadelphia has been called "the first American dramatic poet," but I believe a play superior to "The Prince of Parthia" had been composed by some students at Cambridge before his time. Godfrey was a son of the inventor of the quadrant claimed in England by Hadley. He was a lieutenant in the expedition against Fort Du Quesne in 1759, and on the disbanding of the colonial forces went to New Providence, and afterward to North Carolina, where he died, on the third of August, 1763, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. His poems were published in Philadelphia in 1765, in a quarto volume of two hundred and thirty pages. "The Prince of Parthia, a Tragedy," contains a few vigorous passages, but not enough to save it from condemnation as the most worthless composition in the dramatic form that has been printed in America. The following lines from the fifth act, might pass for respectable prose—

O may he never know a father's fondness,
Or know it to his sorrow; may his hopes
Of joy be cut like mine, and his short life
Be one continued tempest. If he lives,
Let him be cursed with jealousy and fear:
May torturing Hope present the flowing cup,
Then, hasty, snatch it from his eager thirst,
And, when he dies, base treachery be the means.

The "Court of Fancy," a poem in the heroic measure, is superior to his tragedy in its diction, but has little originality of thought or illustration.

JAMES RALPH.

THE only American immortalized in "The Dunciad" was JAMES RALPH, who went to England with Franklin. Pope exclaims—

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; answer him, ye owls!

Ralph wrote a long "poem" entitled "Zeuma, or the Love of Liberty," which appeared in London in 1729; "Night," and "Sawney," a satire, in which I suppose he attempted to repay the debt he owed to Pope, as it is but an abusive tirade against that poet and his friends. I quote a few lines from "Zeuma."

Tlascala's vaunt, great Zagaar's martial son,
Extended on the rack, no more complains
That realms are wanting to employ his sword;
But, circled with innumerable ghosts,
Who print their keenest vengeance on his soul,
For all the wrongs, and slaughters of his reign,
Howls out repentance to the deafen'd skies,
And shakes hell's concave with continual groans.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON desired it to be recorded on his monument that he was the "author of the Declaration of American Independence." Since his death, much discussion has been produced by the fact that many expressions in this celebrated document have been found to be identical with the language used in the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," a paper of earlier date, and it is conceded that the resemblances between the two instruments are not accidental. In 1819, John Adams found a copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration in the "Essex Register;" into which gazette it had been copied from the "Raleigh Register;" and perceiving its similarity to the Congressional Declaration, and that it purported to be an older document, he inclosed it to Mr. Jefferson, with whom he was then in frequent correspondence. The "Sage of Monticello" replied to Mr. Adams, informing him that he did not believe the paper to be authentic. "*I believe it to be spurious*," he says: "*I deem it a very unjustifiable quiz.*" "Nor do I affirm positively that this paper is a fabrication, because the proof of a negative can only be presumptive; but I shall believe it such until positive and solemn proof of its authenticity shall be produced." The document is as follows:

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(*20th of May*, 1775.)

"That whosoever directly or indirectly abets, or in any way, form, or manner, countenances the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inherent and undeniable rights of man.

"That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connection, contract, or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington.

"That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power, other than that of our God, and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other, our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honour.

"That as we acknowledge the existence and control of no law nor legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt as a rule of life, all, each, and every of our former laws; wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities, or authority therein.

"That it is further decreed, that all, each, and every military officer in this county, is hereby reinstated in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to the regulations. And that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz., a justice of the peace, in the character of a committee man, to issue process, hear, and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws; and to preserve peace, union, and harmony in said county, and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province.

"ABRAHAM ALEXANDER, *Chairman*.

"JOHN M'KNITT ALEXANDER, *Secretary*."

The letter of Mr. Jefferson having been published, the Legislature of North Carolina, influenced by a natural state-pride, made a thorough investigation of all the facts connected with the Mecklenburg Declaration, the result of which was the establishment of the authenticity of that document by the most conclusive testimony. Professor Tucker, in his Life of Jefferson, is forced to admit that there is a plagiarism in the case, but decides that Mr. Jefferson could not be the plagiary. He does not deny that on the 20th of May, 1775, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, made some sort of a Declaration of Independence, but he contends that it was not in the words of the instrument now published; and that the second and third paragraphs or resolves which this contains are interpolations, copied from Mr. Jefferson's Declaration *after* the 4th of July, 1776. This position of Professor Tucker has been overthrown, and the perfect authenticity of the Mecklenburg document so conclusively and satisfactorily established, that it is unnecessary at this time to enter into any discussion of that point. We now give the Declaration of Independence *as written by Mr. Jefferson*, with passages from the other documents to which it bears any resemblance, from an article in the New York Review, written soon after the appearance of Professor Tucker's Memoir, by the Rev. Dr. Hawkes—

The Declaration of Independence, as drawn by Mr. Jefferson.	*Documents resembling the Declaration of Independence.*
When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to that separation.	
We hold these truths self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more dis-	"that all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights"—"namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty,"—"and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety."—*Virginia declaration of Rights.* —"that government is instituted for the common benefit" &c.—"that all power is vested in the people"—"that whenever any government shall be found inadequate" &c.—"a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal." —*Virginia declaration of Rights.*

posed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, begun at a distinguished period, and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism: it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries and usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, but all have in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world, for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.	
He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.	"by putting his negative on laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good." — *Constitution of Virginia.*
He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.	"by denying his governors permission to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation for his assent, and when so suspended, neglecting to attend to them for many years." — *Constitution of Va.*
He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.	"by refusing to pass certain other laws, unless the persons to be benefited by them would relinquish the inestimable right of representation in the legislature."—*Constitution of Va.*
He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.	
He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly and continually, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.	"by dissolving legislative assemblies repeatedly and continually, for opposing with manly firmness his invasion of the rights of the people."—*Constitution of Va.*
He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.	"when dissolved, by refusing to call others for a long space of time, thereby leaving the political system without any legislative head".—*Constitution of Va.*
He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states: for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.	"by endeavouring to prevent the population of our country, and, for that purpose, obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners." —*Constitution of Va.*
He has suffered the administration of justice totally to cease in some of these states, refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.	
He has made our judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.	
He has erected a multitude of new offices by a self-assumed power, and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.	
He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies and ships of war without the consent of our legislatures.	"by keeping among us, in times of peace, standing armies and ships of war."—*Constitution of Va.*
He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.	"by affecting to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power." —*Constitution of Va.*
He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged	"by combining with others to subject us to a foreign jurisdiction—
by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation;	—giving his assent to their pretended acts of legislation"
For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:	"for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us." —*Constitution of Va.*
For protecting them by a mock trial from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:	"to protect from punishment, such as might be guilty even of murder in endeavouring to carry their oppressive edicts into execution."— *Jay's Address to Eng. people.*
For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:	—"for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world"
For imposing taxes on us without our consent:	—"for imposing taxes on us without our consent"
For depriving us of the benefits of trial by jury:	—"for depriving us of the benefits of trial by jury"
For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences:	—"for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences."—*Constitution of Va.*
For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging	"the dominion of Canada is to be so governed as that by being disunited from us" —"they might become formidable to us, and on occa-

its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these states;	sion be fit instruments in the hands of power to reduce the ancient free Protestant Colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves."—*Jay's Address.*
For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments;	"by rendering the American charters of no validity, having annulled the most material parts of the charter of the Massachusetts Bay."—*Drayton's Charge.*
For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.	"for suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever."—*Constitution of Va.*
He has abdicated government here, withdrawing his governors, and declaring us out of his allegiance and protection.	"Geo. the 3d has abdicated the government."—*Drayton's Charge.* "by abandoning the helm of government, and declaring us out of his allegiance and protection."—*Constitution of Va.*
He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coast, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.	"by plundering our seas, ravaging our coasts, burning our towns, and destroying the lives of our people."—*Constitution of Va.*
He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy unworthy the head of a civilized nation.	"by transporting at this time a large army of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy unworthy the head of a civilized nation."—*Constitution of Va.*
He has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.	
He has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions of existence.	"by endeavouring to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions of existence."—*Constitution of Va.*
[Then follow two clauses *not adopted by the Committee*, relative to exciting "treasonable insurrections of our fellow citizens," and the slave trade.] The first of these is in these words: He has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture and confiscation of our property.	"by inciting insurrections of our fellow subjects, with the allurements of forfeiture and confiscation."—*Constitution of Va.*
In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries.	"by answering our repeated petitions for redress with a repetition of injuries."—*Constitution of Va.*
A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a people who mean to be free. [The residue of this paragraph was not adopted by the Committee.]	
Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend jurisdiction over these our States. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here; we appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, [as well as to] the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations which [were likely to] interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our [eternal] separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.	
We therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, do in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these states, reject and renounce all allegiance and subjection to the kings of Great Britain, and all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them: we utterly dissolve all political connection which may heretofore have subsisted between us and the people or parliament of Great Britain; and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independent states; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do.	"We the citizens of Mecklenburg County do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country; and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connection, contract, or association with that nation."—*Mecklenburg Declaration.* "to declare the United Colonies free and independent states absolved from all allegiance to, or dependence upon the crown or parliament of Great Britain."—*Instructions of Va. Convention to her delegates.* —"We do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association" ——"to the maintenance of which independence—
And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.	—we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honour." —*Mecklenburg Declaration.*

Every instrument from which a quotation is made in the column of resemblances it should be remarked, purports to be of earlier date than the declaration of independence. Thus the Virginia declaration of rights was adopted June 12th, 1776.* The Constitution of Virginia was adopted June 29, 1776.† Governor Jay's

* Journal of the Virginia Convention of June, 1776, p. 42, reprinted by a resolution of the House of Delegates, of the 24th February, 1816. Richmond 1816.

† Same Journal, p. 78.

address to the people of England was written and published in September, 1774.* Judge Drayton's charge was delivered on the 23d of April, 1776, and published in May of the same year.† And the declaration by the citizens of Mecklenburg county in North Carolina, was made on the 20th of May, 1775.‡

An attempt has been made to show that the Constitution of Virginia, or more properly, the List of Grievances prefixed to that Document, was written by Mr. Jefferson, but there is no *proof* of this. Mr. Tucker says it was written by Mr. Jefferson, in Philadelphia, and forwarded to Mr. Wythe in Virginia. But on the 11th of August, 1775, Mr. Jefferson was elected a delegate to Congress for one year, by the convention of Virginia,§ and on the 20th of June, 1776, was re-elected for another year.‖ The Journals, show us that George Wythe, also, was elected with Mr. Jefferson, on both the occasions referred to; and as the list of members in the Virginia convention presents us with the name, at one time, of Mr. Edmund Randolph, and at another, of Mr. Prentiss, sitting for Mr. Wythe, we infer that in 1776, when the Virginia constitution was under consideration, Mr. Wythe was *in Philadelphia* with Mr. Jefferson, attending to his duties in Congress: if this be so, we do not perceive how this list of grievances could have been transmitted to him in Virginia. It may, indeed, have been sent to some other friend named Wythe; or the professor may have mistaken the person to whom it was sent; in which case it is plain that the original letter of Mr. Jefferson containing these grievances was not before his biographer. It may be a received opinion, in Virginia, that Mr. Jefferson furnished the list of grievances prefixed to the constitution; nor would we be understood as denying that he did so. If he did, he only borrowed very largely from himself; and it is to be lamented that he has left no explanation of the resemblance between the declaration and the charter of Virginia; while in another case, of much less moment, he has been at the pains to account for the likeness of a Virginia document, which was penned by himself, to a public paper which he prepared as a member of Congress.¶ If a letter to *any one* in Virginia, can be produced, from Mr. Jefferson's pen, which contains this list of grievances, and if they were thus communicated *before* the 29th of June, 1776, Mr. Jefferson's friends owe it to his memory, and, as Americans, they owe it also to their countrymen, to let the testimony be forthcoming. If there be no such letter in being, let inferior evidence be produced, if it exists to establish the fact that Mr. Jefferson wrote both papers. The respective dates of the papers render it important; for, unexplained by satisfactory proof, posterity may accuse Mr. Jefferson of a plagiarism more extensive than that from the Mecklenburg document. On the 15th of May, 1776, the convention of Virginia appointed the committee to prepare a declaration of rights, and a constitution; on the 27th of May, the declaration of rights was reported, and on the 11th of June, was adopted; on the 29th of June, the constitution was adopted.

* Jay's Life, vol. i. p. 30.

† Niles' Principles and Acts of the Revolution, p. 72.

‡ The Declaration of Independence by the citizens of Mecklenburg county, &c., &c., published by the Governor under the authority and direction of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, p. 11. Raleigh, 1831.

§ Journal of that date. ‖ Ibid.

¶ See Autobiography, p. 10.

On the 10th of June, Congress appointed the committee to draw the Declaration of Independence; only one day before the declaration of rights was adopted in Virginia; and, that this last named paper, which it is not pretended he wrote, was used by Mr. Jefferson, in preparing the first part of the congressional declaration, is obvious, upon a comparison of the two instruments. If this were sent to him in Philadelphia by his Virginia friends, as it must have been, why may not the copy of the proposed constitution, with this very list of grievances, have also been sent? We find, from the journals of the Convention, that it was before that body as early as the 26th of June, for on that day it was discussed, and the committee had been employed on it from the 15th of the previous May; so that we cannot tell how long *before* the 26th of June it had been in existence in Virginia, if it originated there; but it is certainly within the range of possibility, that it was prepared before the 10th of June, when the committee on the national document was appointed by Congress; and within the range of probability, that, if prepared, it was sent with the declaration of rights, which we have seen was used by Mr. Jefferson. These facts render it important, to establish most satisfactorily the point, that Mr. Jefferson did prepare this list of grievances in Philadelphia, and did send them to Virginia some time between the 15th of May and the 29th of June; and if this point be not sustained, the *presumption* is against his claim to the authorship.

It is not questionable that Mr. Jefferson did borrow from the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, whatever may be the truth in regard to the Virginia constitution, and if he did, Dr. Hawkes well asks, was not his letter to Mr. Adams something more "unjustifiable" than a "quiz?" There are not many so dull as to be able to read the evidence in the case without believing Mr. Jefferson a plagiarist, and few will doubt that he knew he had used the Mecklenburg instrument when he wrote his extraordinary answer to the letter of Mr. Adams.

LORD DEXTER.

"Lord Timothy Dexter" was born in Malden, Massachusetts, in 1743. He is said to have been as industrious and ingenious when a youth, as he was foolish and fortunate in mature age. He was apprenticed by his father to a leather-dresser, and, on attaining the age of twenty-one years, embarked in the business on his own account, and for a considerable period carried it on successfully. He also amassed a large sum of money by buying depreciated notes, and selling them for their full nominal value, and by marrying a rich widow. Having secured a liberal fortune, he "set up for a lord," and for many years lived in vulgar magnificence at Newburyport, where he had a splendid mansion and a fine estate. Everything about him was unique and absurd. Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of wooden statues adorned his grounds; his dress was a mixture of the militia captain's and the Roman senator's; his coach was like the car of a heathen deity; and his "literary composures" were as odd and as stupid as he was himself. His "Pickle for the Knowing Ones, Or, Plain Truth in a Homespun Dress," is a collection of proverbs, aphorisms, and observations, new and old, so wretchedly written that it is difficult to discover their meaning. It has, within a few years, however, been reprinted, and a life of the author was written by the late Samuel L. Knapp. We

copy the following note from the last page of the second edition of it:—

[Note to Dexter's Second Edition.]

Fourder mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my book the fust edition had no stops I put in A nuf here and thay may pepper and solt it as they plese

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DEDICATIONS AND INTRODUCTORY POEMS.

Many of the works of the early New Englanders are dedicated in "laborious rhymes" to the friends or patrons of their authors, and more are commended to the reader's favourable regard in "introductory verses" by the writer's associates or admirers. We have before mentioned the "Poetical Meditations" of Roger Wolcott, Governor of Connecticut, and Major General in the Expedition against Louisburg, in 1745. They were dedicated to the Rev. Timothy Edwards, in the following very modest address:

TO THE REVEREND MR. TIMOTHY EDWARDS.

Sir,

At sight of this, you scarcely will excuse
My broken numbers should affront your muse,
Whose single elegance outdoes the Nine,
And all their off'rings at Apollo's shrine.

But, sir, they come not to affront, but stand
Trembling before your awful seat, to hear
From you their sentence that 's definitive,
Whether they shall be kill'd, or saved alive.

Yet, where you censure, sir, don't make the verse
You pinn'd to Glover's venerable hearse,
The standard for their trial; nor enact
You never will acquit what 's less exact.

Sir, that will never do; rules so severe
Would ever leave Apollo's altars bare,
His priests no service: all must starve together,
And fair Parnassus' verdant tops must wither.

Sure that was not the purpose or design
Of the fair sisters when they did combine
Themselves in your assistance; no, their mind
In that great work, was otherwise design'd.

They, having often to their trouble seen
Many bold poets launch on Hippocrene,
Men too that might a handsome voyage have made,
Had they but kept them to the coasting trade;

But ranging far upon those swelling seas,
Come home with broken lines and voyages;
Grieved at their losses and miscarriages,
A council met at Hippocenides;

They vote a remedy; which to effect,
That their Herculean pillar to erect,
And, to advise adventurers once for all,
Wrote *ne plus ultra* on its pedestal.

Since which, there 's none that dare presume to go
Beyond that wonder then set up by you;
No, nor attain it in their navigation:—
That sacred work is not for imitation!

Conscious of this, you see my muse ne'er soars
To *Hibla's top*, nor the *Aonian shores*;
Nor doth pretend to raptures that might suit
Pindarus' muse or great *Apollo's lute*.

Then weigh them candidly, and if that you
Shall once pronounce a longer life their due;

And, for their patron, will yourself engage,
They may, perhaps, adventure on the stage:
But if deny'd they, blushing, back retire
To burn themselves on their own funeral pyre.

From the "copy of verses" prefixed to Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," we have room for the following specimen only:

David's Affliction bred us many a *Psalm*,
From Caves, from mouth of Graves that Singer sweet
Oft tuned his Soul-feel-notes: For not in Calm
But storm, to write most Psalms God made him meet.
Affliction turn'd this Pen to Poetry,
Whose serious streins do here before thee ly.

This Man with many griefs Afflicted sore,
Shut up from speaking much in sickly Cave:
Thence painful seizure hath to write the more,
And send thee Counsels from mouth of the Grave.
One foot i' th' other world long time hath been—
Read, and thou 'lt say, His heart is all therein.

Oh, happy Cave, that 's to mount *Nebo* turn'd!
Oh, happy Prisoner that 's at liberty
To Walk through th' other World! the Bonds are burn'd
(But nothing else) in Furnace fiery.
Such Fires unfetter Saints, and set more free
Their unscorch'd Souls for Christ's sweet company.

Chear on, sweet Soul, although in briny tears
Steep is thy seed, though dying every day;
Thy sheaves shall joyful be, when Christ appears
To change our death and pain to life for aye.
The weepers now shall laugh; the joyful laughter
Of vain ones here, shall turn to tears hereafter.

Judge right, and his restraint is our Reproof;
The Sins of Hearers, Preachers Lips do close,
And make their Tongue to cleave unto its roof,
Which else would check and chear ful freely those
That need. But from this Eater comes some Meat,
And sweetness good from this Affliction Great.

In those vast Woods a Christian Poet Sings
(Where whilome Heathen wild are only found)
Of things to come, the last and greatest things,
Which in our Ears aloud should ever sound.
Of Judgement dread, Hell, Heaven, Eternity;
Reader, think oft, and help thy thoughts thereby.

Mather's *Magnalia* was accompanied by commendatory poems, in English and Latin, by nearly all the verse makers of the time. Nicholas Noyes writes "to the candid reader"—

Heads of our *tribes*, whose *corps* are under ground,
Their names and fames in *chronicles* renown'd,
Begemm'd on *golden ouches* he hath set,
Past envy's teeth and time's corroding fret:
Of *Death* and *malice*, he brush'd off the dust,
And made a *resurrection of the just:*
And clear'd the land's religion of the gloss,
And *copper-cuts* of *Alexander Ross*.
He hath related *academic* things,
And paid their *first fruits* to the King of kings;
And done his *Alma Mater* that just favour,
To shew *sal gentium* hath not lost its savour
He writes like an *historian*, and *divine*,
Of *Churches*, *Synods*, *Faith*, and *Discipline*.
Illustrious Providences are display'd,
Mercies and judgments are in colours laid;
Salvations wonderful by sea and land,
Themselves are *saved* by his pious hand.
The *Churches' wars*, and various *enemies*,
Wild *salvages*, and wilder *sectaries*,
Are notify'd for them that after rise.

The modesty of the authors of that age, we presume, rarely prevented the publication of such ingenious praises.

THE AMERICAN CADMUS.

The invention of the Cherokee alphabet is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the Aborigines. The best account we have seen of it is by Samuel L. Knapp, who became acquainted with See-quah-yah, its author, in 1828. The English name of this celebrated Indian was George Guess. He is said to have been a half-breed, but whether he was so or not, he never associated with the whites, or spoke any language but that of the Cherokees. Prompted by his own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, Mr. Knapp applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters, one a half-blood, Capt. Rodgers, and the other a full-blood chief, whose assumed English name was John Maw, to relate to him, as minutely as possible, the mental operations, and all the facts, in his discovery. He cheerfully complied with the request, and gave very deliberate and satisfactory answers to every question; and was at the same time careful to know from the interpreters if Mr. Knapp distinctly understood his answers. No stoic could have been more grave in his demeanour than was See-quah-yah; he pondered, according to the Indian custom, for a considerable time after each question, before he made his reply, and often took a whiff of his calumet, while reflecting on an answer. The substance of his communications to Mr. Knapp was as follows: That he, See-quah-yah, was now about sixty-five years old; that in early life he was gay and talkative; and although he never attempted to speak in Council but once, yet was often, from the strength of his memory, his easy colloquial powers, and ready command of his vernacular, story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St. Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on this subject, the question arose among them, whether this mysterious power of *the talking leaf*, was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? Most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter. This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew, or had heard, that the white man could do; but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject, until a swelling on his knee confined him to his cabin, and which at length made him a cripple for life, by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war, and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery of the power of *speaking by letters*,—the very name of which, of course, was not to be found in his language. From the cries of wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking-bird, from the voices of his children and his companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed by different sounds, from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was not remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children. He found great assistance from them. When he thought that he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial signs, images of birds and beasts, to convey these sounds to others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method, as difficult or impossible, and tried arbitrary signs, without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist him in recollecting them, and distinguishing them from each other. At first, these signs were very numerous; and when he got so far as to think his invention was nearly accomplished, he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter, who seemed to enter in the genius of his labours, he reduced them, at last, to eighty-six, the number he now used. He then undertook to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded. As yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument, but made his letters on a piece of bark, with a knife or nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, or some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made from some of the bark of the forest trees, whose colouring properties he had previously known; and after seeing the construction of the pen, he soon learned to make one; but at first he made it without a slit; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity. His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen; for by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without entering it, and mentioned his name as one who was practising improper spells, for notoriety or mischievous purposes; and he seemed to think that he should have been hardly dealt with, if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so generally acknowledged by his tribe. At length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation, in order to make his communication to them; and after giving them the best explanation of his principle that he could, stripping it of all supernatural influence, he proceeded to demonstrate to them, in good earnest, that he had made a discovery. His daughter, who was now his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment, which he put down, and then she was called in and read it to them; then the father retired, and the daughter wrote. The Indians were wonder-struck, but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed, that the tribe should select several youths from among their cleverest young men, that he might communicate the mystery to them. This was at length agreed to, although there was some lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John Maw, with several others, was selected for this purpose. The tribes watched them for several months with anxiety; and when they offered themselves for examination, the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with the greatest care. The uninitiated directed what the master and pupil should write to each other, and these tests were varied in such a manner, as not only to destroy their infidelity, but most firmly to fix their faith. The Indians, on this, ordered a great feast, and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly is man alike in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle in geometry. See-quah-yah became at once schoolmaster, professor philosopher, and a chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one

favoured by the Great Spirit. The inventions of early times were shrouded in mystery. See-quah-yah disdained all deception. He did not stop here, but carried his discoveries to numbers. He, of course, knew nothing of Arabic digits, nor of the power of Roman letters in the science. The Cherokees had mental numerals to one hundred, and had words for all numbers up to that; but they had no signs or characters to assist them in enumerating, adding, subtracting, multiplying, or dividing. He reflected upon this until he had created their elementary principle in his mind; but he was at first obliged to make words to express his meaning, and then signs to explain it. By this process he soon had a clear conception of numbers up to a million. His great difficulty was, at the threshhold, to fix the powers of his signs according to their places. When this was overcome, his next step was in adding up his different numbers in order to put down the fraction of the decimal, and give the whole number to his next place. But when Mr. Knapp saw him in Washington, he had overcome all these difficulties, and was a ready arithmetician in the fundamental rules. He adhered to all the customs of his country; and when his associate chiefs on the mission assumed our costume, he was dressed in all respects like an Indian. He was a man of varied abilities, and he passed from metaphysical and philosophical investigation to mechanical occupations with the greatest ease. The only practical mechanics he was acquainted with, were a few blacksmiths, who could make a rough tomahawk, or repair the lock of a rifle; yet he became a white and silver smith, without any instruction, and made spurs and silver spoons with neatness and skill, to the great admiration of the people of the Cherokee nation See-quah-yah had also a great taste for painting. He mixed his colours with skill; acquainting himself with all the art and science of his tribe upon the subject, he added many chemical experiments of his own, some of which were very successful. For his drawings he had no models but such as nature furnished, and he often copied nature with astonishing faithfulness. His portraits are coarse, but often spirited and correct, and he gave action, and sometimes grace, to his representations of animals. He had never seen an artists' pencil, but he made use of the hair of wild animals for his brushes. Some of his productions evinced a considerable knowledge of perspective; but he could not have formed rules for this. The painters in the early ages were many years in coming to a knowledge of this part of their art; and their successors even now are more successful in the art than perfect in its principles. The manners of the American Cadmus were most easy, and his habits those of the most assiduous scholar. He understood and felt the advantages the white man had long enjoyed, of having the accumulations of every branch of knowledge, by means of a written language, while the red man could only commit his thoughts to uncertain tradition. He reasoned correctly, when he urged this to his friends as the cause why the red man had made so few advances in knowledge in comparison with us. To remedy this was his great aim.

It may not, perhaps, be known that the government of the United States had a font of types cast for his alphabet; and that a newspaper, printed partly in the Cherokee language, and partly in the English, has been established at New Echota, which is characterized by decency and good sense; and that thus many of the Cherokees are able to read both languages. Mr. Knapp, in his account of this remarkable person, mentions seeing the head chief of the Cherokees, who confirmed the statement of See-quah-yah, and added, that he was an Indian of the strictest veracity and sobriety. The western wilderness is not only to blossom like the rose; but there, man has started up, and proved that he has not degenerated since the primitive days of Cecrops, and the romantic ages of wonderful effort and god-like renown.

DR. DWIGHT AND MR. DENNIE.

Dennie was once esteemed the finest prose writer of the United States; but were they now to make their first appearance, his essays would be thought to be but little above mediocrity. We could readily name a dozen magazinists who are superior to him in style and thought. He was admired, however, and, among others, by Dr. Dwight, of whose first encounter with him the following story is related. While travelling in New Jersey, the learned President chanced to stop for a night at a stage hotel, in one of its populous towns. Late in the evening arrived also at the inn Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all *paired* with lodgers except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. "Show me to his apartment," exclaimed Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the reverend Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings." The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to his guest's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night-gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. He was struck with the peculiar physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced an animated colloquy. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of literary and political characters for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dwight chanced to mention the writings of Dennie "Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio, said the Doctor in a rhapsody, "is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belles Lettres. But, sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing, that a man of such genius, fancy and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and to bacchanalian revels?" "Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken: I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir," says the Doctor; "you err; I have my information from a particular friend. I am confident that I am right, and that you are wrong." Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking, "that Doctors Abercrombie and Mason were amongst our most distinguished divines, yet that he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America had ever produced. But, sir," continued Dennie, "there are traits in his character unworthy so great and wise a man—of the most detestable description—he is the greatest *bigot* and *dogmatist* of the age!" "Sir," said the Doctor, "you are grossly mistaken. I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary."—"Sir," says Dennie, "you are mistaken, I have it

from an intimate acquaintance of his, who I am confident would not tell an untruth." "No more slander," says the Doctor, "I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak!" "And I too," exclaimed Dennie, "am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!" The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF DOCTOR MAYHEW.

THE celebrated JONATHAN MAYHEW, D.D., was married at thirty-five to Miss Elizabeth Clarke, then but twenty-two. Bradford, in his life of the Doctor, gives several characteristic letters from him to Miss Clark, and to her brother, written during his cour'ship. They show that a studious and literary man may be susceptible of the tender passion, yet do not make this author appear quite as ridiculous as the excellent Dr. Doddridge was made to seem by the publication of some of his letters of the same kind. The first of the following is addressed to Dr. William Clark:

March 10, 1756.*

"DEAR SIR,—One Mr. Jo. Bill, has promised, by his curious art of cookery, to turn a calf's-head and pluck into a good sea-turtle for us to-day. I did not suppose that you have any particular love of such sort of food, and hope I have not myself. However, this metamorphosed calf's-head may possibly be a curiosity to you; and if you will come and partake of it with me, you will have the pleasure of Mr. Quincy's† company, who may at present, perhaps, find no inconvenience from such a diet.

"Yours most affectionately,
"J. MAYHEW.

"P. S. I was going to request you to present my compliments to Miss Betsey;‡ but I do not like the formality of that word. I desire you would, in plain old English, give my hearty love to her; but do not, for the world, let her know a syllable of what I have written about turtle food. For you know ministers ought, in all propriety and prudence, to be very grave, not to say stupid; and for them to jest, in any way, about such things, is almost as bad as *heresy*."§

This is to the lady herself:

"BOSTON, *June* 10, 1756.

"DEAR BETSEY,—This is one of the most unnecessary, impertinent letters that ever you received; the chief design of it being to tell you, only what you know so well already, that I never can forget you: and that no distance of place can lessen my love and regards to you. I intend, with submission to Providence, to see you at Waltham, on Saturday next, or at the farthest on Monday. I would not willingly indulge a suspicion that any advantage will be taken of my absence, to prejudice me in your esteem. However, if any attempts of this nature should be made, I flatter myself they will be in vain. I am persuaded, from the experience I have had of your constancy and fidelity, that I am concerned with a person of the greatest honour and generosity; and accordingly place the most unreserved confidence in you. Believe me, charming creature, I most ardently long to see you; but, in the mean time, must content myself with giving you this epistolary testimony of my regards; the best, indeed, it is in my power to give at present:

'Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires:
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from India to the pole.'

"I used to admire these lines, before I was a lover; now I feel their force and propriety. I need not multiply words; or rather, it would be to no purpose to do it; because words, however multiplied, cannot express how much, and how sincerely, I am yours,

"J. MAYHEW.

"P. S.—The hurry I am in, must be my apology for sending you a letter with so many blots, and so incorrectly written in other respects. It has only truth and sincerity to recommend it; which, though of little consideration with many of your sex, will not, I hope, be wholly disregarded by you. My duty to your mamma, if you think proper to present it.

"J. M."

The following letter was written at an earlier period, to the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D. D., afterward pastor of the Brattle-Square church, in Boston:

"CAMBRIDGE, *Dec.* 5, 1742.

"SIR,—I received yours some days since, and must beg your pardon for not acknowledging the favour sooner; though I must, like other *half*-penitents, endeavour to extenuate my fault, by saying it was unavoidable. For the omission proceeded partly from my having a great deal of business on my hands, of late—and partly from laziness—the college disease. Now, sir, you will readily acknowledge the first to be a good excuse, so far as it goes; and as to the latter, laziness that is so deep-rooted as mine, as effectually hinders the person from doing any thing, as if he was bound down head and foot, with all the new hempcords, green withs, and braided hair, that the wicked Jezebel (*Delilah*, I would have said) tied her lusty spouse with. Now you know that a physical inability is (by some divines) alleged as a good apology for a man's not doing what would otherwise have been his duty; and, on this account, I hope you will not be very severe, but show that you are not implacable in your resentments, by giving me a speedy answer: for to tell the truth, your delaying to write me, would be the greatest punishment of my indolence that I can imagine.

"I have now, before I was aware of it, by telling you what would be the most severe way to revenge yourself on me, put it into your power to play the tyrant. But since you are a man, and not a woman, I am in some hopes you will not catch at every favourable opportunity to torment me.

"There is our good friend, Brandom, has laid under the Lady Clio's wrath and discipline ever since last

* This familiar note may be thought hardly proper to be given; as not being sufficiently grave for such a man as Dr. Mayhew. But it is indicative of a trait of characteristic pleasantry, which his intimate friends often mentioned. Dr. Clark, to whom it is addressed, was a brother of the lady whom Dr. Mayhew married soon after.

† Edmund Quincy, his intimate friend and one of his parish, who wrote a character of Dr. Mayhew, soon after his death.

‡ Afterwards Mrs. Mayhew.

§ Dr. Mayhew was a Unitarian, and an attempt had just before been made, by certain meddlesome people, to prevent a connection between him and Miss Clark, on a charge of *heresy*, which had some effect on the mind of Mrs. Clark, and served to delay the connection.

spring, till the poor thing is quite emaciated, he not being more bulky at present than two ordinary men. But I expect to see him swell to his former dimensions in a short time: for I must tell you that he has appeased the anger of the little tyranness at last, got out of purgatory, and is to be blest above the lot of mortals, in waiting on the lady to * * * *, to-morrow, with some other company going to attend Mr. P * * * * and his new-married wife out of town. I hope, in pity to the wedded couple, that the severity of the weather will abate; for it will be hard indeed to have winter both without and within doors. I say winter *within*, because it is said that a cold season comes about a month after marriage, when all the springs of affection are commonly exhausted or frozen up, even in those who just before were sweltering in the sultry dog-days of love.

"Well, I have been rambling, I know not where. It is time to return home, and conclude, lest I should have occasion to make a long apology for being tedious. I hope your next will be in doggrel; not but I like your prose as well as any man's living—but yet, methinks a little jingle of yours would make my soul all ear and all harmony. Your honest friend,

"J MAYHEW."

EPITAPHS, ANAGRAMS, ELEGIES, &c., OF THE PURITANS.

NOTHING more admirably illustrates the character of the founders of New England than their epitaphs, elegies, anagrams, and other portraitures of each other. Grave doctors of divinity—men more learned in classical literature and scholastic theology than any since their time—prided themselves upon the excellence of their puns and epigrams, and the cleverness shown by a few celebrated persons in this species of fashionable trifling constituted their principal claim to immortality. In the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, Thomas Shepard, a minister of Charlestown, is described as "the greatest anagrammatizer since the days of Lycophron," and the pastoral care of the renowned Cotton Mather himself is characteristically described as distinguished for

—Care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms and—*anagrams!*

One of the anagrams upon the name of Mather makes out of *Cottonus Matherus, Tu tantum Conors es*, another *Tuos tecum ornasti*, etc.; and on the death of the Rev. Thomas Wilson, Shepard wrote,

JOHN WILSON, *anagr.* JOHN WILSON.

O change it not! no sweeter name or thing
Throughout the world within our ears shall ring!

We have collected a few specimens of the epitaphs of our first century, which, from their ingenuity or quaintness, cannot fail to amuse the reader. The first is on Samuel Danforth, a minister of Roxbury, who died in 1674, a few days after the completion of a new meeting-house, and was written by Thomas Welde, a poet of considerable reputation in his day—

Our new-built church now suffers by this—
Larger its Windows, but its *Lights* one less.

Thomas Dudley, who came to Massachusetts in 1630 as deputy-governor, was subsequently chief magistrate of the colony for several years. He died on the last day of July, 1653, in the seventy-third year of his age, and was buried in Roxbury, where, in the records of the Congregational church, is preserved an anagram said to have been sent to him by some anonymous writer, in 1645.

THOMAS DUDLEY, *anagr. Ah, old must dye!*

A death's head on your hand you need not weare—
A dying head you on your *shoulders* beare.
You need not one to mynd you you must dye—
You in your *name* may spell mortalitye.
Young men *may* dye, but old men, they dye *must*,
'T will not be long before you turn to dust.
Before you turn to dust! *Ah! must old dye?*—
What shall young doe, when old in dust doe lye?
When old in dust lye, what New Englande doe?
When old in dust doe lye, it 's best dye too.

The following was found in his pocket, after his death:

ON HIMSELF—BY THOMAS DUDLEY.

Farewell, dear wife, children and friends!
Hate heresy, make blessed ends,
Bear povertye, live with good men,
So shall we live with joy agen.
Let men of God in courts and churches watch
O'er such as doe a *Toleration* hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left and otherwise combine,
My epitaph 's—*I dyed no Libertyne!*

This is characteristic of the Puritans. The reader should, however, understand that the old meaning of the word *libertine* was tolerant or liberal, so that the governor merely designed to enjoin conformity to his doctrines. Dudley was a narrow-minded man, as much distinguished for his miserly propensities as for his bigotry. Among the epitaphs proposed for his monument was one by Governor Belcher—

Here lies Thomas Dudley, that trusty old stud—
A bargain 's a bargain, and must be made good!

Donne nor Cowley ever produced any thing more full of quaint conceits, antithesis, and puns, than the elegy written by Benjamin Woodbridge, in 1654, on John Cotton—

Here lies magnanimous humility,
Majesty, meekness, Christian apathy,
On soft affections: liberty, in thrall—
A simple serpent, or serpentine dove.—
Neatness embroider'd with itself alone,
And devils canonized in a gown,—
A living, breathing Bible; table where
Both covenants at large engraven are;
Gospel and law, in 's heart, had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name 's a title-page, and next
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh, what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a *new edition* he comes forth,
Without *errata*, may we think he 'll be
In *leaves* and *covers* of eternity.

The celebrated epitaph of Dr. Franklin is supposed to have been suggested by this; but the lines of Joseph Capen, a minister of Topsfield, on Mr. John Foster, an ingenious mathematician and printer, bear to it a still closer resemblance—

Thy body which no activeness did lack,
Now 's laid aside, like an old almanack;
But for the present only 's out of date;
'T will have at length a far more active state;
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from *errata*, new in heaven set forth;

'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator,
It shall be done when He saith *Imprimatur*.

One of the most poetical of the epitaphs of this period is that by Cotton Mather on the Rev. Thomas Shepard, before mentioned, who died in 1649.

Heare lies intomb'd a heavenly orator,
From the great King of kings Ambassador—
Mirrour of virtues, magazine of artes,
Crown to our heads, and loadstone to our heartes.

The following lines are from the monument of the Rev. Richard Mather, who died in Dorchester, in 1669, aged 73:

Richardus hic dormit Matherus,
Sed nec totus nec mora diu tuma,
Lætatus genuisse pares.
In certum est utrum doctior an melior
Anima et gloria non queunt humani.

Divinely rich and learnèd Richard Mather,
Sons like him, prophets great, rejoiced his father.
Short time his sleeping dust here's cover'd down;
Not his ascended spirit or renown.

The Rev. Edward Thompson, a preacher of considerable reputation in his day, died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1705. His epitaph is preserved by Alden—

Here, in a tyrant's hand, doth captive lye
A rare synopsis of divinetye.
Old patriarchs, prophets, gospel bishops meet
Under deep silence in their winding sheet.
All rest awhile, in hopes and full intent,
When their King calls, to sit in Parliament.

Governor Theophilus Eaton, of New Haven, died at an advanced age, on the 7th of January, 1657. His son-in-law, Deputy-Governor William Jones, and his daughter, are buried near him, and are alluded to in the lines upon the monument erected to his memory.

Eaton, so famed, so wise, so meek, so just—
The phœnix of our world—here lies in dust.
His name forget New England never must.
T' attend you, syr, undr these framed stones
Are come yr honrd son and daughter Jones,
On each hand to repose yr weary bones.

The next is from an old monument in Dorchester.

Heare lyes our captaine, who major
Of Suffolk was withall,
A goodly magistrate was he,
And major generall!
Two troops of horse with him here come,
Such worth his love did crave,
Ten companyes of foot, also,
Mourning marcht to his grave,
Let all who read be sure to keep
The faith as he hath don;
With Christ he now lives crown'd; his name
Was Humphrey Atherton.
He died the 16th of November, 1661.

In the same cemetery "lies the body of James Humfrey, one of the ruling elders of Dorchester, who departed this life the 12 May, 1686, in the 78 year of his age." His epitaph, like many of that period is in the form of an acrostic—

I nclosed within this shrine is precious dust,
A nd only waits the rising of the just;
M ost useful while he lived, adorn'd his station,
E ven to old age he served his generation;
S ince his decease, thought of with veneration.

H ow great a blessing this ruling elder, he
U nto this church and town, and pastors three;
M ather the first did by him help receive,
F lint he did next his burden much relieve.
R enowned Danforth did he assist with skill;
E steemed high by all, bearing fruit until
Y ielding to death, his glorious seat did fill.

The most ingenious of the Puritan poets was the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, whose "Day of Doom" is the most remarkable curiosity in American literature. "He was as skilled," says one of his biographers, "in physic and surgery as in diviner things," and when he could neither preach nor prescribe for the physical sufferings of his neighbours,

"In costly verse, and most laborious rhymes,
He dish'd up truths right worthy our regard."

He was buried in Malden, near Boston, and his epitaph was written by Mather—

THE EXCELLENT MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH,
Remembered by some good tokens.

His pen did once *meat from the eater fetch;*
And now he's gone beyond the *eater's* reach.
His body, once so *thin*, was next to *none;*
From hence he's to *unbodied spirits* flown.
Once his rare skill did all *diseases* heal;
And he does nothing now uneasy feel.
He to his Paradise is joyful come,
And waits with joy to see his *Day of Doom*.

The last epitaph we shall give is from the monument of Dr. Clark, a grandson of the celebrated Dr. John Clark, who came to New England in 1630.

He who among physicians shone so late,
And by his wise prescriptions conquer'd Fate,
Now lies extended in the silent grave,
Nor him alive would his vast merit save.
But still his fame shall last, his virtues live,
And all sepulchral monuments survive.
Still flourish shall his name: nor shall this stone
Long as his piety and love be known.

Many of the elegies preserved in the *Magnalia*, Morton's *New England Memorial*, and other works of the time, are not less curious than the briefer tributes engraven upon the tomb-stones of the Pilgrims. The following lines on the death of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, were written by John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, and one of the most distinguished men of the colonies, whose elegy by Wood bridge we have already quoted—

To see three things was holy *Austin's* wish,
Rome in her *Flower*, *Christ Jesus* in the *Flesh*,
And *Paul* in *Pulpit;* lately, men might see,
Two first and more in *Hooker's* ministry.

Zion, in *Beauty*, is a fairer sight,
Than *Rome* in *Flower*, with all her glory dight,
Yet *Zion's* Beauty did most clearly shine
In *Hooker's* Rule and Doctrine; both divine.

Christ i' the *Spirit's* more than *Christ* in *Flesh*,
Our *souls* to quicken, and our *states* to bless!
Yet *Christ* in *spirit*, broke forth mightily,
In faithful *Hooker's* searching ministry.

Paul, in the *pulpit*, *Hooker* could not reach;
Yet did he Christ in spirit, so lively preach,
That living hearers thought he did inherit
A double portion of *Paul's* lively spirit.

Prudent in rule, in argument quick,
Fervent in prayer, in preaching powerful;
That well did learned *Ames* record bear,
The like to him he never wont to hear.

'Twas of *Geneva's* worthies said, with wonder,
(Those worthies three) *Farell* was wont to thunder;

First, like rain, on tender grass to shower:
But *Calvin*, lively oracles to pour.

All these in *Hooker's* spirit did remain,
A son of thunder, and a shower of rain;
A pourer forth of lively oracles,
In saving souls, the sum of *miracles*.

Now blessed *Hooker*, thou'rt set on high,
Above the thankless world, and cloudy sky;
Do thou of all thy labour reap the crown,
Whilst we, here, reap the seed which thou hast sown!

The following lines are by Peter Bulkeley, of Concord, who was thought to be a fine Latin and English poet, by the critics of his time:

A lamentation for the death of that precious and worthy minister of Jesus Christ, Mr. John Hooker, Anno Domini, 1647.

Come sighs, come sorrows, let 's lament this rod,
Which hath bereaved us of this man of God;
A man of God, which came from God to men,
And now from them, is gone to God agen.
Bid joy depart: bid merriment begone;
Bid friends stand by; sit mournful and alone.
But oh! what sorrow can be to suffice,
Though heaven and earth were fillèd with our cries.

Let Hartford sigh, and say, "I've lost a treasure;"
Let all New England mourn at God's displeasure,
In taking from us one more gracious
Than is the gold of Ophir precious.
Sweet was the savour which his grace did give,
It seasoned all the place where he did live.
His name did, as an ointment, give it's smell,
And all bare witness that it savour'd well.

A few years after writing the eulogy of his friend, Mr. Cotton also died, and was thus praised by John Norton, who wrote his history:

And after *Winthrop's*, *Hooker's*, *Sheppard's hearse*,
Doth *Cotton's* death call for a mourning verse!
Thy will be done! yet, Lord, who deal'st thus,
Make this great death expedient for us.
Luther pulled down the *pope*, *Calvin*, the *prelate* slew:
Of *Calvin's lapse*, chief *cures* to *Cotton* due.
Cotton, whose learning, temper, godliness,
The *German Phœnix*, lively did express.
Melancthon's all—may *Luther's* word but pass—
Melancthon's all in our great *Cotton* was;
Than him in flesh, scarce dwelt a better one,
So great 's our loss, when such a spirit 's gone.
Whilst he was here, life was more life to me;
Now he is not, death hence, less death shall be.
That comets great men's death do oft forego,
This present comet doth too sadly shew;
This prophet dead, yet must in 's doctrine speak,
This comet saith, else must New England break.
Whate'er it be, may heaven avert it far,
That meteors should succeed our greatest star.
In Boston's orb, Winthrop and Cotton were;
These lights extinct, dark is our hemisphere.
In Boston, once, how much shined of our glory,
We now lament, *posterity will story*.
Let *Boston* live, who had and saw their worth,
And did them honour, both in life and death.
To him New England trust in this distress,
Who will not leave his exiles comfortless.

The following lines are from Cotton Mather's "Remarks on the Bright and the Dark Side of that American Pillar, the Reverend Mr. William Thomson:"

Apollyon owing him a cursed spleen
Who an Apollos in the church had been,
Dreading his traffic here would be undone
By num'rous proselytes he daily won,
Accused him of imaginary faults,
And push'd him down so into dismal vaults:
Vaults, where he kept long ember-weeks of grief,
Till Heaven alarmèd sent him a relief.
Then was a Daniel in the lion's den,
A man, oh, how beloved of God and men!
By his bedside an Hebrew sword there lay,
With which at last he drove the devil away.
Quakers, too, durst not bear his keen replies,
But fearing it half-drawn the trembler flies.
Like Lazarus, new-raised from death, appears
The saint that had been dead for many years.
Our Nehemiah said, "Shall such as I
Desert my flock, and like a coward fly?"
Long had the churches begg'd the saint's release;
Released at last, he dies in glorious peace.
The night is not so long, but Phosphor's ray
Approaching glories doth on high display.
Faith's eye in him discern'd the morning star,
His heart leap'd; sure the sun cannot be far.
In ecstasies of joy, he ravish'd cries,
"Love, love the Lamb, the Lamb!" in whom he dies.

The excellent President, Urian Oakes, styled by Mather the "Lactantius of New England," was one of the most distinguished poets of his time, and contributed very largely to its churchyard literature. The following verses are from his Elegy on the death of Thomas Shepard, minister of Charlestown:

Art, nature, grace, in him were all combined
To show the world a matchless paragon;
In whom of radiant virtues ne less shined,
Than a whole constellation; but hee 's gone!
Hee 's gone, alas! down in the dust must ly
As much of this rare person, as could die.

To be descended well, doth that commend?
Can sons their fathers' glory call their own?
Our Shepard justly might to this pretend,
(His blessed father was of high renown,
Both Englands speak him great, admire his name,)
But his own personal worth 's a better claim.

His look commanded reverence and awe,
Though mild and amiable, not austere;
Well humour'd was he, as I ever saw,
And ruled by love and wisdom more than fear.
The muses and the graces too, conspired
To set forth this rare piece to be admired.

He breathed love, and pursued peace in his day,
As if his soul were made of harmony;
Scarce ever more of goodness crowded lay
In such a piece of frail mortality.
Sure Father Wilson's genuine son was he,
New-England's Paul had such a Timothy.

My dearest, inmost, bosome friend is gone!
Gone is my sweet companion, soul's delight!
Now in a huddling crowd, I 'm all alone,
And almost could bid all the world good night.
Blest be my rock! God lives: O! let him be
As he is all, so all in all to me.

CONTROVERSIAL MENDACITY.

One of the most common failings of religious writers, of the hunters up of incident, illustrative or confirmative of peculiar principles, is an utter recklessness of veracity in the narration of circumstances. The excellent tendencies of fabricated histories, and the truth of the *ideas* they inculcate, are the pleas most frequently offered in extenuation of their manufacture; but the ruin of the sacred reputations of the dead cannot thus be justified, if even the presentation of false testimony, where it is so little needed, deserves no reproach. Every body has read the history of the

fearful agonies pretended to have been witnessed by those who saw the last hours of Voltaire; and but few, owing to the general disinclination to expose errors that may be productive of a benefit, while they can scarcely have an injurious tendency, have seen the evidences of the perfect falsity of that popular tale. We should like it well if there were any proof that the philosopher had been convinced of the errors of his life; but no such proof exists, and the story industriously reported, in tracts and in religious journals, that in his last moments a recollection of his efforts to overthrow Christianity, "with terror froze his cowering blood," is known to its intelligent propagators to be without foundation. Voltaire's death-scene, for aught that was ever shown to the contrary, was as quiet and as peaceful as were those of Jonathan Edwards or John Eliot. The well-known statement that Volney, when in imminent peril of shipwreck, besought the mercy of the power he had all his life derided, is equally false. The commentator on the ruin of empires was never in any such peril. Similar stories about Thomas Paine, though so frequently repeated that their inventors may now possibly credit them, have been proved time after time to be untrue. The whole life and character of the man have been misrepresented, in opposition to the clearest testimony. Gibbon, whose manner of life was as commendable as his religious belief was false, has been the hero of many a pathetic history; but the purity of his morality and the quiet of his last hours have been so demonstrated that the slanders of unscrupulous religionists have sunk into oblivion. We have been led to these remarks by seeing in the journals an old story revived, of which Ethan Allen is made the hero. Allen was a man of dauntless bravery, and of the most rare intelligence; but unfortunately he was a sceptic in religion, and he vaunted of the discernment which he imagined had enabled him to detect the falsity of the Bible. A great proportion of the anecdotes told to illustrate his character and belief are probably inventions; but it is beyond controversy that he was an infidel, and vain of his opposition to Christianity. In the story to which we have alluded, it is stated that—

"His wife was a pious woman, and taught her children in the way of piety, while he told them it was a delusion; and that there was an hour coming when Colonel Allen's confidence in his own sentiments would be closely tried. A beloved daughter was taken sick; he received a message that she was dying; he hastened to her bedside, anxious to hear her last words. 'Father,' said she, 'I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles which you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has directed?' This was an affecting scene. The intrepid Colonel became extremely agitated, his lips quivered, his whole frame shook; and, after waiting a few moments, he replied, 'Believe as your mother has learned you.'"

This is a very pretty anecdote, but not a single sentence of it relates to any actual occurrence. The hero of Ticonderoga never lost a daughter during his own lifetime, and his wife was not a pious woman; at least, she pretended to have experienced no religious influences. The falsity of the story, which has found its way into histories, and into hundreds of printed collections of memorabilia, was asserted to us by the excellent daughter of the hardy chief, who yet survives, and who, perhaps, was herself the heroine of the tale.

Truth is the best policy; especially with polemics; and among politicians even it has been found that "corruption wins not more than honesty." The pious frauds of monkish times answered a very good purpose, until they were detected; but when the people found that the assenting nods of marble statues were caused by well devised machinery, they laughed at the imposture, or sacrificed its authors to their passions. The witless falsehoods echoed in more modern pulpits frequently send the less simple of the congregation away, breathing contempt for every holy sentiment, while an honest presentation of the unanswerable evidences of inspiration, would have made them stout defenders of the faith. At Tammany Hall the mountebank's attacks on the life and intellect of Thomas Paine are read with a mock gravity, and then by incontestible evidence proved false, and the degraded creatures who congregate at that polluting fountain, with some show of reason call in question the truth of a religion that is supposed to need such juggling to maintain it.

The dawn of the day of death is not always welcome to the pure in heart, nor is it invariably cheerless to the infidel. There is no reason to doubt that Hume was as happy in his last hours as his friend Robertson; and if Adam Smith is to be credited, none ever bade adieu to life with more serenity than that free-thinking philosopher exhibited. La Place, Gibbon, and Cooper, strong in their disbelief of truth, had no fears of danger in the after life. Nor had the worshipper of Isis in old time, nor has the Moslem, now, more frequently than the Christian; albeit the hope of the last is better and his light more clear. These things are as much dependent on national or individual character and temperament as upon religious teaching; and the last hour of a man's mortality furnishes no better index of his future life than the last day of a month does of its succeeding period of time. Forgetful of this, and anxious to make a strong array in behalf of the right, well enough disposed persons have coined counterfeit histories, which, having been almost invariably proved false, have done much more injury than good. "Honesty" in politics, morals, religion, and law, is always "the best policy."

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

Although this writer is now rarely mentioned by the organs of public opinion in New England, he was once ranked among the great masters of English verse; and it was believed that his reputation would endure as long as the language in which he wrote. The absurd estimate of his abilities shows the wretched condition of taste and criticism in his time, and perhaps caused the faults in his later works which have won for them their early oblivion.

Robert Treat Paine, junior, was born at Taunton, Massachusetts, on the ninth of December, 1773. His father, an eminent lawyer, held many honourable offices under the state and national governments, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The family having removed to Boston, when he was about seven years old, the subject of this memoir received his early education in that city, and entered Harvard University in 1788. His career here was brilliant and honourable; no member of his class was so familiar with the ancient languages, or with elegant English literature; and his biographer assures

us that he was personally popular among his classmates and the officers of the university. When he was graduated, "he was as much distinguished for the opening virtues of his heart, as for the vivacity of his wit, the vigour of his imagination, and the variety of his knowledge. A liberality of sentiment and a contempt of selfishness are usual concomitants, and in him were striking characteristics. Urbanity of manners and a delicacy of feeling imparted a charm to his benignant temper and social disposition."

While in college he had won many praises by his poetical "exercises," and on the completion of his education he was anxious to devote himself to literature as a profession. His father, a man of singular austerity, had marked out for him a different career, and obtained for him a clerkship in a mercantile house in Boston. But he was in no way fitted for the successful prosecution of commerce; and after endeavouring for a few months to apply himself to business, he abandoned the counting-room, and determined to rely on his pen for the means of living. In 1794, he established the "Federal Orrery," a political and literary gazette, and conducted it two years, but without industry or discretion, and therefore without profit. Soon after leaving the university, he had become a constant visiter of the theatre, then recently established in Boston. His intimacy with persons connected with the stage led to his marriage with an actress, and this to his exclusion from fashionable society, and a disagreement with his father, which lasted until his death.

He was destitute of true courage, and of that kind of pride which arises from a consciousness of integrity and worth. When, therefore, he found himself unpopular with the town, he no longer endeavoured to deserve regard; but neglected his personal appearance, became intemperate, and abandoned himself to indolence. The office of "master of ceremonies" in the theatre, an anomalous station, created for his benefit, still yielded him a moderate income, and notwithstanding the irregularity of his habits, he never exerted his poetical abilities without success. For his poems and other productions he obtained prices unparalleled in this country, and rarely equaled by the rewards of the most popular European authors. For the "Invention of Letters," written at the request of the President of Harvard University, he received fifteen hundred dollars, or more than *five dollars a line*. "The Ruling Passion," a poem recited before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was little less profitable; and he was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars for a song of half-a-dozen stanzas, entitled "Adams and Liberty."

His habits, in the sunshine, gradually improved, and his friends who adhered to him endeavoured to wean him from the wine-cup, and to persuade him to study the law, and establish himself in an honourable position in society. They were for a time successful; he entered the office of the Honourable Theophilus Parsons, of Newburyport; applied himself diligently to his studies; was admitted to the bar, and became a popular advocate. No lawyer ever commenced business with more brilliant prospects; but his indolence and recklessness returned; his business was neglected; his reputation decayed; and, broken down and disheartened by poverty, disease, and the neglect of his old associates, the evening of his life presented a melancholy contrast to its morning, when every sign gave promise of a bright career. In his last years, says his biographer, "without a library, wandering from place to place, frequently uncertain whence or whether he could procure a meal, his thirst for knowledge astonishingly increased; neither sickness nor penury abated his love of books and instructive conversation." He died in "an attic chamber of his father's house," on the eleventh of November, 1811, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Dr. Johnson said of Dryden, of whom Paine was a servile but unsuccessful imitator, that "his delight was in wild and daring sallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit;" that he "delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy." The censure is more applicable to the copy than the original. There was no freshness in Paine's writings; his subjects, his characters, his thoughts, were all commonplace and familiar. His mind was fashioned by books, and not by converse with the world. He had a brilliant fancy, and a singular command of language; but he was never content to be simple and natural. He endeavoured to be magnificent and striking; he was perpetually searching for conceits and extravagances; and in the multiplicity of his illustrations and ornaments, he was unintelligible and tawdry. From no other writer could so many instances of the false sublime be selected. He never spoke to the heart in its own language.

Paine wrote with remarkable facility. It is related of him by his biographers, that he had finished "Adams and Liberty," and exhibited it to some gentlemen at the house of a friend. His host pronounced it imperfect, as the name of Washington was omitted, and declared that he should not approach the sideboard, on which bottles of wine had just been placed, until he had written an additional stanza. The poet mused a moment, called for a pen, and wrote the following lines, which are, perhaps, the best in the song:

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder:
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand;
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

He had agreed to write the "opening address," on the rebuilding of the Boston Theatre, in 1798. Hodgkinson, the manager, called on him in the evening, before it was to be delivered, and upbraided him for his negligence; the first line of it being yet unwritten. "Pray, do not be angry," said Paine, who was dining with some literary friends; "sit down and take a glass of wine." "No, sir," replied the manager; "when you begin to write, I will begin to drink." Paine took his pen, at a side-table, and in two or three hours finished the address, which is one of the best he ever wrote.

SANDS—FABRICATION OF AUTHORITIES.

Robert C. Sands was one of the cleverest literary men of the country. Of all authors he was the most industrious, and wrote most from a love of writing. Though the editor of one of the leading gazettes of New York, his daily task of political or literary discussion was far from giving him sufficient literary

employment. His mind overflowed in all directions into other journals, even some of different political opinions from those which he supported. He had a propensity for innocent and playful literary mischief. It was his sport to excite public curiosity by giving extracts, highly spiced with fashionable allusions and satire, "*from the forthcoming novel;*" which novel, in truth, was, and is yet to be written; or else to entice some unhappy wight into a literary or historical newspaper discussion, then to combat him anonymously, or, under the mask of a brother editor, to overwhelm him with history, facts, quotations, and authorities, all, if necessary, manufactured for the occasion; in short, like Shakspeare's "merry wanderer of the night," to lead his unsuspecting victim around "through bog, through bush, through brier." One instance of this sportive propensity occurred in relation to a controversy about the material of the Grecian crown of victory, which arose during the excitement in favour of Grecian liberty some years ago. Several ingenious young men, fresh from their college studies, had exhausted all the learning they could procure on this grave question, either from their own acquaintance with antiquity, or at second hand from the writers upon Grecian antiquities, Lempriere, Potter, Barthelemi, or the more erudite *Paschalis de Corona*; till Sands grew tired of seeing so much scholarship wasted, and ended the controversy by an essay filled with excellent learning, chiefly fabricated by himself for the occasion, and resting mainly on a passage of Pausanias, quoted in the original Greek, for which it is in vain to look in any edition of that author, ancient or modern.

RAPID COMPOSITION—A. H. BOGART AND OTHERS.

Mr. Bogart was a native of the city of Albany, where, at the early age of twenty-one years, he died, in 1826. He was engaged in the study of the law at the time of his decease, and, as we have learned from an eminent member of the bar in that city, gave the highest promise of professional reputation, when his studies were interrupted by the illness which terminated in his death. He wrote with singular rapidity, and would frequently astonish his companions by an improvisation equal to the elaborate performances of some poets of distinguished reputation. It was good-naturedly hinted on one occasion that his impromptus were prepared beforehand, and he was asked if he would submit to the application of a test of his poetical abilities. He promptly acceded, and a most difficult one was immediately proposed. Among his intimate friends were the late Colonel John B. Van Schaick and Charles Fenno Hoffman, both of whom were present. Said Van Schaick, taking up a copy of Byron, "The name of *Lydia Kane*"—a lady distinguished for her beauty and cleverness, who died a year or two since, but who was then just blushing into womanhood—"the name of Lydia Kane has in it the same number of letters as a stanza of 'Childe Harold;' write them down in a column." They were so written by Bogart, Hoffman and himself. "Now," he continued, "I will open the poem at random; and for the ends of the lines in Miss Lydia's *acrostic* shall be used the words ending those of the verse on which my finger may rest." The stanza thus selected was this:—

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?

The following stanza was composed by Bogart within the succeeding ten minutes—the period fixed in a wager—finished before his companions had reached a fourth line, and read to them as we print it—

L ovely and loved, o'er the unconquer'd	brave
Y our charms resistless, matchless girl, shall	reign!
D ear as the mother holds her infant's	grave
I n Love's own region, warm, romantic	Spain!
A nd should your Fate to courts your steps	ordain,
K ings would in vain to regal pomp	appeal,
A nd lordly bishops kneel to you in	vain,
N or Valour's fire, Law's power, nor Churchman's	zeal
E ndure 'gainst Love's (time's up!) untarnish'd	steel!

We need not inform the reader that few of the most facile versifiers could have accomplished the task in hours. Bogart nearly always composed with the same rapidity, and his pieces were marked by the liveliest wit and most apposite illustration.

The rapidity with which Robert Treat Paine composed his verses we have mentioned elsewhere. His best pieces were "struck off at a heat." The poet Brainard wrote his "Lines on Niagara" to fill out a column of a newspaper of which he was editor, in a few moments, while the printer's boy was waiting for copy. E. D. Griffin, Sands, and others, wrote with nearly equal rapidity.

LITERARY CONFEDERACIES.

Literary associations—for joint authorship—have been common in this country. The first one of which we read was established by "the Connecticut wits" at Hartford, and Joel Barlow, Doctor Hopkins, Colonel Humphries, and Trumbull, the author of "McFingal," were members of it. They produced numerous essays on literary, moral, and political subjects, none of which attracted more applause than a series of papers in imitation of the "Rolliad," (a popular English work, ascribed to Fox, Sheridan, and their associates,) entitled "American Antiquities" and "Extracts from the Anarchiad," originally printed in the New Haven Gazette for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected, but they were republished from one end of the country to the other in the periodicals of the time, and were supposed to have had considerable influence on public taste and opinions, and by the boldness of their satire to have kept in abeyance the leaders of political disorganization and infidel philosophy.

The only other association of the kind which we shall mention was formed by Robert C. Sands and three of his friends, under the name of the Literary Confederacy. The number was limited to four; and they bound themselves to preserve a friendly communication in all the vicissitudes of life, and to endeavour, by all proper means, to advance their mutual and individual interest, to advise each other on every subject, and to receive with good temper the rebuke or admonition which might thus be given. They proposed to unite, from

time to time, in literary publications, covenanting solemnly that no matter hostile to the great principles of religion or morals should be published by any member. This compact was most faithfully kept to the time of Sands' death, though the primary objects of it were gradually given up, as other duties engrossed the attention of its members. In the first year of its existence, the confederacy contributed largely to several literary and critical gazettes, besides publishing in one of the daily papers of the city a series of essays, under the title of the "Amphilogist," and a second under that of the "Neologist," which attracted much attention, and were very widely circulated and republished in the newspapers of the day. Sands wrote a large portion of these, both in prose and verse.

BARLOW—HIS LIFE, WRITINGS, AND OPINIONS.

THE author of the "Columbiad" was born in the village of Reading, in Connecticut, in 1755. He was the youngest in a family of ten, and his father died while he was yet a child, leaving to him property sufficient only to defray the costs of his education. On the completion of his preparatory studies, he was placed by his guardians at Dartmouth College, but was soon induced to remove to New Haven, where he was graduated, in 1778. Among his friends here were Dwight, then a college tutor, Colonel Humphreys, a revolutionary bard of some reputation, and Trumbull, the author of "McFingal." Barlow recited an original poem, on taking his bachelor's degree, which is preserved in the "American Poems," printed at Litchfield, in 1793. It was his first attempt of so ambitious a character, and possesses little merit. During the vacations of the college he had on several occasions joined the army, in which four of his brothers were serving; and he participated in the conflict at White Plains, and a number of minor engagements, in which he is said to have displayed much intrepidity.

For a short time after completing his academic course, Barlow devoted his attention chiefly to the law; but being urged by his friends to qualify himself for the office of chaplain, he undertook the study of theology, and in six weeks became a licensed minister. He joined the army immediately, and remained with it until the establishment of peace, cultivating the while his taste for poetry, by writing patriotic songs and ballads, and composing, in part, his "Vision of Columbus," afterward expanded into the "Columbiad." When the army was disbanded, in 1783, he removed to Hartford, to resume his legal studies; and, to add to his revenue, established "The Mercury," a weekly gazette, to which his writings gave reputation and an immediate circulation. In 1785, he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year, in compliance with the request of an association of Congregational ministers, he prepared and published an enlarged and improved edition of Watts's version of the Psalms, to which were appended a collection of hymns, several of which were written by himself.

"The Vision of Columbus" was published in 1787. It was dedicated to Louis XVI., with strong expressions of admiration and gratitude, and in the poem were corresponding passages of applause; but Barlow's feelings toward the amiable and unfortunate monarch appear to have changed in after time, for in the "Columbiad" he is coldly alluded to, and the adulatory lines are suppressed. The "Vision of Columbus" was reprinted in London and Paris, and was generally noticed favourably in the reviews. After its publication the author relinquished his newspaper and established a bookstore, principally to sell the poem and his edition of the Psalms, and as soon as this end was attained, resumed the practice of the law. In this he was, however, unfortunate, for his forensic abilities were not of the most popular description, and his mind was too much devoted to political and literary subjects to admit of the application to study and attention to business necessary to secure success. He was engaged with Colonel Humphreys, John Trumbull, and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, a man of some wit, of the coarser kind, in the "Anarchiad," a satirical poem published at Hartford, which had considerable political influence, and in some other works of a similar description; but, obtaining slight pecuniary advantage from his literary labours, he was induced to accept a foreign agency from the "Sciota Land Company," and sailed for Europe, with his family, in 1788. In France he sold some of the lands held by this association, but deriving little or no personal benefit from the transactions, and becoming aware of the fraudulent character of the company, he relinquished his agency and determined to rely on his pen for support.

In 1791, Barlow published in London "Advice to the Privileged Orders," a work directed against the distinguishing features of kingly and aristocratic governments; and in the early part of the succeeding year, "The Conspiracy of Kings," a poem of about four hundred lines, educed by the first coalition of the continental sovereigns against republican France. In the autumn of 1792, he wrote a letter to the French National Convention, recommending the abolition of the union between the church and the state, and other reforms; and was soon after chosen by the "London Constitutional Society," of which he was a member, to present in person an address to that body. On his arrival in Paris he was complimented with the rights of citizenship, an "honour" which had been previously conferred on Washington and Hamilton. From this time he made France his home. In the summer of 1793, a deputation, of which his friend Gregorie, who before the Revolution had been Bishop of Blois, was a member, was sent into Savoy, to organize it as a department of the republic. He accompanied it to Chamberry, the capital, where, at the request of its president, he wrote an address to the inhabitants of Piedmont, inciting them to throw off allegiance to "the man of Turin who called himself their king." Here too he wrote "Hasty Pudding," the most popular of his poems.

On his return to Paris, Barlow's time was principally devoted to commercial pursuits, by which, in a few years, he obtained a considerable fortune. The atrocities which marked the progress of the Revolution prevented his active participation in political controversies, though he continued, under all circumstances, an ardent republican. Toward the close of 1795, he visited the North of Europe, on some private business, and on his return to Paris was appointed by Washington consul to Algiers, with power to negociate a commercial treaty with the dey, and to ransom all the Americans held in slavery on the coast of Barbary. He accepted and fulfilled the mission to the satisfaction of the American government, concluding treaties with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and liberating more

than one hundred Americans, who were in prisons or in slavery to the Mohammedans. He then returned to Paris, where he purchased the splendid hotel of the Count Clermont de Tonnere, and lived several years in a fashionable and costly manner, pursuing still his fortunate mercantile speculations, revising his "great epic," and writing occasionally for the political gazettes.

Finally, after an absence of nearly seventeen years, the poet, statesman, and philosopher returned to his native country. He was received with kindness by many old friends, who had corresponded with him while abroad, or been remembered in all his wanderings; and, after spending a few months in travel, marking, with patriotic pride, the rapid progress which the nation had made in greatness, he fixed his home on the banks of the Potomac, near the city of Washington, where he built the splendid mansion, known afterward as "Kalorama," and expressed an intention to spend there the remainder of his life. In 1806, he published a prospectus of a National Institution, at Washington, to combine a university with a naval and military school, academy of fine arts, and learned society. A bill to carry his plan into effect was introduced into Congress, but never became a law.

In the summer of 1808, appeared the "Columbiad," in a splendid quarto volume, surpassing in the beauty of its typography and embellishments any work before that time printed in America. From his earliest years Barlow had been ambitious to raise the epic song of his nation. The "Vision of Columbus," in which the most brilliant events in American history had been described, occupied his leisure hours when in college, and afterward, when, as a chaplain, he followed the standard of the liberating army. That work was executed too hastily and imperfectly, and for twenty years after its appearance, through every variety of fortune, its enlargement and improvement engaged his attention.

The events of the Revolution were so recent and so universally known, as to be inflexible to the hand of fiction; and the poem could not therefore be modelled after the regular epic form, which would otherwise have been chosen. It is a series of visions, presented by Hesper, the genius of the western continent, to Columbus, while in the prison at Valladolid, where he is introduced to the reader uttering a monologue on his ill-requited services to Spain. These visions embrace a vast variety of scenes, circumstances, and characters: Europe in the middle ages, with her political and religious reformers; Mexico and the South American nations, and their imagined history; the progress of discovery; the settlement of the states now composing the federation; the war of the Revolution, and establishment of republicanism; and the chief actors in the great dramas which he attempts to present.

The poem, having no unity of fable, no regular succession of incidents, no strong exhibition of varied character, lacks the most powerful charms of a narrative; and has, besides, many dull and spiritless passages, that would make unpopular a work of much more faultless general design. The versification is generally harmonious, but mechanical and passionless, the language sometimes incorrect, and the similes often inappropriate and inelegant. Yet there are in it many bursts of eloquence and patriotism, which should preserve it from oblivion. The descriptions of nature and of personal character are frequently condensed and forceful; and passages of invective, indignant and full of energy. In his narrative of the expedition against Quebec, under Arnold, the poet exclaims:

> Ah, gallant troop! deprived of half the praise
> That deeds like yours in other times repays,
> Since your prime chief (the favourite erst of Fame,)
> Hath sunk so deep his hateful, hideous name,
> That every honest muse with horror flings
> It forth unsounded from her sacred strings;
> Else what high tones of rapture must have told
> The first great actions of a chief so bold!

These lines are characteristic of his manner.

The "Columbiad" was reprinted in Paris and London, and noticed in the leading critical gazettes, but generally with little praise. The London "Monthly Magazine" attempted, in an elaborate article, to prove its title to a place in the first class of epics, and expressed a belief that it was surpassed only by the "Iliad," the "Æneid," and "Paradise Lost." In America, however, it was regarded by the judicious as a failure, and reviewed with even more wit and severity than in England. Indeed, the poet did not in his own country receive the praise which he really merited; and faults were imputed to his work which it did not possess. Its sentiments were said to be hostile to Christianity,* and the author was declared an infidel; but there is no line in the "Columbiad" unfavourable to the religion of New England, the Puritan faith which is the basis of the national greatness; and there is no good reason for believing that Barlow at the time of his death doubted the creed of which in his early manhood he had been a minister.

The orthography of the "Columbiad" was in some instances peculiar, but many of Barlow's innovations have since been generally adopted, and in his notes he defends them with force and ingenuity. It has been said that he was wildly visionary in his plans and expectations, and his predictions in regard to short-hand writing have been quoted in proof of the correctness of this opinion. But a man who had seen the revolution produced in navigation by the application of steam, ought hardly to be censured for believing that the time might come when the whole train of impressions now made upon the mind by reading a long and well written treatise would be conveyed by a few strokes of the pen, and be received at a glance of the eye.

* It is now generally believed that Barlow, while in France, abjured the Christian Religion. The Reverend Thomas Robbins, a venerable clergyman of Rochester, Massachusetts, in a letter written in 1840, remarks that "Barlow's deistical opinions were not suspected previous to the publication of his 'Vision of Columbus,' in 1787;" and further, that "when at a later period he *lost his character*, and became an open and bitter reviler of Christianity, his psalm-book was laid aside; but for that cause only, as competent judges still maintained that no revision of Watts possesses as much poetic merit as Barlow's." I have seen two letters written by Barlow during the last year of his life, in which he declares himself "a sincere believer of Christianity, divested of its corruptions." In a letter to M. Gregorie, published in the second volume of Dennie's "Port Folio," pages 471 to 479, he says, "the sect of Puritans, in which I was born and educated, *and to which I still adhere*, for the same reason that you adhere to the Catholics, *a conviction that they are right*," etc. The idea that Barlow disbelieved in his later years the religion of his youth, was probably first derived from an engraving in the "Vision of Columbus," in which the cross, by which he intended to represent monkish superstition, is placed among the "symbols of prejudice." He never "lost his character" as a man of honourable sentiments and blameless life; and I could present numerous other evidences that he did not abandon his religion, were not the above apparently conclusive.

After the publication of the "Columbiad," Barlow made a collection of documents, with an intention to write a history of the United States; but, in 1811, he was unexpectedly appointed minister plenipotentiary to the French government, and immediately sailed for Europe. His attempts to negotiate a treaty of commerce and indemnification for spoliations were unsuccessful at Paris; and in the autumn of 1812 he was invited by the Duke of Bassano to a conference with Napoleon at Wilna, in Poland. He started from Paris, and traveled without intermission until he reached Zarnowitch, an obscure village near Cracow, where he died, from an inflammation of the lungs, induced by fatigue and exposure in an inhospitable country, in an inclement season, on the twenty-second day of December, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. In Paris, honours were paid to his memory as an important public functionary and a man of letters; his eulogy was written by Dupont de Nemours, and an account of his life and writings was drawn up and published, accompanied by a canto of the "Columbiad," translated into French heroic verse. In America, too, his death was generally lamented, though without any public exhibition of mourning.

Barlow was much respected in private life for his many excellent social qualities. His manners were usually grave and dignified, though when with his intimate friends he was easy and familiar. He was an honest and patient investigator, and would doubtless have been much more successful as a metaphysical or historical writer than as a poet. As an author he belonged to the first class of his time in America; and for his ardent patriotism, his public services, and the purity of his life, he deserves a distinguished rank among the men of our golden age.

JOHN BEVERIDGE.

Beveridge was a celebrated teacher, in Philadelphia, before the Revolution, and many of the most eminent men of the time studied under him the languages and mathematics. His acquirements in Latin and *backgammon* were unequaled in this country, and he is deserving of remembrance as the author of the first volume of Latin poems published in the colonies. Among his pupils was Alexander Graydon, who wrote the most interesting book of personal memoirs* yet produced in the United States. Graydon furnishes the following reminiscences of him—

"Various were the rogueries that were played upon him; but the most audacious of all was the following. At the hour of convening in the afternoon, that being found the most convenient, from the circumstance of Mr. Beveridge being usually a little beyond the time; the bell having rung, the ushers being at their posts, and the scholars arranged in their classes, three or four of the conspirators concealed themselves without, for the purpose of observing the motions of their victim. He arrives, enters the school, and is permitted to proceed until he is supposed to have nearly reached his chair at the upper end of the room, when instantly the door and every window-shutter is closed. Now, shrouded in utter darkness, the most hideous yells that can be conceived, are sent forth from at least three score of throats; and Ovids, and Virgils, and Horaces, together with the more heavy metal of dictionaries, whether of Cole, of Young, or of Ainsworth, are hurled without remorse at the head of the astonished preceptor, who, on his side, groping and crawling under cover of the forms, makes the best of his way to the door. When attained, and light restored, a death-like silence ensues. Every boy is at his lesson: no one has had a hand or a voice in the recent atrocity: what then is to be done, and who shall be chastised.

Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.

Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round
Descries not him who aim'd the fatal wound;
Nor knows to fix revenge.——

"This most intolerable outrage, from its succeeding beyond expectation, and being entirely to the taste of the school, had a run of several days; and was only then put a stop to by the interference of the *faculty*, who decreed the most exemplary punishment on those who should be found offending in the premises, and by taking measures to prevent a further repetition of the enormity. I have said, and with truth, that I was no promoter of mischief; but I will not take upon me to assert, that I was proof against the irresistible contagion of such a scene, or that I did not raise my voice in the discordant concert of the screamers: though I can safely declare, that I never threw at the master, and that I was wholly ignorant of the contrivers and ringleaders of this shameful proceeding.

"In the year 1765, Mr. Beveridge published by subscription a small collection of Latin poems. Of their general merit I presume not to judge, but I think I have heard they were not much commended by the British reviewers. The Latinity probably is pure, the prosody correct, the versification sufficiently easy and sounding, and such as might serve to evince an intimate acquaintance with the classics of ancient Rome: But I should doubt their possessing much of the soul of poetry. One of them is neither more or less than a humble petition in hexameters, and certainly a very curious specimen of pedantic mendicity. It is addressed to Thomas Penn, the proprietary of Pennsylvania; and the poet very modestly proposes, that he should bestow upon him a few of his acres, innumerable, he observes, as the sands of the Delaware: in return for which, his verse shall do its best to confer immortal fame upon the donor. By way of further inducement to the gift, he sets before his excellency the usual ingratitude of an enriched and unknown posterity, on the one hand; and on the other, the advantages which Ajax, Æneas, and Mæcenas derived from the muses of Homer, of Virgil, and Horace. But lest I might be suspected of misrepresentation, let my good quondam preceptor speak for himself.

Jugera quum tibi sint quot habet Delavarus arenas,
Quid magnum minimo tribuas si propria parvæ
Fundamenta casæ, Boreæ qua frigora pellam.
Non dabis ingrato dederis licet æris egeno,
Quodque tibi minimum, magnum esset pauca roganti.
Sin renuas, tanti nec sint commercia nostra,
Hoc quoque ne pigeat cito spem præcidere vanam.
Nec periisse puta, dederis quod vivus amico;
Credere fas sit enim, si quid mea carmina possint,
Sera licet, majora feras quam Mexico nobis,
Seu Tagus auriferis exundans mittit arenis;
Auguror et si quid vives post fata superstes.
Quid juvat ignotis, ingratis forsitan, auri
Pondera, frugiferis vel millia jugera campis

* "Memoirs of a Life Chiefly Passed in Pennsylvania, within the last sixty years." Harrisburg, 1811.

Linquere post natis? Nequeunt nam prodere famam
Divitiæ, nequeunt titulis monumenta superbis.
Quid foret Æneas, et magni nominis Ajax,
Atque alii quorum sunt nomina multa virorum;
Ni foret et vates divini carminis auctor
Mæonides, sacro qui primus vertice Pindi
Deduxit faciles Phœbo plaudente, Camœnas?
Vel quid Mæcenas animi mentisque benignæ
Ni benefacta sui celebrasset carmen Horati,
Et Maro munificum cecinisset gratus amicum? &c. &c.

"Might not one here be tempted to exclaim in the spirit of Prior to Boileau:

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
While virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture *Beveridge* flies
Where sordid interest lures the prey.

"I never heard, however, that the poet was the better for his application: I rather think that the proprietor was of opinion, there was a want of reciprocity in the proposal, and that, whatever the *carmen Horati vel Maronis* might have been worth, that of Mr. Beveridge did not amount to a very valuable consideration. Another of the principal poems in this collection is a pastoral, which, if Mr. Beveridge had had the salutary fear of Boileau before his eyes, he certainly would not have written; since never was production more completely under the lash of the following satirical lines:

Viendrai-je, en une Eglogue entoure de troupeaux
Au milieu de Paris enfler mes chalumeaux,
Et dans mon cabinet assis au pied des hetres,
Faire dire aux echos des sottises champetres?

"The complainant in this pastoral is an Edinburgh cit, whom he appropriately calls Urbanus: nevertheless he is, without the smallest difficulty, transformed into a shepherd, surrounded with sheep, and proclaiming to the echoes his *sottises champetres*, in strains like these:

Audiit et planctus gemebunda remurmurat Echo,
Echo sola meos miserata est, inquit amores;
Tristia nam mæstis ex saxis assonat imis,
Flebile luctisonis responsat et usque cicutis.
Me miserum quoties exclamo, lugubris illa
Me miserum ingeminat gelidis e vallibus: Eheu,
Clamanti exclamat, repetitis vocibus, Eheu!

But after all, it is perhaps too much to expect from a modern, good Latin, good poetry, and good sense, all at the same time."

EDITORIAL RECANTATIONS.

We have mentioned elsewhere the confessions of Rivington, editor of the *Royal Gazette*, in New York. During the Revolution the Vicars of Bray were frequently compelled to change their positions so suddenly as not to allow of the shows of "consistency" made by the politicians of our own time, and some of their bulletins are curious and amusing. Benjamin Towne became editor of the *Pennsylvania Evening Post* in 1775. He was a Whig until the British took possession of Philadelphia, when he excelled all the Tories in his loyalty to His Majesty's government. On the evacuation of the city, Towne remained, and assumed a second time the language of the Whig party. One day, soon after the meeting of Congress, he met the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, in Aitkin's bookstore, and requested him to become a writer for his paper. The Doctor refused, unless Towne would first make his "peace with the country." "How shall I do it?" "Why, write a piece, acknowledging your fault, professing repentance, and asking forgiveness." "But what shall I say?" Witherspoon gave some hints, upon which Towne said, "Doctor, you write expeditiously, and to the purpose: I will thank you to write some thing for me, and I will publish it." He assented, obtained paper and ink, and immediately wrote "The Humble Confession, Recantation, and Apology of Benjamin Towne," which was afterward published as the genuine composition of the editor, and greatly increased his reputation as a writer. We give a few characteristic paragraphs from it:

"The following facts are well known—1st. That I Benjamin Towne, used to print the Pennsylvania Evening Post, under the protection of Congress, and did frequently, and earnestly solicit sundry members of the said Congress for dissertations and articles of intelligence, professing myself to be a very firm and zealous friend to American Liberty. 2d. That on the English taking possession of Philadelphia, I turned fairly round, and printed my Evening Post under the protection of General Howe and his army, calling the Congress and all their adherents, Rebels, Rascals, and Raggamuffins, and several other unsavoury names, with which the humane and Polite English are pleased to honour them—neither did I ever refuse to insert any dissertation however scurrilous, or any article of intelligence sent to me, altho' many of them I well knew to be, as a certain gentleman elegantly expresses it, *facts that never happened*. 3d. That I am now willing and desirous to turn once more, to unsay all that I have last said, and to print and publish for the United States of America, which are likely to be uppermost, against the British Tyrant; nor will I be backward in calling him, after the example of the great and eminent author of Common Sense, *The Royal Brute*, or giving him any other appellation still more opprobrious, if such can be found."

"The rational moralists of the last age used to tell us that there was an essential difference between virtue and vice, because there was an essential difference to be observed in the nature and reason of things. Now, with all due deference to these great men, I think I am as much of a Philosopher as to know that there are no circumstances of action more important than those of time and place, therefore, if a man pay no regard to the changes that may happen in these circumstances, there will be very little Virtue, and still less *Prudence* in his behaviour. Perhaps I have got rather too deep for common readers, and therefore shall ask any plain Quaker in this city, what he would say to a man who should wear the same coat in summer as in winter in this climate? He would certainly say, 'Friend, thy wisdom is not great.' Now whether I have not had as good reason to change my conduct as my coat, since last January, I leave to every impartial person to determine. 2dly, I do hereby declare and confess, that when I printed for Congress, and on the side of Liberty, it was not by any means from principle, or a desire that the cause of Liberty should prevail, but purely and simply from the love of gain. I could have made nothing but tar and feathers by printing against them as things then stood. I make this candid acknowledgment not only as a penitent to obtain pardon, but to show that there was more consistency in my conduct than my enemies are willing to allow. They are pleased to charge me with hypocrisy in pretending to be a Whig when I was none. This charge is false; I was neither Whig nor

Tory, but a Printer. I detest and abhor hypocrisy. I had no more regard for General Howe or General Clinton, or even for Mrs. Lowring* or any other of the *Chaste Nymphs* that attended the *fete Champetre*, alias Mischianza,† when I printed in their behalf, than for the Congress on the day of their retreat. It is pretended that I certainly did in my heart incline to the English, because that I printed much bigger lies and in greater number for them, than for the Congress. This is a most false and unjust insinuation. It was entirely the fault of the Congress themselves, who thought fit (being but a new potentate upon the earth,) to be much more modest, and keep nearer the truth than their adversaries. Had any of them brought me in a lie as big as a mountain it should have issued from my press. This gives me an opportunity of showing the folly as well as malignity of those who are actuated by party spirit; many of them have affirmed that I printed monstrous and *incredible* lies for General Howe. Now pray what harm could incredible lies do? the only hurt, I conceive, that any lie can do, is by obtaining belief, as a truth; but an incredible lie can obtain no belief, and therefore at least must be perfectly harmless. What will those cavilers think, if I should turn this argument against them, and say that the most effectual way to disgrace any cause is to publish monstrous and incredible lies in its favour? In this view, I have not only innocence, but some degree of merit to plead. However, take it which way you will, there never was a lie published in Philadelphia that could bear the least comparison with those published by James Rivington, in New York. This in my opinion is to be imputed to the superiority not of the Printer, but of the Prompter or Prompters. I reckon Mr. T.—— to have excelled in that branch; and he had probably many coadjutors. —What do you think of 40,000 Russians and 20,000 Moors, which Moors too were said by Mr. Rivington to be dreadful among the women? as also the boats building at the forks of the Monongahela to carry the Congress down the Ohio to New Orleans? these were swingers.—As to myself and friend H———e, we contented ourselves with publishing affidavits to prove that the King of France was determined to preserve the friendship that subsisted between him and his good brother the King of England, of which he has given a *new proof* by entering into and communicating his treaty with the United States of America. Upon the whole I hope the public will attribute my conduct, not to disaffection, but to attachment to my own interest and desire of gain in my profession; a principle, if I mistake not, pretty general and pretty powerful in the present day. 3dly. I hope the public will consider that I have been a timorous man, or, if you will, a coward, from my youth, so that I cannot fight—my belly is so big that I cannot run—and I am so great a lover of eating and drinking that I cannot starve. When those three things are considered, I hope they will fully account for my past conduct, and procure me the liberty of going on in the same *uniform* tenor for the future No just judgment can be formed of a man's character and conduct unless every circumstance is taken in and fairly attended to; I therefore hope that this justice will be done in my case. I am also verily persuaded that if all those who are cowards as well as myself, but who are better off in other respects, and therefore *can* and *do run* whenever danger is near them, would befriend me, I should have no inconsiderable body on my side. Peace be with the Congress and the army; I mean no reflections; but the world is a wide field, and I wish everybody would do as they would be done by. Finally, I do hereby recant, draw back, eat in, and swallow down, every word that I have ever spoken, written or printed to the prejudice of the United States of America, hoping it will not only satisfy the good people in general, but also all those scatter-brained fellows, who call one another out to shoot pistols in the air, while they tremble so much they cannot hit the mark. In the meantime I will return to labour with assiduity in my lawful calling, and essays and intelligence as before shall be gratefully accepted by the Public's most obedient humble servant, BENJAMIN TOWNE."

* A married lady, said to have been the mistress of the British General H—e. See *Battle of the Kegs*.

† A public exhibition in honour of the British General Howe.

THOMAS PAINE.

THE popularity of Paine's writings resulted rather from accident than from any merit which they possessed, but his political essays made him famous for a day, and every one connected with the press become anxious to engage his services. Aitken, the publisher of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, contracted with him to write a certain number of pages for each number of that periodical, but Paine's indolence was such that he could rarely procure his articles in season, and on one occasion he went to his lodgings and complained with severity of his not finishing articles in the proper time. Paine heard him patiently, and coolly answered, "You shall have them in time." Aitken expressed some doubts on the subject, and insisted on Paine's accompanying him and proceeding immediately to business, as the workmen were waiting for copy. He accordingly went home with Aitken, and was soon seated at the table with the necessary apparatus, which always included a glass, and a decanter of brandy. Aitken observed, "he would never write without *that*." The first glass put him in a train of thinking; Aitken feared the second would disqualify him, or render him untractable; but it only illuminated his intellectual system; and when he had swallowed the third glass, he wrote with rapidity, intelligence, and precision; and his ideas appeared to flow faster than he could commit them to paper. What he penned from the inspiration of the brandy, was perfectly fit for the press without any alteration, or correction

THE END.

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